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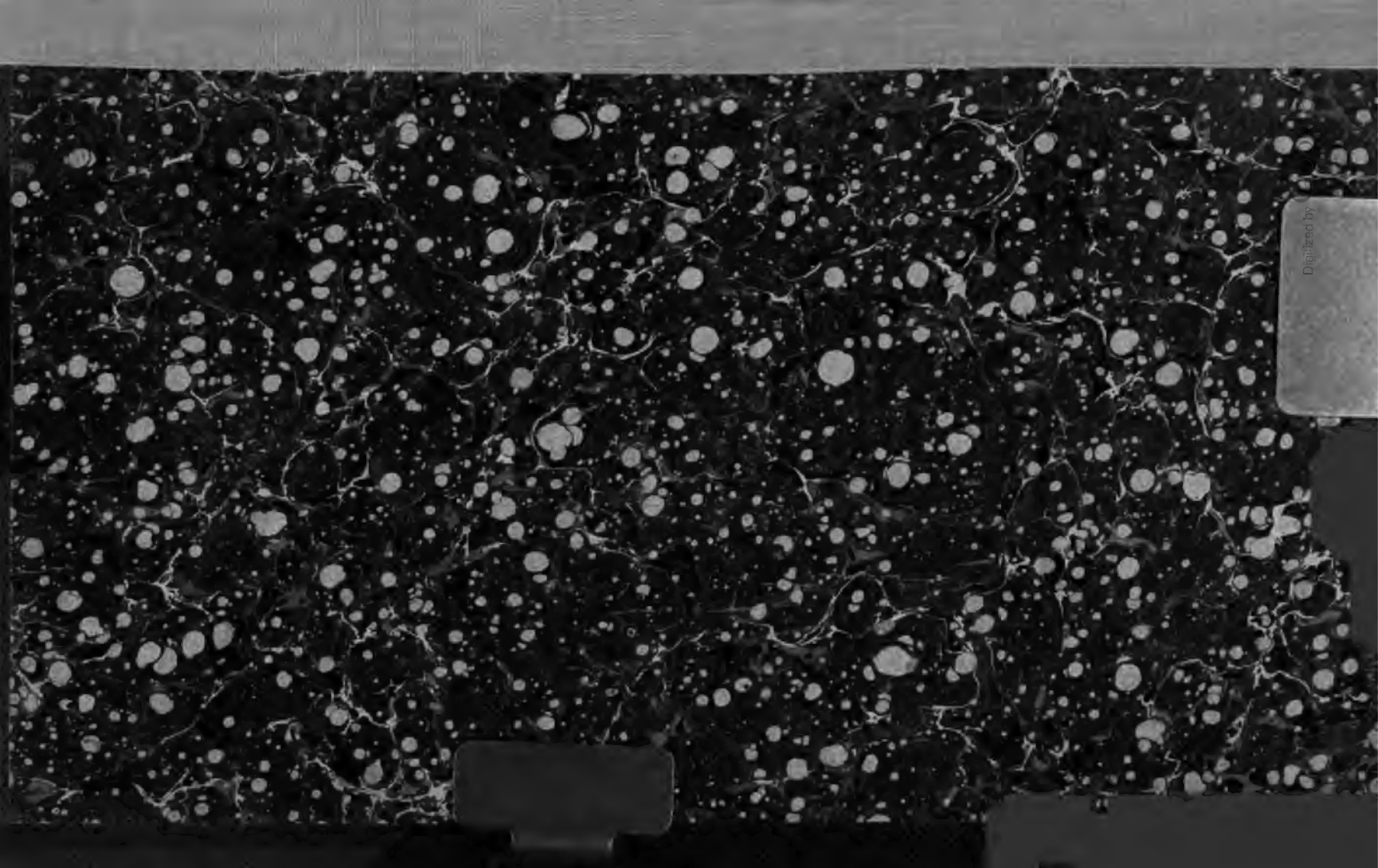
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A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY JAMES KNOWLES

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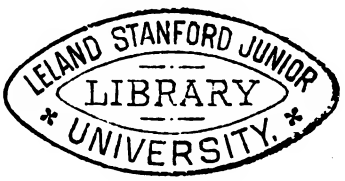

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

No. CCIII—JANUARY 1894

PROFESSOR TYNDALL

PERSONAL, like national, history has its epochs; brief seasons, during which life is fuller than usual, and the present is more obviously pregnant with the future than at other times. For me, the year 1851 constitutes such an epoch. In November 1850, I had returned to England after an absence, which not only extended over a considerable period of time, but covered the critical age of transition from adolescence to full manhood. In the course of these four years, largely spent in little-explored regions of the other side of the globe, I had been in the world as well as round it, and stored up varied experiences of things and men. Moreover, I had done some bits of scientific work which, as I was pleasantly surprised to learn on my return, were better thought of than I had, I will not say expected, but ventured to hope, when I sent them home; and they provided me with an introduction to the scientific society of London. I found the new world, into which I thus suddenly dropped, extremely interesting, and its inhabitants kindly disposed towards the intruder. The veterans were civil, the younger men cordial; and it speedily dawned upon my mind that I had found the right place for myself, if I could only contrive to stop in it. As time went on, I acted upon this conviction; and, fortune greatly aiding effort, the end of it was thirty odd years of pretty hard toil, partly as an investigator and teacher in one branch of natural knowledge, and partly as a half-voluntary, half compelled man-of-all-work for the scientific household in general.

But the year 1851 has other and even stronger claims to be

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counted an era in my existence. In the course of the twelve months after my return, I made acquaintances which rapidly ripened into friendships, knit with such strong bonds of mutual affection and mutual respect, that neither the ordinary vicissitudes of life, nor those oppositions in theory and practice which will arise among men of mental constitutions diverse in everything but strength of will, nor, indeed, any power short of almighty Death, has been able to sunder them from that time to this. And among those friends who, as the years rolled on,

> . . . mir so oft
> In Noth und Trübsal beigestanden,

to whom, indeed, I have found the old shikaree's definition of a friend, as 'a man with whom you can go tiger-hunting,' strictly applicable, almost the earliest was John Tyndall.

My elder by some five years, Tyndall's very marked and vigorous personality must have long taken its final set when we foregathered in 1851. The dyer's hand is subdued to that it works in; and, it may be, that much occupation with types of structure, elsewhere, is responsible for a habit of classifying men to which I was, and am, given. But I found my new friend a difficult subject—*incertæ sedis*, as the naturalists say; in other words, hard to get into any of my pigeon-holes. Before one knew him well, it seemed possible to give an exhaustive definition of him in a string of epigrammatic antitheses, such as those in which the older historians delight to sum up the character of a king or leading statesman. Impulsive vehemence was associated with a singular power of self-control and a deep-seated reserve, not easily penetrated. Free-handed generosity lay side by side with much tenacity of insistence on any right, small or great; intense self-respect and a somewhat stern independence, with a sympathetic geniality of manner, especially towards children, with whom Tyndall was always a great favourite. Flights of imaginative rhetoric, which amused (and sometimes amazed) more phlegmatic people, proceeded from a singularly clear and hard-headed reasoner, over-scrupulous, if that may be, about keeping within the strictest limits of logical demonstration; and sincere to the core. A bright and even playful companion, Tyndall had little of that quick appreciation of the humorous side of things in general, and of one's self in particular, which is as oil to the waves of life, and is a chief component of the worthier kind of tact; indeed, the best reward of the utterer of a small witticism, or play upon words, in his presence, was the blank, if benevolent, perplexity with which he received it. And I suppose that the character-sketch would be incomplete, without an explanation of its peculiarities by a reference to the mixture of two sets of hereditary tendencies, the one eminently Hibernian, the other derived from the stock of the English Bible translator and Reformer.

To those who have been privileged to become intimate with

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Tyndall, however, sketch and explanation will seem alike inadequate. These superficial characteristics disappeared from view, as the powerful faculties and the high purposes of the mind, on the surface of which they played, revealed themselves. And to those who knew him best, the impression made by even these great qualities might well be less vivid than that left by the warmth of a tenderly affectionate nature.

'If I pull through this it will be all your care, all your doing.' These words (I give them from memory), uttered the night before his death, were meant for no ear but that of the tireless nurse, watcher, secretary, servant, in case of need, to whom they were addressed; and whose whole life had been, for many years, devoted to the one object of preserving that of her husband. Utterly hateful to me as are the violations of a privacy that should be sacred, now too common, I have sought and obtained permission to commit this, and take all responsibility for it. For the pitiful circumstances of Tyndall's death are known to all the world; and I think it well that all the world should be enabled to see those circumstances by the light which shines forth, alike on the dead and on the living, from the poor crumpled piece of paper on which these treasured words were, at once, recorded.

But I have wandered far from the year 1851 and its nascent friendships.

At that time, Tyndall and I had long been zealous students of Carlyle's works. *Sartor Resartus* and the *Miscellanies* were among the few books devoured partly by myself, and partly by the mighty hordes of cockroaches in my cabin, during the cruise of the *Rattlesnake*; and my sense of obligation to their author was then, as it remains, extremely strong. Tyndall's appreciation of the seer of Chelsea was even more enthusiastic; and, in after-years, assumed a character of almost filial devotion. The grounds of our appreciation, however, were not exactly the same. My friend, I think, was disposed to regard Carlyle as a great teacher; I was rather inclined to take him as a great tonic; as a source of intellectual invigoration and moral stimulus and refreshment, rather than of theoretical or practical guidance. Half a century ago, the evangelical reaction which, for a time, had braced English society was dying out, and a scum of rotten and hypocritical conventionalism clogged art, literature, science, and politics. I might quarrel with something every few paragraphs, but passing from the current platitudes to Carlyle's vigorous pages was like being transported from the stucco, pavement, and fog of a London street to one of his own breezy moors. The country was full of boulders and bogs, to be sure, and by no means calculated for building leases; but, oh the freshness and the freedom of it!

Our divergent appreciation of Carlyle foreshadowed the only serious strain to which our friendship was ever exposed. When the old Cavalier and Roundhead spirit woke up all over England about the

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Jamaica revolt and Governor Eyre, I am afraid that, if things had been pushed to extremities over that unfortunate business, each of us would have been capable of sending the other to the block. But the sentence would have been accompanied by assurances of undiminished respect and affection; and I have faith that we should not have spoiled our lives by quarrelling over the inevitable.

Carlyle's extraordinary peculiarities of style, even at his worst, were not, to me, the stumbling-blocks which they often proved to other people, who, in their irritation, would talk of them as affectations. Even admitting them to be indefensible, it seems to me that, if he is chargeable with affectation at all (and I do not think he is), it is rather when he writes the classical English, say, of the *Life of Schiller*. As anyone who ever heard Carlyle talk knows, the style natural to him was that of *The Diamond Necklace*.[1] These observations have a bearing on the adverse criticisms of a like kind, to which Tyndall was sometimes subjected. Modes of speech and action which some called mannerisms, or even affectations, were, in fact, entirely natural; and showed themselves in full force, sometimes with a very droll effect, in the smallest gathering of intimate friends, or with one or two on a hillside, from whom abundant chaff was the only response likely to come. I say, once more, Tyndall was not merely theoretically, but practically, above all things sincere; the necessity of doing, at all hazards, that which he judged, rightly or wrongly, to be just and proper, was the dominant note of his character; and he was influenced by it in his manner of dealing with questions which might seem, to men of the world, hardly worth taking so seriously. Of the controversies in which he became involved, some of the most troublesome were undertaken on behalf of other people who, as he conceived, had been treated with injustice. The same instinct of veracity ran through all Tyndall's scientific work. That which he knew, he knew thoroughly, had turned over on all sides, and probed through and through. Whatever subject he took up, he never rested till he had attained a clear conception of all the conditions and processes involved, or had satisfied himself that it was not attainable. And in dealing with physical problems, I really think that he, in a manner, saw the atoms and molecules, and felt their pushes and pulls. A profound distrust of all long chains of deductive reasoning (outside mathematics), unless the links could be experimentally or observationally tested at no long intervals, was simply another manifestation of the same fundamental quality. I was not overburdened with love for such dialectic festoon-work myself, but I owe not a little to my friend for helping to abolish as much as remained.

[1] In reading the very positive conclusions, based upon differences of style, about the authorship of ancient writings, enunciated by some critics, I have sometimes wondered whether, if the two pieces to which I have alluded had come down to us as anonymous ancient manuscripts, the demonstration that they were written by different persons might not have been quite easy.

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Once again, this quality of active veracity, the striving after knowledge as apart from hearsay, lay at the root of Tyndall's very remarkable powers of exposition, and of his wealth of experimental illustration. Hence, I take it, arose the guarded precision of the substance of a lecture or essay, which was often poetically rich, sometimes even exuberant, in form. In Sir Humphry Davy and Mr. Faraday the Royal Institution had possessed two unsurpassed models of the profound, yet popular, expositor of science. Davy was before my time, but I have often had the delight of listening to Faraday. An ineradicable tendency to think of something else makes me an excellent test-object for oratory; and he was one of the few orators whom I have heard to whom I could not choose but listen. It was no mean ordeal, therefore, to which Tyndall was subjected when he was asked to give a 'Friday evening' in 1852; but he captured his hearers so completely that his appointment to the Fullerian Professoriate of Physics, with the use of a laboratory such as he needed for the original work he loved, soon followed. And for more than thirty years he held his own. From first to last, the announcement of a Friday evening by him meant a crammed theatre.

Sheridan's reply to the lady who told him that his writings were such charmingly easy reading—'Easy reading, madam, is damned hard writing'—has never got into the general mind; and very few of the thousands of delighted listeners, I imagine, ever had an inkling of what these facile discourses cost the lecturer. I used to suffer rather badly from 'lecture-fever' myself; but I never met with anyone to whom an impending discourse was the occasion of so much mental and physical disturbance, as it was to Tyndall. He was quite incapable of persuading himself, or of being persuaded by others, that, after all, a relative failure, now and then, was of no great consequence; indeed, from the point of view of pure art, might be desirable. Whatever he gave, it must be the best he had, whether it were a lecture or a dinner. Now that sort of housekeeping costs. But some think with Shakespeare:

> The painful warrior, famoused for fight,
> After a thousand victories, once foiled,
> Is from the book of honour razèd quite,
> And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.

And Tyndall was not minded to be forgot; at any rate, for that reason.

In the autumn of 1851, my friend and I went to the meeting of the British Association at Ipswich, as scientific 'items' not, indeed, wholly unknown to the 'pillars' of that scientific congregation; and perhaps already regarded as young men whose disposition to keep their proper places could not, under all circumstances, be relied upon. Being young, with any amount of energy, no particular prospects, and no disposition to set about the ordinary methods of

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acquiring them, we could conduct ourselves with perfect freedom; and we joined very cordially in the proceedings of the 'Red Lion Club,' of which I had become a member in London, and which had been instituted by that most genial of anti-Philistines, Edward Forbes, as a protest against Dons and Donnishness in science. With this object, the 'Red Lions' made a point of holding a feast of Spartan simplicity and anarchic constitution, with rites of a Pantagruelistic aspect, intermingled with extremely unconventional orations and queer songs, such as only Forbes could indite, by way of counterblast to the official banquets of the Association, with their high tables and what we irreverently termed 'butter-boat' speeches.

Fuimus! The last time I feasted with the 'Red Lions' I was a Don myself; the dinner was such as even daintier Dons than I might rejoice in; and I know of only one person who, under a grave, even reverend, exterior, lamented the evolution of 'Red Lionism' into respectability.

It was at the Ipswich meeting, that Tyndall and I fell in with Hooker, just returned from the labours and perils of his Himalayan expedition, and who was to make a third in the little company of those who were, thenceforward, to hold fast to one another through good and evil days. Frankland had long been a friend of Tyndall's, Lubbock soon joined us; and it was we four who stood, pondering over many things, in Haslemere Churchyard the other day.

Tyndall became permanently attached to the Royal Institution in 1853, while I cast anchor in Jermyn Street, not far off, in the following year. Before reaching this settlement, we had both done our best to expatriate ourselves by becoming candidates for the chairs of Physics and of Natural History in the University of Toronto, which happened to be simultaneously vacant. These, however, were provided with other occupants. The close relations into which we were thrown, on this and many subsequent occasions, had the effect of associating us in the public mind, as if we formed a sort of firm; with results which were sometimes inconvenient and sometimes ludicrous. When my wife and I went to the United States in 1876, for example, a New York paper was good enough to announce my coming, accompanied by my 'titled bride'—which was rather hard upon plain folk, married twenty-one years, and blessed with seven children to boot.[2]

My friend's exploits as a mountaineer are sufficient evidence of his extraordinary physical vigour. I could manage a fair day's work in reasonable up-and-down walking myself, but I lacked his caprine sureness of head and foot; and, when it came to climbing, I was nowhere beside him. By way of compensation, I stood the wear andtear

[2] I have just received the report of a sermon, delivered on the 15th of December 1893, by a curious curate, who, in his haste to besmirch the dead, abuses 'the late Professor Huxley'!

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of London life better, though I had not much to boast of, even in that respect. From the first, Tyndall suffered from sleeplessness, with the nervous irritability which is frequently cause and consequence of that distressing malady. It is not uncommon for this state of the nervous system to find a vent in fits of ill-temper; but, looking back over all the long years of our close intercourse, I cannot call to mind any serious manifestations of that sort in my friend. Tyndall 'consumed his own smoke' better than most people, and though that faculty is worthy of the highest admiration, I suspect that the exercise of it tells a good deal upon the furnace. When things got bad with him, his one remedy was to rush off to the nearest hills and walk himself into quietude. Pleasant are the recollections, for me and others, of such hard tramps, it might be in the Lake country, or in the Isle of Wight; in the Peak of Derbyshire, or in Snowdonia. On such excursions Tyndall was the life of the party, content with everything and ready for anything, from philosophical discussion and high-flying poetics, to boyish pranks and gymnastic comicalities.

Sometimes we travelled further afield. Thus, in 1856, we made an expedition to Switzerland which had a large influence on Tyndall's future. In 1845, I had my first view of a glacier, at the head of the Lac de Gaube in the Pyrenees; and, when, ten years later, I was led to interest myself seriously in geology, in connection with the study of fossils, I read all I could lay hands on about these curious rivers of ice. At the same time, Tyndall was occupied with his important investigations into the effects of pressure in giving rise to lamination, and I naturally heard a good deal about what he was doing. It struck me that his work might throw some light upon the production of the veined structure of glacier ice; and one day, when he was dining with us, I mentioned the notion that had come into my head. The upshot was that we, then and there, agreed to go and look into the facts of the case for ourselves. *More suo*, he would have nothing to do with speculation till that essential preliminary operation had been effected.

To Switzerland accordingly we went, and I joined him at the Montanvert, where he had taken up his quarters with Dr. Hirst, who was, I think, the closest of all his friends. I have never visited the place since, but I am told that it now possesses a grand hotel. In our time, there was nothing but a rough mountain auberge, opposite to which, on the glacier side of the road, was a hut for guides. Into this Tyndall moved his bed, as he could not bear the noise of the wooden house. Accommodation and fare were of the roughest; our *chef* was a singularly dirty old woman, who met all our suggestions about dinner with a monotonous 'C'est ça'—as if the stores of a Parisian restaurant were at her disposal—while, practically, our repasts were as uniform as her speech. But as we used to start for the Jardin, or other of the higher regions early, and rarely returned much before sunset, there was no lack of hunger sauce; while the condiment,

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which gives herbs a better flavour than stalled oxen, abounded. Tyndall's skill and audacity as a climber were often displayed in these excursions. On one occasion, I remember, we came upon a perpendicular cliff of ice of considerable height, formed on the flank of the glacier, which seemed to present a good opportunity for the examination of the structure of the interior. A hot sun loosening them, the stones on the surface of the glacier every now and then rattled down the face of the cliff. As no persuasion of ours could prevent Tyndall from ascending the cliff, by cutting steps with his axe, in order to get a close view of the ice, we had to content ourselves with the post assigned to us, of looking out for stones. Whenever any of these seemed likely to shoot too close, we shouted, and Tyndall flattened himself against the cliff. Happily, no harm ensued; but I confess I was greatly relieved when my friend descended, at his own pleasure, and not at that of a chance fragment of rock.

It was on this trip that we attempted the ascent of Mont Blanc direct from the Montanvert, with a couple of porters, to carry the needful stores as far as the Grands Mulets; and a guide, who, as it turned out, was of the blind sort. I found I was by no means in training; and as, under the circumstances, any failure on my part would have obliged the others to give up the attempt, I determined to remain at the Grands Mulets. My friends and the guide set out before dawn, and should have been back in eight or ten hours, at furthest. The weather was magnificent, and I should be puzzled to recall a morning spent in more entire enjoyment, than that yielded by the wide and varied prospect from my temporary hermitage, in a solitude broken only now and then by a vagabond butterfly or a strayed bee, drifting upwards. But when the early hours of the afternoon glided away, without any sign of my companions, and the sun got low, things began to look serious. Neither the people at the Montanvert, nor those at Chamounix, knew anything about our intentions. In our way from the Montanvert, we had had to cross some troublesome crevasses and I knew nothing about the route down to Chamounix. If any accident had happened to my friends, I could not help them; nor could I reckon upon getting assistance from Chamounix, unless, perhaps, I set fire to the timbers which sheltered me. My anxiety and perplexity may be imagined, and at last, as it grew colder, I went into the hut to ponder over the situation. As I sat over the embers, trying to see my way to some clear conclusion, I suddenly heard the clink of an alpenstock upon the rock at the foot of the Grands Mulets. The sound has ever since been pleasant to my ear; and rushing out, I saw the three slowly making their way up; Tyndall pretty well exhausted, for the first and last time I ever saw him in that condition; Hirst snow-blind; and the guide thoroughly used up. He had mistaken the route and led the party into all sorts of superfluous difficulties.

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As we intended to have descended to Chamounix, without stopping a second night at the Grands Mulets, provisions were not over abundant and there were no candles. I am proud to say I made myself useful in various ways; among other functions, performing that of a chandelier with a perpetual succession of lighted lucifer matches. We were soon a merry company; and the next day we descended in glory, to the great disgust of the orthodox guides of Chamounix, to whom an ascent of Mont Blanc, up to that time, had meant the organisation of a large and profitable expedition.

The love for Alpine scenery and Alpine climbing, which remained with Tyndall to the last, began, or at any rate became intensified into a passion, with this journey; and, at the same time, he laid the foundations of his well known and highly important work upon glaciers and glacier movement. His first paper on this subject was presented to the Royal Society in 1857, and bears my name as well as his own, in spite of all my protests to the contrary. For beyond two or three little observations, and perhaps some criticism, I contributed nothing towards it, and all that is important is Tyndall's own. But he was singularly scrupulous—even punctilious—on points of scientific honour. It would have been intolerable to him to have it supposed that he had used even suggestions of others, without acknowledgment; so I, being thicker skinned, put up with the possibility of being considered a daw in borrowed plumes. The memoir became the starting-point of a long and hot controversy. While it was at its height, some supporters of the other side endeavoured to throw the weight of the award of one of the Royal Society's medals into the scale against Tyndall. It seemed to some of his friends, myself among the number, that this was unfair; and a lively battle, eventually decided in our favour, took place in the Council of the Society. I refer to these old troubles, merely for the purpose of finally removing the impression, if any such remains, that Tyndall had anything, directly or indirectly, to do with what took place. On the contrary, the two persons who were chiefly responsible, thought it desirable that he should be absolutely ignorant of what was going on; and I can answer for it that he remained so until long after, when, rummaging among my papers, I found some documents which I labelled 'ashes of an old fire,' and sent to him.

Tyndall was a highly esteemed and popular member of the Royal Society and always loyal towards it; but the sensitiveness to which I have alluded led him, very early in his career, to do what, so far as I know, nobody had done before, nor has done since. In 1853, the Scciety awarded one of the two Royal medals to him, the other recipient being Charles Darwin. Unluckily, one of the members of the Council, a person of high scientific position, who had wished to dispose of the medal otherwise, took his defeat badly; and, being a voluble talker, exhaled his griefs with copious im-

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propriety to all and sundry. As soon as the report of this reached Tyndall's ears, he wrote a polite note to the senior secretary declining the honour. Frankly, I think my friend made a mistake. The Council was in no way responsible for the ill-judged and, indeed, indecent proceedings of one of its members; and perhaps it is better to leave an enemy alone than to strike at him with the risk of hurting one's friends. But, having thus sacrificed at the altar of strict justice, I must add that, for a young man starting in the world, to whom such recognition was of great importance, I think it was a good sort of mistake, not likely to do harm by creating too many imitators.

As time went on, as the work became harder, and the distractions of life more engrossing, a few of us, who had long been intimate, found we were drifting apart; and, to counteract that tendency, we agreed to dine together once a month. I think, originally, there was some vague notion of associating representatives of each branch of science; at any rate, the nine who eventually came together—Mr. Busk, Dr. Frankland, Dr. Hirst, Sir Joseph Hooker, Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Spencer, Mr. Spottiswoode, Tyndall and myself—could have managed, among us, to contribute most of the articles to a scientific Encyclopædia. At starting, our minds were terribly exercised over the name and constitution of our society. As opinions on this grave matter were no less numerous than the members—indeed more so—we finally accepted the happy suggestion of our mathematicians to call it the x Club; and the proposal of some genius among us, that we should have no rules, save the unwritten law not to have any, was carried by acclamation. Later on, there were attempts to add other members, which at last became wearisome, and had to be arrested by the agreement that no proposition of that kind should be entertained, unless the name of the new member suggested contained all the consonants absent from the names of the old ones. In the lack of Slavonic friends this decision put an end to the possibility of increase. Once in the year there was an outing, to which our respective wives were invited.

If I remember rightly, the meetings of the x Club began early in the sixties. They were steadily continued for some twenty years, before our ranks began to thin; and, one by one, '*geistige Naturen*,' such as those for which the poet[3] so willingly paid the ferryman, silent but not unregarded, took the vacated places. Tyndall was a constant attendant and a great promoter of vivacious conversation, until his health failed. Two years ago, a deep gloom was cast over

[3] Nimm dann Fährmann,
Nimm die Miethe
Die ich gerne dreifach biete:
Zwei, die eben überfuhren,
Waren geistige Naturen.

I quote from memory; but it is long since I read these verses and more likely than not, the citation errs.

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one of our meetings by the receipt of a telegram to the effect that he had but few hours to live, and his partial recovery, at that time, was a marvel to all who knew his condition. I believe that the '*x*' had the credit of being a sort of scientific caucus, or ring, with some people. In fact, two distinguished scientific colleagues of mine once carried on a conversation (which I gravely ignored) across me, in the smoking room of the Athenæum, to this effect: 'I say, A, do you know anything about the *x* Club?' 'Oh yes, B, I have heard of it. What do they do?' 'Well, they govern scientific affairs; and really, on the whole, they don't do it badly.' If my good friends could only have been present at a few of our meetings, they would have formed a much less exalted idea of us, and would, I fear, have been much shocked at the sadly frivolous tone of our ordinary conversation. Assuredly Tyndall did not usually help us to be serious.

But I must bring these brief and too hurried reminiscences to a close. I believe that ample materials exist, and will be used, for a fitting biography: indeed the putting these materials into autobiographical form was the final piece of work to which Tyndall, with his wife's aid, proposed to devote himself. With the exception of the investigations upon aerial germs, which, though, strictly speaking, they might be continuations and amplifications of Pasteur's labours, yet had a very great effect in putting an end to the tough-lived speculations of the advocates of the so-called 'spontaneous generation' hypothesis, Tyndall's later scientific labours do not lie within the competence of my judgment. On that point, I leave it to contemporary experts to speak; and to time to give the final verdict, which is not always such as contemporaries imagine.

Neither do I offer any remark about Tyndall's philosophical, religious and political views; in respect of which my opinions might possibly be impartial; but nobody would believe that they were so.

All that I have proposed to myself, in writing these few pages, is to illustrate and emphasise the fact that, in Tyndall, we have all lost a man of rare and strong individuality; one who, by sheer force of character and intellect, without advantages of education or extraneous aid—perhaps, in spite of some peculiarities of that character—made his way to a position, in some ways unique; to a place in the front rank not only of scientific workers, but of writers and speakers. And, on my own account, I have desired to utter a few parting words of affection for the man of pure and high aims, whom I am the better for having known; for the friend, whose sympathy and support were sure, in all the trials and troubles of forty years' wandering through this wilderness of a world.

T. H. HUXLEY.

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THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL

DURING the hundred years before the introduction of railways, commencing from the year 1720, when the Act for the Mersey and Irwell Navigation was passed, the country was gradually covered with a network of canals which stimulated the rising industries of the country, and which fostered the cotton manufactures of Manchester, the hardware of Birmingham, and the woollen trade of Yorkshire. In 1759 the Duke of Bridgewater made the first canal to Manchester. In 1773 the canal was extended to Runcorn, which diminished the cost of the transport from Liverpool to Manchester by one-half. In 1825 several attempts were made to start a larger canal between Liverpool and Manchester, but for the next fifty years the canals were mostly absorbed by the growing railway power, which allowed them to fall into disuse, and prevented all competition with the railways in the carriage of heavy goods.

The small margin of profit in trade which in the last fifteen years has been earned, owing to the keen competition of foreign countries and the high price of railway transport, revived the idea of a ship canal which would make Manchester into a port like Glasgow, and avoid the heavy landing and carting charges of Liverpool.

The first movement of a public nature was owing to Mr. Adamson, a practical engineer, a native of Durham, and a man of immense energy. He summoned to a meeting at Didsbury, in June 1882, the friends to the enterprise, and raised a guarantee fund to apply to Parliament for a Bill. This was followed by a public meeting in Manchester in November 1882, which appealed to all classes of the community in Manchester and South Lancashire. The proposal was received enthusiastically by the Lancashire working-men, who saw in the project a prospect of employment and the certainty of the expenditure of the capital in the district. It was strongly opposed by the London and North-Western Railway and the Liverpool Dock Board in the sessions of 1883, 1884, and 1885.

The original plan was to form a ship canal between Manchester and Runcorn, and from the latter place to dredge a channel down the tidal estuary of the Mersey.

This proposed work gave rise to strenuous opposition in Liverpool, on the ground that it would cause the same accumulation in the

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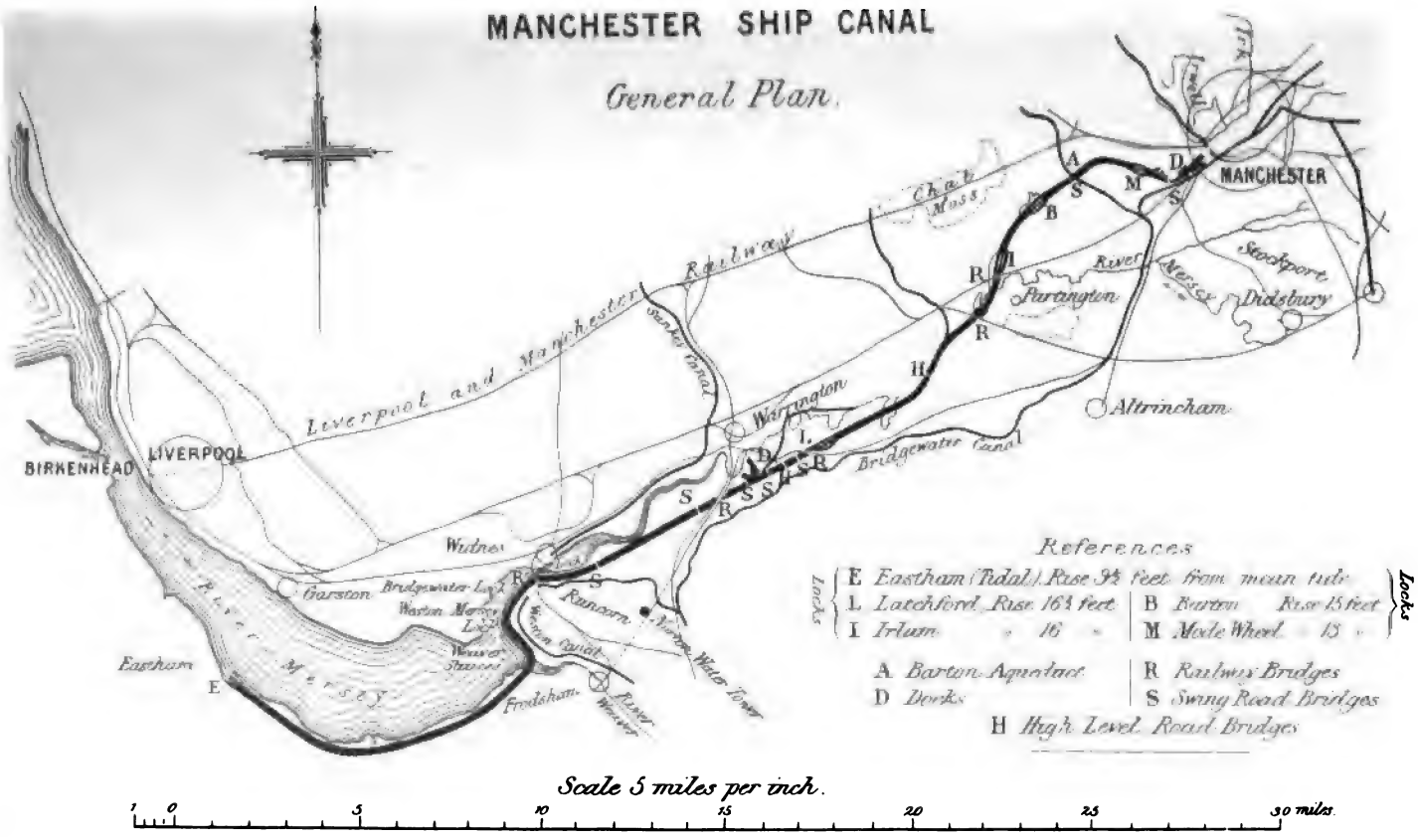

Manchester and Salford Docks		*Length of Arms, Salford Docks*		*Length of Arms, Manchester Docks*	
Area of water space	114 acres	North Branch	1,350 feet	Three arms averaging each	571 feet
Area of quay space	152 "	Mid "	1,17 "	Arm parallel to river	620 "
Length of quays	5½ miles	South "	828 "		

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Mersey that had occurred in the Seine, Dee, and other rivers, where the training walls were carried up high above the sandbanks. The engineer of the Mersey Dock Board suggested that the canal should be kept separate from the estuary. This advice was followed in the next session of Parliament, in 1885, by Mr. E. L. Williams, the engineer of the Company, but it was opposed by the Dock Board.

After considerable changes in the plans had been made in Parliament, which involved in the future a large additional expenditure, a Bill at length passed both Houses in 1885.

In 1886 the first appeal to the public for funds failed, for this reason: the promoters told the people of Manchester that the shares would be taken up in London, and the capitalists in London that it would be largely supported in Manchester.

Shortly after this the Mayor of Manchester summoned an independent consultative Committee, which, after taking evidence for some weeks, unanimously reported in favour of the scheme.

In February 1887 only five months remained to get the 8,000,000*l.*, as in August the powers of the Bill would lapse.

Capitalists in London were consulted, and they naturally asked, What was Lancashire going to subscribe? Eventually it was agreed that if Lancashire found half the sum the City financiers would find the other half. Parliamentary powers were obtained to divide the capital into half Ordinary and half Preference Shares with debentures for two millions. The money for the purchase of the Bridgewater navigation, which cost 1,710,000*l.*, was obtained on the last available day.

The contractor took the contract on the schedules of quantities submitted to him. How those were exceeded will be explained later.

The first sod was turned on the 11th of November, 1887, at Eastham, but the works did not formally begin till January 1888, when possession of the land was gradually obtained. Salford Docks were originally designed as the sole means of access to the Manchester Docks, but in 1888 a Bill was obtained to enlarge the docks and obtain direct access to Pomona Docks and to purchase a long length of land under Trafford Park. By this change fourteen acres more dock space, sixty-nine acres more quay space, and one and one-eighth mile more quay frontage were secured.

In 1889 the Company suffered a severe loss in the death of the contractor, Mr. Walker, whose great energy, experience, and foresight were a guarantee that the works were carried on as expeditiously as possible.

In November 1890 the executors of Mr. Walker entered into an arrangement with the Company to terminate the existing contracts after an amicable settlement of all their claims and liabilities to the Company. At the same time the Company suffered heavy losses by

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floods, the extent of which it was impossible to determine at the time. In addition to this, the increased cost of labour and materials, the larger outlay on land, and the requirements of the Mersey Commissioners and of Railway and other Companies under the onerous clauses of the Act of 1885, and the lock-up of the money expended on plant, made it necessary to raise further capital.

The appeal which was made to the Manchester Corporation to step in and lend money on the mortgage of the undertaking was promptly and unanimously responded to by the Corporation and the ratepayers, and powers were obtained in 1891 to raise a further capital of three millions, which was then thought sufficient by the engineers to complete the canal, before the damage done by the floods and the severe frosts could possibly be ascertained.

In December 1891 the conduct of the works to the opening of the canal was placed in the hands of an executive committee, controlled by a majority of the representative members of the Corporation who were placed on the Board under the Act of 1891.

In July 1892 a further estimate of the sums necessary for the completion was made, which resulted in a further appeal to the Corporation which was again loyally responded to. The Act of 1893 gave powers to the Corporation to lend an additional two millions on the condition that the number of directors should be increased to twenty-one, and that the Corporation should be represented by eleven members, of whom one should be the deputy chairman, and the power of fixing rates, tolls and rents was given to a committee composed of five of the Shareholders' Directors and four of the Corporation Directors.

With this short sketch of the history of the enterprise, I proceed to the works themselves. The point selected for the entrance to the canal from the tideway is at Eastham, six miles above Liverpool. The group of locks at Eastham will admit of a very large amount of shipping every tide, more particularly as on all tides above the ordinary level of the canal all the lock gates will be opened for a considerable period before high water. Spring tides will rise 5 to 7 feet above the ordinary level of the tidal portion of the canal, which extends to the next group of locks at Latchford, a distance of twenty-one miles. Between that and the docks in Manchester there are three locks and a rise of 60 feet, corresponding to the total fall from level of water in Manchester Docks to level of tide, rising 14 feet 2 inches above Old Dock Sill at Liverpool, this being the ordinary water-level in canal between Eastham and Latchford.

The works are of such magnitude that they could not have been carried out in the time by manual labour alone. Ruston and Proctor's steam navvies, of which there have been over 100 employed, were able, under favourable circumstances, to fill 750 wagons per day, thus representing 3,750 tons for a day's work of twelve hours, each machine

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doing the work of 2,000 men. In addition, from 8,000 to 17,000 men and boys were employed.

The rate of excavation varied from three-quarters to one and one-quarter million cubic yards per month. In the soft cuttings and light alluvial soil and sand, continental machines known as the 'Lübecker' and the 'French' were used; both of these were land dredgers. The 'French' discharged the material from the top of the machine to the line of railway trucks outside, the 'Lübecker' traversed over the lines of trucks and filled them as it went on.[1] The best day's performance of these engines was from 1,500 to 2,000 cubic yards.

In order to carry out the works, it was necessary to construct 223 miles of railway, use 173 locomotives, 245 steam cranes, 212 pumping engines, 6,000 wagons, and a fleet of 11 dredgers and barges which carried out the 'spoil' either to sea or up the Weaver to Northwich. The steam-power employed was about 50,000 horse-power, consuming about 10,000 tons of coal per month.

In the estuary, as obstacles were thrown both by the landowners and the Mersey Conservancy to obtaining land for spoil, an artificial mound, 100 feet high and three-quarters of a mile long, was raised on the land above the marshes, which received the name of Mount Manisty, and which is a striking feature in the middle distance of Mr. Leader's picture,

At Ellesmere Port there is an embankment faced with stone, one mile long, across an enlargement of the estuary: on each side of the foot of this embankment, close timber piling is driven consisting of pine piles, 13 to 14 inches square and 35 feet long. Over 13,000 of these piles have been driven through sand without any trouble by the use of the water-jet principle. Four steam-pumps were used, which delivered the water at a pressure of about thirty pounds per square inch, through two-inch india-rubber pipes to the pile, where it was attached to a 1½-inch wrought-iron pipe, which was put down under water pressure alongside the pile. With this assistance, the steam pile engines quickly drove the pile.[2]

At Saltport the canal crosses the mouth of the Weaver, where a new port and a timber pond has been established; here in front of the pool, a massive row of sluices consisting of ten movable gates each 30 feet wide has been erected to give the river a free outlet into the estuary. The sluices are worked by a system of rollers on Stoney's patent, which removes the pressure of the water and enables the sluice to be lifted with ease.

The principal engineering novelty is the new Aqueduct at Barton,

[1] Paper read by Mr. Leader Williams before the Fourth International Congress on Inland Navigation; Manchester, 1890.

[2] *On the Mechanical Appliances employed in the Construction of the Manchester Ship Canal*, by Mr. E. L. Williams (with map), 1891.

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floods, the extent of which it was impossible to determine at the time. In addition to this, the increased cost of labour and materials, the larger outlay on land, and the requirements of the Mersey Conservators and of Railway and other Companies under the various clauses of the Act of 1885, and the lock-up of the money expended in plant, made it necessary to raise further capital.

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The works are of such magnitude that they could not be carried out in the time by manual labour alone. Ruston and other steam navvies, of which there have been over 100 employed, under favourable circumstances, to fill 750 wagons per day, representing 3,750 tons for a day's work of twelve

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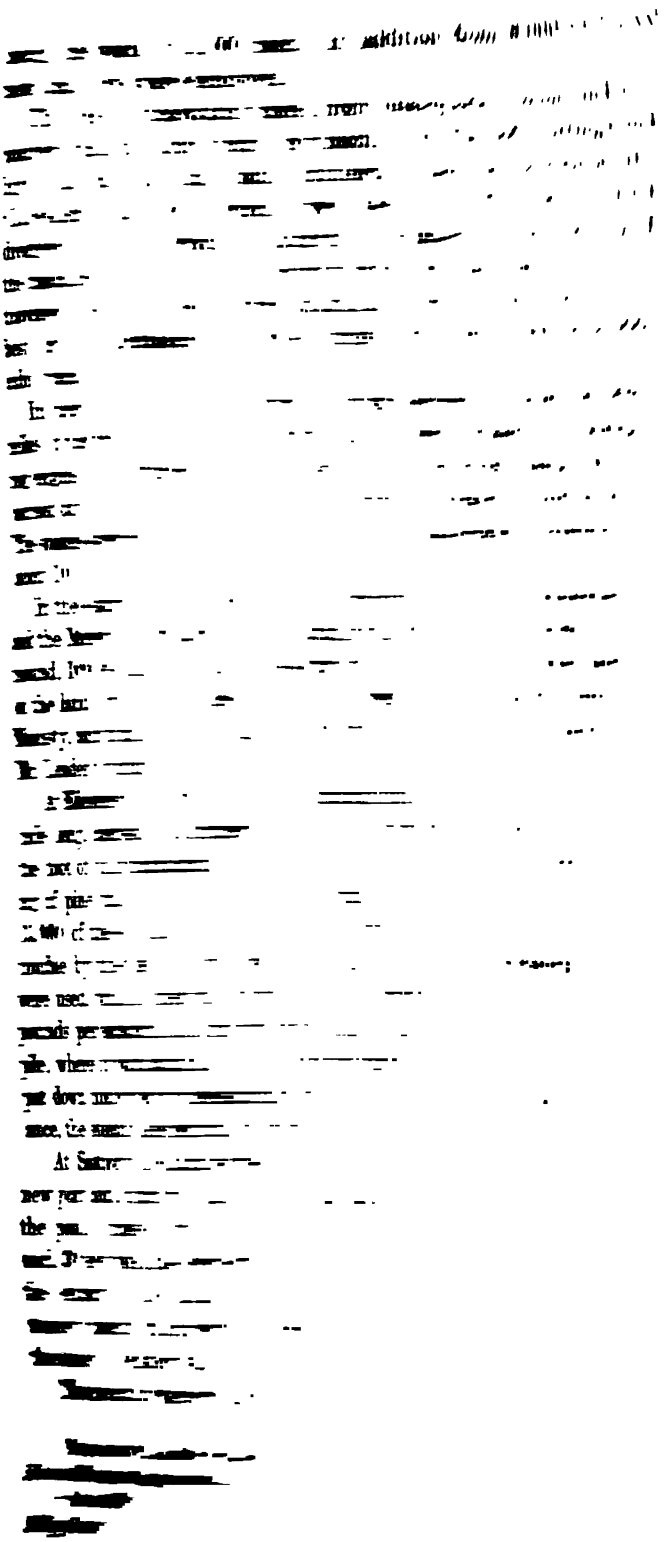

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1,100 feet long. The caisson, when full of water, weighs 1,400 tons. It is 234 feet long by 19 feet, with two spans of 90 feet resting on the centre. The old bridge, which was the first of its kind in England for carrying water over water, has been replaced by a still more novel and ingenious method of crossing the canal. The story was told of Brindley, that another engineer was called in and consulted as to the scheme, and the person consulted (possibly Smeaton) characterised the plan of the Barton Aqueduct and Embankment as instinct with recklessness and folly; and, after expressing his unqualified opinion as to the impracticability of executing his design, concluded his report to the Duke of Bridgewater thus:—'I have often heard of castles in the air, but never before saw where any of them were to be erected.' The present bridge exceeds in recklessness of conception all that Brindley ever imagined. The caisson is filled with water for the same depth as the Bridgewater Canal, and boats are passed along it over the Ship Canal. When vessels have masts too high to pass under the caisson, it will be opened like a swing bridge, the water being retained in the caisson by lifting gates at either end. Similar gates will be used at either end of the Aqueduct, leading to the moveable caisson to maintain the water in the Bridgewater Canal.

Besides the entrance and four main sets of locks, there are four subsidiary locks to enable the Weaver and Runcorn traffic to cross the canal into the estuary, and as an entrance to the Warrington Docks.

All the lock gates have been made of the finest green-heart timber from Demerara, and the construction is so massive that the amount of timber used in the construction is 350,000 cubic feet.

There are two high-level bridges on the Cantilever principle at Latchford and Warburton. The largest swing bridge is that at the entrance of Salford Docks, being 46 feet wide, and the gross weight of the swinging portion 1,800 tons.

The docks in Salford are placed on a level alluvial site with a rocky substratum along the banks of the Irwell, which formed part of the farm belonging to the old Hall of the Radcliffes at Ordsall; this was one of the meeting-places of the conspirators of the 'Gunpowder Plot,' and is described by Harrison Ainsworth in his novel of *Guy Fawkes*. It was bought about 1780 by an ancestor of the writer, one of the founders of the Bridgewater Canal, with the fortunate prescience of its future value in the development of Manchester.

The docks in Manchester are on the site of the 'Pomona' Gardens, well known as the scene of many large political gatherings in recent years, and are in a central position near the railway and the Bridgewater Canal. Both will be fitted with all modern appliances for the raising and storage of goods on the quays and will be lighted by electricity.

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The passage of a vessel from the sea to Manchester will not occupy more than eight hours, including stoppages at the locks.

The sides of the canal are lined with rough masonry, and where the ground is peaty and treacherous, fascines of willows are pegged into the banks to prevent the slips which in some places have occurred, owing to the sides being too steep.

At the commencement the work was divided into eight sections for the canal and two for the railways, each under a separate staff of engineers, with huts for the men, a hospital, a school, and a room for Divine Service when required; so that the moral and spiritual welfare of the navvies was well cared for.

After January 1891, and the opening of the portion to the mouth of the Weaver, the work was let by contract in sections, Mr. Jackson and Mr. Wills taking the contracts under special terms, with the exception of the Runcorn section, which was carried out by day and piece work under the engineers of the Company, the work going on night and day for the greater part of the time. The fleet of dredgers was also under the direct control of the Company.

The minimum width of the canal is at the bottom 120 feet, and the average width of the canal at water-level 172 feet. The bottom width of the canal, between Mode wheel locks and Manchester, is increased to 170 feet. Minimum depth 26 feet. (The Suez Canal was at first 72 feet wide and 26 feet deep.[3] The Amsterdam Canal is 88 feet wide and 25 feet deep.) The width of the Manchester Ship Canal will allow of large steamers passing each other at any part of the canal, and where works are built on the sides of the canal for manufacturing purposes, the canal will be widened out to allow of shipping lying alongside wharves, without interfering with the passage of vessels up and down the canal.

It is not the occasion to detail all the difficulties which arose in the course of the works in meeting the requirements of public bodies and private works, but they may be summed up in the remark of Voisin Bey, who, on visiting the canal at the time of the International Congress at Manchester, observed that the difficulties of carrying out a canal through a highly populous and manufacturing district were much greater than those encountered in making the Suez Canal through a desert.

As in the Panama Canal the Chagres River was found the great difficulty, owing to its sudden rise of 40 feet in the rainy season, so the Irwell, in a much less degree, by its sudden rise of 12 feet in a flood, by the deposit of silt and cinders from the towns and factories above and around Manchester, has added largely to the cost of the canal.

The diversion of the main lines of railway on high embankments, and the raising of five bridges over the canal so as to allow a headway of 75 feet above the water-level, the syphon of the River Gowy,

[3] The Suez Canal has been widened and increased to 27 feet in depth.

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and the subway to carry the Liverpool water-pipes under the canal, were but subsidiary portions of the greater work.

The time originally fixed for the completion of the Canal was the 1st of January, 1892, and there is no doubt that, as far as regards the physical and engineering difficulties which were encountered, it might have been finished in that time, but the opposition of the Mersey Dock Board, under the ambiguous wording of the Act of Parliament, led to an injunction being obtained which delayed the works in the estuary. This necessitated the application to Parliament in 1890 to place the tidal openings in the estuary sanctioned by the Mersey Commissioners. This delay prevented the commencement of the works in front of the Weaver Docks till 1891, as they could not be interfered with till the canal from the mouth of the Weaver was opened, as an alternative route for the trade of the Weaver navigation.

This, the most difficult part of the undertaking, has been completed in about eighteen months, by taking the excavation of the canal 'in the dry' and forming temporary dams in front of the Runcorn and Weaver Docks, while the leasing of the Weston Point Docks from the Weaver trustees enabled the traffic of Runcorn to be carried on after the closing of the ordinary entrances.

The main line of the canal being along the bed of existing rivers, the Irwell and Mersey, it has been necessary to divert their course and by a series of dams dig out the canal in the bed of the old river 'in the dry.' Thus these have been left to the last, until the water has been let in, so that they could be dredged out below the water-level.

The last important work which has been carried out since the 13th of July, 1893, has been the removal of the old lines of the London and North-Western and the Great Western Companies, of which the Ship Canal Company were allowed to take possession at an earlier date than that fixed by the Act after a costly arbitration.

Even after the last work of excavation was completed there was considerable labour in clearing the bottom of the canal from the rails upon which the locomotives had been running, and in removing the steam cranes and other engines which were encumbering the bottom of the canal. After that was completed the filling of the canal commenced, which was done gradually; the pumps which have been kept constantly going to prevent the works being flooded by the land water were next removed. The canal below Warrington was thus gradually being filled with fresh water till the flood of November 26th temporarily raised the level of the canal 14 feet above the normal line.

It has been asked, How is it that the original estimate has been so largely exceeded that it will cost fifteen millions? It has arisen from various causes. The original contract was for 5,870,000*l*. According to the engineer's original estimate, the total excavation was 45,976,950 cubic yards, but that sum has been largely exceeded owing to fresh works, widening the canal, and increasing the slopes, till it has reached 51,603,747 cubic yards. This difference is

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accounted for as follows:—Alteration of line of canal in estuary by Mr. Forster's Committee, 2,310,000 cubic yards; alteration of plans by Mersey Conservancy through the lowering of level of canal two feet between Eastham and Latchford, 1,300,000 cubic yards; temporary river diversions, filling up same, &c., 1,276,000 cubic yards; silting of canal between Latchford and Manchester (including material brought down in floods in November 1890), 950,000 cubic yards; flattening slopes partly due to floods of 1890, 700,000 cubic yards; alteration and enlargement of Salford Docks, 1888, 475,000 cubic yards; silting of estuary sandbanks on line of canal, 400,000 cubic yards; alteration of line of canal at Ince, 306,000 cubic yards; straightening line of canal at Barton, 125,000 cubic yards; landslips, 94,000 cubic yards—total, 7,936,000 cubic yards.

Thus it will be seen that unforeseen additions to the works, the larger amount of land to be purchased which was necessary to avoid the heavy claims for severance, the increase in the price of labour and materials by twenty per cent., and the further interest on capital, have all contributed to raise the cost. On the other hand, the work has been most substantially executed, and will not therefore be so expensive to keep up as if the materials had been inferior.

With regard to the supply of water, the Irwell has been in the past made the sewer of Manchester, and measures have been taken but tardily to exclude the sewage from the river, which is the main source of supply of the water in the docks. In the winter months, there are heavy floods which prevent the pollution of the river from becoming a nuisance; but Salford has now completed a system of intercepting sewers, and has purified the sewage at works constructed at Mode Wheel, while the Corporation of Manchester have promised by next March to have the whole of the sewage of Manchester diverted from the canal and deposited on the silting beds below the locks. If necessity should arise, it will always be possible to pump pure water up from the lower sections into the Manchester Docks, to replace the water consumed in the locks.

The Manchester Ship Canal must not be judged merely as a commercial enterprise, as Lord Rosebery would class it, when he refused to notify its completion to foreign countries. It was fostered in its early days and succoured in its difficulties by the Corporation of Manchester, as the unanimous outcome of the desire of the community to obtain a cheaper carriage of goods and raw material so as to enable them to compete with India and the Continent more successfully. The question, however, must be asked: 'Will it pay?' It is difficult to direct trade into new channels, but there is no doubt it will attract new trades, and eventually along its banks will be an unparalleled concentration of works transferred there on account of the economy of production, either in obtaining cheap coal or cheap salt (the base of all alkali products) and facilities of transport.

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The canal is not, like the Suez or Corinth Canal, intended to shorten the route between two distant points, but to open a new port with greater attractions than any other, in consequence of its central position in the midst of a population estimated, within 50 miles, of 5,000,000 and of 7,500,000, which is nearer to it than any other port.

The object of the promoters is insured by the adoption of dock dues at Manchester, and rates on the Ship Canal, which are fixed by the Act of Parliament at one-half the rates and dues charged on the various descriptions of traffic, using the Liverpool Docks and the railways to Manchester. It is proposed, however, to let all ships in free from dues during the year 1894.

Thus the saving effected in the transport of goods between Liverpool and Manchester is seen by the following scale of charges:

Present Cost	Dock Dues at Liverpool, Cartage and Rail	Ship Canal Tolls and Wharfage
	s. *d.*	*s.* *d.*
Cotton	11 5	5 0
Wool	13 11	5 0
Sugar in casks and bags . .	10 0	4 0
Butter in casks . . .	13 4	5 0
Eggs in cases	14 6	6 0
Grain and flour . . .	9 0	3 0
Fruit (oranges) . . .	12 5	5 0

The same proportion holds good, even in a greater degree, to other heavy goods, such as petroleum, timber, iron ore and machinery.

The prospects of traffic as soon as the canal is opened are founded on the numerous applications for berths by the leading shipowners. The circulars issued by the leading cotton-spinners in Manchester and neighbourhood to their clients; the desire of the fruit-brokers in Liverpool to hold weekly sales in the Manchester Docks; the establishment of foreign animal wharves in Manchester or Salford, promised by the Board of Agriculture under certain conditions; the requirements of the timber and petroleum trade, which can be far better complied with at various points on the canal than at Liverpool; the jute market will also be one of the most central in the kingdom.

The London and North-Western, the Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the Cheshire Lines are all preparing to connect their lines with the docks. At Partington coal port the coals from the Lancashire and Yorkshire coalfields can be at once tipped into vessels along the side from convenient platforms and will supply a return cargo to outgoing vessels. Salt and alkali works are also in close proximity at Acton Grange and Widnes. The Potteries will have direct water communication with the Ship Canal through the North Staffordshire and the Bridgewater Canal.

The consultative Committee went fully into the prospects of

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traffic, and reported that a large amount of traffic would at once be secured, probably sufficient in the first year to pay the working expenses. The extent of trade, as well as the population, has gradually increased since 1885; there is, therefore, no reason to expect that the traffic will be less than it was estimated in 1885.

The experience of Rouen and Frankfort-on-the-Maine tends to confirm this fact, that sea-borne goods will go as far inland as they possibly can.

The estimate of traffic on the Ship Canal within two years of its completion is founded upon evidence given in 1884 and subsequently by Mr. Marshall Stevens, which stood the test of criticism of railway opposition before Parliamentary Committees, and has been corrected, after communication with the merchants and traders up to the present time, as follows:—

	£
Under the heads of Cotton, Corn, Sugar, Provisions, Fruit and Vegetables, Timber, Textiles, Machinery, the quantity is 1,910,646 tons, giving a revenue of	474,038
Of Metals, Coals, Salts, &c., 1,348,276 tons, giving a revenue of	102,791
Of other minor articles, 269,610 tons, giving a revenue of	65,023
Coast-wise traffic, including Manufactured Goods, Provisions from Ireland, Manufactures from Scotland, Wool, Tea, and Groceries from London, and other heavy goods, 600,000 tons, giving a revenue of	107,500
Total revenue two years after the opening of the canal to Manchester	749,352

This, besides the revenue from the Bridgewater Canal (60,000*l.*?), and not including 10 per cent. on dock porterage, would be sufficient to pay—

	£
4½ per cent. on 5,000,000*l.*	225,000
4 per cent. on Debentures	100,000
5 per cent. on Preference shares	200,000
3 per cent. on Ordinary shares	120,000
Working expenses	105,000
Total	745,000

This may be a too sanguine[4] view to take, but the large population, seven and a half millions, must be fed, and the cheapest freight is always to that port where there is the best chance of a return cargo. It is the interest of the shareholders and the ratepayers of Manchester to make the canal a success; a waterway is the most economical vehicle for heavy goods; there are no expenses for rolling stock or engines—

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.

The canal will also be useful as an outlet to the working classes of a large manufacturing district, and from the excursions which have

[4] The nominal cost of the Suez Canal was 18,000,000*l.*, and in 1892 it paid 18 per cent.

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already taken place on the open section of the canal, it will be seen that trips down the canal will be a popular means of getting into fresh air, and a cheap water communication with Liverpool and the sea. Companies have been formed to run passenger steamers for that purpose, which will be able to take passengers not only to Liverpool, but direct to the Isle of Man and other places which are so popular in the summer months with Lancashire operatives.

The scenery along the canal when once one has left the manufacturing districts is not without a certain charm, and the views along the estuary of the Mersey, with the Cheshire hills in the background, formed the subject of the picture by Mr. B. W. Leader exhibited in the Academy of 1890.

I have endeavoured to give a brief sketch of this great undertaking, which cannot be treated of exhaustively in a few pages. After six years' uninterrupted work at high pressure, the canal, which it was said could not and would not be made, has been opened for traffic. If the commercial and industrial prosperity of England is not permanently shaken to its foundations by industrial strikes and the combinations of Trade-Unions, there is a great future before the canal, and it does not require much faith or imagination to foresee a large development of industrial enterprise on its banks. If it succeeds, it will be the commencement of a new era in canals. All the large commercial centres will demand an improved system of canals for the transit of heavy goods. Sheffield and Birmingham will be among the first. A uniform width and depth for the subsidiary canals should be enforced in future, so that there should be no transhipment of goods as at present from small barges to large flats. The whole subject might worthily occupy the attention of a Royal Commission, and save some of the heavy expenses which are now consequent on an isolated inquiry before a Parliamentary Committee.

EGERTON OF TATTON.

DETAILS OF LOCKS IN CANAL

Name of locks	Size of large lock	Size of intermediate lock	Size of small lock	Number and size of sluices	Fall
	feet	feet	feet		feet in.
Eastham . .	600 × 80	350 × 50	150 × 30	Two sluices, each 20 feet wide .	
Latchford .	600 × 65	350 × 45	—	Three „ „ 30 feet „ .	16 6
Irlam . .	600 × 65	350 × 45	—	Five „ „ 30 feet „ .	16 0
Barton . .	600 × 65	350 × 45	—	Four „ „ 30 feet „ .	15 0
Mode Wheel .	600 × 65	350 × 45	—	Four „ „ 30 feet „ .	13 0

DIMENSIONS OF SUBSIDIARY LOCKS

Weston Marsh lock	229 feet long by 42 feet 8 inches wide
Weston Mersey lock	600 „ „ 45 feet wide
Bridgewater lock	400 „ „ 45 feet „
Runcorn (Old Quay)	250 „ „ 45 feet „

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THE REVOLT OF THE DAUGHTERS

THESE are the days of strikes. No sooner is one happily closed than another, more serious it may be, and farther reaching in its effects, comes up for next consideration. A big trade strike is just ended; another, of a totally different complexion, is fast approaching. Not every one possesses the power of reading sky signs aright, yet for months past very large and plain specimens have been on view. More than one of the public prints has beguiled this year's autumn dulness by opening its columns to a majority of daughters, who have therein detailed their intimate and personal home grievances. They in their turn have been answered by a minority of mothers champing under the sense of the burning ingratitude, and more, the general unseemliness of their offspring. With a frankness that would be indecent were it not absolutely tragic both sets of combatants have exposed to a gaping audience their naked griefs and unveiled wrongs. As the controversy ended precisely where it began, in mere hot statement, no one was any the better, and not a few were considerably the worse. Neither did the question itself get any 'forrader' towards solution. This was a large and vulgar sky 'skeleton,' but others, more subtle, yet to the full as significant, are not lacking.

When an *habitué* of London Society, himself a keen observer of manners, is heard to remark that this question must be ripe, seeing the very large percentage of households where war, open or concealed, exists between mothers and daughters, it is serious. When a leading London doctor confides to a friend that he is much concerned by a new phenomenon in his practice, to wit, the frequent presence in his waiting-room of mothers broken down in body and perplexed in mind over 'difficulties' with their grown-up daughters, and of daughters come to consult him privately whose nerves have 'gone wrong' because, as they put their case, they are not 'understood' nor 'sympathised with' by their mothers, this is significant indeed. The evil cannot be lightly laughed away as a passing trouble, to be speedily cured by marriage in the one case, and in the other—where the mothers' inappropriate youthfulness is a chief disturbing cause—by the certain grip of relentless old age. For our own

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part we believe the psychological moment has arrived in which to probe, to diagnose, and to prescribe for, the hidden disease.

Let it be granted, for the sake of convenience, that the premisses above stated are correct, and that a case is so far proven. With whom does the fault lie? on whose shoulders should rest the main burden of responsibility for the dead-lock, if it exists as stated by these experts? In this latest strike we will call the mothers the employers, and the daughters the operatives. The capital of the employers is here represented by a wide experience, which should carry in its train wisdom, far-reaching vision, and a balance of patient staying power which ought never to be wholly drawn out. The operatives bring as their contribution to the carrying out of the existing social contract, youth, vitality, 'go,' and the muscle strength that enables them to pick themselves up and go home after a deadly encounter, only a surface bruise or two the worse, whilst their elder and less supple opponent has possibly received wounds which, bleeding inwardly, poison the joy of life at its purest source.

For our own part we are prepared to state frankly at the outset that, whilst admitting to the full the provocative nature, the egoism, the governing unreasonableness, which too often characterise the attitude of the daughters during the struggle for supremacy, everything in fact which goes to form that expressive yet inelegant word *tiresome*, we yet find ourselves ranged on the side of the younger generation. Let their case be first stated. They are young. They are vital. The springs of life, the thirst to taste its joys, run very strong in their veins. They desire ardently to try things on their own account. They long for the 'unexpected,' not always the 'properly introduced,' still less the 'well accredited' of that sage and prudent ambassador their mother. Far from them is the desire for things that are wrong in themselves. They have no unwholesome hankering for forbidden fruit. Their individuality is at this moment the strongest—and the most inconvenient—thing about them. They pray passionately to be allowed to travel ever so short a way alone. Should an obstructive pebble lie in their path and threaten for a moment to upset their youthful equilibrium, they resent hotly the immediate application of the hand of a guardian to the small of their back. So have we seen a rebellious baby, just able to run, hit out impotently, but with deadly intent, at the over-conscientious nurse who stood by ready to 'save' it from that wholesome tumble provided by a wise nature as experience-lesson. Girls want to make their own minor mistakes and not to be strictly limited by unwritten law to producing feeble imitations of their mothers' best copies. And why not, since mistakes have to be made? No one is worth a thought who has not made them, and he, or she, who has lost the capacity for their manufacture,as an occasional indulgence, is far on towards old age. To look upon trivial errors, whether of

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speech, manner, or action, as *anathema maranatha*—and this is the real bogey of the good mother—is but to make complacent display of her own limited intelligence. Other and graver plaints has the daughter, plaints which perhaps she has never actually formulated, but of the existence of which she is intensely sub-conscious. Does uncongenial atmosphere go for nothing as a shaping influence? What of the suffering of a girl on whom tricksy Nature, or some remote ancestress, has bestowed a romantic, gipsy-minded personality, and who finds herself in a well-ordered and accurately balanced *entourage* where this side of her—a side she can no more help than the colour of her hair or the shape of her nose—is conscientiously repressed, disapproved of, and ignored?

We have of late years elected to educate everybody, our daughters included. Girton and Newnham, the 'halls,' and all kinds of minor establishments of a like kind fill the land. 'Higher Education,' 'University Extension,' are common form, whilst diplomas of proficiency—not, be it observed, of efficiency—are more plentiful than were blackberries last year. The attempt to open wide the doors one side the house, and to hermetically close them the other, is a trifle illogical, and no one but politicians anxious to buy votes and not eager to pay the full price, or women who demand heaven and earth at the same moment, would make such an attempt. Wisely or foolishly—it is yet an open question—we have said that our daughters are to know. They, in their turn, insist that they shall be allowed the free use of the weapon with which we ourselves have furnished them. Are they to be blamed for this?

It is not so usual now as it was twenty years ago for the head of a middle-class household to cheerfully spend a thousand pounds or more on each boy's training, first at a public school, then at a University, to 'fit him for taking his place in the world,' whilst his daughters, were they many or few, had to put up with equal shares in the talents of one lady with the indulgence of occasional snap-shots at music and dancing masters. The injustice of his proceeding is, at this time of day, more visible to the naked eye, though we fear the practice is not altogether obsolete. For our own part we have no hesitation in saying that the girl who sees her brothers equipped for any professions they may choose, whilst she herself is confined to the single one of marriage, is a really ill-used person. Marriage *is* the best profession for a woman; we all know and acknowledge it; but, for obvious reasons, all women cannot enter its strait and narrow gate. When the moment comes in which the daughter sees clearly that success for her, if it comes at all, must come on other lines, and that the sense of modest achievement alone gives zest and fire to life, can it be gainsaid that if she then goes to her father and says, 'Give me a portion, a fraction of what you have laid out on Dick and Tom, to enable me to make my experiment, to try to do *my* little

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bit of world's work,' and he refuses her on the score that a woman's place is entirely at home till she is called higher by a husband, she has a very real grievance indeed?

So far, and it is a long way, in their plea for a larger liberty, not license—the liberty that claims the right to be an individual as well as a daughter—we are entirely with the girls in their revolt. Justice, however, now demands that the mirror should be presented to them with a stern command that they do take a long look therein. It will not be a beautiful vision that will meet their gaze. For inner barrenness of spirit, manifesting itself in ugly outside action, few things can match the ruthless young daughter pulling her own way against her mother, and generally getting it too. She is, by reason of her youth, perfectly insensible to, absolutely regardless of, the agony she is causing and the wounds she is inflicting. For the time being she presents to the observer a curious mental compound of which the fundamental basis is egoism. Such imagination as she possesses is so self-centred, its light so turned on the point she desires either to secure or to avoid, that it stands her in no stead at all as an illuminator of her own or other people's conduct. During this state she distinctly becomes that hideous product, a non-human *thing*, governed only by its own innate stubbornness (this a quality, by the way, too often pinnacle-placed by women of all ages, who christen it firmness, and then chant secret psalms in its honour). This is indeed a parlous state, and the animating spirit possessing her for the time being is not to be exorcised save by prayer and fasting. It may be that the true vision of herself is withheld from her for many a long day, but it comes at last, possibly when the little drama is repeated—with this little difference, that she now fills the other rôle. For time always calls to a reckoning. Accounts in that book are never crossed off unpaid, and it is only the fool who says in his heart, 'For me there is no judgment-day.'

THE ATTITUDE OF THE MOTHERS

Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte is a fiction familiar to most of us. We have often found, to our cost, that bad as was the first step, those that come after were a hundred-fold darker and more slippery. So will it be with the New Strike. 'Flags are Flying,' Björnson's title, becomes now very apt. The tom-tom is heard at the street-corners calling out the younger levies, who answer in glad haste; whilst far away in upper chambers sit the legitimate rulers of the rebels in deep consultation—anxious, waiting, determined. No wonder they wear a care-lined air. For in their souls they know full well that whatever the results may be—whoever stands or whoever falls—the responsibility of the situation is their

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own. A little more magnanimity, a larger sense of the rights of the individual, although the individual in question be that sacred product their own daughter, a little more of that most difficult of all forms of altruism, the tucking-in of their own skirts to make room for the new-comers, and the present dead-lock would never have arisen at all. This is their burden, and a pretty heavy one it proves. They would not be the mothers of their own daughters if they were deficient in stubbornness. Watch them as they sit round the table with tightened lips and mouths that have a comic resemblance to the steel-clasped bag of our youth—how viciously it used to snap!—note the angry sparkle in their eyes, and then marvel at the thought that in spite of all the outward show of righteous wrath these women are in their hearts enduring the torture of remorse for neglected opportunities and wasted chances.

Can it be denied that mothers are oftentimes mortally stupid? Their intentions are, indeed, excellent, but only to supply another illustration of the proverb. For stupid it is not to recognise facts and tendencies, which, after all, are but facts in their first stage; still more stupid is it when to ignore them is no longer possible, not to admit their consideration frankly, and to let conduct be guided, nay, altered thereby. Principles make excellent consulting physicians, but it would fare ill with many of us in the affairs of life were we to be deprived of those useful general practitioners, tact and expediency. Let mothers, especially 'good' mothers, practise in secret the art of contemplating their daughters as part of a vast 'collective' youth, and not as highly specialised young females on whom no wind is to blow roughly, whose ears are to be stuffed with medicated cotton-wool, and whose sight is to be ever safeguarded by good substantial blinkers well tied on by the prudent parent. Let us again protect ourselves by repeating that we are *not* writing of girls in their teens, but of women turned twenty. With sons this course has to be taken, as every mother of sons knows. Often the lesson is bitter and hard, but the wiser and more catholic the woman, the quicker she will be in mastering it. Her best-loved son must have his *wanderjahre*. She cannot hold him back. She can only gaze after his retreating form from the watch-tower of her love; too often he departs with never a backward glance at her. But in her heart a silent witness speaketh, telling her to have patience, for he will return in the end. Why not allow the possibility that nice girls, well-disposed girls, may also desire a mild sort of *wanderjahre* period, during which they, too, want not to break fences, but to get occasional glimpses of the landscape beyond the family domain? Blunders not a few they may make, but not of the kind that need be counted with. The far-seeing mother will consent to sit a quiet and smiling spectator when her daughter ventures on small, or even comparatively big, social experiments. She will not employ her leisure

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moments in crushing every troublesome symptom of individuality, nor in flat-ironing the surface creases that may from time to time appear. She will be slow to blame and quick to praise. A saving sense of humour, if the gods have smiled at her birth, will help her greatly, for we do not for a moment pretend that this will be the happiest or most careless period of the mother's reign. But if she has made a friend of her girl *in childhood*—and it is vain to think this can be done later on—nothing will really come between them. Yet, after all, in any collision between them, her suffering is a hundred times acuter than that of her daughter, for, unfortunately, women are addicted to feeling more and not less as they grow older, and if, as has been well said, in every contest only one of the combatants is booted and spurred, it must be admitted that more often than not these advantages remain with the daughter.

Once, a mother, Celtic and nervous edged, suffering from friction with her elder daughter, Saxon and stolid, addressed herself in her tribulation to the sage of the household, who happened in this instance to be its youngest member, aged fourteen. 'Mother,' said the child, after listening sympathetically to the plaint, 'do you think you love Mary quite enough? She needs loving.' Thus out of the mouth of the babe and suckling dropped the word of truth which furnishes a key to part, though by no means to the whole, of the situation.

So much for the lighter aspects; when we come to the other and graver side, it is, we fear, a serious indictment that many mothers have to meet. We would ask them what have been the methods they have chosen by which to rear and train their difficult young? How much personal time, personal influence, and personal effort have they expended on the task during the critical years which lie between ten and seventeen—the only moulding time in a girl's life? Would thirty hours a week cover it? Would twenty? Would ten? Have they not rather—we write of the majority—selected from the very moment of birth the very best outside help they could obtain, beginning with the certificated wet-nurse and ending with the diplomaed lady who, for a hundred a year, undertakes the herculean task of administering tongues and social wisdom in equal doses to her charges, the mothers themselves falling the while into the sin that most easily besets them—namely, that of overlooking the work instead of bearing a hand in it?

When, if ever, did real friendship between them and their daughters begin? What are the guiding principles of conduct they have been careful to instil—no, to get instilled—into them during the few years when alone the process is easy of accomplishment? And, lastly, in every conflict of opinion that may have arisen since, what has been the true motive at the back which underlies their disapprobation and commands both the quantity and the quality of their frowns?

The moment has come for the secrets of the maternal heart to be

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disclosed. Is it not true that the marriage 'ring' is the governing authority which the mothers acknowledge and obey, although not for a moment will they admit it? The things that make or mar a girl's chances *there* are the mother's realities. We believe that the mother we describe would prefer her daughter to steal spoons (she would carefully return them next morning) to her committing any social misdemeanour, of no moment whatever, which should militate against these chances. To take an example. A girl wants exceedingly to hear Chevalier sing. This innocent desire can only, we will suppose, be gratified by a visit to a music-hall in charge of a brother. Now music-halls are not 'nice' places—a nice girl, *i.e.* a promising candidate in the marriage market, must on no account be seen in one. The domestic fiat is pronounced; the girl rages inwardly over the shams that govern her life. There is her sister, only a year or two older, who married but a few months ago—she is free to visit a music-hall with her husband and friends. 'Where is truth?' cries the girl.

When it comes to actual marriage—we feel we are here on very delicate ground, but forward we must go—the mother we describe makes but one inquiry, after ways and means are satisfactorily established. Is the man free *now* from entanglements of any kind, and can he be depended upon to remain so? Of the girl's passionate ideals, of her hot burning heart, of the purity she brings as a flame to the altar—for, in spite of the sound of laughter in the air, we maintain that to many a girl marriage is still a sacrament—the mother recks not at all. Her 'knowledge of the world' enables her to assure her daughter that 'Mr. Jones will make a good and "dependable" husband.' Is it too much to say that many mothers would be exceedingly shocked if their daughter came to them saying she would like to be assured that the man she was about to marry had no 'past' to bury? And yet here the girl's instinct is surely a right one, for if the 'burying of the past' means the putting aside a woman who has faithfully filled the place of wife and mother for many years, that girl is not far wrong who feels that, under these conditions, she is after all but the lawful mistress, the other remaining the unlawful wife. Not so very long ago a mother anxious to secure the best *parti* of many seasons achieved at last this signal triumph, and bore him triumphantly away for her daughter from a horde of angry rivals. At the close of the interview which took place between her gratified self and the half-indifferent son-in-law-to-be he remarked carelessly, 'Well, you had better take ——'s,' mentioning the name of a legal expert, 'opinion as to whether I am free or not,' which the lady did, her daughter lending no unwilling hand. Together they sought the gentleman of the long robe, and being satisfied that the thing was sufficiently 'safe,' the wedding came off. (Admission to the church was by ticket only, lest unwelcome and

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uninvited guests should present themselves.) It is almost a satisfaction to remember that the last stage of that marriage was even worse than the first. Repulsive as this story is, it is true.

Not a little curious is it that the mothers who so carefully shield their daughters from the faintest breath of adverse criticism before marriage appear to be absolutely indifferent to what is said openly of these same daughters when marriage has set them free. Is this a reality, or is it a monstrous unreality, leading to every kind of social hypocrisy? On all sides we are told that society, both at the top and at the bottom, is rotten to its core. These are the factors that go to produce such rottenness. It has been suggested that nothing but a clean sweep of it can purify the stable, and that a boat should be started, say, every Wednesday morning from Tilbury Dock, bearing one week its load of West-End loungers, and the next a like load of East-End loafers, the cargo to be discharged in mid-ocean. So would the 'impossible' elements of our civilisation be happily disposed of, 'scum' and 'dregs' alike, and the way at last left clear for the onward march of the resolute and the purposeful of all classes. Over-population being the problem of the hour, this experiment might be worth the trying.

Salvation comes from within always and everywhere. Since the capitalists have failed them, the operatives must work out their own. Then perhaps shall we have the woman of to-morrow, pure of heart and fearless of speech, who demands of herself and of every one else, not a flimsy and superficial 'correctness,' but that inward sincerity which enables her both to say and to hear, 'I have erred,' with equanimity. Of this woman it will truly be said, Blessed are the pure in heart, for God-like possibilities will be plain to her clear vision, not only in the suffering pavement-dweller, but, far harder still, in the lady of high place, set with every outward circumstance of prosperity, who decorates herself with lovers as lightly as with the diamonds in her hair.

We are told that, in view of the threatened 'Union of Daughters,' 'mothers' meetings' will shortly be organised not only in Mayfair and Belgravia, but throughout the provinces. We should like to suggest the following as test questions to be set at each meeting. On their right answering would, to our mind, depend the placing of each individual mother on the alternative 'wise' or 'foolish' list.

(1) Give an example of a possible difference of opinion between mother and daughter, and state the line of least resistance you would be prepared to adopt.

(2) If your daughter, turned twenty years of age, should desire to pursue an acquaintance which you, from instinctive or sentimental reasons (reasons which might be absolutely just), did not consider a valuable one for her, would you, or would you not, make it difficult for her to try its value for herself?

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But all these well-meant efforts may fail, and, as in other strikes, a Board of Conciliation may be the only way of meeting the difficulty. Delegates from both camps will doubtless be eager to attend. But where is the President to come from who will be acceptable to both camps? Would Mr. Gladstone crown the glories of his long life by accomplishing this Union of Hearts as his final public act? Or, failing him, would the Archbishop of Canterbury (in his robes), and carrying Dodo of Lambeth as text-book, undertake the task?

One word more. As during the late coal strike entire districts in the midlands remained wholly unaffected by it, work going forward continuously the while, and the harmonious understanding between masters and men remaining unbroken, so in what we have fancifully called the New Strike, we are thankfully aware that there are whole strata of society in which no difficulty has arisen nor, in all probability, ever will arise. Such a state of things is only to be reached by the mothers recognising betimes that loyal friendship is the only lasting basis for this as for all other human relationships. There lies the root of the matter. Not of the happy households where this truth obtains are these pages written.

B. A. CRACKANTHORPE.

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SANITARY INSURANCE: A SCHEME

'THOUSANDS of deaths annually result from diseases which are in the most absolute sense preventible.'

It frequently happens that the first intimation of a sanitary defect in a house is an outbreak of 'preventible' disease, or one of those infectious maladies classed under the generic term 'zymotic,' such as diphtheria or typhoid fever. It is an acknowledged fact that people are living at the present day in habitations whose condition of healthiness is only tested by the sudden advent of an infectious disease, and it is equally true that a house is usually considered healthy until found unhealthy. The last statement may be open to criticism or contradiction by a class of the community. This class, however, is not representative, and is composed for the most part of the wealthy, who *may* carefully select their dwellings. We may safely assert that the time has not arrived in this country, or any other, when sanitary surroundings are a *sine quâ non* with the masses; and the majority are only induced to inquire into such matters after serious illness has occurred, or the doctor has pointed out some insanitary condition.

Recognising the reality of this, and with some knowledge of the havoc and destruction daily being caused by preventible disease, it has occurred to me to lay before the public a suggestion for a protective sanitary scheme.

It is as well for us to inquire what existing protection and assurance have the public at the present time against insanitary dwellings and surroundings? It will at once be said, Is not the 'Health Department' a prominent feature with all our municipalities? Are not our Local Boards doing most excellent work, supported by County Councils? Have we not at the head of all our Local Government Board, always ready to enforce the law, advise on serious questions, and settle all difficulties? We have all these, and in addition, for the sanitary sake of our people, we have springing up in our midst sanitary associations, supplying inspectors at a moment's notice; many Universities with departments for the study of hygiene and laboratories for bacteriological research; nearly every town with its courses of lectures on the subject, and every district with

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its body of medical officers, forming themselves into branches of the Society of Medical Officers of Health: then those noble institutions, the British Institute of Public Health and the Sanitary Institute; and one may add, the British Medical Association itself, always ready to sympathise with all that pertains to sanitary science.

It is marvellous, handicapped as we have been, comparing our advantages for research with those accorded investigators of other States, what grand results have been achieved by our workers in State medicine. But the question arises, Are the public sufficiently protected by all this? And presuming the duties of all officials to be faithfully and intelligently performed, are people satisfied? Are the various sanitary associations existing at present satisfying the prudent tenant? So long as disease has to step in and settle the question of our dwellings' sanitation, there can only be one answer to these interrogations.

Let us first discuss the question of the tenant's protection.

Mr. A., a prosperous draper, with a family of young children, elects to lease a house in a presumably healthy suburban district; he himself is quite ignorant of sanitary matters, but is naturally anxious to be on the safe side; consequently, as soon as he has taken possession, communicates with the sanitary authority of the district, asking for an inspection. He is surprised to find that, as he cannot complain of any nuisance, the services of the Board's officials are not at his disposal. He is next advised to call in a sanitary engineer, who may or may not be associated with some sanitary association, to make an examination of the premises. This time he is successful; he is satisfied with the report, pays his fee, brings his family from town, where they have always enjoyed good health, and settles down at his new fireside with an intense feeling of relief and satisfaction. Six months elapse without anything arising to disturb his peace of mind, when suddenly one of his children complains of a sore throat; the doctor is sent for, and, to the horror of the parent, the patient is declared to be suffering from diphtheria. The doctor now 'notifies' the Local Board of Health, and the main drain of the house, on being carefully tested by the officials, is found faulty—cracked by the sinking of one of the walls of the house, or one of the joints underground has been badly cemented. A further examination reveals the fact that the earth in the immediate vicinity is sewage-soaked.

Again, Mr. B. has been residing in his own house four years. The pavement at the side of the house over the situation of the main drain becoming cracked and out of order, he took the opportunity of having the drain exposed, and, to his surprise, a large leakage in one of the joints was found; previous to this he had not the smallest suspicion of a defect. He chose a new length of drain-piping, and saw the workmen place it in position, and, as he then thought, adjust it in its situation permanently. He trusted the man who had

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undertaken the job, and felt confident that it would be finished satisfactorily, more especially as one of the officials of the sanitary authority was supervising the work. Some months elapsed, when the cellar became very damp, and filthy water collected in pools on the floor. The drain was again exposed, and on inspection the new length of piping was not there! Imagine the dismay of Mr. B.! An old cracked one, with a piece of flower-pot and slate packed against the hole, had been substituted. Here there was free leakage. When Mr. B.'s back had been turned at the *first* exploration, the crafty villain of a workman had taken the sound length away for his own purposes. This is no place to suggest what the appropriate punishment for such an outrage should be; I can only say calmly that I have very good reason for believing that this means of manslaughter is not so very uncommon.

The intention of this paper is not to relate interesting and perhaps tragic episodes on sanitary incidents; it is only too well known by all who have paid any attention to the subject that such instances could be multiplied; I have adduced these two examples for purposes of my own.

Let us turn first to the case of Mr. A. The plan that I shall presently suggest certainly will have the effect of teaching such occupiers that in the absence of a definite nuisance the local sanitary authority has no right to examine their houses and drains. The sanitary engineer was at the disposal of our first unfortunate tenant; the report obtained from him to the effect that the house was in a good sanitary condition, inside and outside, quite justified Mr. A. in bringing his family into the house, and the sad sequel throws no reflection on the engineer; the fact is that, had the drain been tested some months after the first report, the dangerous state of things would, in all probability, have been ascertained, and this horrible scourge absolutely prevented.

With reference to our *second* example: it was undoubtedly an accident that attracted the attention of Mr. B. to his drains, and what was then found should have been ascertained by means of the ordinary test applied at any time. The work, too, of the dishonest bricklayer should have been tested soon after its completion. I am obliged to admit that the above instances are not fictitious, but are both absolutely true occurrences, with the omission, for the sake of my readers, of much disagreeable detail. From what has been said, at least, this most important lesson to householders is evident—that in the vast majority of houses, as at present constructed, mischief may be brewing at any moment—mischief, too, which frequently has a sad and fatal termination.

There already exist in this country various sanitary associations whose chief function it is to examine property and report thereon; also additional inspections may be granted from time to time, where

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specially arranged. These institutions are doing most admirable work in their way, and they rightly have the patronage of many who dwell in high places. I would not for one moment disparage them, for they all seem to have gone about the same length in their ideas of sanitary reform, and so far have, beyond all doubt, assisted in furnishing skilled advice where existing conditions prevented the rural or urban sanitary authority from stepping in. My contention is that these existing protective associations, whilst carrying on undoubtedly good work, have not got at the root of the matter. It may be asked, Is not one annual examination of property sufficient to insure its being kept in repair, and if the proper tests are applied at these visitations by the officials, is not this enough to satisfy all sanitary requirements? Certainly not. One may be charged with holding too pessimistic views respecting the condition of property generally. I know that much property has been built during the past twelve years (possibly some special erections previous to this) that is absolutely pure from a sanitary standpoint; I am also equally certain that much has been inhabited for the first time during this period that was nothing more or less than a hotbed to breed disease and death.

Regarding the property that has been standing for twenty or thirty years, inspections with necessary testing should be scrupulously conducted three or four times yearly. I have said the present associations do not go far enough; that their advice and inspection are excellent, but that such functions in the majority of instances do not grapple at all with the *fons et origo mali*. It is well known that these societies will not undertake to execute any work whatever. The reasons for this are obvious, the chief being that legal responsibilities may be involved, and that tradesmen may be interfered with. I will take occasion later on to show that there really need be no difficulty as regards the first—the legal question; and as for the other excuse given by some associations, which embodies the idea of conscientiously looking after the interest of the sanitary tradesmen, the less said about it the better. I can only add regarding this that any movement at all likely to educate them surely should be encouraged. We must admit that much has been done of late in the movement of the 'registration of plumbers' to increase the facilities for the education of these craftsmen. When it became an acknowledged fact that from considerations of public health some guarantee as to qualification should be produced by the plumber, no time was lost in establishing throughout the country 'registration centres,' acting in conjunction with, and immediately under the supervision of, the 'Worshipful Company of Plumbers' of London. This movement has done great good. Among other considerations it is a truly protective measure to the plumbing trade, and it cannot fail to elevate the position of the craft, and develop an interest in good work

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that must lead to a higher and sound education. The register for plumbers was opened by the Company at the Guildhall, London, on the 1st of March 1886. It is not out of place to notice this subject here, inasmuch as the history of this movement has already plainly shown that where opportunities of obtaining both practical and technical knowledge have been afforded, journeymen and master plumbers have gladly embraced them; consequently we have already in many districts a long list of those who are dignified by the letters 'R.P.' (Registered Plumber) after their name; and as one interested in the examination of these men, I can confidently say that none but those qualified receive their certificates, and that in the district of Lancashire, Cheshire, and North Wales the percentage of rejections is very large, frequently over 50 per cent., and it must be borne in mind that all these candidates have been *putting your drains in good order, and that they continue to do so.* It is high time the public were instructed in this matter; the *unregistered*, both in plumbing and medicine, may practise on a germwise nineteenth-century public. From what has been said it might be supposed that one had to deal only with an evil condition of things arising subsequently to the local sanitary authority's supervision; in other words, are we to take for granted that because a structure has been erected under the eye of a sanitary board's official, and classed by him, it necessarily is placed beyond reproach? I fear a negative reply must be given. Sanitary science, in this country at all events, has during the past few years been advancing very rapidly, and many districts by accepting and putting in force various recent Sanitary Acts, as well as adopting the 'model bye-laws' prepared by the Local Government Board, have strengthened their position most materially, and as a rule where this has prevailed the officials are also of high standing; but at the same time we must shamefully acknowledge, as Mr. Ernest Hart ably pointed out at a meeting at the Mansion House a short time since, that there still exist officials as inspectors of nuisances in some districts who at the time of their appointment were absolutely ignorant of even the rudiments of sanitation.

It is distressing to contemplate that even yet in some localities other considerations than specific ability in the candidate are all powerful. Now that the Sanitary Institute and the British Institute of Public Health have seriously taken up the matter of the better education and examination of nuisance inspectors, we shall have all the more important posts, at least, filled by men of undoubted standing; but it is to be sincerely hoped in this branch, as well as in some other departments, a sound *preliminary education* will be insisted on in the future. It must be conceded that much property exists in the erection of which the 'bye-laws' have only barely been complied with, and it happens that defects readily occur in such property frequently soon after its completion.

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Having thus hurriedly glanced at some of the points that bear more or less directly on the subject of this paper, I must proceed to discuss the salient items which formulate an advanced scheme for sanitary protection and insurance.

It is proposed that any city or district may organise for itself a sanitary protective and insurance association, founded for the purpose of providing the public with a source of protection against insanitary dwellings and surroundings, and a medium for supplying sanitary advice and knowledge. The definite objects would be:—

1. To examine into the sanitary condition of any building previous to tenancy, or after, and of affording skilled advice on sanitary matters or appliances, either on existing premises or on the plans of proposed arrangements of new buildings.

2. To issue certificates respecting the sanitary condition of dwelling-houses and buildings.

3. To provide the means by which a cleanly and wholesome state of the sanitary arrangements of a house would be maintained.

4. The sanitary registration of dwellings.

5. The insurance of buildings against a defective sanitary condition.

Nos. 1 and 2 may be considered together. Under this heading we have nothing very original, excepting that the terms mentioned in No. 1 would be very comprehensive, and would, no doubt, prove most useful to builders. The certificates could be issued to either tenant or owner, but whether a house was occupied or unoccupied, a permit from the owner should be obtained in every case before any steps were taken. The certificates would be issued where the sanitary arrangements and conditions of the building were beyond reproach when the examination and tests were applied, and these certificates might be renewed from time to time. When required, a report would be submitted embodying, when necessary, any alterations or amendments by the officials (medical officer and surveyor), and the work could be done by the association or not, but supervision by the officials would be a *sine quâ non* where the dwelling was registered in the association's books.

3. The tenant should not be surprised to learn that much responsibility rests with him as regards the cleanliness and sanitary state of house sinks and yard gullies, and very frequently the carelessness of a servant leads to some very serious drainage defect, and its baneful result on the health of the inmates. It is often found that a want of care in these matters entails on the landlord unnecessary expense and trouble, and is likely to unfit his mind for the consideration of demands more just and even more urgent. One of the objects of such an association would be to provide the means whereby all the sanitary arrangements should be kept *wholesome*, house drains frequently flushed, gullies regularly cleared out, and all refuse

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removed. By such an undertaking the landlord will be relieved of needless worry, and the tenant could rest secure as far as these matters were concerned. I would venture to predict that under this heading the association would find many inquirers. A neglected house drain may be the starting-point of serious damage to the house itself, and may only make itself apparent when serious illness suggests the source of infection. 'No city, so far as science may be trusted, can deserve immunity from epidemic disease except by making absolute cleanliness the first law of its existence.'

4. It would probably be found expedient that a complete register, embodying all house details, should be kept; this register would include under its head three divisions:

(*a*) Full particulars of every house inspected.

(*b*) Houses on the books of the association for periodical inspection and keeping wholesome.

(*c*) Houses proved to be in perfect sanitary condition.

It would serve both for the information of those whose property was under protection or insurance, and also for the guidance and convenience of the association itself. There would undoubtedly be a danger in extending this portion of the scheme to the extent of furnishing the public generally with information respecting the sanitary state of dwellings or buildings. I could not suggest any further development of this side of the subject at present; it would be left for legal minds, if thought judicious. To my mind, however, it is highly desirable to formulate some form of *classification* at least for dwellings. A shipping community should be the first to grasp the full import and meaning of this.

5. *The insurance of buildings against a defective sanitary condition.* It is pretty well acknowledged that the general principle of insurance as applied to life, accident, and fire, and even burglary, is good. The question of sanitary insurance has not as yet received that share of consideration that I think it deserves. Is it because it is of less importance than other schemes of insurance, or that accidents arising from drainage defects are infrequent? We all agree that such accidents are only too common, and if in the minds of those, if there are such, who have carefully gone into this subject, there exists an idea that the obstacles to this section of the scheme exceed its importance, I can only say that I believe such difficulties have been exaggerated.

The dwelling is to be insured against an insanitary condition; this means that it is to be kept in sanitary repair by the association, in consideration of an annual premium paid by owner, tenant, or both. This, of course, involves actual work, and may strike some at the outset as comprising a too serious risk or responsibility. Let us see. In order that any property should be accepted by the association as a risk, it would be subjected to a stringent examination, by

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both engineer and medical officer. Before this inspection could be made, a written permit must be obtained from the owner, whether the property was occupied or not. The report with full details should then be submitted to the members of council, who, with all the facts before them, assisted by the advice of their officials, would determine on an acceptance or rejection, as the case might warrant. Once the dwelling was insured, it would be the duty of the association to see that it was kept in a healthy condition. It is obvious that such a house would be subjected to frequent inspections and minor defects at once corrected; it is also evident that all work would be performed by skilled and trustworthy workmen.

This insurance would not undertake to indemnify in case of illness attributable to insanitary conditions, for it will be readily seen how exorbitant claims might arise. The question of undertaking work at all may be deemed unwise; I do not for a moment think so. First, the percentage of property so insured would be rather small, as only first-class risks would be accepted, the primary inspection and examination would be most searching, and there would be no danger here of a builder introducing his houses with a view of having them kept in repair. There is only a small proportion of property being erected at present, and passed by the best sanitary authorities, that I should consider a 'fair risk' for such an insurance. At the same time I know of many streets of houses and public buildings that such an insurance society could safely take under its protection, and I am equally confident that there are many districts where the householders of suitable property would gladly insure.

There would no doubt be a percentage of builders who, at first sight, might stand aloof with the idea that their occupation and interests were being tampered with; that their own criterion of sanitary conditions was quite good enough; that some new-fashioned appliance might be demanded, or some whimsical official would throw discredit on their property. It is also possible that an owner might refuse to enter one section of his property, which was found sound, on the books of the association, because he owned much besides that was disreputably bad. I think one may safely assert that no thoughtful man, or one at all mindful of the best interests of the community, would seriously urge such objections; still it is wise, even here, to briefly call attention to the several aspects of so important a question. I need only add, with reference to this and other minor objections or difficulties, that I believe with care they would be comparatively easy of settlement and solution. Nothing would be more vain than to suppose that in a movement of this kind, involving so many interests and embracing so many considerations, medical and legal, the task of organisation and manipulation of details would not require the most studious care.

From what classes would the society derive support at the outset?

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or what sections of the public would at once seriously consider the advisability of sheltering themselves under its protection? I cannot here go into the whole question in detail, but speaking generally, I would predict great support from those residing in their own houses; from those having a tenancy of a year or longer; from many builders who, although their houses had satisfied the local sanitary authority, would be anxious to possess a special certificate; from owners of an entire street or block of buildings, which might be taken on special terms.

It must be understood that, however much a householder would be benefited by adopting the advantages of the scheme in its entirety, it is to be expected that opinions would, at the outset at least, be at variance respecting some of the proposed objects or functions. There are people quite satisfied in their own minds as to the conditions of their drains, who would be glad to assure under the clause which deals only with a guarantee as to keeping the premises wholesome. Such could be allowed to make their contract for this alone. Others, again, while undertaking to give their own personal attention to their gullies, &c., would favour an arrangement with the company to have frequent and periodical examinations of their main drains, and correction if necessary of defects found. When I say *frequent* examinations I mean three times yearly at least; the frequency would depend upon the class of property to some extent. Builders and landlords ought to favour the scheme, (1) because they would have an opportunity of having their property certificated and registered; (2) they would be free from petty annoyances, and frequent demands from tenants on account of insanitary conditions arising from faulty traps, house drains, &c., these having been caused very frequently through the carelessness and extravagance of house servants; (3) where the property was of such a high order as to warrant its acceptance by the association as an *insurance* risk, the owner would practically be rid of all responsibility. It is within the reach of every intelligent person to ascertain the *statistics* bearing on preventible disease, and therefore it is not my intention to include death and zymotic rates in this paper. It should be more generally known, however, that the 80,000 deaths that occur annually in England and Wales from such diseases do not, in any adequate degree, represent the amount of preventible sickness, and consequent distress and misery, broadcast in the land. There can be no doubt that drainage defects and faulty surroundings favour the development of typhoid-fever, diphtheria, erysipelas, and many conditions of ill-health not to be classed specifically. There is one form of so-called scarlatina that I have little doubt is essentially a 'drain-fever.' It is often found associated with diphtheria, and they both love to flourish where defective drains exist. Not infrequently diphtheria is the forerunner of an outbreak of scarlet-fever in the same house, the same cause having probably originated both.

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I need scarcely emphasise the importance of cleanly surroundings, when the possible occurrence of a scourge like cholera is considered. We have no right to wait for a panic to show us our duty, though only too often we are obliged to plead guilty in this respect.

In this country we are justly proud of our complete organisations for carrying into effect *isolation*, *disinfection*, and *hospital accommodation*, and it is well that we should be armed to meet the foe; but are there not some of us, even interested in public health, who seem to forget the old threadbare axiom, 'Prevention is better than cure'? Yes, isolation and disinfection prevent further mischief in many instances, but their usefulness, however valuable, is only called for when disease, and even death, has suggested a simple duty neglected. These things will not be understood in a moment. Sanitary science has been advancing at such a rate that we have hardly had time to digest the rudiments.

After years of patient searching we have found the bacillus under the microscope, and many of us have hardly considered his presence in myriads under our very feet. The task is not sufficiently important or interesting. When we are forced to direct our attention to the conditions in which the morbific microbe abounds, we reluctantly do so, often with the assistance of unqualified officials. We know where the microbe lives and how he lives by means of 'the experiments which accident does for us,' and we should by this time have some knowledge 'how to prevent having first learned exactly how to cause.'

It is such an established fact that polluted water is the carrier of disease, that were it not that its importance bears so distinctly on our subject, one might forbear to introduce it. The two diseases which are most frequently associated with an impure water supply are, of course, cholera and typhoid-fever. It is only too well known that contaminated house-cisterns and old and badly constructed cesspools rarely receive attention until disease suggests a remedy. Don't let us shelter ourselves behind the delusion that filtered or spirituous water, or even boiled water and milk, are sufficient excuses for exposing ourselves to deadly peril. There is nothing very new in the announcement that poisoned water is often added to milk to increase its bulk, and milk-cans are sometimes *cleansed* with the same water. I might here just allude to a strong suspicion which I entertain respecting the means by which certain of the infectious diseases may, under given conditions, have their origin. I refer to the milkman's round from door to door with his cans of milk. The cans are usually taken into the house, emptied, and taken away by the delivery-boy to be refilled and left at the next door, and so on. I have known such cans of milk to be taken into the very room where a case of typhoid lay, emptied there and passed out to the cart again. Of course the vessel is not emptied entirely; there always remain a few

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drops at least at the bottom and on the sides of the vessel, and this small quantity of infected fluid may be sufficient to cause an epidemic.

I do not suppose that this accident often occurs, but I can readily understand that the milk may even become infected by being momentarily exposed to foul gases and emanations in some houses where serious drainage defects exist. When one recognises the absorptive power of milk, and how prone it is to fermentative changes, it is not unreasonable to presume that the germs of disease may not infrequently be dispensed to the public in the manner suggested; as a matter of fact we have pretty good experimental evidence that such is the case. I remember very distinctly, some years ago, having to direct my attention to an inquiry into the causation of a number of scarlatina cases, the interesting feature of the outbreak being the probability of a common source of origin in the milk supply from a certain dairy. The cases were widely separated, and it was fairly well established that the infection had not spread from one to another; it was, however, shown that the same milk had been consumed by these patients; no one residing at the dairy, or coming in contact with the milk, had been suffering; the sanitary condition of the premises at the same time was considered in order; the cows themselves were also subjected to examination, but no satisfactory evidence was forthcoming. Some time after this occurrence serious drainage defects on these very premises were brought to light, which the primary investigation should have disclosed. That milk may convey disease without its having absorbed infection from any external impure medium is now proved by scientific investigations, and notably by those conducted by Dr. Klein. These demonstrations, however convincing in their proof of the existence in cows of diseases allied in nature to those of the human subject, should not divert us from the more homely duties of investigation, which I must confess, in spite of all our recently framed sanitary Acts, we are only too prone to neglect. Are we relying upon Acts of Parliament to insure and guarantee healthy homes? We may as reasonably expect immorality and vice to be stamped out by such enactments. It has already been pointed out how far action or interference is possible on the part of the sanitary authority; much may be done by their mandate when 'a nuisance injurious to health' is complained of, and this scheme should be so framed as to prove an assistance to the authority; its functions would be in no wise antagonistic, nor would its transactions in the smallest degree be inimical to the acknowledged good work of other sanitary associations.

In these days of condensed populations a man has no longer any right to conclude that he alone is the sufferer in consequence of his own insanitary dwelling or immediate surroundings. It may even happen that his neighbour is the victim of his apathy and

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indifference. The neglect is a thousand times more sinful in such an instance. Enough has been said to demonstrate how essential it now is that some means should be afforded the householder to possess not only a knowledge of his sanitary environment, but a true sense of security, which at present is entirely absent and beyond his reach.

G. WALTER STEEVES.

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ZOROASTER AND THE BIBLE

MANY interested but necessarily hasty readers of the *Zend Avesta* overlook the fact that in the ancient documents comprised under that name we have works of many different ages; and even scholars eminently endowed with the critical faculty as applied to other specialties sometimes fall into a similar error, and ignore a characteristic which the *Avesta* possesses in common with nearly all other writings of its description; for they sometimes turn over its pages without perceiving, or seeming to perceive, that from leaf to leaf matter comes before them made up of pieces nearly or quite dissimilar, and sometimes separated as to the dates of their authorship by many hundreds of years. They are accordingly apt to make themselves merry over absurdities which prevail in the later but still genuine *Avesta*, as if they were peculiar to the original Zoroastrian writings.[1]

But the author or authors of the earlier *Avesta* had no immediate or certain connection with the superstitions of later centuries; and as to these quaint myths and trivial ceremonials which are preserved in the later *Avesta*, are we not apt to exaggerate the disadvantages which they bring with them? How can their presence affect the value of the nobler elements in these relics of ancient faith?

We are pained to read them, but analogous superfluities appear in many modern systems. And indeed some of the later passages in the *Zend Avesta* which describe the battle with the Demon of Putrefaction, and which might seem to some of us most grotesque, were hardly superfluities, for they showed a sanitation which it would be better for us to follow rather than condemn.[2] In tracing the following analogies, which for brevity's sake I take for the most part from the genuine, but still later,[3] *Avesta*, I shall leave out these

[1] It is even not uncommon to speak or write of the *Avesta* as if it were identical with the later Zoroastrianism, the revived system of Sasanian times, which is however as different from both the earlier and the later *Avesta* as the lives of saints are from the New Testament records.

[2] Consciously or unconsciously they anticipated much modern theory on this subject, and led the way in the most practical of all sciences—disinfection.

[3] The original and earlier *Avesta* consists of the Gâthas, the original hymns of

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grotesque details generally, abandoning them as rare materials to the collectors of ancient bits. What is intended at present is to call attention to the now undoubted, and long since suspected, fact, that it pleased the Divine Power to reveal some of the most important articles of our Catholic creed first to the Zoroastrians, and through their literature to the Jews and ourselves.

But while this last is the prominent object before me, a secondary object is almost as anxiously aimed at, and that is, to destroy a pernicious and dangerous impression, which is, that all doctrines in order to be regarded by the Church as of inspired character need to have been original with the Christians or the Jews.

Many indeed are the erroneous statements made by well-meaning tyros in Christian pulpits as to 'the impossibility of all connection' between our great doctrines and analogous truths once held by nations which were brought into contact with the Israelites; and the fervent novice may well be pardoned if in his first sincere efforts he is too enthusiastic in a negative sense, but in men of maturer years let us hope for better things. Surely the first object of religion, next to the suppression of unlawful violence or appropriation, should be the suppression of inaccurate statement; and to deny without any effort to become an expert what every expert knows to be the truth, is, so it seems to me, to commit a crime in the name of Christianity for which Christianity will one day be called upon to account.

It is therefore to help the Church against well-furnished gainsayers, and to re-establish her character for conscientious investigation, that some Christian specialists in Orientalism have given the best years of their lives; and this is scarcely my secondary object here, to save the endeared religion which once inculcated every honourable sentiment from continuing herself the victim of that most sinister of equivocations known as 'pious fraud.' How then should we handle the question of Zoroastrian influence with the Jews?

To state what is intended to be the keynote of the present communication, I would say that any, or all, of the historical, doctrinal, or hortative statements recorded in the Old or the New Testament might, while fervently believed to be inspired by the Divine Power, be yet freely traced, if the facts would allow of it, to other religious systems for their mental initiative; that the historical origin of particular doctrines or ideas which are expressed in the Old or the

Zoroaster and his immediate associates or followers. They are most dissimilar to the rest of the *Avesta*, and still more so to the apocryphal Zoroastrianism. They have been carefully translated by me in the *Sacred Books of the East*, vol. xxxi., and their Zend, Pahlavi, Sanskrit, and Persian texts have been edited and the first three translated by me with a Commentary in my Study of the Gâthas, some 410 pages of which out of 650 are now to be had of F. A. Brockhaus, Leipzig. They may be provisionally placed at about 1500 to 1000 B.C., but if they antedate the cults of Mithra, Haoma (Soma), of the Sun, Moon, &c., &c., all of which they totally ignore, they must be centuries older. The remaining parts of the *Avesta* are of different ages, say from

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New Testament does not touch the question of their inspiration, plenary or otherwise; that, for instance, as St. Paul freely discloses his mental peculiarities, and (as to citations) quotes a poet of his youth, so our Lord also reveals a mental constitution, and to a certain degree expressed, as all others express them, the convictions and enthusiasm which He had absorbed from early association. And still more than this, unless we are prepared to accede to a docetic heresy, doubting the reality of our Saviour's human nature, every sentiment of veneration ought to induce us to trace, if it be possible to trace them, not only the fountainheads of His human convictions, but the supplying rills of His expression. If we carefully study the genealogy of His body, with how much greater earnestness should we examine that of His mind! For it was His thoughts, humanly speaking, and sometimes His earlier ones, which not only constituted a part of His momentous history, but, of course, also actually determined His career. In the source of His thoughts, therefore, the great motives of His subsequent history are to be sought for. As, for instance, He was gathering up his resolves for such a scene as that described in the fourth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, in which He purposed to meet in one decisive encounter a spiritual power which, as He believed, was threatening His creation, if there had been anything memorable of the kind in the experiences of prophets of kindred religions, and if they were known to Him by the exercise of a supernatural insight,[4] it does not seem to me to be at all deniable that such preceding 'temptations' (as He revolved them, with all that they signified) influenced Him. If He possessed that larger intellect which could see over the trivial paraphernalia of superstition, and look at the soul struggling in its sincerity for spiritual life, and for the spiritual lives of many who revered it, then, if He were a man beyond the common measure, this must have moved Him. It would seem, therefore, to be a very pious act to search diligently for everything which Christ hallowed by His notice, and it would seem a very mistaken religious sentiment which would arrest one in such a course.

The most obvious place to search for the doctrines and opinions amid which our Lord grew up is, of course, the Jewish literature of His period, and of that which preceded His appearance. This has been examined to a considerable extent, and much of the greatest interest has been brought to light.[5] The theologies of Egypt should be also examined as well as those of Greece and Rome. From India we have what seem a throng of rich analogies from the Buddhist Scriptures, but our highest authority on the subject is, or

600 to 300 B.C., while, as in the case of every other ancient book, spurious additions of an indefinitely later origin occur here and there.

[4] All who hold to the divinity of our Lord will readily concede the possibility that all previous as well as all future history could become present to Him at will.

[5] See the *Talmud* article by Dr. Deutsch (*Remains*, 1874).

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was, inclined to doubt the possibility of the historical connection.[6] There remains the ancient Persian theology; and here the historical connection amounts, at one stage at least, to historical identity, and is as such, I believe, universally recognised. Cyrus 'the Persian' brought the Jewish people back when they had become a captive people, and rebuilt the city when it had become a heap. The Book of Nehemiah introduces us to actual scenes with a Persian king. The later Isaiah wrote in the most astonishing terms of one. Book after book of the Bible dates from their reigns, while Magian[7] priests, who were of the religion of Cyrus, came later to do honour to the Son of Mary, and one of the last words uttered by Christ upon the Cross was from the Persian tongue.[8] That Cyrus was originally, or at heart, a Mazda worshipper may be regarded as certain. His name appears in the repeated cuneiform inscription of Murghâb, which, although it is very short, is yet kindred to the extensive inscription of Darius, who is also prominent as a Scripture character, and the latter expresses homage to Auramazda at every period.

Whether the precise form of Mazda worship present on the Inscriptions was that of Zoroaster or not is of little moment.[9] It seems likely, indeed, that it was an especially original form of Mazda worship. But whether this was the fact or not, it must have possessed the main features which have been more or less preserved to us in the *Zend Avesta*. The word 'Mazda' (strictly '-dâh'), meaning 'the Great Creator,' or 'the Great Wise One,' is an especially well-adapted name for God, much more so than our own name for Him; and this revering title well expresses the enlightened tone of the book. If then any ancient volume could claim our attention, it would seem to be the Sacred Scripture of that great Mazda-worshipper[10] who, under the providence of God, determined the entire later history of the Jewish people. For had Cyrus, the Mazda-worshipper, not brought the people back, the later prophets might not have spoken at Jerusalem, nor might Jesus have been born at Bethlehem, nor taught in the region. Indeed, the influence of the Great Restorer and his successors over the city was so positive that in the opinion of even popular religious writers Jerusalem was for a considerable period after the Return in many respects 'a Persian city.' The connection between Persia and Jerusalem being thus notorious, what analogies

[6] See the remark of Prof. Rhys Davids in the Buddhist *Suttas*, p. 166, vol. xi. *S.B.E.*

[7] The word 'Magian' is with little doubt Avestic; the Maga was 'the Holy Cause,' occurring repeatedly in the Gâthas; the changed suffix *u* in *magu* is of no importance, and the *o* of the Avestic *moghu* results from epenthesis, cp. *vohu* for *vahu*, Sk. *vasu*; *gâ* also = Gâthic *g*. *Maga* as pre-Gâthic by centuries may have been carried down to Akkad by Turanians, cp. Y. 46, 12.

[8] Luke xxiii. 43. [9] See my remark in vol. xxxi., *S.B.E.*, Introduction, p. 80.

[10] It has been long since suggested that Cyrus coquetted at least with Babylonian idolatries; but his original and probably only sincere religion was that of his successors.

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do their theologies present? for it is equally notorious that very many new ideas of various descriptions were imported from Persia into Judea; and this being the case, it seems scarcely possible *a priori* that the most serious traces of Persian influence should not appear even in the writings of the New Testament. What are therefore *a posteriori* the positive facts? The first of them is this: we have every reason to believe that some of the most important features of the Pharisaic orthodoxy were, under the providence of God, taught directly or indirectly through the Persian influence, the name 'Pharisee' itself being the equivalent of 'Farsee,' a later form of 'Parsee,' and I need hardly remind the reader that the Pharisaic faith was largely the foundation of our own.

To begin with our citation from the Sacred Book of the Iranians, let us first trace the connection where it seems least obvious, that is, as to the *nature of the Deity*. Ahura Mazda, the Living Lord, the great Creator (or possibly the Wise One), has a most Bountiful, or most Holy Spirit, who is sometimes identical with Him.

Yasna xxviii. 1:

With hands outstretched I beseech for the first blessing of Thy most Bounteous (or holy) Spirit.[11]

See also Yasna i. 1:

I invoke,* and I will complete my sacrifice to Ahura Mazda, the Creator, the radiant, the glorious, the greatest and the best, the most firm, who sends His joy-creating grace afar, who made us and has fashioned us, who has nourished and protected us, who is the most bountiful Spirit.[12]

In the seven Bountiful (or holy) Immortals (the Amshaspends of literature) we have a union which reminds us of the Sabellian Trinity (Yasht xiii. 82):

We sacrifice to the redoubted guardian spirits of the Bountiful Immortals who are glorious, whose look itself has power (their look produces what they wish), who are lofty and coming on to help us, who are swiftly strong and divine, everlasting and holy, who are seven, and all of one thought, and of one word, and of one deed, whose thought is the same, whose word is the same, and whose deeds are the same, who have one Father and Commander, Ahura Mazda; each of whom sees the other's soul revolving good thoughts, thinking of good words, contemplating good actions, whose abode is the Home of Sublimity (or Song), and shining are their paths as they come down to us to offering.[13]

While they are thus unified, Ahura Mazda being included within their number, they are yet separate. Vohu Manah is the divine benevolence, the good mind of the Deity, likewise alive within His saints, and later personified as a separate archangel. Asha, the Vedic Ṛita, is the divine Order, the symmetry and perfection in the ritual and the soul, and at the same time a poetically personified archangel. Khshathra is His sovereign power realised in a kingdom of righteousness, and yet also poetically personified. Aramaiti, our piety, the

[11] About B.C 1000–1500, or greatly earlier.

[12] Say B.C. 600–300.

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ready mind, is the beginning of the effect. She is the conception of Ahura, His daughter, but implanted as a divine inspiration within the character of the faithful. Haurvatât is health and weal of soul, mind, and body, as one of the thoughts of God for His saints, while Ameretatât is their Immortality, their victory over death, begun in its long postponement to old age here, and continued in eternal deathlessness in heaven. From the second to the seventh they are personified thoughts sent forth from the mind of God to ennoble and redeem His people. That the general description of such an important conception as this, lying as it does at the logical root of Zoroastrianism, should have become known to the Jews of the Captivity and to their descendants is scarcely less than certain.[13] If the priests of Cyrus conferred to the smallest degree with those of Ezra, then not only the Gnostics felt its influence, but the pre-Christian and Christian theology. And in the Book of Tobit, which also contains prominently the name of an *Avesta* demon, we have an allusion to these seven Spirits (chap. xii. 15). So also in Zechariah (iv. 10) we have the seven which are as the eyes of the Lord, and which run to and fro throughout the whole earth; and this is further expanded in Rev. v. 6:

> And I saw in the midst of the throne a lamb standing as though it had been slain, having seven horns and seven eyes, which are seven[14] spirits of God sent forth into all the earth.

Then as to the attributes of God more definitively considered. He is *our Creator* (see above), and perhaps also, in a theological sense, *sovereign* (Yasna xxix. 4):

> The Great Creator is most mindful of the utterances or commands which have been fulfilled beforehand hitherto by demon-gods and by men, and of those which shall be fulfilled by them hereafter. He, Ahura, is the discerning arbiter, so shall it be to us as He shall will[15] (see also Y. xxxi. 14[15]). He is *omniscient* (see Y. xxxi. 13, 14[15]). He is our *lawgiver* (Y. xxxi. 11[15]) and teacher (Y. xxxi. 5; Y. xxxii. 13[15]). He will establish a *kingdom* (Y. xxviii. 4[15]). It is for the *poor* (Y. xxxiv. 3). 'What is your kingdom, what are your riches, that I may become your own in my actions with the righteous order, and thy good mind, to care for your poor?[15] (Y. liii. 9). O Mazda, Thine is the Kingdom, and by it Thou bestowest the highest of blessings on the right-living poor.'[15] It is endangered, and yet in the end *victorious*. It has a propaganda (Y. xxxi. 3). 'With the tongue of thy mouth do thou speak, that I may make all the living believers.'[15] God is our *friend, protector, strengthener,* and *unchangeable* (Y. xxxi. 7). 'These, O Spirit, mayst thou cause to prosper, Thou who art for every hour the same.'[15] He is our *Judge* (Y. xlii. 4[15]). There is a day or period of judgment (Y. xliii. 5, 6). 'Yea, I conceived of Thee as Bounteous, O Ahura Mazda, when I beheld Thee as supreme in the actions of life, when, as rewarding deeds and words, Thou didst establish evil for the evil, and blessings for the good by Thy great virtue in

[13] Negative arguments from the absence of the named 'Seven' (as of Añgra Mainyu) from the Inscriptions are the mistakes of non-experts; as each is equally absent from larger parts of the *Avesta*, and no inference can be drawn.

[14] The expression 'seven spirits,' evidently suggested the 'seven horns' and 'seven eyes' here.

[15] About B.C. 1000–1500, or greatly earlier.

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the creation's final change. In which last changing Thou shalt come, and with Thy bounteous Spirit, and thy sovereign power[16] (see also Y. xliv. 19[16]).'

Then as to the description of Satan; while criticism casts its doubt upon the presence of Satan in the serpent of Genesis, we gather from the Genesis of the *Avesta* that the Scriptural reptile may well be recognised as that old Serpent the Devil. A serpent tempts in Genesis, and the consequence is sin and the expulsion from Eden. In the Vendîdâd, the Evil Spirit opposes every good object of creation, and the implied consequence is an expulsion.

Vendîdâd 1. Ahura Mazda said unto Zarathushtra Spitama:

I, O Zarathushtra Spitama, made the first best place, which is Airyana Vaêjâh; thereupon Añgra Mainyu (the Evil Spirit) created a counter creation, a serpent in the river, and frost made by the demons.... The third place which I, Ahura Mazda, made the best was Moûru; thereupon Añgra Mainyu (the Evil Spirit) created a counter creation, which was backbiting and lust.[17] ... The fifth place which I, Ahura Mazda, made the best was Nisâya; thereupon, in opposition to it, Añgra Mainyu (the Evil Spirit), full of death, created a counter creation, which was the curse of unbelief. ... As the seventh best place I, who am Ahura Mazda, created Vaêkereta ... thereupon, in opposition to it, Añgra Mainyu (the Evil Spirit), full of death, created the evil fairy who clave to Keresaspa. ... As the ninth place, I, who am Ahura Mazda, created Khneñta as the best ... thereupon Añgra Mainyu (the Evil Spirit) created a counter creation, the inexpiable deed of Sodomy[18] ... &c.

These memorable fragments must have struck the attention of every learned scribe who heard them; and they must have been constantly repeated in greatly varied forms. They may well have helped to moud Jewish and Christian expressions.

Then the Asmodeus of the book of Tobit (iii. 8, 17) is positively the Aeshma-daêva of the *Avesta*, and Aeshma was the wrath-demon of invasion (see Yasna xlviii., 7, &c.). The apparent and superficial variations between the Zoroastrian and the Jewish conception of the relation between the Deity and Satan are, of course, to be expected, but we should not allow their approximating resemblance to blind our eyes to their real difference.

It would be a clumsy history of philosophy which would allow the present noble monotheism of the Parsis to cheat us of the speculatively precious element of dualism as it exists in their genuine writings. Whether the ideas which lay at the root of the doctrine of dualism were true or false, and whether the Jewish pre-Christian thought was infected with them or not, that dualism remains nevertheless one of the most interesting suggestions which have ever been presented, and one indeed which, in its elements if not in its detail, is still unconsciously but largely followed.[19]

A fall of man is included in the successive expulsions above related,

[16] About B.C. 1000–1500, or possibly greatly earlier.

[17] Or some kindred evil.

[18] About B.C. 500.

[19] What is the present advancing pessimism (so called) but the recognition of the original necessity of evil co-existing with good? The *Avesta* merely personified what so many of us now accept. Compare even the sublated dualism of Fichte and Hegel.

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but we have also in the *Avesta* which was written still earlier than the Vendîdâd a fall of man, or of spiritual beings, distinctly stated (Y. xxx. 3):

Thus are the primeval spirits which, as a pair, each independent in his actions, have been famed of old, as a better and a worse, as to thought, as to word, and as to deed, and between these two the demons, or their worshippers, could make no righteous choice since theirs was deception. As they were questioning (in their hesitation) the Worst Mind approached them that he might be chosen. Thereupon they rushed together unto the Demon of Rapine, that they might pollute the lives of mortals.[20]

As to Soteriology, a virgin conceives.[21] It is not, however, to produce Zarathushtra, but the restoring Saviour of the latter age; nor does she conceive without seed although she is still a virgin. She conceives from the seed of Zarathushtra, which has been miraculously preserved.

The details, which show a gross deterioration from Gâthic times, are presented in their rounded form only in the *Bundahish*, which is perhaps more than a thousand years later than the date of the original passages in the genuine but still later *Avesta*. 'Zarathushtra approached his wife Hvôv . . . the angel Neryosangh received the brilliance and strength of that seed, and delivered it with care to the angel Anâhîd, and in time it will blend with a mother. Nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine myriads of the guardian spirits of the saints are intrusted with its protection' (see the *Bundahish*, *S.B.E.* vol. v. p. 144). It is preserved in the Lake Kãsava till, at the end of the earthly cycle, a maid Eretât-fedhri bathing in the lake will conceive from it, and bring forth the last Saoshyant, or Saviour, while two of his predecessors are similarly engendered. These several items are likewise present in a scattered state in the ancient but still comparatively later *Avesta*. In Yasht xiii. 142, we read:

We worship the guardian spirit of the holy maid Eretât-fedhri, who is called the all-conquering, for she will bring him forth who will destroy the malice of the demons and of men.[21]

While in Yasht xix. 92, we read that

Astvaṭereta (the Saviour of the Restoration) will arise from the waters of Kãsava, a friend of Ahura Mazda, a son of Vispataurvi, the all-conquering, knowing the victorious knowledge which will make the world progress unto perfection.[21]

And in Yasht xiii. 62, we learn that 9,999 spirits of the faithful watch over the seed of Zoroaster.[22] That we have here the hope of a

which they, strange to say, derived unconsciously through Schelling, Jacob Boehme, and the Gnostics from the *Avesta*. This remark is suggested by one of Haug's, and confirmed by a leading specialist in conversation.

[20] B.C. 1000–1500, or earlier.

[21] B.C. 600–300.

[22] Compare this drivel with the grandeur and simplicity of the Gâtha, *S.B.E.* xxxi. pp. 1–194.

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virgin-born Redeemer admits no doubt. Whether such intimations, repeated under various forms, came from the hint of the Israelitish prophets or *vice versa* is of course a question, but that Zoroastrian or Mazda-worshipping Magi, if they came from the East to honour the virgin-born babe of Bethlehem, were familiar with them is certain. And as they expected a virgin-born Saviour themselves it is but reasonable to suppose that this pious hope may well have lain at the foundation of their divine call to discover him who was born 'King of the Jews.' Then as to the Temptation. If our Lord approached that great event in the spirit of a wide humanity, one would surmise that He felt some sympathy with sages who had gone before Him in similar signal encounters; and there exists a temptation of Zoroaster of which He may have known through supernatural cognition, and to which for colour that of Hercules, for instance, bears no comparison. The myth containing it doubtless expresses in its fragments what was once a real struggle, which, if it in any sense saved Zoroastrianism, was one of the world's crises. Zoroaster is besought by the Evil One to abjure the holy Mazdayasnian religion, and to obtain a reward such as an evil ruler got (Vendîdâd xix. 43):

He shouted, and shouted forth again, he, Añgra Mainyu, the evil spirit who is full of death. He pondered, and he pondered widely, the demon of the demons, and he thus said, he who was the evil-minded Añgra Mainyu, 'What! will the demons be assembled in an assembly on the top of Arezura,[a] they the wicked, evil-minded?' . . . They rushed and they shouted,[b] they, the demons, wicked, evil-minded, and with the evil eye: 'Let us assemble in an assembly on the top of Arezura, for born indeed is He who is the righteous Zarathushtra of the house of Pourushaspa. Where shall we find destruction for Him? He is the demon's wounder, He is the demon's foe.[c] He is a Druj of the Druj (a destroyer of the destroyer). Face downward are the Demon-worshippers, prostrate is the death-demon,[d] and down is the Draogha of the lie.' [23, 24]

But (Vend. xix. 1) a rally is made. Añgra Mainyu, the evil spirit, coming from the north region of the North, orders the Lie-demon to assault and slay the holy Zarathushtra now no longer just born but in the vigour of his age. The assault is at once repelled by prayer, sacrifices, and the fervent recital of the creed. The demon, frustrated, returns to Añgra Mainyu. She says:

O baneful Evil Spirit, I see no death for Him, for glorious is the righteous Zarathushtra.[e]

Zarathushtra, seeing through their thoughts, says (within himself):

The Demons plot my death, they, evil-doing as they are. [23, 24]

He arose, he went forth[f] uninjured by their plan and the hardness of their words. And Zarathushtra let the Evil Spirit know: [24]

[23] Say B.C. 600.

[24] For detailed analogies, which are not close, recall perhaps (a) 'the exceeding high mountain,' (b) 'cried with a loud voice: My name is Legion,' (c) 'Art thou come hither to destroy us?', (d) 'Death and Hell shall be cast into the Lake that burneth,' (e) 'The Holy One,' (f) 'was led up into the wilderness to be tempted of the Devil.'

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O evil-minded Añgra Mainyu, I will smite the creation made by demons: I will smite the Nasu (putrid demon); I will smite the evil fairy (that seduced the early sages), till the Saviour is born victorious from the waters of Kăsava, from the utmost region of the East.[25]

And Añgra Mainyu answered, and shouting as he spoke:

Slay not my creatures,[a] holy Zarathushtra. Thou art Pourushaspa's son, for from thy birth have I invoked[26] (thee).[b] Renounce the good religion of those who worship Mazda.[c] Obtain the reward[d] which Vadhaghan, the murderous (ruler), gained.

And Zarathushtra answered:

Never shall I abjure the good faith[e] of those who worship Mazda; (no), let not my body, nor my life,[27] nor my senses fly apart.

And to him then shouted the Evil Spirit of the evil world:

With whose word wilt thou thus conquer? With whose word wilt thou abjure? With what weapon as the best formed wilt thou conquer these my creatures?

And Zarathushtra answered:

With the sacred Haoma plant, with the mortar and the cup, with the word which God pronounced.[f] With these my weapons (will I slay thee), they are best. With that word shall I be victor, with that word shall I expel thee,[g] with this weapon as the best made, O evil Añgra Mainyu. The most bounteous Spirit forged it;[h] in boundless time he made it; and the Bountiful Immortals gave it, they who rule aright, who dispose (of all) aright.

And Zarathushtra chanted:

As the higher priest is to (be revered and) chosen, so let the lower chief (be one who serves) from the righteous order, a creator of mental goodness, and of life's actions done for Mazda, and the kingdom[i] is to Ahura, which to the poor may give their nurture.[28]

Here we may well introduce the closing verse of the chapter (xix. 147):[29]

The demons shouted, the demons rushed, the evil-doing and the wicked; they rushed and they fled to the bottom of the place of darkness; that is, of frightful Hell.[j]

No Persian subject in the streets of Jerusalem soon after, or long after, the Return could have failed to know this striking myth; and none who knew it could have failed to tell it if creeds were all discussed.

The religion is *subjective*. Holiness is prayed for as well as the outward reward (Y. xxviii. 6):

[25] A blessed quarter. [26] First aor. mid.

[27] Other translators introduce an 'if' to gain a better meaning, 'Not if my body, nor my life, nor my senses fly apart.'

[28] The texts cited are all of them metrical, hence the rhythm of the renderings.

[29] For analogies compare perhaps ([a]) 'And the Devils besought Him,' &c. ([b]) 'I know Thee Who Thou art,' ([c]) 'All these things will I give Thee if Thou wilt fall down and worship me,' ([d]) 'I will give Thee this authority,' ([e]) 'Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God,' ([f]) 'It is written' ([g]) 'Get thee hence,' ([h]) 'The sword of the Spirit which is the word of God,' ([i]) 'Him only shalt thou serve,' ([j]) 'Then the Devil leaveth Him,' 'into the abyss.'

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O Righteousness, when shall I see thee, knowing the good mind and obedience and finding the way to Ahura (or 'Ahura's throne')?

And now we come upon something which has the strongest claims upon our attention. Whereas much else in Zoroastrianism may present the analogies of an older but still sister religion, we have as to one great particular what all must acknowledge to be in a special sense a prior revelation in the Persian Bible. I fear we too little realise how very uncertain the doctrine of a future life was in the minds of pious Jews, even at the time of our Lord. The Sadducees, as we understand, believed in neither angel, nor spirit, nor resurrection, and the Sadducees shared the power with the Pharisees; in fact, they seemed to have possessed greater social prestige, and several princely high priests were of their clique. It seems to many of us most curious that the sect among the ancient people of God, which especially claimed the title of purists and sticklers for the ancient Pentateuch, should have been absolute disbelievers in what are now widely regarded as the fundamental principles of religion. If such a state of things existed at the time of our Lord, when both the doctrine of immortality and that of resurrection had long been familiar as theories, what must have been the condition of opinion on these subjects while the influence of the Pentateuch, in which these doctrines were not distinctly revealed at all, was as yet not affected by the large addition to canonical Scripture made later? And first as to immortality in itself considered.

Heaven and Hell were chiefly *mental states*, especially in the earliest *Avesta* (Y. xxx. 4):

The two spirits came together at the first, and determined how life at the last shall be ordered for the wicked (Hell), the worst life; for the holy the best mind [30] (Heaven).

Rewards and punishments are *self-induced* (Y. xxxi. 20):

And this, which is such a life as your own, O ye vile, your own deeds have brought you.[30] (Y. xlvi. 11): Cursed by their souls and selves, their being's nature, for ever in the Home of Lies their bodies rest.[30]

In Vendîdâd xix. 30, the soul is met on its arrival after death at the Chinvat, or Judge's, Bridge by a female form accompanied with dogs,[31] and in Yasht xxii. we learn who this female was. It was none other than the believer's conscience. The figure presents the typical features of female attractiveness; she is beautiful, she is noble, and in the flower of her youth. 'What maiden art thou,' he asks her, 'who art the most beautiful of maidens that ever I have seen?' And she, who is his conscience, answers: 'I am verily, O youth, thy conscience, thy good thoughts, and words, and deeds, thy very own.' But he asks her, 'Who hath desired thee hither with his love, coming

[30] From the earlier *Avesta*, B.C. 1000–1500. [31] Related to Cerberus.

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with thy majesty, thy goodness, and thy beauty, triumphant, and an enemy of grief?' And she answers: 'Thou hast loved me and desired me hither, O youth, even thy good thoughts, and words, and deeds. For when thou sawest idol-worship . . . thou didst desist, chanting the Gâthas, and sacrificing to the good waters and to Ahura Mazda's fire, contenting the righteous saint who came to thee from near and from afar. It is thus that thou hast made me, who am lovely, still more lovely, and me who am beautiful hast thou made still more beautiful, and thou hast made me who am beatified still more beatified . . . through thy good thoughts, and words, and deeds.' (Here we may observe, in passing, the same element of pleased surprise which we have in the sublimer Matthew xxv. 37; the soul is incredulous: 'When saw we Thee a hungered and fed Thee?' and the answer is, 'Thou hast fed and lodged Me,' so here there is surprise; 'who hath desired thee hither with his love?' And the answer is, 'Thou hast; for thou didst content[32] the righteous man coming from near and from afar.') As the soul proceeds further, it passes the Judge's Bridge and comes before the golden throne, where the Good Mind is seated (Vend. xix. 31). He rises to meet the soul, and welcomes it: 'When didst thou come hither from that perishable world to this imperishable world?' and the saints who have passed away before him ask him the same: 'How long was thy salvation?' Then said Ahura Mazda, 'Ask him not what thou askest of that cruel way which is the dividing of the soul and body' (Yasht xxii.). And the first step, as he advances, places him in the entrance of the threefold Heaven, which is again the Good Thought, and the second step places him in the Good Word, and the third in the Good Deed.[33] Then the soul passes on contented to the souls of the saints, to the golden throne of Ahura Mazda, and to the golden thrones of the Bountiful Immortals, and to the abode of Sublimity (or Song), even to Ahura Mazda's and the other Immortals' home[34] (Vend. xix. 33). A corresponding evil spirit awaits the wicked; a hideous female is his conscience, the wicked and Añgra Mainyu mock him, and he rushes at last into the Hell of evil thoughts, and words, and deeds.

Few scientific theologians will deny that the doctrine of immortality was scarcely mooted before the later Isaiah, that is, before the Captivity, while the Zoroastrian scriptures are one mass of spiritualism, referring all results to the heavenly or infernal worlds. As to the unending futurity of the Zoroastrian heaven, if such a point needs proof recall the epithets which describe its features; 'for ever and ever' of itself suffices.[35] And this phrase, together with many

[32] The later Zoroastrianism explains 'lodged and entertained.'

[33] The New Testament echo of this is Rev. xxii. 11: He that is unrighteous, let him be unrighteous still; and he that is filthy let him be filthy still.'

[34] About B.C. 500.

[35] Discussed by me elsewhere.

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similar ones, renders it incontrovertible that Ameretatât—Immortality—as one of the six personified attributes of the Deity, did not represent long life alone, but never-dying life.[35]

Resurrection seems to be placed after the reception of souls into Heaven as if they returned later to a purified earth.

As to this doctrine, aside from the constant implication of it throughout, we have in Fragment IV. 'Let Añgra Mainyu, the evil spirit, be hid beneath the earth, let the Daêvas disappear, let the dead arise, and let bodily life be sustained in these now lifeless bodies.[36] And, in Yasht xix. 83, we have resurrection together with millennial perfections. 'We sacrifice unto the Kingly Glory which shall cleave unto the victorious Saviour and His companions, when He shall make the world progress unto perfection, and when it shall be never dying, not decaying, never rotting, ever living, ever useful, having power to fulfil all wishes, when the dead shall arise, and immortal life shall come, when the settlements shall all be deathless.'[37] Contrast this with the earlier Scriptural passages, void as they are of any genuine statement of this essential dogma. Compare these then with statements which appear after the return from the Captivity, a captivity during which the tribes had come in contact with a great religion in which the passages cited describe a predominant tendency. What do we find in them? First, we have the jubilant hope expressed by the later Isaiah: 'Let thy dead live, let my dead body arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast forth the shades.' And then the full statement in Daniel: 'And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt.' And yet God's people, as we have seen above, had not fully accepted the meaning of this language even at the time of Christ. We draw the inference—*the religion of the Jews was originally Saddusaic.*

During the Captivity the people acquired from their Persian associations an initiation into hopes of a personal resurrection and life beyond the grave, but the old party terming themselves Puritans (?) Sadducees, opposed the growing Zoroastrianism of the masses. Yet this latter tendency became concentrated in a sect which termed itself, or was termed by its predecessor, Pharisees, Farsees, Persians (not 'dividers,' 'separatists').[38] Those latter developed more and more the tendencies acquired, and finally were the instruments under the Divine Providence in delivering to us some of the most important features of our faith.[39]

[35] About B.C. 300.

[36] See above on p. 48; it is bad etymology to explain by an abstract.

[37] B.C. 500 (about).

[38] It is not contended that surmises as to resurrection and other prominent Zoroastrian doctrines may not have been formed by many individuals among the Jewish communities previously to contact with Zoroastrianism. It might even be

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To sum up I would say, as speaking from an orthodox point of view, that while the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are unrivalled in their majesty and fervour, constituting perhaps the most impressive objects of their kind known to the human mind, and fully entitled to be described as inspired, yet the humbler but to a certain extent prior religion of the Mazda-worshippers was useful in giving point and body to many loose conceptions among the Jewish religious teachers, and in introducing many ideas which were entirely new, while as to the doctrines of Immortality and Resurrection, the most important of all, it positively determined belief.

But the greatest and by far the noblest service which it rendered was the propagation of the doctrine that virtue is chiefly its own reward, even in the great religious reckoning, and vice its own punishment.

The time is now past, let us hope for ever, when the Christian apologist recoiled from recognising the very important services which have been rendered to the faith by peoples foreign to the Jews. And surely no one will look askance at the happy fact that not only a small nation to the west of the Jordan held to those great truths on which rest our hopes beyond the grave, but that the teeming millions of Persia also held to them in successive generations. These considerations entitle this ancient lore to our veneration and investigation. It now lies open not merely to the laborious specialist but to the intelligent student, and it is to be hoped that from the mass of human energy devoted to so much that is trivial, some effort may be spared for the study of this rich and influential monument of the past.

admitted that there is scarcely a people on the face of the earth who have not some ideas kindred to those referred to, but vague surmises are not very similar to pronounced doctrines widely held and earnestly inculcated.

L. H. MILLS.

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THE SCRAMBLE FOR GOLD

I

THE course adopted by the Government of India, with the sanction of the Home Government, of stopping the free mintage of silver, and of announcing the intention of the Government to receive gold in payment of public dues at a rate equivalent to fifteen rupees to the pound sterling (1*s.* 4*d.* each), is unquestionably a result of Lord Herschell's Committee on the Indian currency, but it would be a mistake to suppose that the Committee either devised the scheme or strongly recommended it. The Committee was formed to consider and report on proposals made by the Government of India to the following effect: (1st) the stoppage by legislative enactment of the free coinage of silver at the Indian mints; (2nd) the grant of power to the Government of India to declare by notification that sovereigns shall be legal tender in India, at any rate, not exceeding 13⅓ rupees to the sovereign, *i.e.* 1*s.* 6*d.* a rupee. It was not intended that the mints should be opened to the free coinage of gold as soon as they were closed to silver, or that a permanent ratio should be declared at once between gold and the rupee.

Such were the proposals of the Government of India. They were made with the undisguised object of establishing a gold standard, but there was equally no disguise that this remedy to the troubles from which India was suffering owing to the depreciation of silver was proposed because the Home Government would not give effect to other remedies which the Government of India preferred. Those remedies were in the nature of a double legal tender—bimetallism as it is called—secured by international agreement. It is important to remember that the Committee, by the reference made to them, were not entitled to consider the other remedies; they were confined to reporting on the scheme, or one analogous thereto, which, in default of other measures, the Government of India had been forced into devising. The Committee suggested certain modifications, as follows —that the mints should not be absolutely closed to silver coinage, but should be available for use by the Government to coin rupees in exchange for gold at the rate of 1*s.* 4*d.* per rupee, and that the Government should at once make an announcement to that effect and

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of their readiness to receive gold in payment of public dues at the rate of fifteen rupees to the sovereign.

It cannot be said that even with these modifications the Committee cordially recommended the proposal. They virtually did no more than disclaim the responsibility of condemning it. Their verdict was the Scotch one 'Not proven.' This was their language—

> While conscious of the gravity of the suggestion, we cannot, in view of the serious evils with which the Government of India may at any time be confronted if matters are left as they are, advise your lordship to overrule the proposal for the closing of the mints and the adoption of a gold standard which that Government, with their responsibility and deep interest in the success of the measures suggested, have submitted to you.

This language gives a fair clue to the tone of the whole lengthy report, yet it cannot be denied that it is a very able one in every portion, in which a close logical consideration of the precise question at issue could be generalised or dispensed with. How could it be otherwise? The Committee consisted of men of great eminence and ability, but they were asked to perform a most unsatisfactory task. A proposition was set before them to accept, modify, or condemn. But this proposition avowedly grew into existence because other remedies were forbidden; it was put forward as a choice of evils. The present condition in India was declared to be unbearable; the Committee was asked to accept the suggested remedy because it could not make the situation worse, and might possibly make it better. Clearly, the members of the Committee saw that the only thing they could do was to set their powerful minds to making the remedy as little mischievous as possible.

The report, however, suggests several points of great interest apart from the decision arrived at. Some of these may be enumerated now:—

1. The Committee seem to have been unanimous in agreeing that a stable standard subject to little fluctuation was most desirable.

2. They also appeared to expect that uncoined silver was likely to fall much lower in price.

3. They agreed that it was undesirable to artificially raise the value of the rupee, but that the arguments against such a course were much less cogent if the action taken was only adopted to prevent a further fall. They therefore recommended 1*s.* 4*d.* as the exchange value of the rupee instead of 1*s.* 6*d.*, since the lower sum was little over the market rate at the time.

4. They dreaded a rise produced artificially, not only because of the effect it might have on the price of produce, but because the greater the difference between the value of coined and uncoined silver the more accentuated would be the token character of the silver currency.

5. They were not at all sure of what would be the effect of the

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proposed action. They did not appear to think that there was any certainty the point would be attained at which gold would be offered for rupees even at 1*s.* 4*d.*, but they seemed to be of opinion that if this point were reached gold might flow in very freely.

6. They did not seem to consider that the profits to producers from the low value of silver would be continuous, or, in other words, that they would be able to go on employing labour at silver rates and selling produce at gold rates. On the other hand, they recognised that there is no termination to the burden of paying in silver at low value debts in gold abroad.

7. Sir Thomas Farrer and Sir Reginald Welby in a separate report dwell upon the fact that under the proposal 'a token currency of unparalleled magnitude may grow up.' They state explicitly :—

> It is, of course, obvious that a great country like India, if she undertakes a token currency, is under an obligation to maintain its value, and that she ought to discharge that obligation by making it reasonably certain that where gold is needed in exchange for rupees it will be possible to obtain it at the fixed ratio. Sir David Barbour, they say, himself holds that eventually, if the scheme is to be successful, gold when required must be given for the rupee, either without a premium or at a small premium.

They consider, therefore, that a gold reserve will have to be created, but they think it may not be necessary to provide a reserve until the exchange value of the rupee reaches 1*s.* 4*d.* The expense, they think, of procuring and retaining the requisite amount of gold 'cannot be avoided by any Government which desires to maintain the credit of its currency,' and they express the opinion that that expense 'will be insignificant compared to the loss of which the Indian Government now complain.' They further add :—

> Under these circumstances we could not join in the recommendation contained in the report without at the same time recommending that the Government of India, in view of the ultimate adoption of the whole of their plan, be prepared to secure the convertibility of the whole of their token silver currency, and should with that object accumulate a sufficient reserve of gold.

The report, we think, brings out all these points into the broad light of day, and as we are not under the same embargo as the members of the Committee, we may ask, To what extent do they throw a light on the vexed question of the two systems of bi- and monometallism?

It will first be desirable to come to an understanding as to the doctrines of these opposite camps.

The monometallists contend that bimetallism is founded on false theories, that its maintenance of a fixed relation of value between two metals is uncertain, and that it consequently wants assured stability because the ratio is liable to be ended at any time abruptly. Many monometallists, however, admit that under international bimetallism the ratio is likely to be preserved without material fluctuation.

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They all declare that gold monometallism has proved over a long term of years to be most beneficent to Great Britain, and that it would be rash and imprudent to depart from it.

The bimetallists, on the other hand, contend that a fixed ratio can be permanently maintained between the two metals if free coinage of each is permitted; they point to the experience of the past in support of this assertion. They say that gold monometallism has only been successful in Great Britain because it was supported by a fixed ratio between the two metals abroad, and that that ratio was disturbed because the Latin Union withdrew from the system of free silver coinage after Germany adopted gold monometallism early in the seventies. They declare there is not sufficient gold available for a monometallic standard in those countries that have determined to follow the example of Great Britain, and that consequently gold has appreciated, with the effect of reducing the value of all commodities. They ask for an international agreement to adopt a double standard with a fixed ratio between the two metals. They believe the ratio can be maintained, but even if it is not they urge that bimetallism will conduce to industrial and national prosperity. They ask for free coinage of gold and silver, both metals at the fixed ratio being a legal tender. They would not make it illegal, however, to bargain for sales or purchases in one or other of the metals. They think advantage would not be taken of such a privilege; but even if it were, and if it led to a preference being shown for one metal, with the consequent liability to depreciate the other, they still declare it would prove beneficial.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to test with mathematical precision these theories or allegations. The conditions and laws which regulate commerce, trade, finance, production, manufacture, and the employment of labour, are so complex, and in many cases conflicting, that there is something to be said on every side and for every view. The first thing that strikes the impartial inquirer is that gold monometallism has worked so well in the United Kingdom that a general disposition has been evinced by other countries to adopt it. It is clear that the competition for gold thus set up opens a new element and raises the question whether there is a sufficient supply of gold in the world to suffice for the consequent demand. After all, a thousand other considerations may be set aside if it can be shown that the continued adoption of gold monometallism is forbidden because of the supply of that metal proving inadequate. Monometallists contend, very properly, that the necessity for gold in its physical state is greatly reduced by the facilities that banking and credit arrangements afford. This point at any rate is susceptible of proof. The payments made through the London Clearing House yearly are of huge dimensions, amounting to many times the entire stock of gold and silver in the country. Indeed payments have been

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made in a single day in London exceeding the whole currency of the three kingdoms. But it is most important to remember that no perfection of credit and banking arrangements can dispense with the necessity of using some amount, and that a large one, of actual cash. We may be pardoned for briefly referring to some of the well-known requirements for ready money. Wages, for example, have for the most part to be paid in cash. Professor Leone Levi estimated the wage earnings of all kinds in the United Kingdom in 1867 at 419,000,000*l.* sterling, and he estimated that in 1884 they had increased to 521,000,000*l.* At the same rate of increase the present annual amount of wages would be 575,000,000*l.* Most of these wages are paid weekly, and since the abolition of the truck system they are paid in cash. It is not unlikely that the money remains in circulation before it again reaches the banks for an average of thirty days, which gives an average of 48,000,000*l.* sterling constantly in circulation on account of wages. Probably this is far less than the actual amount, and there is a uniform tendency to increase. A currency bordering on scarcity is certainly not good for the labouring classes. Its action in the direction of lowering wages is unquestionable. A vast amount of other expenditure has to be defrayed in cash, although of course the wages receipts contribute part of the amount required. For all means of locomotion, including railways, tramways, omnibuses, cabs, steamers, &c., cash has to be paid, and the returns show the continued tendency there is to increase of traffic. The bulk of retail dealings, rents, taxes, postages, club payments, and amusements of all kinds, are defrayed in cash, and, putting aside temporary reverses, there is a steady increase of payments for all these purposes. Then there is a great deal of cash retained in the household or carried about from month to month, besides probably permanent private hoardings of a large amount in the aggregate. The income of the United Kingdom increased from 504,000,000*l.* sterling in 1840 to 760,000,000*l.* in 1860, and to 1,285,000,000*l.* in 1889. These figures must arouse a conception of the increased use of cash for purposes for which neither credit nor banking can supply a substitute. The amount required for actual cash payments must absorb a very large portion of the 91,000,000*l.* sterling of gold in circulation in the United Kingdom, to which about 22,000,000*l.* sterling may be added for silver coinage. Besides the cash needed for actual circulation in the United Kingdom, it is, of course, well understood that a basis of gold is required for a reserve. However wonderfully the process of banking is developed, some funds must be held in hand to meet expected and unexpected demands. The amount held against notes issued need not for the present purpose be considered, but the reserves the banks hold free from investment, to support if needed the vast volume of business with which they have to deal, is as much a tangible necessity as the cash required to pay a railway fare.

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Although this reserve is only one of the elements which combine to make up the vague condition known as 'confidence,' it is an indispensable element, and confidence is equally indispensable to the transaction of the enormous business of the country. So many circumstances make up the condition of confidence, that it is impossible to define the amount or the exact proportion of reserve required. A reserve quite sufficient to command confidence at one time may at others be insufficient for the purpose, but there would be no confidence at all if the banks invested all their moneys and kept no reserves for contingencies. Although no proportion can be fixed, it is evident that as the volume of business increases larger reserves may be necessary, or at least the power of making such increases must not be wanting. Twenty years ago the means of gratifying an increased demand for gold gave no anxiety, for gold was at any rate obtainable. But since then several nations have adopted a gold standard, and there is a large disposition in this direction.

Almost every nation is striving to obtain gold, and this rivalry not only renders it more difficult for a country like England with its gold monometallic system to procure gold when it wants it, but the fact that such a difficulty is liable to occur makes it safer for it to hold more gold than for the time being it requires.

The Indian Currency Committee gives the Mint estimate of gold in circulation in the United Kingdom at 91,000,000*l.* sterling, including the reserves held by the banks for note issues and for their own purposes. There is, besides, about 22,000,000*l.* sterling in silver coin. The bronze currency need not be taken into consideration. We set down these figures in comparison with the figures the Committee supplies of the stock of currency in France:—

	United Kingdom.	France.
	Value in pounds sterling.	
	£	£
Gold . .	91,000,000	171,000,000
Silver . .	22,000,000	140,000,000
Totals .	113,000,000	311,000,000
Excess in favour of France . . .		198,000,000

The trade of the United Kingdom as indicated by its imports and exports is more than double that of France; its shipping is many times larger, its wealth greater, its population about the same. The French are a thrifty people, inclined to make the most they can in all business operations. The cost of the extra reserves of currency they hold over those of Great Britain, computed at two and a half per cent. interest on the additional unemployed capital, amounts to 4,950,000*l.* per annum. On the basis of wealth and volume of business, France should be able to do with a very much less amount of currency than the United Kingdom. The superior banking arrangements of

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the latter may be regarded as a set-off against the less amount France should be able to do with. But the additional amount that France uses can hardly be read in any other light than as expressing her opinion that it is worth expending close upon 5,000,000*l.* annually to secure greater safety and stability of business.

Some consideration is also due to the exceptional and energetic action which the Bank of England within the last few years has twice at least found it necessary to adopt to obtain large parcels of gold—action which could not have been open if war had prevailed. As regards an increase of gold to meet the growing requirements of the world, it is computed that, beyond the amount of gold needed for art purposes and for replacing the depreciated weight of coin in use, there is little, if any, more than four to five millions of gold produced annually for the currency purposes of the whole world. From the United Kingdom point of view, after allowing, on the one hand, for the small share it is likely to be able to obtain of the annual production of gold, for the prospects of increasing that production, and for the possibility of still further improving the facilities of banking, and, on the other hand, taking into consideration the growing demand for currency for cash purposes, the larger reserves that will be required to support an increase in the volume of business, and the world-wide competition for gold which has grown up amongst the nations of the earth, it can scarcely be denied that there is some reason to fear Great Britain will not be able much longer to depend on gold monometallism. It must be remembered that the position of the United Kingdom is peculiar. It is because of her single gold standard that other nations crave for gold; and if she show herself willing to adopt a double standard, very few, if any, countries will stand out of an international agreement for that purpose.

It is pertinently asked, What evidence is there of an insufficiency of gold? Everyone who is entitled to receive gold, it is alleged, is able to obtain it. No bank ever insists on paying a cheque in silver or bronze, although these metals are legal tender to a certain amount. The holder of a note may calculate on obtaining gold for it if he so desire. Where is there any evidence of the scarcity of gold? Ask the monometallists or a good number of them. The answer to this question is necessarily another question. Supposing there was really a scarcity of gold, how would it show itself? We have already alluded to the fact that the great uses for gold in this country are for purposes for which payments must be made in cash, and for making the bank reserves to support the enormous volume of banking business and credit operations, or shall we term it for meeting contingencies expected and unexpected? If there were really a scarcity of gold, it is obvious that its effect would be to first attack the gold reserves. The fact that every person entitled to receive gold is able to obtain it is no proof that enough gold is available. As long as people only ask for

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gold for the cash payments they require, and do not withdraw their deposits because of distrust, the scarcity of gold does not show itself in the shape of inability to obtain the metal for ordinary circulation. The reserves would first have to be reduced, and the indication of this is not clearly evident to the public generally. The reduction may be met by attracting gold temporarily, or more or less permanently, by the offer of high rates of interest; it may also be counterbalanced by contracting those businesses out of which the need of cash payments grows. For example, manufacturers generally, and agriculturists always, have to pay cash for wages before they can obtain receipts for the results of the industries on which the labour is employed. In fact an insufficient supply of money tells harder upon the labouring than upon any other part of the community. Scarcity of gold may also make itself felt by retarding a normal and legitimate increase in the volume of business. It is evident from what we have said (*a*) that there may be a scarcity of gold although gold may be provided for circulating medium; (*b*) that it may show itself by affecting the reserves and making it necessary either to attract gold by high rates of interest or by reducing the volume of business; (*c*) or the scarcity may make itself apparent by retarding a legitimate increase of business operations.

We are not prepared to conclude that any of these signs have yet made themselves apparent, especially since other causes than scarcity of gold may produce similar effects. For example, any of the many circumstances that cause want of confidence may lead to a restriction of business. But most of our readers will, we think, consider that, whether or not the point of scarcity has been reached, it is impossible that the United Kingdom can go on developing business under the monetary system which has prevailed in the past. It was well enough to trust to obtain gold by offering a high rate of interest when there was an open competition; but now that other countries show an undisguised desire to obtain gold, and can by many means prevent its exportation to this country, it is simply reckless to depend on a system the bottom of which has been knocked out. It is not as if the procurement of gold here were a simple business competition. Gold has become the basis of all business, the foundation of the vast fabric of credit which essentially depends on it. If the country is to continue the present monometallic system with no better means of obtaining and retaining gold than it has at present, the business carried on within it cannot be largely increased. The position of France in contrast with the United Kingdom speaks most eloquently on the subject.

The final blow is, however, struck by the course just adopted in India. There is no getting away from the fact that it binds the United Kingdom to a guarantee of gold of undefined extent. We have already quoted remarks made by Sir Thomas Farrer and Sir

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Reginald Welby in their supplementary reviews of the report of the Committee, showing their opinion that if the intention of the Indian Government is carried out there must be a gold reserve created to enable the Government to give gold for the silver rupee, which they say will become 'a token currency of unparalleled magnitude.' Too much importance cannot be attached to their words—'It is, of course, obvious that a great country like India, if she undertakes a token currency, is under an obligation to maintain its value.' This can only be done, they consider, by the Government binding itself to supply gold in exchange for rupees as well as rupees for gold. What the extent of the reserve will have to be is a matter of opinion. Sir David Barbour thinks it would not exceed 15,000,000*l.* or one-fifth of the present estimated rupee currency, and Sir Thomas Farrer and Sir Reginald Welby believe it will be insignificant compared with present losses; but it is far from certain that the amount mentioned would be sufficient if an undertaking were given to sell gold for rupees. The estimated currency referred to above does not take into account the enormous hoards of rupees withheld by the natives from circulation, nor does it, we believe, include the Indian rupees which circulate largely outside of India. It is quite likely, if the eager demand for gold continues amongst the different nations of the world, that the reserve, whatever it is, will be constantly drained by rupees being brought in for exchange. It would not be possible to draw the line of redemption at rupees coined by the Government in exchange for gold. To do so would be to create two classes of rupees. The undertaking to give gold for rupees would have to include all rupees which have been issued from the Indian mints as well as those that may continue to be issued; and if the demand for gold continue, it appears to us to be a guarantee of a most dangerous character, of unknown dimensions, and yet one which we agree with Sir Thomas Farrer and Sir Reginald Welby in believing cannot honourably be dispensed with if the new system is to be carried out.

It is to be borne in mind that the reserve required will probably in very small part only be supplied by the gold brought to the Mint to exchange for rupees or paid to the Treasury for public dues. The Government will not be able to draw the distinction of redeeming only the rupees for which gold has been lodged. Whenever it disposes of ever so small a quantity of rupees for gold, it takes upon itself the honourable obligation to redeem all the rupees already coined, which by its action will have become silver tokens. The responsibility will thus attach not only to new rupees but to 75,000,000*l.* in active circulation in India, besides unknown quantities hoarded and in circulation in other countries. There are also, it is estimated, 30,000,000*l.* of rupees of Native States in circulation, and curious questions must arise as to what are the responsibilities of the Government (if any) in respect of these in consequence of the action by which they convert

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them into a token currency. In short, whilst admitting that Great Britain has reason in hesitating to plunge into bimetallism, it seems incomparably better to do so than to incur the danger of carrying out the Indian scheme.

Bimetallists mostly set great store on the doctrine that because gold has appreciated the cost of all commodities has become less. This appears to be specially insisted on in order to make bimetallism popular. As between silver and gold it is of course evident that more silver can be obtained for gold than formerly, but it is not certain whether this result arises from gold appreciating or from silver depreciating, or from both causes jointly. The allegation that other commodities have become less in price because of gold appreciation is, to say the least, much exaggerated. We are not aware of any instance that can be given of a commodity for which with equal supply the demand has become greater, or of which with equal demand the supply has become less, that has fallen in value because of the alleged appreciation of gold. Supposing that any community existed in which all the transactions of sale and purchase were effected in coin, and barter and credit were rigorously excluded, it would of course be the case that diminution of the coin would lessen transactions or give the coin a higher purchasing power. But supposing half the coin were taken away and a system of credit and of banking were introduced by which only one-fiftieth part of the transactions was paid for in cash, would the loss of the coin be felt as long as sufficient remained to supply so much as was required for cash purchases and the additional amount necessary as a reserve to support the credit and banking transactions? There can, of course, be but one answer to this question. Now in the United Kingdom probably not one-fiftieth part of the entire transactions is satisfied in ready coin; but let us say for every 100*l.* payment cash to the amount of 2*l.* is requisite, under these circumstances it is evident that a reduction of the quantity of gold could have but little direct action on the price of commodities. Its effects could only be felt through the reduction in the total volume of business that might follow as a result of its diminishing the credit and banking facilities. We incline to think that the alleged appreciation of gold and its operation on the price of commodities might more correctly be described by the statement that additions to the stock of gold available for currency have a tendency to increase the purchasing power of the community by much more than the amount of the additions, and consequently to raise the price of commodities until the operations of enlarged supply overtake the enhanced demand; and, on the other hand, that reductions in the stock of gold available for currency have a tendency to diminish the purchasing power of the community by much more than the amount of the reductions, and consequently to lower the price of commodities until the supply can be so reduced as to become about on a parity

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with the demand. The reduction of supply, however, is not so easy a matter. The tendency of lower prices in many if not in most cases is to increase supply rather than to diminish it, because of the efforts producers make to cheapen production by going into it on a larger scale. We have thus, as an effect of inadequate currency, a vicious circle—first, a diminished purchasing power, next a fall in prices, next the crushing out of less powerful producers, and, finally, over-supply by the survivors, with all the baleful consequences of starvation wages.

The sequence, then, runs thus: a scarcity of gold makes itself felt by contracting the volume of business, and thus lessens the purchasing power of the community, which in its turn tends to lower prices, and brings about, it may be urged, an effect something similar to that for which bimetallists contend as a consequence of the appreciation of gold. We believe, however, that the action is neither in its nature nor in its direct character the same. At any rate, there is no reliable evidence to prove that as yet prices have been lowered by any other cause than belongs to the commodities themselves. It is important to remember that as wants increase every day through the growth of the population a constant increase of purchasing power is a necessity of comfort, not to say prosperity. A stationary demand for commodities really means retrogression, and in considering the evils that may be in store in the future a non-progressive purchasing power must be taken into account.

Supposing, which is probably the case, that Great Britain could continue for some time to prolong her monometallic system, it is far from certain that she would be wise in doing so.

(*a*) She has always before her the danger that foreign countries, by placing obstacles in the way of gold leaving their shores, may put an end to the means by which gold, in case of need, has been attracted to the country by increased rates of interest.

(*b*) The new system in India will entail on her indefinite but possibly vast obligations in the way of providing gold which she may neither be able to spare herself nor obtain at a reasonable cost.

(*c*) No nation on the earth is so much interested in the prosperity of other countries. She has to import immensely to supply her own wants. She exports on an equally gigantic scale. She lends vast sums of money all over the world, and has to receive interest on the loans. She also has in every country enormous investments in industries, from which she has, or hopes to have, periodical returns. And all these conditions impose upon her the need of making and receiving payments in all quarters. A plain, simple, uniform system of currency throughout the world, involving a minimum amount of variation and complexity, is to her, and to every country, the condition under which business of all descriptions can be carried on with most safety, with most honour, and with the least gambling or speculation.

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(*d*) The advantages some countries suppose they derive from depreciated silver because they pay for the cost of products in silver value and sell those products at a gold value is essentially gained at the cost of the working classes, so long as the employers contrive to make their workmen content with the old rate of wages. When the labourers demand increased wages the employers *pro tanto* lose the advantage.

(*e*) It presses very hard on the silver-depreciated countries to have to pay gold interest on the loans they have contracted in the United Kingdom. The latter receives, it is true, only what it bargained for. But the silver countries regard it none the less as a cruel bargain, and feel that it forces on them a gold monometallism—a result which in its turn proves most injurious to Great Britain.

(*f*) The hoarding propensities of the natives of India is a serious injury to the prosperity of the country. Not only does hoarding keep the capital of the hoarders unemployed, but the whole community suffers from the loss of the many indirect projects that flow from the employment of capital. The new system is sure to be considered by the natives as an encouragement to hoarding, and, worst of all, to hoarding gold—a proceeding with which they have already shown some acquaintance. The injury such a disposition is calculated to inflict upon British interests need not be described.

In short, the prosperity of the British community as a whole, in contradistinction to the temporary advantages of a small minority, is greatly in favour of some system that can uniformly be adopted by most of the nations of the earth. There are only two such systems, silver monometallism and bimetallism. The former is objectionable both because it excludes gold, which is by far the most convenient form of currency, and because it would involve so cruel and organic a change of the incidence of wealth as to produce an incalculable amount of disaster. International bimetallism, we are free to admit, involves some amount of risk, but the worst effects it could produce would be light in comparison with the looming future consequences of the present multiform conditions. The new Indian system throws a lurid light on the evils of an isolated system of bastard bimetallism. For the Indian system is a form of bimetallism—a gold standard with a silver currency—a system adopted on half-hearted recommendation, a system dependent on manipulation of the mints, a system which will make the chief business in India gambling in the precious metals, a system, moreover, fraught with thrusting great and unknown responsibilities on the Government of the Empire. As far as concerns the prospects of maintaining a fixed ratio between the two metals, it does not afford so strong an asurance of success as that which may be hoped for under international bimetallism.

It is fair to say we do not think the maintenance of a fixed ratio between the two metals would be assured beyond doubt under an

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international system, but there are strong probabilities in its favour. The bimetallists point to the results of the experience of a long period before 1873, when the adoption of gold monometallism by Germany forced the Latin Union shortly afterwards to discontinue free silver coinage. Earnest and distinguished men of practical experience in finance and of great scientific eminence have expressed the opinion that under an international agreement the ratio between the two metals would be preserved without material variation. Nor is the opinion confined to bimetallists. The whole of the members of the Royal Commission on Gold and Silver in 1888 signed the following passage of the report:—

> Nor does it appear to us *à priori* unreasonable to suppose that the existence in the Latin Union of a bimetallic system with a ratio of 15½ to 1 fixed between the two metals should have been capable of keeping the market price of silver steady at approximately that ratio.
>
> The view that it could only affect the market price to the extent to which there was a demand for it for currency purposes in the Latin Union, or to which it was actually taken to the mints of those countries, is, we think, fallacious.
>
> The fact that the owner of silver could in the last resort take it to those mints and have it converted into coin which would purchase commodities at the ratio of 15½ of silver to 1 of gold would, in our opinion, be likely to affect the price of silver in the market generally, whoever the purchaser, and for whatever country it was destined. It would enable the seller to stand out for a price approximating to the legal coin, and would tend to keep the market steady at about that point.

Six members of the Commission—viz. Lord Herschell, Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Birch, the Hon. C. W. Freemantle, Sir Thomas Farrer, and Mr. Courtney—signed, besides a yet more decided expression of opinion, as follows:—

> We think that, in any conditions fairly to be contemplated in the future as far as we can forecast them from the experience of the past, a stable ratio might be maintained if the nations we have alluded to (the United Kingdom, Germany, the United States, and the Latin Union) were to accept and strictly adhere to bimetallism at the suggested ratio. We think that if in all these countries gold and silver could be freely coined, and thus become exchangeable against commodities at the fixed ratio, the market value of silver as measured by gold would conform to that ratio and not vary to any material extent.

It is necessary to say that Sir John Lubbock, in an article lately supplied by him to the *Pall Mall Magazine*, denies that either he or his colleagues meant to indicate the opinion that under bimetallism a stable ratio could be maintained. We cannot understand Sir John Lubbock's explanation of why their meaning was so different from that which the words they used seemed to denote. But at any rate, whilst Sir John Lubbock himself must be excepted, it is certain that without challenge the statement has frequently been made that a large section of monometallists admit that under international bimetallism a ratio can be maintained which will not be subject to material change.

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We should hesitate to express an opinion to the contrary, though we venture to suggest that it would be well, in order to offer less inducement to variation, to fix the rate not very far in advance of the market price at the commencement of the agreement. There are many details of the plan that would require nice deliberation, as, for example, whether the coinage of silver should be free, both in the sense of unlimited quantity and in that of making no charge for mintage.

It is well to consider what would be the effect of a disturbance of the rates, since this would give the measure of the possible extent of the mischief of the system. The bimetallists do not propose that silver should be compulsorily exchangeable for gold, or gold for silver, but they would make each a legal tender to any amount. It would, of course, be very desirable to provide for an exchange of the two metals, but it is hardly feasible unless a heavy mintage or import duty were charged, and an annual reserve set apart by each country, to be accumulated as a guarantee fund against losses caused by the exchange if the metals diverged in value. Possibly such a modification might seriously injure the smooth working of the system. Let us see how, if the expectations formed prove fallacious, a disturbance of the ratio would show itself. The difference would not be exemplified by any nominal change of ratio, because both metals would be open to coinage, and be legal tender for their respective nominal amounts. The failure to maintain the rates would find expression by sellers exacting from purchasers a contract to pay in only one of the metals. Subscribers to loans might also ask to be guaranteed repayments in gold; shopkeepers, merchants, and contractors might name a price of so much in silver or so much in gold. This might cause a divergence in the paying value in gold and silver which no international agreement or legislation could arrest. It is easy to see that nothing could prevent a vendor or lender saying, 'You must either pay me in gold, or I will not sell you the commodities or subscribe to your loan.' It would be altogether too arbitrary to declare by legislation that such contracts would be void. It is to be presumed that, as contracts for payment in one metal or the charge of a premium for the option of choosing the metal are the chief if not the only ways, under a system of free coinage and double legal tender, by which a divergence of ratio would be denoted, the authorities we have quoted meant to pronounce the opinion that such a contingency is extremely unlikely—an opinion, we believe, in which most people will concur. Still let us ask what would be the extent of the evil supposing it did come to pass that contracts for payment in one metal only were insisted on. The rejected metal, notwithstanding its nominal ratio and its right to be offered as a legal tender, in the absence of an agreement to the contrary, would be depreciated. But the depreciation would probably be nearly uniform

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throughout the world, and would really do very little harm, certainly no harm to compare with the evils of the present varied systems. There is, we think, so much remoteness in the risk, and so little mischief if the risk become a reality, compared with the dangers of the existing conditions, that there is no justification for allowing it to operate as a bar to an international bimetallic agreement. Whatever reasons Great Britain may have had for desiring to continue the present system (and we doubt if under any circumstances its duration could have been lengthy), she is now precipitated into the necessity for action to avoid the dangers of the new departure introduced into India.

JULIUS VOGEL.

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THE SCRAMBLE FOR GOLD

II

> 'We have gold, we can afford gold, and therefore we ought to adhere to gold.' The *Times*, August 4, 1893 (leading article on Mr. Balfour's speech at the Mansion House).

In the Bi-metallic Controversy there are some points which would be accepted on both sides and others which have not perhaps been brought into sufficient prominence.

It would be conceded that a gold standard and gold currency are of ideal perfection if they could be adopted by all commercial nations: this is impossible.

No two nations of the world have now the same standard of currency.

The standard of England is gold, and England is the only nation having an absolute gold standard: the system of France and of the United States, although differing greatly from each other, may both be called isolated bi-metallism; the standard of India is a silver rupee, which is legal tender at a fictitious value; China is on an absolute silver basis, as England is on an absolute gold basis. For purposes of internal trade one standard is practically as good as another; it is only when payments for external trade have to be made that difficulties arise.

The difficulties of international trade, whether in commodities or in securities, and the difficulty of negotiating bills of exchange in every part of the world are now great and at times insurmountable.

During the last few weeks gold has been at a premium in New York, and contracts were made subject to shipment from London: in order to keep the withdrawals of gold from the Bank of England within as small a compass as possible, bankers and exchange dealers refused profitable and legitimate business.

Such refusal is almost equivalent to a premium on gold in London, but apart from this the price of bar gold in the open market is above the English Mint price, and therefore at a premium.[1]

[1] October 1893.

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The banker, as filling a position of primary responsibility, refuses business which would be gladly accepted if it did not involve shipment of gold, and the legitimate profit is lost to him as well as to any broker or agent who may happen to be employed: the transactions in London are restricted in order to maintain a gold balance.

The commercial situation has been growing worse and worse since 1873, and most persons having an interest in the subject would be glad to return to the position existing before that date, when England maintained a gold standard and currency, but had the advantage of the bimetallic union of other nations.

Notwithstanding the advantages of this position, no English Government has made any effort to return to it.

After accepting the invitation to the Brussels Conference, the proceedings were brought to an abrupt end by the declaration, by one of the English Commissioners, of his 'profession of faith.'

'Our faith,' said Sir Rivers Wilson, 'is that of the school of monometallism, pure and simple. We do not admit that any other system than the single gold standard would be applicable in our country.'

After this statement it became useless to discuss whether it might be possible for this country, without giving up the gold standard, to make such concessions both at home and in India as might encourage the formation of a bimetallic agreement on the part of other nations.

In some future conference the various proposals to increase the use of silver should at all events be discussed. Although the simple bimetallic agreement of free coinage of both metals may be open to objections, the proposal of a ratio with a seignorage to be fixed by international agreement and varied as from time to time may be found necessary has not yet been admitted for discussion.

There has been no chance even to propose an international gold piece with free coinage and an international silver piece to be legal tender up to 20*l.* or 500 francs or 100 dollars.

The importance of the connection between the difficulties of international trade arising from various standards of currency and protective duties has perhaps not received sufficient attention.

No nation can continue purchases abroad and pay gold for them.

It is only natural, therefore, that every nation endeavours to prevent by high import duties all transactions involving payment beyond its own borders.

The gold standard of England tends to our isolation in the matter of foreign trade.

The balance of foreign trade being against us, we should be called upon to export gold if it were not that we hold securities of foreign nations on which we have to receive interest. When it is stated that we can afford gold, it is because of the interest we receive on

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securities: the wealth of England is in its foreign securities: the poverty of England is in its adverse trade balance for articles of necessity. Other nations impose high import duties against us in order to discourage their peoples from purchases abroad, and in order to keep the balance of trade in their own favour. They cannot afford to pay interest on securities and at the same time pay for commodities bought abroad.

The yearly excess of payments due by England for imports against receipts for exports may be taken at about 120,000,000*l.*, of which one-half is due to the United States. In the case of the United States this adverse balance is not paid in gold, but is set against interest and dividend payments due to English investors in United States securities and in shipping. The return from these securities is rapidly diminishing, but the adverse trade balance continues. The most important field for investment of English money has been America: the reasonable expectation that with the increasing growth of the country there would be a corresponding return to the holders of securities has not been realised. The chief cause of this disappointment has been the continued fall in freight rates: the continued fall in the value of corn and wheat has rendered low rates absolutely necessary: the fall in wheat is owing to the competition of India as an exporter: the competition of India dates from the fall in silver, until the export of wheat from India is now three-sevenths of the export of wheat from America. India fixes the market price, which falls lower and lower with the fall in silver.

When the return of interest from securities fails to equal our adverse trade balance, we may be perhaps more ready to discuss an international currency agreement. It is to be remembered that English investments are not largely in such safe securities as United States Government bonds, but in securities which are of the nature of enterprises.

'We have gold, we can afford gold, and therefore ought to adhere to gold.' This is the English boast; but if the English isolated gold policy ruins English debtors, and the adverse trade balance remains, how long shall we be able to keep our gold balance?

J. P. HESELTINE.

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CHATS WITH JANE CLERMONT

(*CONCLUDED*)

THE subject-matter dealt with in these conversations must, of course, be limited by the promise of which I made mention in my previous article—to publish only information relating to certain things which were specified at the time. Many years have yet to pass ere I may be enabled to write in full of the life of Madame Clermont. Ten years from her decease, whenever that might take place, was, as I have already said, stipulated upon before she would allow me to publish anything relating to her, and even that was made dependent on the death meantime of Sir Percy Shelley, a death which has only comparatively recently occurred; thirty years being the time I promised to wait before publishing clearly specified matter, intensely interesting, but of a nature which I must not even hint at here.

Before proceeding further, I have some words to say relating to questions raised by reviewers of my first article, questions which the courtesy and appreciation with which I have been treated impose upon me the obligation of answering.

First, the question of my orthography as regards the lady's name. This has already been answered by me in the *Times*, and the proof of the accuracy of my spelling of the name *Clermont* can be seen by a glance at the British Museum catalogue.

I must here, however, admit two little slips of my own. One is the passage in the letter referred to, where I speak of the profusion of Christian names which the lady was wont to delight in, being shown in the letter to Byron. There I am wrong. The proof of her proneness to romantic nomenclature is to be found in another and later document than the letter to Byron. In the later document she signs herself Clara Mary Constantia Jane Clairmont, the Constantia being, of course, a remembrance of the celebrated poem *To Constantia Singing*. In the letter to Byron she signs herself simply Claire, the first syllable of her surname spelt as some of my critics would have it, and both of these facts decidedly tend to bear out my suggestion that she preferred the perhaps more romantic Clairmont to Clermont. But we find the name spelt variously, as Clairmont, Clermont, Charlemont, Clairemont, and Claremont. At the time I knew her she used to prefer to be styled

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Clara rather than Claire. Clearly a most wayward and romantic young lady, and she preserved many of her youthful characteristics to the last, which to a great extent constituted her charm. One can well understand her dislike in youth to the homely nomenclature of Mary Jane, and it is under these names she figures in Shelley's will. She herself evidently preferred them when 'washed down' by a profusion of more romantic designations.

Secondly, where I say in my article 'early eighties' I should say 'late seventies,' for Miss Clermont died in 1879. The slip was a very natural one, for I chanced to make the same journey from the south-west of France to Florence three times in a few years, and, as I state in my letter to the *Times*, I had no idea of writing on the subject. The time of waiting seemed so interminable that I had almost grown to forget about the incident, and my memory as to dates had become a little hazy. Moreover, the article was written under conditions of place which debarred me from full access to the notes I made at the time.

And now let me set at rest a matter as to which there has been a good deal of dispute—namely, Miss Clermont's age when she first met Byron. Miss Clermont was born in 1798, consequently, when she met Byron in 1815, she was seventeen. I am quite aware that in saying she met Byron in 1815 I am exposing myself to the assaults of various Byronian writers who maintain that the Clermont connection did not take place until after the cessation of intercourse with Lady Byron; but they are wrong. By the way, I think it is as well to point out here a slight error made by Mr. Garnett, the able and courteous keeper of printed documents in the British Museum, in his short notice of Miss Clermont. As one of my reviewers has well said, nearly everyone who has written on this subject has fallen into some error of chronology. Mr. Garnett is perfectly correct as to the date of the lady's birth, but he speaks of her later on as nearly two-and-twenty in 1816. I asked Mr. Garnett personally for an explanation of this, and he told me he had in the first instance the idea that she was born in the same year as Edward Williams, who met his death with Shelley. But even then Mr. Garnett would have been wrong as to Miss Clermont's age in 1816, for Edward Williams was born in 1792—the year, by a strange coincidence, of both Shelley's and Trelawney's births. Trelawney himself relates this in his *Reminiscences of Byron and Shelley*, in the course of a conversation taking place between Shelley, Williams, and himself. Miss Clermont, therefore, had Mr. Garnett been correct in his first belief as to the date of her birth, would have been twenty-four and not twenty-two in 1816, when, according to Mr. Garnett and others, she first met Byron—a view which I have already said I hold (in fact, I know) to be erroneous, for Miss Clermont was really a cause of Byron's divorce; but that leads to matters upon which I am forbidden to treat for years to

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come. Mr. Jeaffreson is the only writer of Byronia who suspects what I have said to have been the case, and Mr. Garnett, in his notice just alluded to, calls the idea an absurd one. I do not in the least apprehend why the idea should be 'absurd;' in any case it is the fact. Mr. Garnett therefore corrected his first slip and forgot to correct his second, which even from his original idea of the chronology would have been wrong.

The next point upon which I should like to say a few words is this: Several of my reviewers have put the question, 'How far is Miss Clermont's testimony to be accepted?' They say that she was old and given to romancing. I merely reply this: It is ridiculous, with the spectacle of an octogenarian premier in the full plenitude of his powers before us, to argue that age need necessarily in any way affect the memory or mental powers; and as to the strictures of a certain *clique* of Shelleyan idolaters, they accept Jane Clermont's testimony when it fits in with their idolatrous conceptions, and reject it when it does not, which is scarcely logical. As to the tendency to romance, I do not believe Miss Clermont was at all given to that practice; but, in any case, I think it will be granted that the conversations I am now about to quote, and also those which have already been published in this Review, show a remarkably fair, unprejudiced, and logical mind. When there is an object I can conceive a person lying, but not without an object. I can see no reason whatever to doubt the absolute veracity of all Miss Clermont told me. It may, no doubt, be painful to the Shelley idolaters to be told that the expedition to Switzerland was pre-arranged between the Shelleys, Byron, and Claire, and they appear to prefer to believe that 'Shelley and Mary,' as they love to style their innocent little 'babes in the wood,' should be led to Geneva by the wicked sorceress, Jane Clermont, they all the while remaining in total ignorance of her relation to Byron; but any man or woman of the world would, I should be disposed to believe, think Jane Clermont's version of the story obviously the correct one.

I will now pass on to a conversation referring to Shelley's will, and here again I may say that, in this case, reason and commonsense are distinctly on the side of Miss Clermont, and against Trelawney, who, as I have always understood, never had a good word to say for anyone except Shelley; but I may add that I do not believe Shelley intended to leave as much as he did for his sister-in-law's exclusive use. He had made the will during Allegra's lifetime, and would have revoked the second legacy after her death had his own death not come so soon and so unexpectedly on the heels of it.

The following conversation will give her views on the subject, and also gives very excellent and, I venture to say, impartial views of both La Guiccioli and Trelawney.

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Entering the drawing-room one lovely spring morning, I found Madame Clermont at her guitar (the same guitar that Shelley gave her, and made immortal by his dedication), touching the strings to some old melody, and half accompanying the now feeble notes in a subdued voice, but not so subdued but that one could detect the petted singer of Florentine salons of a generation—even two generations—before. It was a perfect picture: the beautiful, thick hair falling over the shoulders, the clear-cut profile of that face, as beautiful now as ever, and the eyes which seemed lost in dreams, as those slender fingers strayed over the strings—the same picture that inspired Shelley more than sixty years before. I stood a moment on the threshold, silent, and the servant (they all loved her) made some whispered remark of admiration to me, and then I repeated the wonderful lines:—

> Thus to be lost, and thus to sink and die—
> Perchance were death indeed! Constantia, turn!
> In thy dark eyes a power like light doth lie,
> Even though the sounds which were thy voice, which burn
> Between thy lips, are laid to sleep;
> Within thy breath and on thy hair like odour it is yet,
> And from thy touch like fire doth leap.
> Even while I write, my burning cheeks are wet;
> Alas! that the torn heart can bleed and not forget.

'I have heard Constantia singing,' I murmured. 'I have often said I would give my life for that.'

She turned round, with that wonderful smile of hers, like that of a coquette of eighteen. 'Ah, it is you, is it? What a power of transfiguration you have!' she said. 'Why, that was written at Marlow, dear Marlow! in—let me see—in 1817. You have heard an old woman mumbling. My voice is a ghost. I was pestered to death once by all the Florentine drawing-rooms to sing! All over Italy my voice was known, thanks to Percy. He always took such pains about my instruction in singing. But how can you say you have heard Constantia singing, now? You have only heard the thin, reedy notes of Constantia's ghost.'

'Constantia is always Constantia, madame,' I said. 'Time cannot wither——'

But she interrupted, laughing, 'Shakespeare said that of Cleopatra in her forties. I'm afraid he would not have been equally complimentary to me in my eighties. But my forties were my best time, too. It was in my forties, and in the forties of this century, I had most money, in any case. On the old baronet's death I inherited 12,000*l.* by Percy's will, and then I settled down in London, after having led a very unsettled life ever since Percy's death. I was until then a regular rolling-stone, wandering from place to place, all over Europe. I was a long time in Russia, in Paris—everywhere.'

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'Do you ever hear of Trelawney, madame?' I asked.

'I know why you ask that question,' she replied, with a laugh. 'Trelawney, I am told, says that Shelley did not intend to leave me more than 6,000*l.*, that the second legacy was a mistake. That is nonsense; Shelley was a very good business man. It is, of course, the fashion to consider him as a being quite too ethereal to care for mundane matters; in point of fact, a kind of inspired idiot. But that is entirely a mistake. No one could be more practical than Shelley, if he liked. He had a most logical mind, and was, perhaps, the first classical scholar in Europe, of his time. No, I know nothing of Trelawney; he never was my friend, you know; and it seems to me he gives himself airs, and always has done, of knowing a great deal more of Shelley, and Byron too (but particularly of Shelley), than he has any right. Why, he only knew Shelley for six months.'

'How he hates Byron, madame!' I said.

'Well, Byron snubbed him, you know. He said "Tre was an excellent fellow until he took to imitating my Childe Harold and Don Juan." This got to Trelawney's ears, and he never forgave Byron for it. Trelawney made himself quite ridiculous when I lived in London, I remember. He absolutely lived, or in any case dined out, on the strength of his acquaintance with Byron. It was always "Byron said this," "Byron did that." I remember Thackeray takes him off rather well somewhere. I want you to write about me in due time,' she said, 'though not for ten years after my death. Give me that time,' she added, with a smile, 'to rise to another sphere altogether. It is only fair that I, who have been maligned by one set of Shelley enthusiasts, should be placed in my true light before the world; though not a word during Sir Percy Shelley's lifetime. It seems a queer thing, by the way, that the one person whom Shelley loved best on earth, should be constantly held up to opprobrium by his idolaters.'

'Well, well, madame,' I replied, 'we all know the reason of that, and the inspiration of Field Place! That legacy was probably unwelcome to some.'

'You are right there,' the lady replied. 'What an idiot I was to lose nearly all the money in that Lumley's opera-house business! I've always had a mania for music and the stage. It was through the one fancy that I first met Byron, and through the other that I lost my money. I don't know which was the greater disaster.'

I laughed. 'Poor Byron!' I said, 'I'm longing to hear just one good word for him.' And after a good deal of *badinage* between us she went on to say:

'Byron and Shelley were as far asunder as can be imagined in their estimate of women. Byron considered them as men's inferiors; he held an absolutely Oriental view of women. He was fond of saying that he did not think they had any right at the table with men,

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and ought to be shut up in seraglios, as they are in the East. No doubt a good deal of this was affectation, for a man who had travelled as much as he had was a rarity in those days, and he was very fond of airing his Eastern experiences, but much of it was the real expression of his feelings.'

'No wonder you and he did not hit it off long together,' I replied.

'No,' she said; 'Byron never could agree with any woman of much independence of thought.'

'The Countess Guiccioli had a good deal of intellect, I suppose, had she not, madame?' I inquired.

'Oh, to a certain extent she had, but you know what Italian women are! Their education is not of a nature (and still less was it so at that time) to develop a woman's capacities at all. They are just like children—rather vicious children, though. La Guiccioli was, moreover, ridiculously infatuated with Byron. That book of hers which appeared a few years ago is simply absurd! If she had been describing an angel, instead of a man who even his greatest admirers admit was full of blighting faults, she could not have said more.'

'She became a leader of Parisian society after Byron's death, as the Marquise de Boissy, did she not, madame?'

'Yes,' replied Madame Clermont; 'but she was a perfect female Trelawney with her Byronic reminiscences, as Dumas describes in *Monte Christo*. It was a standing joke when I was in Paris in the thirties and forties; people used to draw her out about Byron for the fun of the thing. La Guiccioli was always devoted to Byron's memory. An Englishwoman would have revolted at the treatment she received, but she was as faithful as a dog to him.'

'Did he treat her badly then?' I asked.

'Well, that depends upon what you call treating a woman badly; but from all I have heard he grew very tired of her latterly, and would have severed the link altogether but that he was too closely bound up with the family generally; her brother and he were great friends, and he accompanied Byron to Greece. Byron never behaved with any brutality to her, but he gave her ample cause for jealousy, and showed her in plain words, very plainly, that he was tired.'

'Her book certainly struck me as absurd,' I said. 'As you say, if Byron had been an angel from heaven she could not have spoken of him in higher terms. I have always been told,' I said, 'that La Guiccioli was possessed to her last breath of a burning jealousy of you.'

'I believe she was; but I never knew why, for I certainly cared nothing for Byron. I endeavoured, through Shelley, to effect a reconciliation with him on account of my child's future. Shelley went to him, and stopped some days there, when Byron and La Guiccioli

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shared openly the same house (to the great scandal of her country-folks, who said "Byron had hitherto behaved so well"), in order to try and persuade him to come to an arrangement. La Guiccioli was charmed with Shelley, as all women were, and insisted on his staying considerably longer than he had intended; but it was all to no avail. Byron was as obstinate as a mule when he once set his mind on a thing, and in this case I feel sure that he was egged on by La Guiccioli to send away my child to a convent, both out of spite, to annoy me, and also because she hated to have the child near her.' And the lady's eyes filled with tears.

'Well, madame,' I replied, 'after all, Allegra was brought up in the same faith that you have yourself now adopted.' She paid no attention to this.

'Of course,' she went on, 'there was a reason that Byron used as excuse for his vile conduct in thus robbing me of my child? That vile note at foot of my letter to him which he sent on to Hoppner, and which has been since unearthed, explains it. But it was a lie.'

As I made no reply, she continued, 'I presume you think that there can be no smoke without fire? Well, I will tell you the whole truth now, and you may judge for yourself.'

Nothing more, however, shall be written by me on this subject, so highly distasteful to me, until 1909, and not even then had not Madame Clermont requested me to give what I know to the world after the lapse of time before mentioned.

One of the most interesting things Madame Clermont told me related to the visit Byron paid to the Shelleys at Marlow in her company. I made mention of this visit in my previous article, but the exigencies of space did not permit of my including the following most interesting and characteristic incident.

'At that time,' she said, 'both at the Crown Inn at Marlow and at other inns along the river, a number of French prisoners-of-war from Waterloo were confined, and at the Crown they were shut up in the stalls and loose boxes in the stables.'

'They escaped afterwards, I was glad to hear,' said Madame Clermont; and she told me the following story:

'Byron, the Shelleys, and I went to see them. Byron and Shelley, of course, as red radicals sympathised both with the men and with their cause. Byron was a great worshipper of Bonaparte, and, though Shelley was not that, he hated the British Tory Government of the day much more than he hated Napoleon. Some of the men were sulky and surly, and we could not get a word out of them; and no wonder, for popular feeling ran very high then against France, and there were many in and about Marlow who had lost husbands and brothers and sons in the war. Therefore the poor Frenchmen did not meet with much sympathy. People were a good deal rougher then,

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too, than they are now in their ways of doing things, and though they were not badly treated, the prisoners' lot was by no means what it would have been nowadays. The landlord himself, however, was very kind to them. They were all fond of him. It was a great joke with him when we were in Marlow next year and the prisoners had escaped, how one of them, the wag of the band, left a line for the innkeeper, "Merci mille fois pour votre gracieuse hospitalité." The jovial landlord's account of the matter was very amusing.

'"I don't understand their lingo," he said to Shelley, whom I can so well picture now, with his great gazelle-like eyes and his humorous smile (for Shelley had a good deal of humour, though it never comes out in his poetry) as he listened. "I don't understand their lingo, and no one does hereabouts. But a nephew of mine from London came down here one day, and told me what it meant. I *did* laugh to be sure!"

'The man who sent this *billet doux*, I remember, was one of the two we paid most attention to; the other was a hard-faced veteran of a hundred Napoleonic fights, but the wag was an extremely good-looking, soldierly fellow.

'Byron said to him, "Eh bien, mon brave, est-ce que c'était un beau combat?" and the man's eyes glistened with excitement as he shouted in a voice of thunder, "Si c'était à refaire je le referais. Vive l'Empereur!" and one and all took up the chorus with a mighty shout which almost shook the stables.

We caught the contagion, and both of us girls and Shelley and Byron shouted with one voice: "Vive l'Empereur!" How ridiculous it was! Napoleon was at St. Helena then, and the whole of England was still glowing with the Waterloo triumph, Marlow no exception to the rest of the country, I can assure you. Out came the landlord, with his usually rosy, jovial face quite pale now. Had we been ordinary visitors he would probably have ordered us out of the place there and then, and we should have had to take the next coach back to London—feeling ran so high. But all the world knew Lord Byron, and though "fallen on evil times and evil tongues," as he was fond of saying himself—a comparison which always made me laugh, for anyone more unlike what Milton must have been it would be difficult to conceive—his name was still as that of "a God in the land."

'The landlord came running out. "For Gawd's sake, my lord," he said, "don't shout out that d——d cry! Why, if anyone heard it in the village I'd be murdered," and he called out as a protest "Hurrah for Wellington!"

'"You d——d old rascal!" said Byron, as we all shrieked with laughter. "Bring along four pots of ale for us, and one for each of these gentlemen of France, and we'll drink to Napoleon."

'"It's as much as my life's worth to let you drink to Boney!" the terrified landlord exclaimed, gazing at Byron, as if the devil, tail,

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horns, hoofs and all, were there, and indeed the ill reports of "the wicked Lord Byron" had reached even Marlow.

'But, as was said about Byron's friend, Moore, our worthy host dearly loved a lord, and Byron, flinging him a sovereign, and seizing him with those strong arms of his, said: "If the liquor is not here in three minutes, I'll fling you among these tigers." And a roar of laughter came from the prisoners, for even among those soldiers of the *Grande Armée* the name of Byron was known, and "Vive le Lor' Beeron! Vive le Lor' Beeron!" was the cry now in those stables of the Crown, where heroes were stalled worse than horses.

'The landlord arrived with two trays of pint tankards. The excitement of the men—the contagious excitement of French soldiers, brought on by the magnetism of Napoleon's name and the excitement of Byron's presence, too, his name and his fame; his unearthly beauty as he stood there, like an inspired Apollo—was indescribable. The soldiers raged like lions in their stalls, shouting alternately, "Vive Lor' Beeron! Vive l'Empereur!"—even Napoleon was for a moment second to that other great, but mispronounced, name.

'The landlord stood by with his waiter, both with frightened faces. To call in those days "Vive l'Empereur!" was like calling "Hurrah for the devil!" but Byron, bidding them hand round the tankards, seized one himself. "Now, Shelley," he shouted, "drink up; none of your infernal lemonade this time! Vive l'Empereur, mes braves!" he thundered, and emptied his tankard to the dregs. And a roar that must have echoed far beyond the other bank of the river sprang from the lips of each soldier, tankard in hand, "Vive Lor' Beeron! Vive l'Empereur!"

'Byron strolled off with us afterwards (or rather limped off, I should say) with that calm, contemptuous expression on his lips which they almost always wore.

'"What a magic," he said to me, "that man's name has!" all oblivious of the magic of his own. "He is one of the madmen who have made men mad by their contagion'—a remark which not long afterwards I had the pleasure of reading word for word in verse in the third canto of *Childe Harold*.

'"You are a wonderful actor," I replied. "What a pity that your birth prevented your taking to the stage! You would have rivalled Kean."'

I once asked Madame Clermont a question which seemed rather to amuse her, but which seems to me to have a good deal of weight in the estimate of any man's character, and that was as to whether Byron or Shelley smoked.

'Shelley,' she said, 'never did. Byron at one time, when I first knew him, was a great smoker, but afterwards abandoned the habit almost altogether. On rare occasions, however, he would renew it, and when he did, it was usually to excess.'

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Speaking about perhaps some of the most beautiful of all Shelley's lyrics, those dedicated to Miss Clermont, four in number, *The Invitation*, *The Recollection*, *With a Guitar to Jane*, and another *To Jane*, beginning—

The keen stars were twinkling,

she remarked to me, with a sigh of pleased and pensive reminiscence:

'I remember so well those walks we took that he alludes to in *The Invitation* and *The Recollection*. Let me see, how does *The Invitation* begin? I know that it is very complimentary to me,' she added with a smile.

Radiant Sister of the Day,
Awake! arise! and come away
To the wild woods and the plains,
And the pools where winter rains
Image all their roof of leaves,
Where the pine its garland weaves
Of sapless green and ivy dun,
Round stems which never kiss the sun.

'What a charming place Pisa is! Strange that it should have gone so out of fashion among the English now! Then it was the most popular English colony in Southern Europe.'

'The Western Riviera is rather supplanting Italy,' I said.

'Ah, but there is no place in the world like Italy! See how all of us who have once felt its charm come back again!'

'"That Paradise of exiles, Italy!" as Shelley called it,' I replied.

'Yes,' she said, 'nearly all who knew it in those days, who were there in our time, have gravitated back. But I am the last of all left, except Mr. Severn, Keats's friend. It is significant of Italy's charm that the three greatest poets of the century should all have been there at the same time, and singular that all should have died within three years of one another.

'How strange it is,' she continued: 'the longevity of all who knew the three great poets whose own lives were so short—Keats, Shelley, and Byron—the eldest dying at six-and-thirty, Shelley at nine-and-twenty, and Keats at five-and-twenty. Trelawney, who was born the same year as Shelley, is still alive at far over eighty, I am eighty; and Peacock died a very old man; Mr. Severn is more than eighty; Keats's sister, I believe, is still alive; and the false Fanny Brawne,' she said, with a little laugh, 'whom I knew in London, only died about 1865.'

'Can you give me an introduction to Mr. Severn, madame? I am anxious to see him, if I go to Rome.'

'None is necessary,' she replied. 'He is a delightful old man, and will be only too glad to see an admirer of his beloved Keats.'

'What beautiful constancy and affection that is of his! Keats

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died the year before Shelley, 1821, and Mr. Severn keeps his memory still as bright as ever.'

'Well,' she continued, with a half sigh, half smile, 'I suppose Mr. Severn and I will both soon rejoin our beloved ones. "A soul of gold," as Shelley called him. Do you admire Keats yourself? You do not think him equal to Shelley, as some say, do you?'

I laughed. 'Most certainly not! madame. Keats died far too early to give one an idea of what he might do in mature years, and to compare him with Shelley is ridiculous, for the quantity of work he has done altogether is not a tithe of Shelley's, and what there is reminds me very much of a luxuriant but unweeded garden. Nothing can be more cloying than his earlier poetry, with his "dear delights" and "darling essence," and "cheating dove-like bosoms." I quite agree with Byron in his contempt for all that part of "the Mannikin's" work as he called him. But, on the other hand, the sonnets are absolute perfection. Nothing can surpass the beauty of that rich golden haze of vague, sweet mystery and dream which surrounds them like a nimbus. It seems almost incredible that the same man who could write the repulsive trash that I have been speaking of, could also compose those divine lines, instinct with all the mystery and melody and glamour of old romance—lines which alone would make a man immortal:

> Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn.

'Was not that a strange presentiment of his own death that Shelley had?' Madame Clermont remarked. 'Was it not strange that in describing Keats's or Adonais's death, he exactly described his own?'

'That is, I always think,' I replied, 'one of the most wonderful psychological cases in history.'

'It is a strange thing,' I remarked, 'that that most interesting episode you have told me about Marlow and the French prisoners should never have been related before by any of the Shelley and Byron biographers.'

'Oh, no, not at all!' she replied. 'All the contemporaries who wrote of Byron and Shelley only came into our circle after that, in Italy. Tom Medwin and Trelawney, Hunt and the rest—Mary became far too prim and proper to write about a scene like that, living as she did in highly respectable Sussex county society. Mary always had a great respect for "Mrs. Grundy."'

'Shelley must have tried her a good deal, then,' I said. 'What did she think of that poem beginning (and to whom did it allude)—

> The serpent is shut out from Paradise,
> The wounded deer must seek the herb no more
> In which its heart-cure lies'?

'It made no difference,' Madame Clermont replied. 'Some re-

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viewers have endeavoured to make out that it referred to some *tendresse* for Mrs. Williams; but surely it is hardly likely that Shelley would expect her husband to share in his enthusiasm, and address the poem to him as he did. The Williamses knew perfectly well to whom the allusion was.' But here I venture to differ with Miss Clermont, though I could not well say so at the time.

'Poor Mary!' I replied. 'Fancy such a disturbing element in the house! It cannot be altogether bliss to have a lovely sister and an arch-charmeuse under the same roof with a husband who speaks the language of the gods, whose "food is love and fame."'

'Well, it was not my fault that men fell in love with me, she replied, with that strange half-shy, tantalising smile which irradiated her face with a flood of youth, and put it out of one's power for some minutes to realise that this was a woman of eighty.

I asked her the question if Byron had ever been in France, saying that I had always understood he had not, but that in his conversations Medwin relates an anecdote of Byron and Rogers among the catacombs in Paris.

'Absolute imagination,' she replied. 'Dear old Tom Medwin had the most vivid imagination; "Bamming" he called that sort of thing, a slang word much used in those days. Byron was never in Paris in his life.'

Of the Shelley *entourage*, Miss Clermont appeared to like her namesake, Jane Williams, the best. A charming woman, she said; both Shelleys were devoted to her. This lady's grief at the terrible news of the disaster which involved the death of both Shelley and her husband, Miss Clermont described to me as pitiful to witness.

'All you ladies,' I remarked, 'seem to have formed a kind of adoring circle around Shelley.'

'Yes,' she said. 'Shelley had an irresistible attraction for all women; his nature was so pure and noble; the tone of his poetry whenever a woman is mentioned is of an almost unearthly purity. Instead of holding with Byron that woman is inferior to man, he looked up to woman as something higher and nobler. Many of his poems express this feeling most forcibly.

> The desire of the Moth for the Star,
> The desire of the night for the morrow,
> The devotion to something afar.'

'I can imagine Shelley,' I said, 'almost like a pretty girl himself. I am sure that poetical epistle to Maria Gisborne is most ladylike.'

She replied indignantly, 'Not at all; there was no lack of manliness about Shelley. He was utterly without any sense of fear; always in the open air, yachting, or taking strong physical exertion. He was the finest walker of any man of the Byron-Shelley *clique*, and could tire out almost any of the others.'

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I again preserved a discreet silence. All the ladies of the clique seem to have enjoyed a passionate feeling for Shelley, and had I ventured to differ with Madame Clermont after this, I should very soon have received my *congé*.

There is one subject on which her evidence was absolutely opposed to that of any of the biographers except Mr. Jeaffreson, who, with his usual acuteness and *flair*, seems to have suspected the truth. She gave me distinctly to understand that at the beginning of the Byron connection she had a pretty clearly defined idea of becoming eventually Lady Byron, and on this subject we had a great deal of conversation which cannot be reported here. Her evidence also was quite opposed to what I may call the 'Shelley-and-Mary-babes-in-the-wood theory.' She told me clearly that the Shelleys knew all about her relations to Byron, both before and during the Genevese epoch. Indeed, Madame Clermont gave me a kind of semi-romantic, semi-comical account of how the news was first brought to the Shelleys by her, before either they or Byron left England. She burst into the house one day, she said, shortly after the first interview with Byron, and exclaimed, to quote her own words: 'Percy! Mary! the great Lord Byron loves me!' 'Percy' was quite pleased at thus forming a kind of brother-in-law of his mighty brother bard, and, I I am sorry to say, laughed; as indeed did the lady when she told me the episode.

The following few particulars may be given—it is impossible to give more—of Miss Clermont's career subsequently to the deaths of Byron and Shelley. She first went to Vienna for a time, where her brother, Charles Clermont, was residing. After that she spent some time in Russia, and later on became a governess in Italy to the descendants of her old friend, Lady Mountcashel. Her position, however, in that family was quite a unique one, Lady Mountcashel's daughter always looking upon her with adoring admiration. I have many interesting particulars, both of this epoch and of her life in Russia, also in Paris (where she spent some years) and in London, where she settled on coming into Shelley's legacy, the greater part of which she lost, as explained by herself. On returning after this loss to settle finally in her beloved Florence, she took in the first instance a villa at S. Domenico, below Fiesole, subsequently to that she lived in Via Valfonda, and up to her death she inhabited a house in the Via Romano.

Jane Clermont's body was buried in the Municipal Cemetery at Trespidano, some four or five miles out of Florence. She had told me that she wished it to rest with that of her child Allegra, but no doubt this was not possible. It was a touching wish, and would have been a touching end to that long, chequered life had all that was mortal of Jane Clermont come to rest at last with the beloved and never-

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forgotten child—though the source of so much bitterness in the past—who predeceased her mother by nearly sixty years.

And now before concluding let me say a few words to clear up some great misconceptions that have always prevailed as to the relations of this lady and Byron. Byron did not treat her badly according to his lights. I have said this to her herself, as plainly as one can say unpleasant things to a lady, and I repeat it here. It is a peculiarity of the feminine disposition to construe slights into crimes, and to dwell and brood over matters that men would pass by unnoticed. Yet though Miss Clermont—and my readers can see it for themselves—though she obviously disliked Byron, I am bound to say she never spoke of him with injustice. Surely the Shelleyolaters should be the last to argue that he treated Jane Clermont badly, seeing that both Shelley and his wife revolved as constantly in his orbit as they possibly could, even abandoning an invitation to Florence for some months in order to continue so revolving at Pisa.

As to the 'vile note' that Miss Clermont spoke of to me, the confidences she made me afterwards (but which, as I have said, cannot be published until 1909) as completely exonerated Byron as Shelley, in my opinion.

The whole history of the discordance between the two was this: Byron was a man of genius, and like most men of genius (and a great deal more than most) he had a vast deal of the woman in his composition, while Jane Clermont was a woman to the very marrow of her bones. Need I say more? It was a question of a woman's ambition, a woman's egotism, a woman's vanity warring with a woman's ambition, a woman's egotism, a woman's vanity. I do not say that these qualities are more developed in women than in men, but they are differently developed.

A once spoiled pet of the drawing-rooms, a hot-press darling of the publishers, meets with a beautiful, fascinating, but spoiled and capricious girl—Italian in appearance and disposition (notwithstanding her strictures on Italian women), though English in depth: she wishes to use the man and his fame as a lever, and on finding that she cannot get all she wants—well, she begins to show her less amiable side; and he, equally or more spoiled, and with a fame perhaps unequalled in history, becomes furious; then love (or whatever approach to love there ever was between them) very quickly changes to intense aversion on both sides. As to Byron's subsequent conduct, it was quite in consonance with the free love tenets of his friend Shelley, who, as I have already said, never showed the slightest resentment against his leaving Jane Clermont when and how he pleased.

> Women are but the margin of our lives,
> The course goes on unheeding.

That was obviously Byron's motto. When they interfered with his life they went to the wall: witness his wife; witness Jane Cler-

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mont; witness, even to some extent, La Guiccioli. To him, after the first heats of passion, women were pretty playthings and no more. Now, Jane Clermont's whole ambition was for glory, and display, and sensation. Amiable, generous, and dowered with a magnetic charm as she was to the last, she always felt that fiery longing to excel, to be great, to be prominent in some way or other. She had turned to Byron in youth, not from love of him, but from love of his fame, for love of sensation. She was dazzled by his glory as one is dazzled by the beams of the sun in his zenith; but her sun passed on, as the sun itself passes on over rich and poor with indifference; and then came the one love of her life—Shelley—Shelley with his soft, tender ways, and divine words; and the rest has been told. At the last came a longing for rest, and 'the eternal croon of Rome' only half supplied that rest. One day I passed her pet priest as he was leaving the house, and found her much agitated.

'What is the matter, madame?' I asked gently.

And the priest's influence seemed but slight, for she replied fiercely, though in that voice of golden accents, looking at me, a boy of twenty then, with a sort of envy, 'Oh God, dear, to be your age! to begin life again! if I could only have another chance! I know I have it in me to be great, but I have missed it—missed it somehow!' And then with that firm belief in a future world this wonderful woman of many moods said, with a steady glance of those keen, piercing eyes of hers: 'I shall have another chance in another world. The priest's talk is jargon. All these shows are only shadows.'

My last sight of her stands pictured clear and distinct from beyond the long lapse of years—waving one white hand to me from the window, with that never-forgotten smile on her lips, as with the other she toyed with the strings of the guitar given to her by Shelley more than sixty years before.

WILLIAM GRAHAM.

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A WORD FOR OUR CATHEDRAL SYSTEM

THE article on our Cathedral system which appeared in the November number of this Review, if it has attracted any attention, has not as yet elicited any reply. Silence is not always complimentary: sometimes it implies contempt. It may well be that Mr. Dickson's essay hardly deserves any serious answer, and that if it had been published in any other place or in any other form it would have died a natural death, as so many similar productions have died, and will die again. But, appearing where it did, it can hardly have missed being brought before the eyes of the more educated classes all over the world, and where greatness is thus thrust upon a man his utterances may not be entirely ignored.

I can well understand how the members of our cathedral chapters should feel reluctant to engage in controversy with a somewhat acrimonious rebel occupying a minor position in the body to which he belongs. They whose interests or professional status, whether civil or ecclesiastical, are assailed by the free lances are always placed at a disadvantage when put upon their defence. We are too apt to assume that he who comes forward as a champion for his order must needs have a selfish motive for entering the lists, and that he only puts on his armour to save himself or his friends from personal loss. I, at any rate, cannot be suspected of having any other purpose to serve in this matter than the desire to speak out my mind against what I hold to be a very mischievous essay, though likely to be mischievous in its tone and tendency chiefly to those least qualified to detect its many fallacies.

For twenty of the best years of my life—without ever having had the 'honourable delight' of belonging to any cathedral chapter—I lived in a cathedral close on terms of cordial intimacy with every member of the cathedral body. During all those years I had ample opportunities, as an outsider, of watching the working of the 'cathedral system,' under conditions far from favourable to the realisation of the ideal of that life which the existence of a cathedral chapter implies. It goes without saying that during those years I saw much that I could not but deplore. I found myself grieving over much that might very easily have been altered for the better; or lamenting some wasted opportunities for good and some possibilities of larger

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usefulness neglected. But when all is said that can be said, I am profoundly convinced that the hope of a great future for the Church of England lies in the revival of such corporate life in our cathedrals as may make them what, in the main, they were originally intended to be, and may enable them to become the great centres of culture and aspiration through the length and breadth of the land. Culture and aspiration I say, and I use these two words in their widest and fullest meaning.

It is always easy to find fault with the working of a complex piece of machinery, and to point out here and there some flaw or defect which mere wear and tear may have brought about; but no man is qualified—nor has he any moral right—to pose as a reformer of a great institution till he has taken some pains to understand the purpose and object for which it was founded. As far back as 1870 Mr. Freeman reminded us, in his habitually trenchant manner, that 'the awkward attempt at reform which was made thirty years back was made in *utter ignorance of the history and nature of the* [cathedral] *institutions*. Instead of reforming them, it has merely crippled them.' It is not too much to say that this ignorance was all but universal. It is apparent in every page of the documents referred to by Mr. Dickson. It was shared in equal proportion among clergy and laity; it was flagrantly conspicuous in the answers returned by deans, and canons, and prebendaries. Bishop Blomfield himself, ripe and accomplished scholar though he undoubtedly was, knew no more about the history of the corporations whose revenues he set himself to divert into a new channel than an average churchwarden, and very much less than many an intelligent schoolboy knows now. There was some excuse for this half a century ago: there is no excuse for it now. Least of all is there any excuse for it in the case of a clergyman who for more than thirty-five years has had the privilege of living within the precincts of one of the most magnificent cathedrals in Britain, and with such opportunities of studying its past history as only the very few can enjoy. I should be very reluctant to do Mr. Dickson any wrong; but for anything that appears to the contrary in his essay he might be thought, without injustice, to have read, to know, and to understand little or nothing of the subject on which he has undertaken to write.

What are we to say of a clergyman of mature years after all that has been published and made clear to us during the last quarter of a century, committing himself to the astounding sentence, 'It is sometimes urged that the chapter is, or may be, or ought to be, the council of the bishop'?

Why, the very idea of a cathedral chapter is that it should be a corporation discharging the office of a council first and foremost, and next serving as an executive carrying out, under the bishop's initiation, some of the most important administrative duties in the diocese.

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If in the lapse of time bishops have tended to become more and more despotic in their government; if they have isolated themselves and ignored their council of assessors till the function of these latter has become forgotten by neglect and disuse, whose fault is that? Our sovereigns have again and again tried to rule this country without summoning a Parliament. But who doubts that the experiment was always an attempt to violate the Constitution, or that it could not but be followed sooner or later by disastrous consequences? Lose sight of the original idea of a cathedral chapter and of the functions which from the beginning it was intended to discharge, and as a matter of course every survival of a bygone order of things becomes to the superficial observer not only an anomaly, but sometimes a scandal. Keep that idea steadily in view, and all these anomalies receive their easy explanation. Yes, and the lines along which reform should travel become not crooked lines but straight ones, starting from an intelligible beginning in the past, and pointing to a future which shall be but the fuller development of a noble ideal whose growth was arrested by evil influences in the generations behind us.

Take a single instance which Mr. Dickson, in common with other ill-informed persons, has brought into prominence. In many cases, we are told, a bishop is not even entitled to preach as of right in his own cathedral. Why should he?

The regimen of our cathedrals is delegated to the chapter, who are responsible for the conduct of the services and the regulation of all those minute and complex arrangements which have to be made by somebody, unless 'confusion worse confounded' should ensue. Regard the cathedral chapter as it was in idea, and as it is devoutly to be wished it may sooner or later become in fact; regard it, say, as a permanent *department* of the government of the diocese, and how could a deadlock be avoided if the bishop should have the right, or the power, of stepping in at any moment and upsetting the order of proceedings which had been settled after long deliberation and careful provision for contingencies that were likely to arise? Would you have the Sovereign free to intervene at the debates in the Houses of Parliament? Would it be no breach of privilege if he should insist on setting aside the order for the day because he had a speech to make to his faithful Commons? In practice it is ridiculous to suppose that any bishop expressing a wish to preach in the cathedral would not be gladly welcomed; but not even kings or bishops may safely do violence to established customs and ordinances. Do we need to be reminded that the days of despotism and unlimited monarchy are past? Is it wise to hint at their possible revival? But revive the idea of the cathedral chapter, and you will bring back the true conception of the episcopal office as it is presented to us in the earliest Christian records. There the bishop stands before us as a *ruling*

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elder, acting with the advice, co-operation, and cordial support of a deliberative assembly of his Presbyters. "It is not to fetter action, but to develop thought that [such] a council sits." As it was in the apostolic age, so it might be, so it ought to be, now.

It is true that in the lapse of centuries the two co-ordinates have been found too often to work in rivalry rather than in harmony. More than once has the College of Cardinals dominated over the Bishop of Rome to the extent of wellnigh converting him into a puppet of their own. Once at least—it is just seven hundred years ago—Archbishop Baldwin, convinced that the Christ Church monks were, in their corporate capacity, hinderers rather than helpers of their diocesan, attempted to create for himself a new chapter by founding a House of Canons within a mile of Canterbury Cathedral. It was an attempt to supersede the Monastic Chapter and to replace it by a council better qualified to act in co-operation with the Primate, and recruited, as occasion served, from the *secular* as distinct from the *regular* or monastic clergy—a council, the members of which would be more in sympathy with the parish priests of the outer world than with the men of the cloister, and whose loyalty to their *diocesan* would not be likely to be affected by any hopes or fears that the Prior of the monastery might be supposed to suggest to waverers. Unfortunately the Archbishop's attempt failed. The story is a very instructive one, but it cannot be repeated here. The monastery gained the day in the long struggle. The Hakington Canons vanished from the scene. Rome stamped them out. Future archbishops had no choice but to submit with what grace they could command, and ever since those days English bishops have tended to become not less but more uncontrolled than they had been. The chapters, whether of *seculars* or *regulars*, were ignored. The bishops managed as far as possible to do without them; it was safer to leave them to go their own way. Yet even down to the suppression of the religious houses there were occasions, not few nor unimportant, when the acts of the bishops required the ratification of the prior and seniors of the monastery in the one case and of the canons in the other; the idea of the bishop being powerless without the sanction of his council having still survived when so much had passed away.

When history has so much to teach us, if we will but study it, so much about the mistakes and the wisdom of our forefathers—the mistakes to guard against, the wisdom to guide us—when we are in possession of all that mass of evidence which the researches of the last half-century have brought ready to our hands, it is disappointing and discouraging indeed to find self-styled reformers taking up the crude notions of ignorant revolutionists such as we had supposed all thoughtful men had long since cast behind them.

By far the grandest scheme of cathedral reform which has ever been put forth in England was published fourteen years ago (though

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written earlier) by His Grace the present Archbishop of Canterbury, then Bishop of Truro. It is a masterly and statesmanlike exposition of the true ideal of cathedral life and cathedral activity as it was once attempted to realise in fact, as it is earnestly to be desired might be carried out in practice now, as enthusiastic and heroic natures, strong in faith and fearlessly trusting in the great possibilities of the future, confidently believe will be realised in the days that are coming. The little volume is strong meat. It cannot be easily assimilated by shallow pretenders. Not only will it bear, it will require more than one reading if it is to be mastered. Perhaps this is why it has not commanded the wide circulation it deserves. But the man who presumes to write on the subject of cathedral reform without humble and careful study of the volume referred to requires to go to school again.

Fourteen years ago the Archbishop wrote:

> Reserved for our days have been decanal propositions to diminish decanal difficulties by dissolving canonical corporations and making the dean into a grander rector, with vicars for curates. . . . Let us trust we have heard the last of these things.

Alas! we have *not* 'heard the last of these things.' A minor canon of the Cathedral church of Ely, apparently with no suspicion that he was firing off an exploded cartridge, writes as follows:

> To every cathedral we could attach a parochial cure, of which the dean should be rector. . . . The dean-rector would be assisted in the various duties of this cure by all the other clergy. . . . We alter entirely the status of the canon. Hitherto he has himself been a rector; under our scheme he might be properly described as a curate. We mean that the dignified personage now known as a canon . . . would have no place in our cathedral of the future.

What, then, is to be the constitution of the *cathedral of the future*, which is to replace the cathedral of the present, and help us to forget the cathedral of the past? So far as we can make out its lineaments in the rather blotchy *impressionist* picture which Mr. Dickson attempts to delineate, the cathedral of the future comes out as follows:—

1. The only dignified personage in the new cathedral is to be the dean, who is to be not only the dean-rector of the cathedral, but, besides that, a kind of chorepiscopus of the cathedral town. In the 'small town dignified by the title of a city' the dean is to occupy the position of a conquering general, planting his headquarters somewhere, not necessarily around the great church, and from headquarters issuing his orders.

2. The parochial clergy of the cathedral towns are to retain their benefices as now. Thus, the nine parish priests ministering to the 10,000 inhabitants of Canterbury, and those other nine who are ministering among the 8,000 at Chichester, and those other beneficed clergy who are fairly sufficient for the spiritual needs of Ripon, Ely,

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and Wells, are to be graciously permitted to retain their several incumbencies—but they are to be carefully watched, they are to be overshadowed.

3. Under the dean-rector there is to be a staff of 'four or more priests,' to whom are to be entrusted 'the whole of the duties, collegiate and parochial, attached to his (the dean's) office.' These are the new canons, who are to do as they are told, and to carry out the bidding of their master, the dean.

4. This staff is moreover expected to perform some very peculiar duties. In point of fact they are to serve as a body of inspectors of the parochial clergy and of their congregations. They are to keep a strict watch over the conduct of the services in the parish churches: to see that there is no apeing of the cathedral ritual; to forbid the singing of anything but chants and hymns in the congregational worship; to do what in them lies to promote a spirit of humility in the *inferior clergy*, and by all means to discourage young men, young women, and boys—who would otherwise *do their duty by singing the hymns and chants in their parish churches*—from slinking into the cathedral at the wrong time!

5. But if there are still to be residentiary canons, with a new status and new duties, in the cathedral of the future, there is a clean sweep to be made, and at once, of two classes of 'dignified personages,' for whom Mr. Dickson has no toleration, and who are now exercising a most *disastrous* influence upon the cathedral bodies. These are, first, the representatives of the diocesan element in the chapters, and the nominees of the bishops, to wit, the archdeacons or the examining chaplains; and secondly, there are the representatives of learning and intellectual eminence in the Church, on whom canonries are sometimes bestowed by the Crown at the advice of the Prime Minister for the time being.

All these personages, says Mr. Dickson, 'including certain professors at Durham, Ely, and Oxford, and certain archdeacons . . . whose official incomes are guaranteed to them . . . will be abolished under our scheme.' The guillotine is to be mercifully applied. The professors and other learned members of the chapters may keep their money, but their room is better than their company. So far from the residence of eminent academics being insisted on, they are no longer to be allowed to reside.

6. In fact they are to be paid to stay away! So with those three archdeacons who occupy stalls at Canterbury, and the score or so of others who are to be found among the most serviceable residentiaries elsewhere, and specially those two offensive and objectionable archdeacons always in residence at Ely—they are to carry themselves and their shovel hats elsewhere. They are to give place to —— What? Ah! what indeed?

Let it be remembered that it is no more than an accident that

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any great excellence in the musical services of the sanctuary has become the characteristic of our cathedrals. In so far as mere instrumentation has been raised to such a point of sensuous ravishment as to throw into the background the higher purposes and the nobler work which our cathedral foundations were intended to carry out, so far have our ornate musical services been a snare. But here comes a theorist so infatuated with the idolatry of his art that he gravely —almost passionately—pleads for our cathedrals being turned into academies of music—that and nothing more. We have all heard of musical cant, but here is what I can only call musical rant.

> The maintenance of musical services of a high order of artistic excellence is in the very forefront of the duties imposed upon the chapters, [and] the general public may be forgiven if they see in this the very *raison d'être* of the cathedrals, and if they fail to perceive any other. . . . The cathedral . . . is the one single church in each diocese in which pure worship may be placed above edification . . . the one church in which . . . the *consecration of art may be ranked above the satisfying of spiritual needs.*

If this means anything, it means that our cathedrals are not intended to be used as places of prayer and humble communion with the Heavenly Father, but mere vast music-halls, in which the organist and the choir are to reign supreme, without any regard to the spiritual cravings or needs of the assembly gathered together less to worship than to listen. It is not to be permitted that the *audience* shall take any part in the display. The preaching of the word, even the administration of the Sacrament, is to be subordinated to the perfect instrumentation of the 'choral body.'

A picture gallery is a place where people come to look and wonder. A cathedral is to be a place where people are to be allowed to hear the music if they keep their places and sit still!

'What is sacred music?' was a question asked some forty years ago by one of the most enthusiastic and accomplished musical critics of his generation; and to that question he could never find a satisfactory answer. But now, at last, we are assured that sacred music is the end and object for which our cathedrals exist; and we are further assured that they who regard sacred music as no more than a means to an infinitely higher end, are blind and ignorant and all astray.

A man who is irrecoverably possessed by so strange a delusion as this is not the man to help us towards such reforms in our cathedral chapters, their government and their adaptability to the wants of the Church and the nation, as we most of us feel to be needed. The common sense of the people would promptly revolt against such a preposterous waste of resources upon so comparatively slight an object as is here proposed. Projects so inept must be put out of court promptly and decisively as a preliminary to any serious discussion of the great questions that are involved, and which call for all the sagacity and breadth of view which the ablest and most gifted among us can bring to bear. Never were the clergy of the Church of

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England as a body so illiterate as they now are *relatively to the rest of the community*. Never did we stand more in need of 'schools of the prophets' in which learning might find a home whence light might radiate among the large numbers of very imperfectly educated parish priests in town and country. Never did our younger clergy stand in such grievous need of recognised and authoritative counsel, instruction, and direction. Never was it more necessary that they should be brought to see that there are gifts even higher and nobler than mere fluency of speech or the faculty of 'serving tables,' and other careers of usefulness for the stewards of the mysteries of God besides those which a narrow and selfish congregationalism is wont to extol most loudly.

Let it be conceded mournfully but frankly that our cathedrals have not done for us what we had a right to expect from them. The question still remains, Who is to blame for the shortcoming?

Be it as it may, some of us are deeply convinced that in the immense reserve of moral and intellectual force still at our disposal in these same cathedrals—which only needs to be set free to exercise its influence far and wide—lies the hope of such a future for the Church in England as may fear no comparison with the glorious annals of her past. Tied and bound by all sorts of shackles, deans and chapters have felt that their strength was to sit still, and all the while they have been mocked by the cry that calls them to be up and doing. A canon is solemnly led to his *stall*—what a horribly suggestive word! —but he no sooner gets there than he finds he has a halter round his neck and that he is tied to the manger. A dean is lifted on to the box-seat and expected to drive his four-in-hand; but where are the reins? Reform? Of course we want reform. But may God's providence protect us from such nostrums as are, at the best, words without knowledge. Reform? Yes! But it is more life and fuller that we want in these venerable foundations which, after all that has been done to extinguish their potentialities, are not yet slain.

Reform? Yes! But let that reform be entered upon intelligently, earnestly, humbly. Intelligently: for you cannot hope to reform that about which you know too little. Earnestly: for the task before you is to rescue from greedy and ignorant spoilers those resources which the nation has a right to claim should be used for the moral, intellectual, and spiritual elevation of every class and every order. Humbly: for if you disdain to sit awhile in the disciple's seat, before you presume to occupy the teacher's chair, your attempts at reform will be nothing better than the antics of an empiric, only not ludicrous because the issues at stake are so momentous. Beginning by denouncing blindly that which you have never loved, and going on to dream of the degradation of that which you have never learnt to understand, you will end by petulantly endeavouring to destroy.

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

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THE NEW WINTER-LAND

NORTH AFRICA—or, to be more exact, French North Africa—has been called 'The New Winter-Land.' Of the thousands of Anglo-American health-seekers and pleasure-travellers who annually betake themselves to the Riviera, Italy, or Egypt, to name only the three favourite goals of those persons fortunate enough to escape London fogs and New York 'thaws,' many hundreds are each year choosing rather to go to French Barbary. The climate, at its best, is superior to that of Italy or the Riviera: the leading resorts are as easily reached as those in Sicily or Central Italy: travelling in the country is at once cheaper and more novel in point of interest; and the maximum of occidental sunshine may be safely calculated upon. French guidebook writers are fond of comparing Algeria with Egypt. The comparison is even more wide of the facts than similar estimates habitually are. Neither in climate nor in anything else, except certain obvious Arabic resemblances in costume and customs, does the foremost colony of France suggest the old land of the Pyramids. The only portion of it which can with justice be mentioned comparatively is the oasis of Biskra in the Ziban, where, indeed, the typical 'Orient' is to be seen and enjoyed. The Moorish Orient is to be found in many places, particularly in Tunis and throughout Tunisia, in Constantine, in Tlemçen; but nowhere, from Tangier on the Atlantic to Susa on the Syrtean Gulf, is there any town really like Cairo or any stretch of country resembling that of the reaches of the Nile.

For many years the ordinary pleasure of breaking new ground, of exploration, of antiquarian research, of sport, severally attracted the great majority of those winter visitors who sought the Southern Mediterranean littoral. Of late there has been an immense access in the number of those who sojourn abroad for health. Still, a general ignorance prevails as to how to get to the French-African health resorts, how best to reach Algeria itself, how to conduct travel in uncivilised Barbary, and as to many other problems connected with moving to and fro. Even in Algiers itself, where hundreds go every winter either for a brief holiday or for the season, and go no further, or no further than the neighbouring tourist resorts in the Djurdjura or along the Atlas range, I have been surprised to find so many who were convinced that 'a wild country' lay to the south and

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east, and even to the west: who thought that an escort would be needed to visit certain places, when, as a matter of fact, an escort would be as needless as in Marseilles or Paris; and who feared that ignorance of Arabic would be a fatal drawback.

But, with all the many advantages of Algeria—which, it may be as well to add here, comprises not only the great province of Algeria proper, but also the even more extensive provinces of Oran and Constantine—there are likewise many disadvantages for those who go thither in the quest of health or for alleviation of confirmed disease. Physicians have too lightly offered their recommendations. There is, perhaps, only one place in the whole of French Africa where consumptive invalids can be sent with safety—the oasis of Biskra, in that part of the Northern Sahara known as the Ziban, where a divine climate can be enjoyed, without, for the invalid, the serious drawback of extreme domestic discomfort.

I am aware that this opinion will be gainsaid by many, particularly in Algiers. But each can judge only from his own experience. Bearing in mind how all-important for invalids are considerations not only of climate, but also of accommodation, food, and cheerful environment, I should say that persons who are actually ill—persons whose quest is alleviation of their disease rather than prevention—should not stay longer than a month or six weeks in Algeria, even with a season climatically at its best, except at Algiers or Biskra—and, for health's sake, preferably at Biskra. There are other delightful health resorts: Hammam R'Ihra, in the province of Oran; Hammam Meskoutine, in that of Constantine; the city of Tlemçen—to specify three only: but they have marked disadvantages for those who do not wish to move about much and who prefer, if practicable, to stay in one place. Tlemçen, the most delightfully situated town in French Africa, as well as one of the most fascinating, and with a climate which at its best is the rival of any in Italy or the Riviera, is not only subject to considerable cold during January and even February, and to heavy rains when first the winter breaks, but is also ill supplied with pleasant accommodation. Even its best hotel is 'rougher' than the inns of Provence or the French midlands. The food is second-rate, and there is little variety and less delicacy. The bedroom accommodation is austere to the point of discomfort, and in midwinter the rooms are bitterly cold. 'Service' is a convenience to be remembered merely; for, except in the most elementary way, it will not be experienced. At either Hammam R'Ihra or Hammam Meskoutine the visitor will have every comfort, and will be in the neighbourhood of strange and interesting country; but there is the drawback of an isolation which, at the first-named thermal resort in particular, cannot but be harmful to many. There is an element of profound depression in the North-African landscape which has to be reckoned with. Some do not experience it at all: to others it becomes a source

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of discomfort, and worse. Even at Algiers, delightful city as it is, even to the resident in Mustapha Supérieur, there is apt to come this subtle sense of depression, after a few weeks have satiated the sense of novelty and first keen enjoyment. Those who do not experience it at Algiers may realise it at Biskra: others at inland resorts, such as Hammam R'Ihra.

It is, perhaps, only in the Mustapha hotels that the confirmed invalid may expect to find all those domestic conveniences of diet and accommodation which are so essential to his or to her welfare. At one or two of these—notably at the high-set Hôtel St. George—the winter months can be spent with pleasure and comparative safety. But, whatever doctors may say, and enthusiastic authorities such as Sir Lambert Playfair, the invalid must be on his guard against a damp atmosphere, particularly in the late afternoons. Algiers—or at any rate Mustapha Supérieur—is said to have a climate so dry that even during heavy rain articles not actually exposed to the falling wet retain their crisp dryness. Last winter was not a wet year, but I know that I felt the damp at Mustapha in a way that recalled the home counties rather than suggested North Africa. For those who can afford a villa on the extreme of Mustapha or at El Biar probably all is well, and Algiers and its climate and its resources suggestive of that 'unpermitted Eden' which Rossetti tells us lies 'secret somewhere on this earth.'

To be brief then—for I am not writing this paper for the incurable invalid so much as for the less exigent sunshine-seeker—it would be better for the consumptive visitor to North Africa to sojourn at Biskra (and there at the Hôtel Victoria), where he or she will enjoy the driest climate in the country, with the delightful and stimulating air of the Sahara, with many fascinating objects and places to visit, with lovely and varied drives and rides easily practicable, and with a bright, ever-varying, and pleasant society. The only danger will be that which I may call the nostalgia for the familiar north. For at Biskra the visitor is in the Africa one dreams of—amid oases of tall palms, set in a vast tract of mountain-frontiered desert. Here for weeks life slips by as a pleasant dream. One day there comes a sudden longing, then a gradual distaste. Thereafter, it is a matter of temperament whether 'Biskra weariness' is to be reckoned with as a passing indisposition or as a malady.

After Biskra I should recommend a short sojourn at the Hammam R'Ihra, if hill-air and the 'rheumatism-cure' be wanted, and if the place be found to suit. At Mustapha, again, the best hotels for the invalid would be the St. George, the Splendide, and the Continental. Personally I like the situation of the Hôtel Splendide, but it is too exposed for delicate people, and is somewhat inconvenient for those who wish to visit or shop in Algiers; an inconvenience, indeed, common to the whole of Mustapha Supérieur. The

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St. George has charming rooms facing seaward, with a pleasant terrace and sloping gardens; and, to many visitors, the additional attraction of an English, or mainly English, service-staff.

But now let me pass in rapid review the pleasantest winter resorts in French Africa, for others than those persons who, after all, should go nowhere without the explicit advice of specialist physicians.

First, let it be said at once that travelling in Algeria is no whit more inconvenient than, and as little perilous as, in France. Those who go thither from Spain will congratulate themselves on the change. There is no more difficulty in making the tour of French Africa than of Switzerland. Most localities of interest or importance can be reached by railway, or by railway and connected *diligence*; nor does the mule, or horse, or camel become needful, save on those expeditions in the Sahara regions which scarce ten in a thousand travellers undertake. As for the language, the tourist who can 'rub along' in France or Belgium or Switzerland will pay no severer penalties than are exacted from him in those countries. It is not necessary, so long as the ordinary routes are adhered to, to know a sentence of Moorish Arabic. French gold and silver money brought from Paris or Marseilles is the same coin as that which circulates in the steep alleys of Algiers and the bazaars of Tlemçen—in a word, throughout the country, from the Morocco frontier to G'hrardimaou, the outpost of Tunisia.[1]

On the whole, the expenses of living are much the same as those in the tourist-frequented parts of France: more than in Brittany, perhaps less than in Arles, Nîmes, and other Provençal towns. At certain hotels arrangements are easily made to the material modification of the nominal scale of charges: that is, if the projected stay be not restricted to two or three days only. At many table wine is not charged for. This Algerian *vin ordinaire* is commonly better than what one generally gets in France (though when not tolerable it is worse than any beverage in the whole civilised or uncivilised world), while inferior to the light white and red wines of Central Italy. At Mascara one may imbibe without a qualm, at Tlemçen too, and at other Oranian and Algerian towns and settlements. At Sétif, Constantine, even at Biskra, it is safer to take for granted that the wine is as little wholesome as it is palatable. For visitors content to take things as they come, the average pension-rate, away from Algiers, may be set down as ten francs per diem: it would be nearer the mark, however, to calculate at a daily pension-rate of twelve or twelve and a half francs. In almost no instance, however, I may add, will travellers gain in comfort or pocket by use of

[1] Travellers bound for Tunis must bear in mind that throughout Tunisia Franco-Tunisian money, distinct from that of Algeria, is used. Algerian notes in particular should be exchanged for French or Tunisian gold before departure from Algiers, or Constantine, or Bône. French or Algerian stamps and postcards are useless in Tunisia.

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tourist-agent coupons. On the other hand, a very considerable gain is ensured by taking (preferably in London, Paris, or Marseilles) the Franco-Algerian circular-tour coupons, which, with a little forethought, can be arranged to suit every foreseen travel-project. The saving, it may be added, is in the majority of instances as much as 40 per cent.

There are several ways of approach to French Barbary. One or two delightful routes are open to those travellers who come from the East, or from Greece or the Adriatic, by way of Malta or Tunis; or by Malta and Susa (Sousse); or from any of the Sicilian ports; or from Naples, Leghorn, or Genoa, viâ Tunis (or, if preferred, by any port on the Tripolitan littoral, from Tripoli north-westward): but to these routes detailed reference need not be made here. I may say, simply, that there is no pleasanter way of reaching France or England, from Naples or Malta (for travellers from the East), than by steamer to Tunis; or, if practicable, to Susa first, for the purpose of visiting the holy city of Kairouan, now to be reached, seen, and returned from easily in three days; and then from Tunis by rail to Constantine, Biskra if practicable, Algiers, Tlemçen if possible, and Oran; thence by steamer to Marseilles, or to the south of Spain; or, again, by steamer to Tangier (or to Tangier viâ Gibraltar), and thence home either through Spain and France, or by one of the great 'liners' that touch at Gibraltar on the homeward route.

Of course, however, by far the greater number of visitors go in the reverse direction.

In the first place, then, for those who wish to go to Algiers direct and have no intention of travelling through the Barbary States, there are two leading routes. For those who wish the sea-voyage there is a weekly steamer to Algiers viâ Gibraltar. For others there is the comfortable, expeditious, and punctual mail route by Paris and Marseilles; thence any day, except Monday or Friday, about noon, to Algiers, which is reached early or late according to the weather on the following afternoon. Except for young men, not unwilling to put up with some discomfort for the sake of the saving of thirty or forty francs, the journey should be made in no other steamers than in the mail boats of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique. Even these boats vary very much, and the wise traveller will so arrange as to sail by the 'Maréchal Bugeaud' or the 'Ville d'Alger.' For some reason the 'Eugène Péreire' is a favourite; but, besides being a 'roller' in a heavy sea (and when is the Gulf of Lions ever really calm?), she is not so comfortable in her accommodation. On disembarkation at Algiers it will seem to the traveller who visits the 'East' for the first time that he is being delivered over to a horde of clamorous Moors, eager for spoil: but, as a matter of fact, he need not perturb himself if he give his hand luggage to the first dusky badge-bearing porter on the wharf, and then mention the omnibus of the

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hotel where he intends to stay. If perchance the landing has to be made in boats, on account of a heavy sea, the charges are thirty centimes for each person, and twenty centimes for each piece of luggage other than that which is hand-carried. As tourists are not inveterate contrabandists, and when they transgress at all generally sin through ignorance, it may be added that gentlemen must be on their guard against entertaining too liberal notions on the amount of tobacco, particularly in the form of cigars, which can be permitted to pass free of duty on the score of being for immediate personal use, and ladies against attempting to take ashore with them any of the fruit or flowers they may have brought with them from Marseilles. 'Flowers, fruit, and tobacco; that is all we expect to find with English and American tourists.'

If the projected stay be for not more than a week, much the best plan will be to put up in Algiers itself, and preferably at either the Hôtel de l'Europe (with its fine seaward and mountain views) or at the excellent and moderate Hôtel de la Régence. If the visit be one of longer duration, it would be better to go to one of the first-class hotels on Mustapha Supérieur—the Continental, d'Orient, Kirsch, St. George, or Splendide (the former Château Keith, and in an unrivalled position for persons of sound lungs and heart); or, for those who prefer the somewhat more private family-pension establishments, the Olivage or the Hôtel Dario.

Any locality in French Africa can be easily reached from Algiers. Many visitors therefore prefer to go there for a few weeks first, and then travel west, north-east, or east by turns. But there is a still larger number who have neither the time nor the funds to spare for this leisurely and pleasant plan—to say nothing of the dislike that many persons have of covering the same ground twice or oftener.

Two of the most delightful trips, involving a minimum of outlay, can be made to comprise a visit to the chief places in French Africa. Instead of reaching thither viâ Algiers, let the tourist go (from Marseilles, or Port Vendres, or any of the southern Spanish ports, or from Tangier or Gibraltar) viâ Oran. This Spanish-Mauresque-French city is a bright and pleasant place, but is so much less Moorish than Algiers or Tunis that it would seem uninteresting if visited last instead of first. Few strangers, however, not detained by business or private affairs, stay long. There is much of extreme interest in the province of Oran, but the supreme attraction is the lovely and remarkable city of Tlemçen, the Florence of Mauritania, as it has not altogether inaptly been called. The several circular tickets do not comprise Tlemçen, but the traveller has only to diverge from the main line from Oran to Algiers at Sainte-Barbe-du-Tlélat, and go thence by the hill-branch. There are two trains daily, but much the better to travel by is that which leaves Oran at 7 A.M., and is due at Tlemçen about half an hour after noon. The single fares

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from Tlélat are only about five shillings first class, and three and tenpence second class. It is possible, by starting early and arriving about midnight, to make the journey from Tlemçen to Algiers in one day; but highly unadvisable, not only on account of the heat and fatigue of travelling long distances in North Africa, but because of the frequent beauty and general impressiveness of the country traversed. Besides, there are one or two places that might advantageously be stopped at *en route*. From Algiers, again, the traveller can go past the romantic Djurdjura Mountains and Southern Kabylia (the African Highlands) to Constantine, one of the most fascinating as it is one of the most picturesque and perhaps the most grandly situated of cities in the world. Thence at a small outlay he can diverge, and visit the magnificent remains of the Roman dominion near Batna and elsewhere, or go south to beautiful El-Kantara, at the mouth of the desert, or to Biskra, the first oasis in the Sahara. Time and means not permitting such excursions, he can resume his journey, after a day or two at least in Constantine, in accordance with the exigencies of his selected route; that is, either homeward viâ Bône, Corsica, and Marseilles, or onward through Tunisia to Tunis (and the vast site of Carthage), and thence by steamer to Marseilles in two days, or rather two nights. The circular ticket by the Oran-Algiers-Tunis route will cost about 17*l.* first and 13*l.* 10*s.* second class; that by the Oran-Algiers-Bône-and-Ajaccio route about 14*l.* 10*s.* and 11*l.*: in each instance the tickets comprising all wayfaring charges by rail or steamer, from Paris back to Paris.

For those who for convenience or choice would prefer to travel *vice versâ*, the French Company grants an excellent circular ticket (No. 41), by which the tourist would sail from Marseilles to Tunis and go thence at his leisure overland viâ Constantine, Algiers, and Oran, thence by steamer to Port Vendres, and thence by rail to Paris viâ Bordeaux (I. 425 frs.; II. 330 frs.)

Those who fancy these routes with the omission of Oran or Tunis can get 'billets de voyages circulaires,' 'Paris-Marseille-Alger-Constantine-Bône-Ajaccio-Marseille-Paris' (No. 33) for about 13*l.* 8*s.* and 10*l.*; viâ 'Paris-Marseille-Bône-Alger-Port-Vendres-Bordeaux-Paris' (No. 39) for 12*l.* 4*s.* and 9*l.* 4*s.*; or viâ 'Paris-Marseille-Tunis-Bône-Constantine-Alger-Marseille-Paris' (No. 36) for about 15*l.* 15*s.* and 11*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

If any care for a coasting trip (so delightful for the superb views it affords, and the frequent landing at interesting places, but so dire an experience as a rule for sufferers from sea-sickness, chiefly because of the nearly chronic heavy swell along the North African littoral) ticket No. 37 should be asked for. This will take one from Paris-Marseilles to Tunis, and thence by steamer viâ the Algerian coast towns to Algiers, thence to Marseilles again—fares, 15*l.* 4*s.* and 11*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*, though in this instance the small difference between first

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and second class would be more than well expended in the purchase of first-class coupons.

There are, however, many ways of arranging one's route, and the best plan is to think over one's plans carefully (for the route once chosen must be adhered to), and then take the tickets after consultation with some tourist-agent or circular-travel official.

So much for those who are not restricted by considerations of health from going elsewhere than to acknowledged health resorts.

The chief of these health resorts are:—

In the province of Algiers: Algiers, El Biar, Hammam R'Ihra, Miliana.

In the province of Oran: Oran, Tlemçen, Mascara.

In the province of Constantine; Biskra, Hammam Meskoutine.

There are many other places whose situation, climate, and general salubrity invite the traveller who can combine the quest of health and pleasure, but nearly all with some serious drawback—lack of good, often even of tolerable, accommodation, inconvenient remoteness, unsuitability for a prolonged stay, liability to severe and abrupt weather changes, and so on. Among these localities I may specify, in the province of Oran, El Aghouat, Aïn-Temouchent, Hammam Bou Hadjar; in the province of Algiers, Aïn-Beida, Aïn-Kenchla, Blidah, Bordj Bou-Arreredj, Bougie, Bône, Philippeville, Cherchel (these four on the coast, and the last-named to the west of Algiers), Kharaia, Medeah, and Teniet-el-Haäd; and in the province of Constantine, the city of Constantine, El-Kantara, Tebessa, and several small places in the upland country. In Tunisia there are no suitable localities save Tunis and its vicinage, and Susa on the coast. All the aforenamed places are well worth visiting, and at some of them a stay might pleasurably be made. At few, however, will the visitor without ample means (for indulgence in drives, rides, and other 'extras') care to linger more than a day or two. Constantine, of course, is of paramount interest, but it is a health resort only for those who need bracing. It has a delightful climate for the strong, but, mountain city as it is, it is subject to sudden cold, rains, and violent winds. The hotels, too, are mainly adapted to the convenience of the *commis-voyageur*. Bougie, Bône, and Philippeville are all pleasant coast-towns, but not places to detain one beyond a day or two. Each, moreover, is subject to sea-damp and dangerous mists. Cherchel is more interesting, but accommodation is primitive. El-Kantara is a charming spot, a place where the artist, the sportsman, the lover of wild and impressive as well as strangely picturesque aspects of nature, and the antiquarian, might spend a week or two with unfailing delight. But the hotel is in a gorge through which a keen wind often sweeps, and where there is more shade than is good for those who have left England in quest of sunshine. Tebessa, now

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attainable in a day by a branch line from the Bône-Tunis line at Souk-Ahras that runs through the wild, desolate country where St. Augustine and Apuleius spent their youth, is of all places in Algeria the most fascinating for the student of Rome in Africa. One might well stay here for many weeks, for the climate is excellent and the interests manifold, but the hotel accommodation and hotel food vie with each other as to which can prove the less attractive. For those who love magnificent scenery, and benefit by residence (among pines and cedars) at a high elevation, Teniet-el-Haäd will strongly appeal. The village itself is on level ground, a grassy plateau surrounded by picturesque heights; but this plateau is no less than close on 4,000 feet above the sea. Teniet is a charming spot, even without the supreme attraction of its adjacent and famous cedar-forest, two hours' ride distant on the upper slopes of the Atlas Mountains, from whose ridges the most glorious views are to be had. Moreover, the Hôtel du Commerce at Teniet is excellent of its kind. But the journey is to be made only by carriage (expensive and fairly comfortable) or by the *diligence* (cheap and exceedingly uncomfortable), and the time occupied is from seven to eight hours, and occasionally, after heavy rains, as much as ten. If the Teniet wayfarer can afford a carriage —and he must not have too much luggage—he should secure one at Miliana, instead of at Affreville, an important town on the Algiers-Oran line. If he can afford to travel by slow stages, he can stop over night at the caravanserai of the Oued Messin, where the oak and pine woods begin their sway; but the accommodation is rough, and, moreover, cannot always be depended upon; or, if he prefer, he can go on to Le Camp des Chênes, near the gorge that serves as pass to the hill-country. I have heard of invalids having been recommended to pass some weeks, or even months, at Teniet-el-Haäd for the benefit of its high air, its balsamic odours, and the purity of its water. But against this must be set the rigour of a mountain climate, which can be as severe in French Africa as in countries to the north of the Mediterranean, an isolation with chronic difficulty of transport which might prove perilous for the visitor, and the slowness and irregularity of postal communication. There is—or was—however, a resident French physician.

Somewhat the same objections apply to that other pleasant health resort in the Atlas, the picturesquely situated town of Medeah. It is about forty kilomètres from Blidah, on the Algiers-Oran line, whence it is reached by carriage or *diligence*. There are three *diligences* daily, the most commonly availed of being that which leaves Blidah at 2 P.M., due at Medeah about 9 P.M.: a seven hours' journey through interesting country, and less fatiguing than that to Teniet-el-Haäd. The *diligence* journey at this hour should not be undertaken on a Monday, or at any time on Tuesday, as on the second day of each week an important Arab market is held at Medeah, and many

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well-to-do Moors and Arab merchants now prefer to go by the infidel coach rather than by the Islamite mule. Of the two inns, the Hôtel d'Orient will be found the better. Medeah stands at an elevation some 800 feet lower than Teniet—that is, at about 3,000 feet above the sea. It has a delightful and bracing climate, though probably not that which the European visitor has come to North Africa to find. There are lovely walks and drives in the neighbourhood, and if only the town had more stir, and at least some touch of Moorish life, it might be a tolerable health-resort for persons who did not object to its isolation. It is a French garrison town, and is as dull as it can well be.

As for Tunis, which is so often recommended, there are at least three drawbacks to be considered. The journey from either Bône or Constantine (and no invalid should alight *en route* from either of these towns) is a long and fatiguing one: the voyage thence to Marseilles is not only longer by a night than that of the Algiers route, but has to be made in the older and less ably maintained boats of the Compagnie Transatlantique: and it is even more wind-swept and dust-swept than Marseilles itself. Tunis in a sand-storm must be an ill experience for delicate lungs. The present writer cannot complain of any trouble of this kind, but he will not soon forget an unexpected sand-storm which overtook him one day on his return from Hammam-El-Enf and the Bou Kornein (the wild mountain region familiar to all readers of *Salammbô*), when it was as though the whirling sand got behind the eyeballs, and past the drum of the ears, and was settling like rough dust upon the lungs and in the heart-valves. Moreover, he cannot believe that Tunis is a healthy town for a delicate person, particularly if subject to rheumatism or any malarial trouble. It is also a trying climate for neuralgic complaints, and is considerably wetter than that of Algiers. Finally, its situation between the great stagnant, shallow lake known as El-Sebkha-Es-Sedjoumi and the still larger El-Bahira, as the shallow salt lagoon of the Lake of Tunis is commonly called (i.e. the bay which is cut off from the sea by the narrow strait on which Goletta, the port of Tunis, is situated), cannot reasonably be held to lend itself to salubrious conditions. There are people, however, who prefer the Tunisian to the Algiers climate, who maintain that the capital of this ancient Moorish realm is healthier than its western rival, and who find it more cheerful and lively, as it is certainly much more Oriental.

Of the four places I have specially selected in the province of Algiers, two are practically the same. El Biar is a suburb of Algiers, and lies on the brow of the hill on which Mustapha Supérieur is built. For persons who can afford a villa and a carriage, no place more delightful that El Biar for a winter stay is to be found in Algeria. The resident in that or any other part of Mustapha

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Supérieur can have all the pleasures of good society, endless entertainment, the enjoyment of a fine climate, and without forfeiture of almost any of those conditions of comfort or luxury to which he or she is accustomed at home, or may seek as advised aids to recovery. I have already alluded to what I consider its drawbacks: the damp that seems to exhale when the brow of Mustapha is well overhead, the long and tiresome road into or from Algiers (in parts, it must be added, with superb and never-tiring views across a gulf of great beauty), and the strange physical or mental depression that overcomes some people. Probably, not more than ten in a hundred would be conscious of this depression: but the possibility should be taken into account by those who are in quest of a winter health resort.

Hammam R'Ihra (or *Righa*, as it is sometimes given), the finest thermo-mineral winter station in North Africa, can be reached by rail in a little over four hours from Algiers. The station to book to is Bou-Medfa, on the Algiers-Oran line: a small place of no importance or interest, lying between the Chiffa and El Affroun on the east and Adélia and Affreville on the west. There is a convenient train at 9.15 A.M. (and, I may add, travellers should in all cases refuse to be persuaded by Mustapha hotel-porters or omnibus-drivers that embarkation is more convenient at Agha, and insist upon starting from the terminus), which reaches Bou-Medfa shortly before two o'clock. There the omnibus of the Grand Hôtel des Bains awaits passengers. A carriage costs fifteen francs, and the public conveyance only two, and in this instance there is not much gain in comfort by taking (a fore-ordered) vehicle. It is an easy and interesting journey up the left bank of the Oued-el-Hammam, through a district once studded with Roman villas; for these baths were known to the ancients as *Aquæ Calidæ*, and appear to have been greatly appreciated by the officers and officials of the Republic and of the Cæsarine Empire. The small settlement itself is pleasantly situated, with wide and varied and beautiful views; and the Hôtel des Bains is not only one of the most charming in Africa, but has hot springs and an 'establishment' of its own, a fine garden, and an adjacent pine forest. There is no locality in Algeria, and there are few in Europe, so suitable for treatment of all rheumatic disorders. Both the drinkable waters and the saline baths have been proved to exercise a marked beneficial influence. The baths, however, must not be indulged in rashly: and indeed no one is allowed to take them without previous consultation with the resident physician. The bathing (and a lengthy and somewhat fatiguing proceeding it is, from first to last), strolling in the garden and neighbourhood, shooting, walks and drives to the pine forest of El Chaiba, or further afield to the extraordinary pyramidal gigantic tomb known locally as 'El Kubr-er-Roumia' or 'Le Tombeau de la Chrétienne,' and familiar to archæologists as the sepulchre of the ancient Mauritanian kings, or (more likely) as the monumental

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tomb of the great and accomplished prince Juba the Second, and of his wife, Cleopatra Selene, daughter of Cleopatra of Egypt by Marc Antony—all this, with a stimulating climate, plenty of sunshine, and all manner of domestic comforts and even luxuries, must appeal to the eager health-seeker. The chief objection for the consumptive patient is the cold of the evenings in winter, and the occasional spell of inclement weather; and for all the heavy and prolonged rains that are apt to fall in December and January. From the middle of February till the middle or end of April is much the best time for Hammam R'Ihra: in the latter end of the year, from the end of October till the close of November, and in dry seasons till near the middle of December. Sir Lambert Playfair, in his excellent Algerian Handbook, gives the pension-rate at the Hôtel des Bains at from twelve to fourteen francs; but the French guide-books specify a lower rate, and the hôtel advertisement in the trustworthy 'Indicateur Officiel' ('Guide-Poche Algérien') distinctly says, 'Prix unique: chambre, déjeûner et dîner, vin compris, 10 francs par jour.'

Milianah can be reached either by a four-hours carriage drive from Hammam R'Ihra (at a cost of about 35 or 40 francs), or by rail from Oran or Algiers to Affreville, and thence by omnibus or fore-ordered carriage for the intervening eight kilometres. Milianah, which the residents with some show of reason call the queen of the hill-towns of Algeria, leaving Tlemçen out of count as a place apart and unique, is about 2,400 feet above the sea-level. It is a clean and healthy place, with splendid prospects over the plain of the Chelif, with a delightful promenade, and with a vicinage of considerable beauty. Not only is it prosperous, but it gives one the idea that its prosperity is inexhaustible: the result in part of its abundant streams and luxuriant orchards and gardens. The town is one of the few places in Algeria lighted with electricity. Milianah is really an ancient settlement, though there are few remains either of the Roman *Malliana* or of the Arab city that exchanged the kinship-tyranny of the Sultans of Tlemçen for the alien tyranny of the Turkish pashas, that was proud to be under Abd-el-Kadr's (or his caliph, Ali-ben-Embarek's) flag as a bulwark against French invasion, and that was set on fire by its too confident Arab garrison on the approach of the French. It was this bright and pleasant place that suffered so dreadfully from disease and famine during its long blockade by Abd-el-Kadr. When General Changarnier approached to raise the siege, he knew that Milianah was held by a loyal garrison of twelve hundred men. When he entered its gates, he was met by an army of under a hundred men, so weak that they could scarce move about or carry arms. Seven hundred poor fellows had succumbed, and the other four hundred were in the military hospital, suffering from wounds, disease, or starvation on the top of privation. Now, however, there is little sign of its having been so recently a Moorish city.

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Comfortable accommodation can be had at the Hôtel de Commerce, but for a long stay the visitor would do much better to take apartments, or board with some family.

Mascara, in the province of Oran, somewhat recalls Milianah, in its history, its Frenchified appearance, and to some extent by its situation. It stands 1,800 feet above the sea, is healthy, and is a pleasant enough place in default of a better. This handsome town is dear to the Arabs as the favourite place of their modern hero, the Emir Abd-el-Kadr—one of the truest patriots and finest soldiers of this century. Here, also, visitors for any protracted stay would be better with apartments or to board with some family, though the Grand Hotel is good of its kind.

There would, however, be little object for any one unconnected with the locally all-important wine trade to select Mascara rather than Milianah or Tlemçen.

Lack of good accommodation alone stands in the way of this romantic and beautiful and fascinating city of Tlemçen becoming one of the chief resorts in French Africa. Meanwhile its winter cold (dry on the whole), with its backward hotel accommodation, should make delicate travellers chary of going there during December and January. Tlemçen is still, as it once pre-eminently was, the Queen of Mauritania. To go to Algeria and not see Constantine, Biskra, and Tlemçen is as though one were to go to Italy and not see Rome, Venice, and Florence. To carry on the merely nominal comparison, Algiers is the Naples, Oran the Genoa, of North Africa. Historically, Tlemçen is of paramount importance and interest. It ought to be a paradise for artists, though few French painters even go there, lured, as most are, by Biskra, Chetma, and other oases of the Ziban, or by Tunis and its myriad costumes. Unfortunately accommodation for any long stay is difficult to obtain. Of the hotels the most tolerable is the Hôtel de France. Its civilisation may be gauged from the fact that when my wife asked for some hot water on our arrival one viciously cold day last winter, she was brought a tumblerful with a spoon and some sugar, and it was only with difficulty the Franco-Moorish attendant could be made to understand that she wanted hot water for washing her hands with. We were stared at as creatures of strange and uncanny habits.

The capital of the province is a cheerful, healthy, and convenient winter resort. Oran is much more French than Moorish, and considerably more Spanish than French. The Jews and Mohammedans together only come to about a fifth of the population. The climate is good on the whole, the water and drainage trustworthy; the town is handsome, the streets are full of colour and animation, and there are excellent mineral springs, both for drinking and for bathing in, in the immediate neighbourhood. Moreover, the Hôtel Continental is perhaps the best in French Africa.

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The drawback is that when one goes so far as North Africa one naturally wants to see something of the Moors and Moorish life. Oran, after all, is only a colonial Marseilles or Barcelona.

There remain now Biskra and Hammam Meskoutine, in the province of Constantine. The city of Constantine, grandest of towns in point of situation, so interesting in all ways, so delightful and fascinating in certain aspects and in certain respects, is apparently unsuited to be a health resort. The drainage should be improved, new and sunnier hotels should be erected, and the smells of certain portions of the town be dispensed with before delicate winter-visitants should risk a long stay in the ever-memorable 'City of the Air,' as the Arabs call it.

Hammam Meskoutine is—one should say, *are*, for *Hammam* means 'Baths'—within an easy journey of a few hours from Bône, or Constantine. 'The Accursed Baths' does not seem an alluring title for a health resort, but the name was not bestowed by infidel malcontents. The *Hammam Meskoutine* were so called by the Arabs because of a legend invented by some ingenious Mussulman to account for the strange and fantastic rocks and calcareous deposits here grouped in an astonishing *ensemble*. Divine wrath suddenly changed some audacious sinners into stone, with the doom of fire and boiling water below for ever, and above utter lifelessness and desolation. A comfortable hotel now occupies the site of the ancient Roman *Aquæ Tibilitinæ*, so called from the neighbouring Roman town of Tibilis (the Arabic Announa). The Hammam Meskoutine are a paradise for the rheumatic invalid. He can alleviate his disorder by draughts from both saline and ferruginous springs and by sulphureous baths, and yet be in a lovely country, with a still more lovely and interesting neighbourhood, including the marvellous megalithic necropolis of Roknia, about seven miles away. A week or two might be spent here delightfully by the robust visitor, and fairly enjoyably by the invalid.

It is, however, when we come to Biskra, 'the Queen of the Desert,' that we arrive at the place which is fast becoming, if it is not already, the most frequented winter station in Algeria—that is, after Algiers itself, of course.

A whole article might well be devoted to Biskra-el-Nokkel—Biskra of the Palms—as a winter health resort: a whole book could scarce do it and its neighbourhood justice. To an unsurpassed and, except in Egypt, unequalled climate, it adds great and varied beauty: the novelty of the desert, of an oasis, of Moorish, Arabic, Soudanese, Bedouin life; also a stimulating air, a healthy situation, the vicinage of the grand and picturesque Aurès range and the hills to the west of lovely El-Kantara, the neighbourhood of various oases, including that of the Holy City of Sidi-Okba (seven pilgrimages to which will

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save one's soul!) and, above all, the immense, imposing, strangely fascinating threshold of the vast Sahara.

The little town itself is interesting, and still more so the native life within it, with many of its barbarous customs in full activity still. To the Arabs of the desert Biskra is what Paris is to the peasants of the northern French counties: a city of bewildering fascination, a great mart, a home of friends, a haunt of enemies, the capital of dissipation, the arbiter of the conduct of civilised life. To the visitor there is great store of interest, even if he do not leave the oasis, in the irrigated gardens and palm orchards—there are no fewer than 100,000 date-palms in Biskra—in the native streets and market, and in the military doings of the French garrison.

Several weeks should, if possible, be spent in Biskra. Almost every taste is appealed to, The lover of riding, driving, walking, shooting, hunting on horseback, falconry, exploring; the naturalist, botanist, and archæologist; the lover simply of nature and of humanity; the seeker of health merely, the sunshine-pilgrim, the follower of reposeful rest—one and all can find what they care for in Biskra or its neighbourhood. For the newcomer to the Orient it is a revelation. What excursions, too, across the Ziban, as the Algerian Sahara is called here, to Chetma (so familiar on the canvases of the Paris *Salon*!) with its hospitable old Sheik, who 'loves the French,' but cannot speak a word of their language; to Sidi-Okba, with its teeming and not over-friendly population—the Kairouan of Algeria—and to many other places, oases in the desert, Roman sites in the Aurès valleys, Hammam Salahin (Baths of the Saints) on the Col de Sfa, Bedouin encampments, mountain-Arab villages, to the austere barren lands round La Fontaine aux Gazelles, El-Kantara with its date-palms and wild gorge and wilder precipices, and so on, till one stops as it were for want of breath.

As for the drawbacks: first, the old difficulty of accommodation. The Hôtel du Sahara, beloved of artists, is by far the more pleasantly situated, as it is the more moderate and less pretentious. The Victoria is one of the best hotels in Algeria, but there is the objection of its somewhat desolate position outside the oasis and close to the gaunt railway-station to the north of the town. However, I saw the beginning of a large new hotel there last spring: so that Anglo-American visitors need not fear (save in the annual January or February *festà*) lack of accommodation.

Secondly, there is the pervasive sand. This evil must be set against the magnificent climate, with its rainless skies and glowing sunflood. When sand-winds blow from the Sahara there is no escaping the thin irritating sparks of sand. Tightly closed windows save a southward room from being banked up like a dune by the sea, but not one's clothing or bed-linen from thin layers of the plague. Obviously there is peril here for some weak chests. Still, these sand-

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storms are rare during the winter-season: and the invalid will be safe in December and January, for it is then that a thin rain occasionally falls, though at long intervals, and but for an hour or so.

Thirdly, the water, without being impure, is not good to drink without previous filtration, and can be harmful. The streams and the Oued-Biskra are charged with magnesia.

Fourthly, the diet, even at the Victoria, is not as varied or as good as it might be, though certainly very much better here than at the Hôtel du Sahara. It would be insulting to goat's-flesh to call it desert-mutton; and in Biskra desert-mutton is the acknowledged stand-by.

These, however, are minor objections, For the well-to-do they need not exist (except the occasional sand-storm!); for the robust voyageur or seasoned traveller they represent at worst the fortune of war, to be accepted smilingly and forthwith made the best of.

To sum up in one sentence: Biskra is the Queen of French-African health resorts. Thereafter, from the health-seeker's point of view, Hammam, R'Ihra: then Hammam Meskoutine: Algiers, and the rest according to what one needs or desires.

WILLIAM SHARP.

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CHINESE POETRY IN ENGLISH VERSE

FOR many centuries the Chinese nation has closely cultivated the poetic art, and still turns out annually more poetry than all the rest of the world put together. Verse-making is an important factor in the national life of China. At the competitive examinations, through which admission is obtained to an official career, poetry divides the honours with prose. A student who can construct elegant verse is pretty sure of his coveted degree. If he

> Can plant within that verse a thought

he is already well on his way towards dominion, *e.g.* as a Viceroy, over perhaps as many millions of his fellow-countrymen as are included in the population of the British Isles.

All modern Chinese statesmen are poets more or less. The late Marquis Tsêng, who taught himself English with only the aid of a Murray's Grammar and a Nuttall's Dictionary, began early to drop into poetry. The following *Ode at Parting* was handed by him to an English fellow-traveller on one of the local steamers :—

> When we reach the mouth of the river,
> See how the ocean red !
> Very glad to meet you
> And talk on the captain's bed.

Poets, properly so called, are not to be found in China at the present day. A poet is, in Chinese terms, a 'wind man;' that is, one whose spirituality is quickened by the divine *Aura*. He is, emphatically, born, and not made. Li T'ai-po (A.D. 699–762), the greatest of the 'old masters,' positively lisped in numbers. At ten years of age he indited the following impromptu :—

To a Firefly

> Rain cannot quench thy lantern's light :
> Wind makes it shine more brightly bright.
> Oh, why not fly to heaven afar,
> And twinkle near the moon—a star ?

This, with a few similar effusions, brought him ultimately to the

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notice of the Emperor, and he went up in Court favour like a rocket —to come down, alas! like the stick. But both before and after his fall he had committed much to paper which the Chinese of to-day treasure as the legacy of an Immortal. In later life he was an exile and a man of sorrows, which, after the fashion of Chinese poets, he did his best to drown in wine; until at length, if we can believe one account of his death, he finished by drowning himself. Alone at night on the deck of a pleasure-boat, after a carouse to which his boon-companions had succumbed, he composed the following lines:—

Drinking Alone by Moonlight

An arbour of flowers
and a kettle of wine:
Alas! in the bowers
no companion is mine. . . .
Then the *moon* sheds her rays
on my goblet and *me*,
And my *shadow* betrays
we're a party of three!
Though the moon cannot swallow
her share of the grog,
And my shadow must follow
wherever I jog,
Yet their friendship I'll borrow
and gaily carouse,
And drive away sorrow
while Spring-time allows.
See the moon—how she glances
Response to my song!
See my shadow—it dances
so lightly along!
While sober I feel,
you are both my good friends;
When drunken I reel,
our companionship ends.
But we'll soon have a greeting
without a good-bye
At our next merry meeting
away in the sky!

With the concluding words the poet is said to have leant down to seize the moon's reflection on the water, when, losing his balance, he fell into the stream and was drowned.

Of course, Li T'ai-po wrote a good deal about the miseries of exile. The Chinese suffer horribly from nostalgia. To them exile is a curse indeed, even when it only means transfer to a distant post. 'Parting' is in fact a stock subject with Chinese versifiers. The term meant so much in the old days when an official would travel from Peking to Canton overland, a three months' journey, with all its deadly risks

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of bandits, river-pirates, want of funds, storm, flood, and disease. In some such mood we can imagine that Li T'ai-po wrote his

Farewell by the River

The breeze blows the willow-scent in from the dell,
While Phyllis with bumpers would fain cheer me up;
Dear friends press around me to bid me farewell:
Good-bye! and good-bye!—and yet just one more cup. . . .
I whisper, *Thou'lt see this great stream flow away*
Ere I cease to love as I love thee to-day.

The following is a variation of the same theme, by the same poet; the only difference being that whereas in the lines above Li T'ai-po was himself the traveller, he is now bidding adieu to a friend:

Where blue hills cross the northern sky,
Beyond the moat which girds the town,
'Twas there we stopped to say *Good-bye!*
And one white sail alone dropped down.
Your heart was full of wandering thought;
For me, my sun had set indeed;
To wave a last adieu we sought—
Voiced for us by each whinnying steed!

The horses which neigh farewell are those on the large house-boat of the traveller and those remaining behind with the traveller's friends who came to see him off.

Many pages would be required to exhaust the leave-takings even of a single poet. One more example, from the pen of the famous poet Wang Wei, will perhaps be enough for most readers:

Adieu

We parted at the gorge, and cried *Good cheer!*
The sun was setting as I closed my door;
Methought, the spring will come again next year,
But *he* may come no more.

The feelings of an exile on the way to his place of banishment have been thus expressed by Wang Ch'ang-ling:

Onwards to-night my storm-beat course I steer;
At dawn, these mountains will for ever fade.
Should those I leave behind inquire my cheer,
Tell them, *An icy heart in vase of jade.*

'Jade,' which is generally used as an emblem of purity, here signifies cold. True jade is known to the curio-hunter by its coldness to the tip of the tongue, as compared with the relative warmth of the imitation article.

The longings for home which are ever present to the Chinese exile are thus described by Kao Shih:

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In Exile

White gleam the gulls across the darkling tide;
On the green hills the red flowers seem to burn;
Alas! I see another spring has died . . . .
When will it come—the day of my return?

But to-morrow does not always fulfil the promises of to-day, in China more than anywhere else. Sometimes the much wished-for day has been too long deferred. Witness in this sense a quatrain by Ho Chih-chang:

The Exile's Return

Bowed down with age I seek my native place;
Unchanged my speech, my hair is silvered now;
My very children do not know my face,
But smiling ask, *O stranger, whence art thou?*

Even a moderate absence from home, especially at points beyond the reach of the postal system, gives cause for much anxiety to the returning wanderer. The following lines, by Li Pin, refer to military life:

No letters to the frontier come . . . .
The winter softens into spring . . . .
I tremble as I draw near home,
And dare not ask what news you bring.

These four-line stanzas, consisting either of five or seven words to each line, are great favourites with Chinese poets. The amount that can be got out of one—perhaps read into it—is truly astonishing. Chinese poems are never very long. At the public examinations of the present day the limit is twelve lines of five words to each—another instance of the practical character of the Chinese people. If a man cannot say all he has to say worth hearing in twelve lines, he is no longer wanted as a poet in China. The 'old masters' were allowed more license in their own day, but the license was always sparingly used.

To return. The separation of husband and wife is a theme which has not been neglected by Chinese poets. Hsü Khan wrote:

Since my lord left—ah me, unhappy day!—
My mirror's dust has not been brushed away;
My heart, like running water, knows no peace,
But bleeds and bleeds forever without cease.

Chang Chiu-ling tried to improve on the above, as follows:

Since my lord left—ah me, unhappy hour!—
The half-spun web hangs idle in my bower;
My heart is like the full moon, full of pains,
Save that 'tis always full, and never wanes.

The husband is often away at the wars; wars, for the most part, with the accursed Turkic tribes of the North. He is made to play

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Ulysses, as above, to his wife's Penelope. The question always is, when will he get home again? Sometimes we have a picture of him in camp. Han Yü writes:

Across the steppes the bitter north winds roam;
At dawn the Tartar moon shines cold and bright;
My soul relapses into dreams of home,
Till the loud rappel summons to the fight.

Here is another camp picture by Wang Han:

'Tis night: the grape-juice mantles high
in brimming cups galore;
We set to drink;—but now the bugle
sounds to horse once more.
Oh marvel not if drunken we
lie strewed about the plain;
How few of all who seek the fight
will e'er come back again!

The following, by Kai Chia-yün, is from a wife to her husband at the wars:

Drive the young orioles away,
Nor let them through the branches play;
Their chirping breaks my slumber through,
And keeps me from my dreams of you.

Hsieh Fang-tê gives us a glimpse of quite another state of things in lines which might be headed thus:

At his Club

Long past midnight the wife hears the goatsucker's cry,
And rises to see that the silkworms are fed . . . .
Alas! there's the moon shining low in the sky,
But her husband has not yet come back to her bed.

Love-songs are rare in Chinese poetry, in consequence of the separation of the sexes and the partial seclusion of women. Immoral poetry is still rarer. Just as the Confucian Canon is absolutely free from impure word or thought of any kind, so in the same sense is the great bulk of Chinese poetry equally without reproach. The following, by Wei Ying-wu, which would do well enough for a valentine, is only from a friend to a friend:

In autumn, when the nights are chill,
I stroll, and croon, and think of thee:
When dropping pine-cones strew the hill,
Say, hast thou waking dreams of me?

Friendship is of course a very favourite theme. Chao Chia writes:

Alone I mount to the kiosque which stands
on the river-bank, and sigh,
While the moonbeams dance on the tops of the waves
where the waters touch the sky.

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For the lovely scene is to last year's scene
as like as like can be;—
All but the friends, the much-loved friends,
who gazed at the moon with me.

The ladies of the harem, however, come in for a fair share of the poet's attention. China has more than once had its destinies swayed by an Imperial favourite, whose rise and fall have suggested verses in various trains of thought. The following lines are put by the poet Huang Fu-chi into the mouth of a dethroned beauty who evidently does not think that her day is fairly past:

See! fair girls are flocking through corridors bright,
With music and mirth borne along on the breeze . . .
Come, tell me, has she who is favoured to-night
Got eyebrows much longer than these?

The vanity of human wishes is recognised in China as elsewhere. Here are some verses by an anonymous poet on this well-worn subject:

Riches and rank,—a morning dream in spring;
Fame,—but an unsubstantial cloud above;
Thy very body is not thine for aye;
Hate is the end of Love.

Fix not a golden collar on thy neck;
Be not with chain of jade in service bound;
Pure heart and few desires: earth's dust shake off—
And happiness is found!

Dozens of Chinese poems have been written in praise of the hermit's life. A mountain hut, with the usual clear stream, &c., retirement from the dusty world, and sweet commune with Nature—these are the only real terrestrial joys, whatever there may be to come. In the following lines the poet Ch'ên Po tells the tale of his own disillusionment:

For ten long years I plodded through
the vale of lust and strife;
Then through my dreams there flashed a ray
of the old sweet peaceful life. . . .
No scarlet-tasselled hat of state
can vie with soft repose;
Grand mansions do not taste the joys
that the poor man's cabin knows.
I hate the threatening clash of arms
when fierce retainers throng;
I loathe the drunkard's revels, and
the sound of fife and song.
But I love to seek a quiet nook, and
some old volume bring,
Where I can see the wild flowers bloom,
and hear the birds in spring.

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The last word reminds me how fond Chinese poets have always been of singing the ever-recurring changes of the seasons. Spring is the favourite season. 'Half an hour of a Spring night,' says the proverb, 'is worth a hundred ounces of gold.' In this connection we may take the following lines by Tu Fu:

A petal falls!—the Spring begins to fail,
And my heart saddens with the growing gale.
Come, then, ere spoils of Spring bestrew the ground,
Do not forget to pass the wine-cup round. . . .
Kingfishers build where man once laughed elate,
And marble dragons guard his graveyard gate!
Who follows pleasure, he alone is wise;
Why waste our life in deeds of high emprise?

Another poet, Yeh Chi, writes:

Shadows of pairing sparrows cross his book;
Of poplar catkins, dropping overhead. . . .
The weary student, from his window-nook,
Looks up to find that Spring is long since dead.

'The weary student' means something more with the Chinese than it does with us. We bethink ourselves, perhaps, of the young man cramming for some 'exam.' with a wet towel round his head and a cup of coffee by his side. With the Chinese there is no limit of age, so that often middle-aged and sometimes old men are seen struggling for honours they have coveted for years but have never been able to obtain. For such a one, it is a serious matter to find that another Spring has slipped by.

The following poem, by Huang T'ing-chien, refers to the annual Spring festival of sacrifice at the ancestral tombs, when even the humblest individual does his best to sweep the space before the family grave, and to make offerings of meat, wine, and paper money, to the spirits of the deceased:

The peach and plum trees smile with flowers
this famous day of Spring,
While country graveyards round about
with lamentations ring.
Thunder has startled insect life,
and roused the gnats and bees;
A gentle rain has urged the crops,
and soothed the flowers and trees. . . .
Perhaps on this side lie the bones
of a wretch whom no one knows;
On that, the sacred ashes
of a patriot repose.
But who, across the centuries,
can hope to mark each spot
Where fool and hero, joined in death,
beneath the brambles rot?

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The same theme is thus treated by Kao Chü-mên.

The northern and the southern hills
are one large burying-ground,
And all is life and bustle there
when the sacred day comes round.
Burnt paper *cash*, like butterflies,
fly fluttering far and wide,
While mourners' robes with tears of blood
a crimson hue are dyed.
The sun sets, and the red fox crouches
down beside the tomb;
Night comes, and youths and maidens laugh,
while lamps light up the gloom.
Let him whose fortune brings him wine
get tipsy while he may;
For no man, when the long night comes,
can take one drop away!

Yang Chü-yüan thus distinguishes between Spring and Summer:

The landscape which the *poet* loves
is that of early May,
When budding greenness half concealed
enwraps each willow spray. . . .
The beautiful embroidery which
the days of summer yield
Appeals to every bumpkin who
may take his walks afield.

Chu Shu-chên has the following stanza on 'Summer':

What time the bamboo casts a deeper shade;
When birds fill up the afternoon with song;
When catkins vanish, and when pear-blooms fade,—
Then man is weary, and the day is long.

Just as Spring is written up by Chinese poets as the season of life and growth, so is Autumn usually written down as the season of decay and death. The poet Ch'êng Ching, however, who composed the accompanying verses, did not allow sentiment to get the better of his philosophy:

I wander north, I wander south,
I rest me where I please. . . .
See how the river-banks are nipped
Beneath the Autumn breeze!
Yet what care I if Autumn blasts
The river-banks lay bare?
The loss of hue to river-banks
Is the river-banks' affair.

The love of the Chinese for flowers and gardens is well known. Their poetry abounds with floral images, allusions, descriptions, and conceits of all kinds. The following lines are by Yeh Shih:

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At a Park Gate

'Tis closed!—lest trampling footsteps mar
the glory of the green.
Time after time we knock and knock:
no janitor is seen.
Yet bolts and bars can't quite shut in
the Spring-time's beauteous pall. . . .
A pink-flowered almond-spray peeps out
athwart the envious wall!

I subjoin a few more stanzas on various topics:

The Poet

You ask what my soul does away in the sky;
I inwardly smile but I cannot reply.
Like the peach-blossom carried away by the stream,
I soar to a world of which you cannot dream.

LI T'AI-PO.

Solitude among the Hills

The birds have all flown to their roost in the tree,
The last cloud has just floated lazily by;
But we never tire of each other, not we,
As we sit there together—the mountains and I.

LI T'AI-PO.

At the Top of a Pagoda

Upon this tall pagoda's peak
My hands can nigh the stars enclose;
I dare not raise my voice to speak,
For fear of startling God's repose.

YANG TA-NIEN.

Thoughts on the View from an Old Tower

The story of a thousand years
In one brief morning lies unrolled;
Though other voices greet the ears,
'Tis still the moonlit tower of old.

The heroes of those thousand years?
Alas! like running water, gone;
Yet still the fever-blast one hears,
And still the plum-rain patters on.

'Twas here ambition marched sublime
(An empty fame scarce marks the spot);
Away! . . . for I will never climb
To see flowers bloom and man forgot!

ANONYMOUS.

Regrets

My eyes saw not the men of old;
And now their age away has rolled
I weep—to think I shall not see
The heroes of posterity!

CH'ÊN TZŬ-ANG.

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Carpe Diem

I would not have thee grudge those robes
which gleam in rich array,
But I would have thee grudge the hours
of youth which glide away.
Go, pluck the blooming flower betimes,
lest when thou com'st again
Alas, upon the withered stem
no blooming flowers remain!

TU CH'IU-NIANG (*a Nanking lady*).

The Harvest Moon

Bright in the void the mirror moon appears,
To the hushed music of the heavenly spheres,
Full orbed, while autumn wealth beneath her lies,
On her eternal journey through the skies.
Oh, may we ever walk within the light,
Nor lose the true path in the eclipse of night!
Oh, let us mount where rays of glory beam,
And purge our grossness in the Silver Stream!

CHI P'O.

It is impossible, of course, in a desultory sketch of this kind to give any very clear idea of the scope and value of Chinese poetry. The few specimens here presented are taken from a collection of pieces which I have chosen at random, and translated from time to time. For the purposes of this article I have eliminated all such as contain allusions to history or mythology, though it is precisely amongst these that many of the greatest efforts of the Chinese poet are to be found. I have not drawn upon the venerable *Book of Odes*, that work being already accessible to English readers. The poems given belong to what we may call the Augustan age of Chinese literature; roughly, from 600 to 900 A.D. They are one and all familiar enough to the ordinary Chinese schoolboy, who commits them to memory as models of style upon which to form his own.

He is notably a weak advocate who begins with extenuations. I strove, therefore, to avoid at the beginning of this paper any reference to the difficulties which beset the translator of a Chinese poem. Rémusat said, 'La langue poétique des Chinois est véritablement intraduisible.' Père Cibot more aptly speaks of translating Chinese poetry as 'copying a miniature in chalk,' in allusion to the delicate finish which it is always so impossible to transfer from one language to another. Nothing, indeed, is more highly appreciated by the Chinese than that subtlety of expression by which the maximum area of thought is covered with the minimum expenditure of vocabulary,—in fact, what Tennyson has described as

All the wealth of all the Muses
often flowering in a lonely word.

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Again, the Chinese have declared boldly and openly for *obscurity* in poetical compositions. One well-known writer says, 'The men of old reckoned it to be the highest excellence in their poetry that the meaning should lie beyond the words, so that their readers would have to think it out.'

Such being the case, it is obviously no light task to make Chinese poetry even intelligible to English readers. Something has to go by the board. Meanwhile, it is consoling to reflect that Homer and Horace must still be read in the original, and that the lilt of one of Burns' simplest verses cannot be imparted through the medium of the purest French. Look on this picture:

> Had we never loved so kindly,
> Had we never loved so blindly,
> Never met, or never parted,
> We had ne'er been broken-hearted

And now on that (latest rendering):

> Si nous n'avions jamais aimé si passionnément,
> Si nous n'avions jamais aimé si aveuglément,
> Si nous ne nous étions jamais vus ou jamais quittés,
> Nous n'aurions jamais eu nos cœurs brisés!

Would any Frenchman be likely to believe from the above that Burns was a poet? Yet the English people have no doubts on the point. With changed names the same fable may be told of Chinese poetry in English verse.

HERBERT A. GILES.

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CHARTERED GOVERNMENT IN AFRICA

THE principle of government by and through chartered companies in Africa is frequently assailed by those who believe that her Majesty's Government, by relegating its administrative powers over territories and peoples only nominally within the sphere of British influence, have adopted a retrogressive or, at least, an equivocal policy. The upholders of this policy, on the other hand, maintain that the circumstances of colonial acquisition and expansion in Africa not only condone, but imperatively demand, its adoption or re-adaptation at the present day.

It is my purpose in this paper to show that, although the system of chartered government is at the best a compromise, nevertheless it is the only possible substitute for responsible government in the unsettled and remote regions of Africa.

For the continent of Africa, as students of geography are aware, is differentiated from the other continents of the world in all that concerns its physical and political adaptability to European occupation and settlement. As a continent it is the home of a vigorous race of mankind which, whilst resisting assimilation with European civilisation, defies permanent conquest. It views with equanimity, or at least is powerless to resent, the occupation of its coasts and the more healthy contiguous regions; but the heart of the continent remains, and must ever remain, the home of the African. Allied races, and peoples who have for centuries undergone the scarcely perceptible process of acclimatisation, may, it is true, effect a lodgment in the heart of Africa; but, if they remain there, they themselves eventually undergo absorption into the primitive elements of the population or suffer total extinction.

Nature has, in short, marked off Tropical Africa as the abiding home of the Black races. European travellers, traders, missionaries, conquerors, may at their will, and at their peril, penetrate into this dark sanctuary; but their sojourn is for a day, and on the morrow the faint traces of their passage are obliterated by the exuberant growths of barbarism. Grudgingly as it is sometimes conceded, it is nevertheless a fact that the bulk of the continent of Africa is still untouched by Western civilisation. I, for one, cannot believe that Africa will ever be Europeanised or brought within the pale of

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Western progress. For, in order that Africa may progress, it is absolutely essential that it be developed along natural lines; but as yet the inherent powers of native genius have neither been discovered, nor, in the absence of any cohesion among native tribes, and in view of European rapacity, are they, even if discovered, ever likely to be encouraged or fostered. No; Africa is a continent fated to be conquered and exploited by the heirs of civilisation, to whom it may pay tribute, but homage never.

In dealing with African affairs, it is absolutely essential to bear in mind the following unassailable premisses. The Mediterranean States of Africa are absolutely cut off from any close participation in the destiny of the continent by the pitiless desert zone of the Sahara; they, moreover, by reason of their geographical position, fall under the direct control of Europe, wherever and whenever such control can be exercised. The sub-Tropical and Temperate portions of Southern Africa are, on account of favourable climatic conditions, also subject to European influence. But the remainder of the continent—strictly speaking, Tropical Africa—with the exception of a narrow coastal belt, more or less occupied by European colonists, is, and must remain, the cradle of the Bantu races and the last sanctuary of Islam.

Tropical Africa itself is divided into two natural regions: in the north there is the Sudan, under the domination of Islam; in the south is the home of the pagan Bantu tribes under the fitful domination of Europe. The former offers almost irresistible obstacles against European influence; the latter is more impressionable, but is cut off climatically from any permanent occupation or control by and through European agencies. Oases here and there occur in the latter reserve where European agents can impose their will on the indigenous peoples; but, except in South-east Africa, these oases are too far removed, in the absence of railways, from the European settlements to afford any considerable advantage as *pieds-à-terre* for the advancement of civilisation.

Nevertheless, in spite of these limitations, the entire continent has been partitioned among the European Powers—on paper. That, even by the most liberal interpretation, their effective occupation of Tropical Africa is still restricted to the narrowest possible coastal zone is a fact not sufficiently appreciated by Europeans themselves. Europe has, for good or ill, taken possession of Africa in the name of Mrs. Grundy, Civilisation & Company; and the question therefore arises, How is this vast continent to be exploited and administered?

That Africa has great natural resources is an undeniable fact. But these resources are valuable only when they are accessible to the markets of the world: their mere existence counts for nothing unless they can be turned into hard cash or its equivalent. The moon may be rich in mineral wealth, but her value on the Stock Exchange would, assuredly, count for little.

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Owing to the conditions of climate, which are inimical to European colonisation, to the vast size of the continent, and its ineffective means of communications, it has not yet been found possible or profitable to administer the interior of Tropical Africa or to open it out to civilisation in the same way as other newly discovered lands have been administered and developed in modern times. Moreover, the prime essential of successful colonisation in any new country is, that it should be peopled by customers who demand the manufactures of Europe and are able to pay for them with the products of their own growth and industry. This essential is entirely lacking in Tropical Africa, though the attempt is being made to inspire the barbarian with a taste for 'the higher life' and its concomitant luxuries. Up to the present, however, the only things that have really 'taken' are gin, guns, and gunpowder. The moral and physical stamina of the native African not having been proof against these insidious and destructive products of Western civilisation, their effect has been exactly the reverse of what constitutes the only decent pretext for European intervention in the welfare of Africa.

Divested of all philanthropic shams, the real mission of Europe in Africa is to turn that continent to profitable account, for the benefit, not of the natives, but of their taskmasters. The natives lead a self-indulgent, idle, and dissolute life; and it does not seem fair, in the economy of Nature, that they should be allowed to enjoy luxurious idleness, whilst we Westerns, with a higher civilisation, have to toil and moil for our daily bread. Our civilisation demands that subject and inferior races should be treated with justice and leniency, and it is to our interest that they should be taught the gospel of labour and of brotherly love. The *crux* of the whole problem is, however, that the native African infinitely prefers his own indolent life to the *Sturm und Drang* of Western civilisation, even in their attenuated forms in the Tropics.

In the strictly Tropical portions of the continent, the European settlements on the coasts cannot possibly thrive unless they are in touch with Europe and have a *Hinterland* capable of commercial development. The virgin resources of a country are soon exhausted; and it is an awkward law of Nature that one cannot reap where one does not first sow. In Africa, too, as in all barbarous countries, it is necessary not only to sow the right seed but also to guard the crops; and this means no less than setting up the machinery of an effective administration.

A glance round the coasts of Africa will convince the most casual critic that it is a very costly and dubious undertaking to erect and maintain the machinery of effective administration, more especially in the Tropics, where the acclimatisation of Europeans is practically impossible. Those who invest their capital in such undertakings must not, therefore, look for any immediate returns, unless the virgin

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resources of the country are such as to supply these for a time, or unless there are minerals to attract a large mining population of immigrants.

Under these disadvantages to European enterprise in Africa, it is clear that for the State to undertake vast responsibilities is more than any reasonable tax-payer can expect. It is only fit and proper that the State should occupy the coastal regions, because a base on the coast is absolutely essential for any operations in the interior, and can only be maintained by a recognised European Power. The State advances into the Interior so far as it can do so with prudence and safety, but it cannot imperil its dignity nor incur responsibilities beyond its power of fulfilment by entering into remote regions which are beyond striking-distance from the coasts, or which, for one reason or another, are unsuited for permanent occupation. On the other hand, to abandon those remote regions to a rival Power would be manifestly a 'policy of scuttle.' Hence the institution of chartered companies, which act as unofficial agencies of the European Governments.

A chartered company may advance into regions where a responsible European Power may not imperil its dignity or the safety of its flag, for fear of a repulse. It is, or should be, governed by strictly commercial principles; but, in order that the welfare of the native populations be not sacrificed to the interests of the shareholders, it is essential that the chartered company, in all that concerns its external policy, be under the strict control of the Protectoral State. Such supervision and control is, in fact, provided for in the three charters granted by her Majesty's Government.

So long as a chartered company faithfully carries out and observes the obligations of its charter, it should be allowed entire freedom of action. If, on the other hand, it should ask for Government support, it relinquishes the first principle of its existence; and if such support be given and accepted, the charter should be cancelled or modified: for the company then becomes a joint-stock affair, as between the shareholders and the nation. The affairs of a chartered company are of the nature of a speculation: if these succeed, the shareholders should benefit by the success; if these fail, the shareholders stand to lose.

These principles are well illustrated by the experience of the three great Chartered Companies in Africa.

In West Africa the Royal Niger Company is succeeding so well that it is able to pay 7½ per cent. to its shareholders; and the chief reason of this success is that the Company is administered on sound business principles and is cautious in its policy; on the other hand, it has not hesitated to advance or secure British interests (which also are the Company's interests) wherever and whenever these have been found to exist. One thoroughly satisfactory feature of its adminis-

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tration is that it does not constantly goad at the British Government through the Press, or play upon the ignorance of the public in order to obtain some concession or support of which it may stand in need. On the contrary, if the Company cannot obtain its end with the means at its own disposal, it prudently says nothing, but waits for a favourable opportunity.

In East Africa, on the other hand, the Chartered Company has failed because, under the guise of philanthropy and on the plea of exceptional political responsibilities, it has exceeded its resources and become all but bankrupt. For this the Company is alone to blame, though it may well plead the extenuating circumstances caused by the bad faith of her Majesty's Government. It has played its stake and lost. The shareholders must suffer.

In South Africa the Chartered Company has been sternly independent, and, it must be confessed, has exhibited striking proof of its virility. Alone and single-handed it has attacked a most serious danger to its development: the Matabele have been chastised, though not yet pacified. Provided, therefore, the resources of the Company are adequate to support its ambitious programme, we may look to South Africa for an illustration of what an enterprising chartered body can do to advance British interests.

Now, what has been the most recent action of her Majesty's Government in respect of these three Companies?

In West Africa they have endeavoured to tie the hands of the Royal Niger Company in taking the most ordinary measures of self-protection against a melodramatic brigand, who, under the guise of a French explorer, has made more than one wanton attack against the Company's rights, and who, not content with carrying fire and sword into British territory, actually has had the audacity to proclaim French sovereignty over territories which, by solemn international agreement, belong either to Great Britain or Germany. One can, perhaps, comprehend the supineness of her Majesty's Government in permitting the French to calmly surround British colonies in West Africa and thereby to throttle their existence as prosperous settlements; but to submit to such wanton insults as those offered by M. Mizon to the English flag is, to my mind, a national disgrace. The Government deserted the Company, and the Company has had to suffer.

In East Africa the Government have had to interfere on account of the hysterical public outcry following on the collapse of the Chartered Company's rule; but they cannot make up their minds to accept responsible action one way or another. They are 'between the devil and the deep sea,' and their vacillating policy would be contemptible if it were not, as it is, based on ignorance and timidity. Perhaps, however, they are nursing this affair, to hand it over as a legacy to their successors in office.

The action of the Colonial Office with regard to the Chartered

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Company in South Africa may be compared to that of a woman who, seeing her husband engaged in a dispute, clings to his arms in order, presumably, to prevent a conflict. Fortunately, the Company was able to shake off those loving fetters before its adversary could take advantage of the situation. And now the Government are crying out, 'Well, you may hit him, but, mind, *not too hard*.' In this life-and-death struggle the Company is not to hit too hard!

As to who was responsible for the rupture we shall learn soon enough; but even in sunny South Africa the lion has not learnt to lie down on equal terms with the lamb. It is, happily, not part of my duty to say which is the lion and which the lamb in this case.

The relations between her Majesty's Government and the Chartered Companies of Africa are, from the nature of things, very difficult to regulate. Constant watchfulness on the one hand and scrupulous performance of engagements on the other are, however, the chief *desiderata*. If these are neglected there is bound to be friction of one kind or another; but it does not follow, in consequence, that the partnership is in itself bad.

Great Britain is a sleeping-partner in all the concerns of the Chartered Companies. It is well that she should sleep with one eye open, however. No doubt this is a difficult thing to do. More often than not, one is liable to go to sleep altogether under such circumstances; but, if one be rudely awakened, it were as well to inquire into the cause before beginning to growl.

It is, in short, necessary for the public to understand that, in Africa at least, chartered companies are absolutely essential for the promotion of what are euphemistically called British interests, and that, if they suppress those companies, it is morally and immorally certain that rival European Powers will take their place, for they, at any rate, do not hesitate to advance the national flag wherever the ground for its erection can be begged, borrowed, or stolen.

ARTHUR SILVA WHITE.

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PROTECTION FOR SURNAMES

In early historic times, and indeed until the later Roman days, it would seem that surnames were unknown in any country. Every individual was content with a single name, which was usually given him in signification of some personal characteristic, some circumstance of birth, or as an expression of religous sentiment; whilst in later times, when human ingenuity failed to find any new and original names to distinguish the rapidly increasing sons of men from their fellows, the father's name was coupled with the son's. In the Old Testament we have numerous instances of this; e.g. Joshua the son of Nun, Balak the son of Zippor, Isaiah the son of Amoz.

In like manner, the Welsh, who are very conservative of the few surnames they as a nation possess, use the word 'ap' at the present day to more effectually distinguish one individual from another, e.g. Evan ap Thomas. In the nomenclature of almost every nation there are remains still existent of the same custom—the Gaelic *Mac*, the Irish *O'*, the Norman *Fitz*, the German *Sohn*, the Norst *Sen*, and the Russian *Vitch*. Although before Roman times none of the civilised nations of the world had surnames, under the régime of the Roman Consuls and Emperors a most elaborate system of nomenclature was in course of time developed. No doubt necessity compelled the introduction of some such system. With a population of more than two million citizens, it was impossible to find distinctive first names for every individual, and to a military nation it was imperative that the danger of mistake or confusion should be reduced to a minimum. The *prænomen*, or subsequently Christian name, was placed first; then followed the *nomen*, or name of the *gens* or clan; and the *cognomen*, or family name, in the majority of cases completed the designation.

A fourth name or title was, however, sometimes conferred as a compliment or mark of especial distinction. This was called the *agnomen*, and was usually a name commemorative of a military conquest, as Africanus, Germanicus, &c.

In our own country we have very slight evidence of the existence of surnames before the Conquest. They were evidently introduced by the Normans, but even amongst them the use of surnames was for centuries confined to the upper classes. Domesday Book, A.D.

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1085, contains one of the earliest records of their existence. In the reign of Henry I. their use became more general, and it was then considered a disgrace to have only one name, and deemed a mark of inferior origin or illegitimate birth. Noble in his 'Preliminary Dissertation to the History of the College of Arms' remarks that

> in the reign of Henry the Third, the number of families that were distinguished by the names of places in England increased so much that there is not a single town, village, or manor but what does give or has given a name to a family, whose terminations are generally 'ford,' 'ham,' 'ley,' and 'ton,' according to an old adage:
>
> 'In foord, in ham, and ley and ton
> The most of English surnames run.'
>
> As among the French in former time, and also now, the heir took the father's surname, and the younger sons took names of lands allotted to them. Surnames, having been gradually adopted as hereditary among the nobles, knights, and gentlemen of England, had in the reign of King Edward the Third become common among people of every class. Christian names, employments, honours, dignities, places of abode, dramatic representations, mental and moral qualities, age, dress, personal peculiarities and adventitious circumstances, which had formerly supplied occasional designations, as well as patrimonial possessions, became fixed and transmissive as surnames in families.

The transmissibility of surnames from father to son seems not to have become general until the time of the great Reformation. To Lord Cromwell, the Master of the Rolls and Vicar-General of Henry the Eighth, is perhaps due the credit of bringing about the establishment of a practically uniform custom throughout the kingdom. During his travels in France and Spain he is supposed to have become acquainted with the practice which prevailed in those countries of keeping parish registers in which the name of every occupier of a tenement was entered. The system, it is believed, was introduced by Cromwell into England about the year 1538, after the dissolution of the monasteries and the dispersion of the monks had put an end to the chief registry of former times.

The modern system of personal nomenclature which prevails more or less generally throughout Europe is to have one or two Christian names joined to the surname which is common to the family to which the individual belongs. In the case of females, the wife changes her surname on marriage and adopts that of the husband.

This system is not in its entirety absolutely universal in the countries of Europe. In Spain, for example, the wife retains her own surname on marriage. The law affecting a person's right to change his name has not been well settled until comparatively modern times. The Romans forbade persons to thrust themselves into noble families by changing their names, and as the common law of England is based upon the Roman civil law, it is probable that this legal restriction was introduced into Britain. Even as late as Charles the First's reign we have an example recorded of a fine being imposed on

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a person for the assumption of the name of another family. The defendant was fined 500*l.* and, in the quaint words of the old record, he was 'ordered to be degraded and never more to write himself gentleman.'

With the growth of the democratic spirit, and the abolition of the sumptuary laws, however, an unrestricted right to change one's name seems to have engrafted itself upon our legal system. In 1869 the question of the right to assume the patronymic of another family was fully argued before the Privy Council in the case of Du Boulay *v.* Du Boulay (*Law Rep.* 2 *P.C.* 430). The facts were these. The plaintiffs were the members of a family long resident in the island of St. Lucia, who had for many generations used, and been called by, the name of Du Boulay. The defendant was the illegitimate son of a mulatto woman named Rose, who had formerly been a slave of the Du Boulay family, but had been manumitted. She had never been known by any other name except Rose, but soon after her emancipation she adopted and used the surname of Du Boulay; and her son, the defendant, on attaining the age of sixteen years also assumed the name of Du Boulay, and commenced business in the island of St. Lucia in that name. The plaintiffs in 1867 instituted a suit in the Royal Court of St. Lucia for a declaration that the name of Du Boulay belonged to them and their family, and to prohibit the defendant, who was in no way related to them, from bearing or using that name. A declaration was made by the court to that effect, but this judgment was reversed by the Court of Appeal for the Windward Islands. A further appeal was then brought by the plaintiff, and was argued at length before the Privy Council. A reserved judgment dismissing the appeal was delivered by Lord Chelmsford, who sums up the law affecting change of surname in these words:

> The mere assumption of a name which is the patronymic of a family by a stranger who had never before been called by that name, whatever cause of annoyance it may be to the family, is a grievance for which our law affords no redress.

It is now, therefore, clearly established that no one has an exclusive right to any name, however distinguished it may be, nor has he power to prevent the meanest subject assuming his name.

The columns of the *Times* afford many humorous instances of change of name by persons possessing uneuphonious ones. In the *Times* of the 26th of June, 1862, the following notice appeared:—

> I, Norfolk Howard—heretofore called and known by the name of Joshua Bug, late of Epsom, in the county of Surrey, now of Wakefield, in the county of York, and landlord of the Swan Tavern, in the same county—do hereby give notice that on the 20th day of this present month of June, for and on behalf of myself and heirs lawfully begotten, I did wholly abandon the use of the surname of *Bug*, and *assumed*, took, and used, and am determined at all times hereafter, in all writings, actions, dealings, matters, and things, and upon all occasions whatsoever to be dis-

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tinguished, to subscribe, to be called and known by the name of *Norfolk Howard* only! I further refer all whom it may concern to the deed poll under my hand and seal, declaring that I choose to renounce the surname of *Bug*, and that I assume in lieu thereof the above surnames of *Norfolk Howard*, and also declaring my determination upon all occasions whatsoever to be called and distinguished exclusively by the surname of *Norfolk Howard* duly enrolled by me in the High Court of Chancery.

NORFOLK HOWARD, *late* JOSHUA BUG.

Dated this 23rd day of June, 1862.

A gentleman bearing the name of Hogsflesh changed it to Hoxbey. In his case one would have thought the name 'Bacon' more appropriate, and sufficiently illustrious. The practice, however, is not confined to the middle classes, as the following instances of change of name among the Peerage will show:

Title.	*Original Name.*	*Assumed Name.*
Northumberland	Smithson	Percy
Lansdowne	Petty	Fitzmaurice
Anglesea	Bayley	Paget
Conyngham	Burton	Conyngham
Ventry	Mullins	De Moleyns

It is a noteworthy fact, too, that the Jews,' God's chosen people,' are far from eager to proclaim their race, and frequently discard their patronymics and assume the surnames of Christian families; *e.g.* Moses changed to Meredith; Lionel Emanuel Levy to Lionel Hume.

Change of name may be effected and notified in many ways. (1) By Act of Parliament; (2) by licence of the Crown; (3) by deed poll enrolled in Chancery; (4) by public advertisement; (5) in any other manner without formality by which an intention is shown to assume another name.

Owing to the expense of obtaining a private Act of Parliament, this procedure is seldom resorted to, but the licence of the Crown is often applied for and granted. Each application is considered on its merits, and is not acceded to as a matter of right. The effect of the licence is merely to give notoriety to the change of name, and there is no legal necessity for it, except where persons in the settlement of property make the adoption of a name by virtue of a licence a condition for the enjoyment of such property. This has been clearly established by the decisions of eminent judges of the courts of law; *e.g.* Chief Justice Tindal [1 Bingham N.C. 618 &c.] declared—

No Act of Parliament or royal licence is needed in order to sanction a change of name, unless a new name is directed by a donor of land or money to be assumed by the donee, with such or some other particular sanction, and subject to the forfeiture of the donation if the name should not be assumed in the manner directed by the terms of such conditional donation. The effect of a royal licence is merely to give publicity or notoriety to the change of name.

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Lord Chief Justice Tenterden [*5 Barnwell and Alderson* 555]—

A name assumed by the voluntary act of a young man at the outset of life, adopted by all who know him, and by which he is constantly called, becomes, for all purposes which occur to my mind, as much and effectually his name as if he had obtained an Act of Parliament to confer it upon him.

Chief Baron Pollock [22 *Law Times* 123]—

When, by any Act of Parliament, judges have the control of a particular roll of names, they will, on change of name, direct the new name to be added to the roll, though such name has been assumed without a royal licence, and by the mere act of the person whose name is on the roll.

This was the case of an attorney who, having changed his name without royal licence, applied to the court to have his name altered accordingly on the roll of attorneys and had his claim allowed.

It would be perfectly legal, if the limitation of an estate were subject to the condition, that a surname should be assumed without the sanction of a royal licence, or if the condition were that a royal licence should not be applied for.

It is the practice of the English Heralds' College to refuse to grant a change of arms accompanying a change of name unless the royal licence has been obtained; and it is also the practice to require the royal licence to be obtained by Englishmen holding commissions in the army who desire to change their name; though it appears from a debate which took place in the House of Commons on the 5th of June, 1862, that such a formality cannot legally be insisted on. The question was in the House under the following circumstances:—A gentleman in Wales changed his name, and advertised the fact in the newspapers. He subsequently wished to join the militia, but the Lord-Lieutenant of the county refused him a commission in his new name, and for the same reason he was prevented from acting on the Commission of the Peace. The matter was brought before the House because it was thought that the Home Secretary was using his authority to assist the Lord-Lieutenant in pursuing an illegal course. During the debate it was clearly laid down that a gentleman may change his name, and, if the change is permanent and sanctioned by the usage of such a length of time as to give it a permanent character, may receive a commission in his new name without the royal licence. In connection with the above debate Mr. T. Falconer, in his *Essay on Surnames*, remarks:

This debate must have effectually dispelled the notion that the Queen either claims or exercises any special prerogative whatever connected with the subject of change of surname, or that a royal licence is anything more than a recognition in the highest quarter of a voluntary act already accomplished. Its recipient is not even compelled to bear for a day the surname which it authorises him to assume, nor are other people enjoined by it to recognise him by that name if they are not inclined to do so. The case of the Right Hon. Rc. Dundas, who in 1836 obtained a royal licence (in compliance with the conditions of a will by

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which he inherited a considerable estate) to bear the name of *Christopher* only, and who, in spite of that licence, and without procuring its revocation or obtaining the grant of a fresh one, has since sat in Parliament under the surname of *Nisbet*, and who now bears the name of *Hamilton*, assumed *proprio motu*, completely establishes this point.

Sir George Grey, the Home Secretary, also remarked in the House that a rule had been laid down by Sir Robert Peel that where the application for a royal licence appeared to be based on trifling or capricious grounds, it should invariably be refused. Yet in spite of this we have instances of change of name by royal licence on very trifling grounds ; e.g., in 1851 a lady named Braham was permitted by royal licence to assume the name of Medows, on the plea that she 'was the co-heiress expectant of her aged grandmother, who was so called.' In 1852 a gentleman named Rust was granted a royal licence to assume his wife's maiden name, D'Eye, 'out of respect to her memory.' In 1853 a Mr. Penny was allowed to assume the name of Harwood 'by wish of his mother, out of respect for his grandmother.' In 1855 a Miss Galston was allowed to assume the name of Stepney 'out of respect to her maternal ancestors in general.' In Burke's *Peerage*, under the head of Sir John Gladstone, it is stated that in 1836 Mr. Gladstone and all his family, whose real name up to that time had been Gladstone*s*, applied for and obtained a royal licence to drop the final *s* in their names.

Although, as we have stated, no legal formality is necessary to effect a change of name, and a person's legal status is not thereby affected, it is nevertheless desirable that there should be some public notification to evince the fact. A legatee, for instance, is not prevented from claiming and receiving his legacy, whatever name he has adopted ; but he runs the risk of losing it unless he can satisfactorily show his identity with the person named in the will.

By the English law there is no right of property in a name, except where it is used in connection with a trade or business. In such cases, if any person uses the trade name of another in such a way as to mislead persons dealing with him, he renders himself liable to an action for damages, and he may be restrained from the use of the name by injunction. Even where a man named Lewis called his business Lewis's he was restrained, although he had merely added an *s* to his own name. It will thus be seen that the law is very jealous to protect the use of names connected with trade or manufacture, but absolutely refuses to render assistance where no such mercenary interests are involved. Truly we are a nation of shopkeepers, and the love of money is creeping over us like a scourge.

In *Scotland* a bonâ-fide change of name requires neither *royal judicial*, nor *parliamentary* authority, the sole exception being the case of members of the College of Justice, who require the permission of the Court of Session. A royal licence is not generally applied for

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by natives of Scotland, as it is not required to be produced as in England to the Lord Lyon on applying for a corresponding change of arms. The arms will generally be granted when the Lord Lyon is satisfied that the change has been made on some reasonable ground and not from a purely capricious motive; and the fact of the change of name, with the reason why it has been made, are narrated in the new patent of arms. When such change of surname and corresponding change of arms has been made by a Scotsman who is an officer in the Army, the authorities of the War Office are in the habit of requiring a certificate from the Lyon Office to the effect that the change is recognised there.

In *America* the law affecting change of name is similar in almost every respect to that of England. In France prior to 1555 changes of name could be made without any formality, but by an ordonnance of King Henry the Second persons changing their names without authority were subjected to penal consequences. There seems to be great doubt, however, whether this ordonnance ever had any practical operation. Merlin in his *Répertoire de Jurisprudence* says:

> In France, under the law 'De Mutatione Nominis,' names were changed according to the whim or caprice of individuals without any solemnity or formality; but such an unrestrained licence brought forth great confusion; names of living families were arbitrarily taken, and towards the commencement of the nineteenth century, on the 11th of April, 1803, a law was made to check that dangerous system.

By this law it was provided that—

1. Application to change a name must be made to the Government, and a year must elapse for objections.

2. Any one may oppose the assumption of his family name by a stranger.

It is clear by the law of France that a patronymic is the *property* of the family which bears it, and consequently the civil tribunals will restrain the wrongful assumption thereof by strangers.

The question of *aliases* is closely connected with that of name. The difference is this. In a case of change of name the person discontinues the use of his original name and a new one is assumed in lieu of it, whereas the person using an *alias* does not entirely discard the name by which he was previously known, but assumes another temporarily, or for a particular purpose. This is a subject which vitally affects the administration of the criminal law of the country, as the assumption of *aliases* by persons accused of crime clearly puts a stumbling-block in the way of the officers of the law, and places them under considerable disadvantages in tracking those who endeavour to escape from justice. The identification of a man who assumes a different *alias* in nearly every locality he visits cannot fail to be a matter of extreme difficulty. The case of the notorious murderer *Deeming* is in point. His known *aliases* were nine in

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number, viz. Williams, Ward, Swanston, Levey, Lord Dunn, Lawson, Mollatt, Drewe, and Baron Swanston. Numerous instances of the same kind might be given.

In the generality of cases an *alias* is not assumed for other than dishonest or fraudulent purposes, although this is not invariably the case, as, *e.g.* literary and artistic *noms de guerre* and theatrical names, which are to all intents and purposes *aliases*:

Arthur Gordon Pym, *alias* Edgar Allan Poe; Mrs. Harrison, daughter of Charles Kingsley, *alias* Lucas Malet; Mademoiselle Louise de la Ramé, *alias* Ouida; John Henry Brodribb, *alias* Henry Irving; John Fairs, *alias* John Hare.

The English law places no restriction on the indiscriminate use of *aliases*, which, as I have shown, in the majority of cases afford a cloak to crime.

The unsatisfactory state of the law has been brought home to me in more than one case which has come under my personal notice. A man who was a total stranger to me took my family name, passing himself off as my brother, and borrowed money. The person from whom he had borrowed called upon me, and was very much surprised and annoyed to find that he had been taken in. In a second case a man calling himself by my name applied to an estate agent for a house in the suburbs. I discovered this before the transaction was carried out, quite by accident, a letter intended for him from the agents being sent to me, but I was without redress, the authorities at Scotland Yard informing me that as I had not been defrauded I had no cause of action.

In a third case the name and title of a friend of mine were assumed by an impostor, who thereby induced a girl of respectable family to marry him. He subsequently deserted her, and she then discovered the fraud. The law could no doubt be enforced against the *soi-disant* peer, but my friend whose title had been assumed had no remedy whatever.

To sum up, is not legislation of some kind necessary for the purpose of checking the indiscriminate change of name and assumption of *aliases*?

As we have shown, the law recognises the importance of protecting trade names, and why should it not extend its protection to those whose names have been immortalised by patriotic service, and which are often the most treasured possessions of their owners? Should any person concoct bread-pilules and call them by the name of 'Holloway' the whole machinery of law is instantly set in motion to protect that sacred name, for money is at stake; but if any one, be he thief or murderer, should call himself Gordon, Wellesley, Nelson, Pitt-Gladstone, or Wilberforce, the law of the land provides no redress. Honour is at a discount in these latter days of the nineteenth century, and we all bow our heads and worship the Golden Calf, and it only.

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Again, there is great reason why legislation should step in and limit the practice, because of the confusion which results and the facilities it affords to criminals to escape from justice. Names are changed much more frequently now than was the case twenty years ago, as may be seen by referring to the *Times*. Formerly the practice was seldom resorted to except where an estate which had for generations been in the possession of a family devolved upon some one who, although perhaps related to the family, bore another name, and who was required by the instrument conveying the property to him to assume the name of the testator or grantor. A few instances of this kind would not create any serious difficulty, but when the practice becomes one of everyday occurrence confusion must arise.

The arbitrary assumption of *aliases* is even less defensible, and must result in disadvantage to the State in the increased difficulty which is imposed upon those who are responsible for the safety of property and the maintenance of law and order. A person can under the present law call himself Smith to-day, Stanley to-morrow, Havelock the next day, and so on to the end of the year, and then start afresh in the new year. Some such scheme of legislation as the following seems advisable and necessary:—

I. *With regard to change of name.*

(*a*) The royal licence should be procured, and some legal formality required, such as enrolment in a public register and publication in the *London Gazette* and local newspapers.

(*b*) Only allowed for adequate reasons.

(*c*) The name to be submitted to and sanctioned by some competent authority.

(*d*) Any person changing his name without complying with the requirements of the Act to be punishable by fine or imprisonment.

II. *With respect to aliases.*

Every person who has ever been sentenced by a court of justice to be compelled to register any *alias* he or she may assume and to be fined or imprisoned if found under an unregistered *alias*.

DUNDONALD.

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RECENT SCIENCE

I

At the opening of the present winter session of the Royal Society, Lord Kelvin found the opportunity for summing up, in a short, meaningful address, our present knowledge of the substance of electrical phenomena. He mentioned, in the first place, as an important scientific event of the year, the publication, both in German and in English, of a volume containing the different memoirs of Professor Hertz, with a full account of the researches which have brought the Berlin Professor to an experimental demonstration of electro-magnetic waves; and, in order to show the importance of this discovery, Lord Kelvin passed in review the opinions which have been current since Newton's time till nowadays about the transmission of energy through space. Then he boldly sketched the new horizons which are being opened by so many brilliant experimenters in this country, through their researches into the transmission of the electrical discharge in vacuum tubes. In these researches lie his hopes for further important steps towards understanding the relations between ether and ponderable matter, and the part played by both in the transmission of electricity. So we cannot do better than follow Lord Kelvin's hints and, reverting to the explorers themselves, cast a glance upon what they have done in that domain.

Hertz's work has already been discussed at some length in this Review.[1] Many physicists have worked since in the same direction, only to confirm, by a great variety of experiments, the conclusions arrived at by the discoverer of the electro-magnetic waves. It is now fully proved that electricity does not cross space without affecting the intervening medium; not more than any other form of energy can it be transmitted through an absolute vacuum which contains no matter. As Maxwell foretold, an electrical discharge produces a certain disturbance in the surrounding ether; its energy is stored, so to say, in the ether, and it is transmitted through it, from spot

[1] 'Recent Science,' *Nineteenth Century*, May 1891.—H. Hertz, *Untersuchungen über die Ausbreitung der elektrischen Kraft*, Leipzig (Joh..Barth), 1893. English translation by Prof. D. E. Jones.

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to spot, just as the undulations of molecules of water spread in the shape of a wave over the surface of a pond. We do not yet know what sort of disturbance, or strain, is produced by electricity in ether, and we only suppose, with a great degree of probability, that the molecules of ether are set vibrating across the line of propagation of electro-magnetic energy; that they enter into undulations, similar to those produced by light: but if we do not know the substance of the disturbance, we can follow it as it moves through space, at the same speed as light; and we can reflect it, refract it, polarise it, and make two waves interfere, exactly as if they were waves of luminous vibrations.

Fully granting, however, that ether is the medium through which electricity is propagated, we have still to face the question as to whether the electric disturbances do not affect ponderable matter as well. In other words, when we send an electro-magnetic wave across the room, and produce vibrations of the molecules of ether, or provoke any other disturbance among them, do the molecules of *air* which fill the room take no part in those vibrations or disturbances? To this question Lord Kelvin, in accordance with Hertz and most physicists, decisively answers that the magnetic wave is 'chiefly a motion of ether, with a comparatively small but not inconsiderable loading by fringes of ponderable molecules carried with it.'[2] And he invites physicists to persevere in their researches into the torrents of *ponderable* matter (the one affected by gravitation) which are carried off by the electric discharge in a vacuum tube, in order to finally understand the electrification of matter, and the attractions and repulsions of electrified bodies.

We all know what a vacuum or Geissler tube is: a glass tube sealed at both its ends, after air has been exhausted from it as much as possible, and having two metallic electrodes passed through the glass. Of course, the air, or any other gas, which fills the tube before we exhaust it is never pumped out entirely, and a small residue of it always remains; we cannot obtain an absolute vacuum, but with our modern pumps we can bring the air in the tube to an extremely rarefied state. It is evident also that some arrangement can easily be made to exhaust the gas, more or less, during the experiments. In such an exhausted tube an electric discharge passed from one wire to the other produces, as is well known, beautiful luminous phenomena; and it is the study of these phenomena, busily prosecuted since Faraday's time, which opens a new, wide, and fascinating domain in the province of electrical science.

As early as 1871 Cromwell Fleetwood Varley had described in this country the leading features of an electrical discharge in the vacuum tube, and had indicated the part which the residual gas plays in the production of luminous effects.

[2] Opening address at the Royal Society, *Nature*, Dec. 7, 1893, xlix. 137.

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The luminous cloud which appears in the tube, as soon as the current has attained a certain intensity, 'is composed,' he wrote, 'of *attenuated particles of matter projected* from the negative pole by electricity in all directions.'[3] An electro-magnet acts upon that stream of particles; it gathers it into an arch, and can attract it. And when Varley placed a thin plate of talc in the way of the stream, he saw the talc intercepting it: a small luminous cloud was formed on the side of the talc which was bombarded by the molecules of the stream, while a 'shadow'—that is, a space protected from the bombardment—was apparent behind the little screen. The material character of the electrical discharge and the actual transport of matter by electricity were thus fully demonstrated in Varley's short paper, which, nevertheless, for many years remained quite unnoticed.

Further and considerable advance was made when the same subject was taken up in this country by Crookes, De la Rue, Spottiswoode and Moulton, Fleming, Schuster and J. J. Thomson. After having studied for a time the mechanical work of light, which was rendered evident by the radiometer,[4] Mr. Crookes devoted his attention to the phenomena indicated by Varley. Availing himself of modern progress in mechanical appliances, he obtained such an exhaustion of the vacuum tube as to leave in it but a few millionth parts of the air which it would contain under ordinary atmospheric pressure; and, armed with this new means of research, which permitted him to much simplify the phenomena under his observation, Mr. Crookes soon accumulated a vast amount of most important facts. He proved that the electrical excitation of the negative terminal of the vacuum tube produces a molecular disturbance which affects the surface of the terminal, and this disturbance is communicated to the slight residue of rarefied gas which remains in the tube. A real torrent of molecules of the gas then rebounds from the surface of the pole, in a direction always normal to that surface, whatever its shape may be;[5] and the velocity of the gas molecules, which varies with the degree of exhaustion of the tube and the intensity of the current, attains from one to two miles in the second. A mica plate, placed in the path of the torrent, acts as a screen, producing the above-mentioned 'shadow,' and a tiny radiometer, placed behind the mica plate, remains at a standstill; but it begins rapidly to rotate as soon as it is half in and half out the shadow.[6] In fact, the torrent of molecules is so 'material' that a magnet exercises upon it a powerful effect; it curves the trajectories of the molecules, just as the earth's gravitation curves the trajectory of a ball fired from a gun (p. 161). Prosecuting

[3] *Proceedings of the Royal Society*, xix. (1870–71), 239.

[4] *Philosophical Transactions*, vols. clxiv. clxv. clxvi. clxvix. clxx.

[5] The same facts have also been previously ascertained by Hittorf and Goldstein (*Sitzungsberichte der preussischen Akademie der Wissenschaften*, 1876).

[6] Bakerian lecture and subsequent paper in *Philosophical Transactions*, clxx. (1879), 179 and 641.

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his experiments still further, Mr. Crookes demonstrated also that the phosphorescent glow of the glass in the tube is not produced by the molecules themselves, but by their shocks against the glass, or against any other body introduced into the tube; they impart sufficient energy to the surface of the glass to render it luminous, as also to raise its temperature; but the gas molecules are not the lamps in this case—the glow of the glass only testifies to the existence of the streams of material particles which run off the negative pole and strike the glass.

It is known that Mr. Crookes saw in these facts a further confirmation of his ideas about a fourth—'ultra-gaseous or molecular'—state of matter; but Messrs. Spottiswoode and Moulton, who have worked in the same field, have already shown that the facts observed by Crookes do not call for so wide a generalisation.[7] The molecular streams in the vacuum tubes, they maintain, are of the same kind as (though not exactly analogous to) the so-called electrical wind, produced by particles of air driven off from the pointed terminal of an electric machine: they are not specific to extremely rarefied matter. The high vacuum obtained in the tubes only facilitates the driving off of the gas particles by less violent discharges than those required to produce similar phenomena in the air under ordinary atmospheric pressure. In short, we need not in the least speculate about an ultra-gaseous condition of matter, because the streams of particles do not show any peculiar state which would widely differ from the ordinary gaseous state in its physical qualities, and especially in the length of the paths covered by the molecules before colliding with other molecules; the electrified residual gas of the vacuum tube fully obeys the general laws of the kinetic theory of gases (p. 581).

It would not be possible to sum up in these pages the conclusive facts upon which Messrs. Spottiswoode and Moulton base their assertion that there is nothing in the phenomenon of phosphorescence which might entitle us to suppose that the ordinary gaseous laws suffer any modification in high vacua; still less could we analyse here the many important data collected in their two memoirs. But there is one fact which requires a special mention. It was long since known that not only molecules of air are driven off in torrents from the negative pole of the vacuum tube, but that metallic particles, if they are lying loose upon the pole, also are transported with the torrent, in spite of their great specific gravity. Moreover, particles of the electrodes themselves are torn off and carried away in the gaseous stream—the arc lamp being a well-known illustration of the fact, as its very light is due to the incandescent particles of carbon transported from one electrode to the other. Now, Spottiswoode and Moulton have demonstrated that there is no essential difference between the gaseous stream and the stream of solid

[7] *Philosophical Transactions*, clxx. (1879), 165; and clxxi. (1880), 561 *sq.*

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particles driven from the electrodes. Both are parts of the same transport of ponderable matter by electricity, although it is still very difficult to determine what is the real function of the stream of solid particles.[8]

Mr. Crookes has lately made this subject a matter of special studies, and here also he has come to striking and important results.[9] It appears that the passage of a current through water, or even through a solid, sets the superficial molecules of both into so rapid a motion that some of them come out of the sphere of attraction of the mass—just as they do in common evaporation—and fly off with the stream of gaseous molecules proceeding from the negative pole; and as they fly off at probably the same speed of one or two miles per second, they are projected with such a force against any object which they meet near the pole that they strongly adhere to it. Not only water and easily volatilised solids are 'evaporated' in this way, but even silver and platinum, which require an intense heat to tear away from them their molecules, are made to evaporate by a very moderate amount of negative electrification. When the exhaustion of the vacuum tube is brought to about one-millionth of an atmosphere, the silver pole has moreover the appearance of being red hot, and it really is red hot, but only in its very superficial layer, which rapidly evaporates. Silver, gold, platinum, copper, nickel, and so on, are easily volatilised in this way, and they go to coat with their thin films the walls of the glass tubes, the whole phenomenon going on, for some reason unknown, in the very superficial layer of the metallic electrode. Here, again, we thus enter into a domain where the facts become simply incomprehensible with our present theories of the constitution of matter. In this department, too, some new departure must be made in order that our theories may embody all the data lately accumulated by observation.

In fact, in all the preceding experiments we saw the particles projected by electricity at a great speed from the negative terminal of the vacuum tube; and the behaviour of these streams towards the magnet, their sensitiveness to the approach of any conductor,[10] as well as many other facts, prove that the molecules are electrified by the discharge. But what does an electrified molecule mean? What progress are we making when for the electrified body we substitute the electrified molecules of which it is composed? Professor J. J. Thomson and Mr. Arthur Schuster[11] have attempted to answer

[8] See also Prof. Fleming's researches on the influence of the heating of the electrode on the electric discharge, in *Proceedings of the Royal Society*, xlvii. (1889–90), 118, and Hittorf's previous researches, quoted in that paper.

[9] 'On Electrical Evaporation,' in *Proceedings*, l. (1891), 88.

[10] It has been investigated in detail in the above-mentioned memoirs of Spottiswoode and Moulton.

[11] J. J. Thomson, in *Proceedings of the Royal Society*, xlix. (1891), 85, and *Philosophical Magazine*, Aug. 1890; A. Schuster, Bakerian Lecture on the 'Discharge of

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these questions by representing the electrified molecule as dissociated into one positively and another negatively charged portions. But, useful as this hypothesis undoubtedly is as a working hypothesis for co-ordinating a great number of facts, it suggests no concrete idea as to what is going on in the molecule. All we can say, under our present ignorance of the molecular structure, is that electrification undoubtedly produces some changes of an unknown character within the molecule itself. To these changes, and to the inter-action of the atoms within the molecule, further investigation must turn now its attention in order to attain a deeper insight into the nature of electrical phenomena, including those recently brought to the front by Nikola Tesla,[12] the facts remaining in the meantime disconnected so long as the final goal has not been attained. One great point has, however, been won by all the just-mentioned investigations, in addition to what we have learned from Hertz: we know that the medium for transmitting electricity is ether *and* ponderable matter. We are brought to consider the matter and the ether in contact with it as moving together. 'Without the molecules there would be no current,' Lord Kelvin said the other day; and the idea begins to grow in science that the molecule contains both what we call ponderable matter and what we call ether. In that direction seems to lie the cue to further progress.

II

A revival of interest in the Glacial period is a conspicuous feature in geological research at the present time. Bulky scientific memoirs, short descriptive papers, and important works for the general reader are now devoted to this subject, and we see the time coming when this remarkable period of the earth's history, which has so much impressed its stamp upon the present physical aspects of our continents, the actual distribution of floras and faunas, as well as upon the earlier history of mankind, will, at last, be properly understood by both geologists and all educated men.[13]

Some thirty years ago glacial research was also in full swing. But at that time we knew little about the physical properties of ice, and the unfortunate polemics waged by Tyndall against James Forbes's views exercised the most deplorable effect upon the newly inaugurated studies. The brilliant experimenter and lecturer succeeded in casting a doubt upon Forbes' views on the plasticity of ice, and the

Electricity through Gases,' in *Proceedings*, xlvii. (1890), 526; also xxxvii. 317, and xlii. 371, and *British Association Reports*, Edinburgh.

[12] See his brilliant lecture before the Franklin Institute at Philadelphia on Feb. 24, 1893, in *Nature*, June 8, 1893, xlviii. 136.

[13] James Geikie's *The Great Ice Age*, of which a new edition is forthcoming, as also his *Fragments of Earth Lore* (Edinburgh, 1893), and *Prehistoric Europe*, and G. Fred. Wright's *The Ice Age in North America* (New York, 1889) are the best works for the general reader; also Falsan's *La Période Glaciaire*.

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result was not a move in a new direction, as happens in science when a polemic promotes new ideas, but simply a standstill. 'If ice is not plastic enough to overflow continents, what becomes of the Glacial theory? It must be nothing but a gross exaggeration!' Such was the opinion which gained currency in consequence of the polemics.[14]

Happily enough, the geologists of both the Continent and America, as well as a few geologists in this country, continued nevertheless their own work in the field. They explored the regions which bear traces of glaciation, and during the last thirty years they have accumulated overwhelming evidence to prove the extension of ice-caps over the now temperate zones of the globe; and now they come forward with such a formidable array of facts in support of their views that their opponents of old have only to bow before their verdict. In fact, with a few honourable exceptions, the field geologists who have themselves worked in the once glaciated areas are with the glacialists; while their opponents are chiefly recruited among those who, like Mr. Howorth, may have read a good deal, but have not had a chance of exploring any glaciated region in detail.

By the same time the physical properties of ice have become better known. We know that although ice, glass, pitch, and so on, taken at temperatures remote from their melting points, are very brittle when sudden changes of form are inflicted upon them, they nevertheless behave like plastic bodies if their forms are altered but slowly. We break a glass rod when we sharply bend it; but if the rod be left for months with its two ends lying upon two supports, it

[14] The question of plasticity of solids offers a great interest for the physicist: to wit, the researches of Tresca, which have led to that engineering feat, the metallic tubes obtained by pressure without soldering, and the theoretical considerations upon this subject by James Thomson and Sir William Thomson. It involves an important question of molecular physics—namely, by what mechanism pressure exerted upon a solid body, at a temperature remote from its melting point, weakens the bands between its molecules, and makes them glide upon each other in obedience to the laws of flowing liquids. But Tyndall never did so much as to approach this question. Contrarily to all evidence in favour of the 'flowing of solids,' and following the old track of Hopkins, he continued to deal with ice as if only temporary *elastic* changes of form take place in it. The fallacy of this view was exposed at the time by Canon Moseley, Matthews, J. Ball, Whewell, and Helmholtz, and later on by Tresca, Saint Venan, Pfaff, Bianconi, and Main. As to Tyndall's own experiments, in which he used to crush ice into small pieces and make them coalesce in a new form by regelation, they have as little to do with the plasticity of ice as the tearing of a metal into a fine powder, followed by pressing the powder into a solid lump in a new shape, would have to do with the just-mentioned moulding of iron tubes by means of the liquid 'flow' of the solid without any break of continuity of the mass. This fundamental error explains all his subsequent mistakes relative to 'viscosity,' the 'incapacity of ice of supporting stresses,' his exaggeration of the importance of Hopkin's formulæ (notwithstanding Whewell's warnings), and many others. As to the *capability* of ice-blocks of being elongated by stress, it was proved, as soon as it was tested by experiment—that is, indirectly in the plank experiments, and directly by J. F. Main. (*Proceedings of the Royal Society*, xlii. (1887), 491).

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acquires a permanent bend, without the slightest crack occurring in the glass. Its molecules slowly glide upon each other, and they readjust themselves so as to give a new curved shape to the rod.[15] In similar conditions the same happens with a stick of sealing-wax, and (engineers knew it long since) with a bar of steel, or with a slab of granite. The same is also true of ice. An ice plank acquires a similar permanent bend if it is left to itself, with its two ends reposing on two supports;[16] it behaves like a plastic body.

True, such changes of form are very slow—though rapid enough to explain the motion of glaciers—but pressure increases their speed. Tresca,[17] of the French Academy, has proved by his beautiful and varied experiments that under a certain pressure all solids 'flow' like liquids, and that their molecules obey in such cases the laws of the motion of liquids. A block of lead, or of steel, or of ice, placed in a cylinder and pressed upon, is made to flow out of a hole in the cylinder exactly as a jet of water. It remains a solid all the time, but its molecules, whose paths are rendered visible by a special arrangement, are seen to have acquired a certain freedom of motion, and to flow in the very same way as molecules of water flow from a hole in a pail. A cube of lead, steel, stone, or ice, placed on a solid surface, submitted to a sufficient pressure or loaded with a sufficient weight, 'flows' sideways just as if it were a block of plastic clay. The only difference is that clay flows under its own weight, while steel requires an immense pressure in order to 'flow' in its solid state. As to ice, it stands between the two—much nearer, of course, to the former than to the latter, if both are taken at ordinary temperatures. A thickness of a few hundred feet, or a corresponding load, would be quite sufficient to make it 'flow,' though remaining solid, even over a quite horizontal floor, and to behave in its spreading over the floor like a lump of plastic mud, provided its temperature is but a few degrees below zero. This is the net result of Tresca's epoch-making experiments on 'the flowing of solids' under pressure, and these experiments have been fully confirmed as regards ice by the experiments of Helmholtz, Pfaff, and especially those of the Bologna professor, Bianconi.[18] On the other side, the glaciers of Greenland, whose inner structure may occasionally be seen in certain crevices, are splendid illustrations of the wonderful plasticity acquired

[15] Poncelet quotes such an instance in his *Introduction à la Mécanique Industrielle, Physique ou Expérimentale*, 3e 6d., annotée par Kretz. Paris, 1870, p. 319.

[16] W. Mathews, in *Nature*, vol. i., March 24, 1870; Canon Moseley, in *Philosophical Magazine*, xlii. (1871), 146; and many subsequent experiments.

[17] H. Tresca, 'Mémoire sur l'Ecoulement des Corps Solides,' in *Recueil des Mémoires présentés par les Savants étrangers*, vol. xviii. An excellent summary of Tresca's work in Morin's 'Rapport' (*Comptes Rendus*, lxx. 1870).

[18] Helmholtz, in *Populär-wissenschaftliche Vorträge*, vol. i.; Pfaff, in *Poggendorff's Annalen*, Bd. clv. (1875), 169; Bianconi, 'Esperienze intorno alla flessibilità del ghiaccio,' in *Memorie della Academia di Bologna*, 1871, ser. iii. t i. 155.

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by ice under a powerful pressure.[19] The correctness of Forbes' views on the motion of glaciers has thus been fully confirmed.

The bearing of these researches upon the Glacial theory is self-evident. If the climate of a continent is such that the full amount of snow which falls over it during the winter cannot be removed by thawing during the summer, snow must accumulate from year to year over that continent. The snow's own weight, when it has attained a certain thickness, and the water which percolates it, will gradually transform it into ice; but, as soon as the ice has attained the thickness of a few hundred feet, it will gradually be thrust out on all sides. It cannot be piled up to an indefinite height: the cohesion of its molecules will soon yield to pressure, and it will 'flow,' as an Alpine glacier flows. It will slowly invade the continent, even if the surface of the latter be quite horizontal. It will spread, like a mass of semi-liquid lava, moulding itself upon the asperities of the surface, always following, like water, the directions of least resistance; and if it finds its way barred by a range of hills, it will creep up hill, so long as the upper surface of the whole mass has not become almost quite horizontal. Though moving so much slower than water, the ice-mass behaves nevertheless like a lake which fills up and overflows its basin.

All this may appear, of course, rather strange to those who see a gulf between liquids and solids, but for the engineer and the physicist that gulf does not exist: for them the difference between the two states of nature is only one of degree in the mobility of the molecules. It only need be added that ice maintains its plasticity even if its temperature is ten or twenty degrees below zero, but becomes more and more plastic as its temperature approaches the melting point. As to the water which results from its superficial thawing, and which percolates the ice even in the high latitudes of Greenland, it undoubtedly contributes to both a direct increase of the ice's plasticity as well as to make its temperature approach zero.[20] However, even in the midst of an Arctic winter, the ice-cap of North Greenland continues to thrust out immense glaciers through the valleys of the coast-ridge, and those glaciers, as well as those of Alaska, flow with a rapidity which is never attained by even the largest glaciers of the Alps during a warm summer. A great pressure acts as a compensation for a low temperature. The great objection to the Glacial theory, which was based on the supposed non-plasticity of ice, has thus been entirely removed by both experiment in the laboratory and observation of Nature.

Twenty years ago, when some geologists maintained that large parts of Europe and America had once been invaded by an immense

[19] See, for instance, Drygalski's recent photographs.

[20] Drygalski's last year's researches in Greenland established this last fact above any doubt.

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ice-cap, their assertions could be treated as a hypothesis only. In fact, they were only based upon a rapid examination of the glacial deposits.[21] But now that the most detailed geological surveys have been carried on for years in Scandinavia, Germany, France, Russia, and the States, and that special attention has been given to the careful study of the Northern drift which covers these countries, the boundaries of the Quaternary ice-caps have been traced on geological maps with as much accuracy as the boundaries of any aqueous formation. It is now certain that an immense ice-sheet once covered the whole of Northern and Middle Europe. It extended over these Isles, filled the North Sea, and covered Northern France and Belgium. It crept from Scandinavia over Denmark and Germany, reaching Saxony and Galicia. It flowed south-eastwards over Finland and North Russia, the Baltic Provinces and Moscow, nearly reaching as far south as Kieff in the west, and the fiftieth degree of latitude further east. It is evident, moreover, that such a colossal refrigerator could not but exercise a cooling influence farther south. So the Vosges, the central plateau of France, the Black Forest mountains, the whole of the Alps, the Carpathians, the Balkans, the Caucasus, and the Sierra Nevada in Spain, were carrying mighty glaciers which crept down such valleys as are now clothed with vineyards or rose-gardens. Even the mountains of North Africa bear traces of glaciers which filled some of their valleys at that time.[22]

With Asia, we enter into a yet unexplored domain, and for immense portions of the continent we know nothing, either in favour of or against its glaciation. One thing seems, however, certain: the lowlands of North-west Siberia, which hardly attain altitudes of 100

[21] In 1874 Friedrich Schmidt and myself were the only two Russian geologists who ventured the hypothesis that the boulder clay of Russia has been deposited by an ice-sheet, and Fr. Schmidt did not yet venture to admit the extension of the Scandinavian ice farther than the Valdai plateau. Now its extension, almost as far as Kieff, is a fact fully established by the Geological Survey and accepted on the survey maps. It is worthy of note that at that time Barbot-de-Marny was alone in saying that so little is known about the boulder clay that it would be better to study it before asserting that it is not of terrestrial origin. All others did not hesitate to make the assertion. This is the history of the glacial researches all over.

[22] Copious bibliographical indications as to the countless researches upon which the above assertions are based will be found, in English, in the above-named works of James Geikie and Fred. Wright. The geological *surveys* are, of course, the best source of information; from the booklets and maps of the *Sveriges geologiska undersökning* one learns more about all questions connected with glaciation than from hundreds of isolated papers. So, also, from the surveys of Germany, Russia, and Switzerland. The works of Credner for Germany, J. Siemiradzki and G. Berendt for Poland (*Zeitschrift der deutschen geologischen Gesellschaft*, xlii., 1891, 756), Ed. Brückner ('Die Vergletscherung des Salzachgebietes,' in Penck's *Abhandlungen*, i.), Penck for the Pyrenees ('Die Eiszeit in den Pyrenäen,' Wien, 1884) and German Alps (in *Leopoldina*, Halle, 1885), Van Capelle for Holland (summed up in *Annuaire Géologique*, t. vii. 1890), Du Pasquier for Swiss alluvium (*Beiträge zur geol. Karte der Schweiz*, xxxi.), Falsan for France, and Dinnik for Caucasia (*Zapiski* of the Caucasian Geographical Society), deserve a special mention.

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and 200 feet above the sea, have not been invaded by the ice-cap; undoubtedly they were covered to a large extent by the Arctic Ocean. In the swamps which surrounded its shores perished the mammoths, when cold and ice compelled them to leave the highlands of the south and to seek for more genial abodes in the low, marshy grounds of the north. As to the High Plateau of Asia, which stretches north-eastwards, as an immense triangle having its basis in the Himalayas and its summit at the Behring Strait, those parts of it which have been better studied (especially in and about the gold mines) bear unmistakable traces of having been covered with thick masses of ice.[23] So also the border-ridges of the High Plateau, the Himalayas, the Tian-shan, the Altai, the Sayan, the Great Khingan, and so on. With these few data, the only plausible hypothesis is that all those portions of the High Plateau which rise above 2,000 feet in the north, above 3,000 feet in the east of Lake Baikal, 5,000 feet in its middle parts, and above a still higher but yet unknown level farther south, were covered with ice. The remainder is *terra incognita* in this respect, and the want of definite knowledge can be supplanted by no amount of imagination.

In America, we again tread upon a sure ground. The monumental labours of the United States' Geological Survey, summed up in an admirable book by Professor Wright, leave no doubt as to the real limits of the North American ice-cap—at least, as regards the plains and lowlands of the great continent.[24] It covered the whole of Canada and the Northern States, attaining the forty-eighth degree of latitude on the Pacific coast, and the thirty-eighth degree (*i.e.* the latitude of Lisbon) in the valley of the Mississippi. It undoubtedly ploughed what is now the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean about New York, and most probably joined in the north with the ice-cap of Greenland. This is well known; but it must also be said that the American geologists have not simply traced in a rough way the limits of their ice-mantle: they have carefully studied the various traces which the ice has left both during its advance and its retreat, its effects in modifying the channels of the great lines of drainage of the continent, and a great number of connected questions.[25]

[23] Obrucheff, in *Izvestia* of the East Siberian Geographical Society, the present writer in 'Olekma and Vitim Expedition,' in *Memoirs of the Russian Geographical Society*,' vol. iii.; Syevertsoff's *Orography of Tian-shan* (Russian), &c.

[24] *The Ice Age in North America*. Doubts may only be entertained as regard the extension of glaciation of the High Plateau. Here the data seem to be less uncertain.

[25] While quite certain as to the extent of glaciation, geologists are not yet fixed as to its duration. Several of the best authorities (J. Geikie, Penck, and Brückner) are of the opinion that the glacial period consisted of two, or may be three, portions. The ice invaded first the above area, then it retreated, and Europe and America became covered to a great extent with a vegetation testifying to, at least, as warm a climate as the present one; then came, again, a second, or, perhaps, also a third, advance of immense masses of ice. On the other side, other geologists (Prof. Prestwich and Fred. Wright are of their number) do not admit such a recurrence of glacial

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As to the southern hemisphere, we have no detailed surveys to safely rely upon. However, we know that there are traces of an extensive glaciation in the Tierra del Fuego and in Patagonia; that New Zealand has had much greater glaciers than it has now, and that the Antarctic continent is still covered with an ice-cap which is very much wider and thicker than that of Greenland; while the glaciation of Tasmania is just now under discussion.

And, finally, several explorers maintain that there are traces of old mighty glaciers in certain parts of tropical America. For instance, leaving aside the more doubtful and contested facts, it may be said that the glaciers of the Andes really went down in their valleys some two thousand feet lower than they do at the present time, or even more. Such is, in a very rapid outline, the state of our present knowledge in this respect.[26]

III

If the Glacial theory were only based upon what we know of the action of glaciers and ice-caps upon the rocks, the character of glacial deposits which bear on their face the testimony of never having been transported by flowing water, and the arrangement of these deposits into ridges which cannot be the work of water—in short, upon facts of dynamical geology only—it would already rest upon a solid basis. But it also has in its support an array of paleontological facts which directly prove the coldness of the climate at the time when the great ice-cap began to retreat from the now temperate zone; and it is supported, moreover, by all the knowledge, recently obtained, as regards the Post-Glacial times.

Already, in 1846, E. Forbes had ventured the suggestion that the close resemblance which exists between the Arctic flora and the floras of the highest summits of the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Himalayas,

and interglacial periods. It would be out of place to enter here into a discussion of that wide subject; but I must confess that, after having given attention to the subject, I do not feel convinced by the arguments of the first school. The immense oscillations of the fringe of a vast ice-sheet (of which we see but relatively small though still large-scale illustrations in Greenland) might account for the formation of the layers, which have been described as interglacial, and the considerable changes which must occur in the directions of the flow of a large ice-sheet may account for the crossing of striæ and erratics, as well as for the appearance of interglacial beds. As to the undoubtedly existing differences between the two layers of boulder clay, the facts I observed in Finland and Sweden induced me to look for an explanation of the same in the differences between the *bottom* and the *interior* moraine of an ice-cap. At any rate, one may be permitted to suspend his judgment in so difficult a question.

[26] I take the following two facts on the authority of Prof. Brückner. Sievers (*Zeitschrift der Gesellschaft für Erdkunde*, Bd. 23, 1888) saw in South America, in latitude 10° S., traces of an ancient depression of the snow-line from 1,400 to 1,650 feet; and Hettner (*Verhandlungen* of the same society, 1889, pp. 160 and 276) has found in the Andes, in 16° S. latitude, around Lake Titicaca, traces of a great glaciation and of a still greater depression of the snow-line.

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is due to the fact that there was a time when the lowlands of Middle Europe were entirely covered with an Arctic or sub-Arctic vegetation, which has been since circumscribed to the upper highlands. His suggestion is now fully confirmed by the many years' researches of the Swedish geologist, Nathorst, as well as by Nehring's researches into the Post-Glacial flora and fauna. Nathorst, who has made a speciality of this subject, has really proved that over the whole of the area which was once glaciated in Europe there are numerous relics of a sub-Arctic vegetation. He has explored Sweden, Germany, Great Britain, and Russia for that special purpose, and everywhere he has unearthed, from above the morainic deposits of the ice-cap, patches of clay and peat-bog containing relics of the Arctic dwarf species of birch and willow, together with other species which are characteristic at the present time of the *Toundras* of the far North, or grow on the edges of the Arctic glaciers. In fact, these beds are quite similar to those which are now in formation on the edges of the glaciers of Spitzbergen and Greenland. It is thus evident that while the great ice-cap was slowly retreating towards the North, a *toundra* vegetation followed in its steps, and that Europe offered at that time the aspects which we now meet with on the shores of the Arctic Ocean.[27]

Nehring's researches into the Post-Glacial flora and fauna of Europe further confirm and supplement Nathorst's discoveries. He, too, has studied the fossil relics from that period, and his conclusion is that, after the retreat of the ice, Europe was covered, first, by immense toundras, and by steppes afterwards. The climate of Europe during the Steppe period must have been, he says, more dry and more continental than it is now; because the remains of that period contain such Arctic animals as the lemming, together with mammals which now inhabit the steppes on the Volga.[28] Nehring's theory has been met with a good deal of adverse criticism; but this criticism was partly called for by a slight exaggeration in his first conclusions, and chiefly by a misconception of the word 'steppe.' In Western Europe the word 'steppe' awakes an idea of dry deserts, while in reality, for the inhabitants of the steppes themselves, it is synonymous with 'prairies' and 'pampas.' It implies a gently undulating land, covered with steppe grasses, but not entirely treeless. What the Russian botanists call 'the Steppe-and-Forest zone' of Southern Middle Russia, where the groves of forest and the prairie are at struggle with each other, would better answer to the facts established by Nehring. It must also be borne in mind that large extensions of prairie land do not necessarily imply a rainless climate,

[27] Nathorst has himself summed up his researches in *Nature*, xlv. (1892), 273, in a paper illustrated by a map. See also M. Staub on the ice-age flora of Hungary (*Neues Jahrbuch der Mineralogie*, 1893, i.).

[28] *Ueber Tundren und Steppen in der Jetzt- und Vorzeit.* Berlin, 1890.

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such as prevails in Central Asian deserts. Thus the Baraba Steppe is dotted with numberless lakes, and the rainfall in this steppe, as well as in those of South Russia, varies from 14 to 20 inches. Nehring's idea is thus so far correct as it implies that the toundras which covered Middle Europe after the retreat of the ice-sheet were but gradually invaded by forests, and that in the meantime large spaces remained treeless. It appears very probable indeed that while the low and flat water-partings, loaded with clayey morainic *débris*, became clothed in swampy forests, similar to those of the *urmans* of the Obi and Irtysh, there remained broad spaces covered with more permeable glacial or fluvio-glacial deposits which assumed the aspects of prairies. At the present day we may see the same, even in the wet climate of the Amur region, in the prairies of the Bureya and Zeya.

And, finally, we have sure proofs of myriads of lakes having covered Europe and North Asia, as well as North America, during the Post-Glacial period. What we now see in the lake-regions of Finland, Canada, North-west Russia, and the northern portions of the High Plateau of Asia, was the general aspect of the country. Wherever we explore it we find traces of myriads and myriads of lakes of all possible sizes. Shallow, elongated basins had been excavated in the rocky plateaus by the ice-plough; many old channels of drainage had been stilted by morainic deposits, and flowing water had then to burrow new channels, in the same way as it does now in Finland, where we see the future rivers formed out of chains of gradually elongating lakes.

Very slow at its beginnings, the desiccation of these lakes is now going on at a speed which few geologists would have admitted some thirty years ago. They dry up under our very eyes. Even in the relatively wet climate of West Siberia, we can follow the desiccation of the lakes of the Chany group upon maps which are less than eighty years old, and see how villages have grown upon what was the bottom of lakes half a century ago. But in Eastern Siberia and Central Asia desiccation goes on even more rapidly than that. The Caspian Sea has separated from Lake Aral during the Post-Glacial period, and their intermittent connection through the Sary-kamysh brackish lakes is of a still more recent date; while the large Aibughir gulf of Lake Aral has entirely disappeared since 1821.

In short, we may safely conclude that the Glacial age was followed by a Swamp, or Toundra, period, which was followed in its turn by a Lacustrine period, of which we are now witnessing the end. Unless the secular upheaval of Northern Europe and Asia, which is going on now, is changed—from some cause not easy to foresee—into a submergence, desiccation and dryness in Eurasia are what we have to face in the nearest geological future.

While the facts of the Glacial and subsequent periods are thus

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perfectly well known, we continue to remain in the dark as to the causes which may have brought about such considerable changes in the climate of the earth. Not that there is any lack of theories, physical and astronomical, endeavouring to account for the change; but none of these theories can yet be considered as quite satisfactory. The astronomical theory, advocated by Croll, has certainly met with a good deal of favour, especially in this country, and it has among its supporters James Geikie, who is one of the best authorities on the Glacial period.[29] According to this theory, the slow changes in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit, which are known to exist, coupled with certain changes in the direction and force of the oceanic currents, might produce an alternation of Glacial periods in both hemispheres. Sir Robert Ball has, as is known, further improved upon this theory. He has shown that the amount of heat received by each hemisphere during the summer half of the year stands always in the proportion of 63 to 37 (whatever the eccentricity may be) to the amount of heat which the same hemisphere receives during its winter half of the year. When these two different amounts of heat are distributed—as the case stands now—over a winter and a summer which only differ by seven days in their respective lengths, we have a considerable difference between the temperatures of the summer and that of the winter. But when—the eccentricity of the orbit being at its highest—the length of the winter half of the year in the northern hemisphere is 199 days, and that of the summer half is only 166 days, the conditions being the reverse in the southern hemisphere, then both winter and summer must have extreme temperatures, and these extremes may result in a glaciation of the northern half of the globe, while the other half may enjoy an exceptionally mild climate. The hypothesis, as seen, is thus not purely astronomical. It may, perhaps, explain the prevalence of a warm climate in the now Arctic regions during the Miocene period; but glaciation requires, not an extreme climate such as we have now in Siberia, but rather a cold and wet climate with cold summers and considerable snowfalls: so that in order to explain the glaciation of each hemisphere we are bound to make several admissions relative to the distribution of heat over the globe, which—Woyeikof has shown it in his criticism of Croll's theory—throw us into the domain of quite problematic speculations. Moreover, under Croll's and Sir Robert Ball's hypothesis, one hemisphere only can be glaciated at a time: when the northern hemisphere is buried in ice, the other enjoys of its mildest climate, and *vice versâ*. In reality, however, we have not the slightest reason, either geological or meteorological, for maintaining that such was the case, and many reasons make us believe that it was not. The traces of old glaciers in the southern hemisphere

[29] James Croll's *Climate and Time*; Sir Robert Ball, *The Cause of an Ice Age*. London, 1891.

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are exactly as fresh as they are in Europe, and the Post-Glacial deposits of Patagonia bear the same characters as those of Europe. The alternate glaciation of the two hemispheres has thus entirely to be proved, and, so far as I know, no geologist has ever attempted to prove it. On the contrary, all we know, up to this time, is rather pointing in the direction of a simultaneous glaciation of both hemispheres—though not necessarily to the same extent—and to a simultaneous development of glaciers in the mountain regions of the equatorial regions.

How great must have been the change of climate which is required to produce these effects? This is the question which the Austrian geographer Penck and Professor Ed. Brückner[30] have endeavoured to answer. The height at which the line of perpetual snow lies in various parts of Europe and America is known; and we also know very approximately the height it attained in the same regions during the period of greatest glaciation. Roughly speaking, it stood at that time from 3,000 to 4,000 feet lower than it stands now. So that, if the climate was not drier than it is now, and if the yearly amount of precipitation was neither greater nor smaller than it is at the present time, a general lowering of temperature by from eight to ten degrees Fahrenheit would have been sufficient to produce the glaciation of Europe and America to the extent to which it has really taken place.

Of course, such a change is not insignificant, as it might have brought the climate of Drontheim down to Vienna and Paris; but we must accustom ourselves to the idea that climate, like everything else on the earth, is a changeable element; and Brückner proves that this change is only three to four times greater than the changes already inscribed in our meteorological annals during the last two centuries. He proves, moreover, in his very elaborate work, that during the temporary changes of climate, which we know, severe and protracted winters always come hand in hand with an increase of snowfall and rain during the same years, as well as with an increase in the sizes of Alpine glaciers and a rise of the levels of such interior basins as, for instance, the Caspian Sea. Cold and moisture thus came together upon Europe, and—the distribution of the continents and oceanic currents remaining as it is now—a simple lowering of the average yearly temperature by eight or ten degrees, lasting for centuries, would send us straight back into the Ice Age.

Many causes might account for such a change. Even now climate has its periodical variations. It has its eleven years' period, which corresponds to the amount of black spots appearing on the sun, which amount, according to a recent hypothesis, may depend upon the amount of cosmic matter attracted by the great luminary. There seems to be, besides, another thirty-five years' period, which some-

[30] 'Klima-Schwankungen seit 1700, nebst Bemerkungen über die Klima-Schwankungen der Diluvialzeit,' in Penck's *Geographische Abhandlungen*, iv. 2. Wien, 1890.

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times increases the effects of the former; and we may be perfectly sure that there are other periods as well in the amount of heat received by the earth from the sun. The sun's radiation (we know it from Lord Kelvin and Helmholtz) is a variable quantity.

Brückner's work, of which I have given only a very faint idea, thus gives us a new ground for the hypotheses relative to the causes of the Ice Age, and it certainly will mark a new departure in glacial research. It puts the whole question upon a surer foundation than it stood previously, and shows that meteorology can better enlighten us about the climate of the Glacial period than astronomy. It also shows that, before troubling the astronomer with his questions, the geologist must first explore the earth and put his problem in its proper shape. He must tell his astronomer friend what he wants to be explained: a relatively slight but general cooling of the globe —as we suppose the case has been in reality—or an alternate cooling of the two hemispheres, with frequently and rapidly intervening periods of warm climate. It is thus towards the southern hemisphere and the equatorial regions that the glacialist has now to direct his steps; there only can he shape his problem into its definite form so as to put an exact question before the astronomer.

P. KROPOTKIN.

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CHARLES THE TWELFTH AND THE CAMPAIGN OF 1712–13[1]

HISTORY is the mirror in which the mighty of the earth, as well as its humblest denizens, to their mutual enlightenment and improvement, may view the events of the past. But this mirror only becomes quite clear when the events are no longer dimmed by clouds that drift before the orb of the sun through the changeable winds of the day, or is no longer hidden behind the veil of prejudice and party spirit. The recorder of the past ought humbly to embrace the belief that a divine hand invariably guides the fate of nations and the human race; that the disasters which a benignant Providence lets fall upon rulers of nations must be viewed as just retributions for what they, with shortsighted exultation, have erred in, or as necessary links in the chain of continuous events; and that, finally, what happens tends —or, at all events, ought to tend—to the true welfare of mankind.

All nations have had and have their just debts to pay. So also ours. Nor does disaster befall us undeservedly. No doubt the casual spectator may consider that such disasters sometimes have been most severe just at the moment when the debt is lightest, or that they have stricken those that have been but innocent tools, and whose sacrifices, devotion, and noble zeal deserved a better fate. But if we, imbued with graver seriousness, understand the inner working of events and their dependence upon each other, we shall escape the common mistake of looking at such events in a narrow light, whether as regards time or extent, and many an apparent anomaly will disappear: the eternal sun of righteousness sheds its rays upon the destiny of the human race, and it becomes clear that this destiny must be viewed from a more elevated and general point of view in order that the verdict be in accordance with truth and justice. Supposing, for instance, that the calamities which have befallen a nation during a certain period have contributed to the happiness and progress of the

[1] The unabridged text of this and the preceding articles by his Majesty the King of Sweden and Norway was originally printed in the Transactions of the Royal Swedish Academy of Literature, History, and Antiquities. They were republished (in Swedish) for more general circulation last year, when leave was given by his Majesty for their translation for this Review —ED. *Nineteenth Century*.

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entire community during that or a subsequent period, why not then look upon these calamities as beneficent trials, even if the nation *has* suffered? Indeed, the destiny of all nations is woven in a common warp; to this history points. All men are brethren: that we are taught by our religion. And antagonistic to both are the worldly views which place the interests of a certain nation outside the pale of the general common interests of mankind, or which represent the glory and happiness of a particular country as something wholly opposed to those of all others.

With such views it becomes less depressing to follow General Magnus Stenbock and his men along the heavy road which a noble sense of duty, an all-sacrificing love of King and country, prompted them to tread, and which for most of them led to captivity and death. Posterity should indeed venerate heroic courage and duty, even when not crowned with success. In such cases we ought not to judge solely by results. The latter are in higher hands than ours, and defined by laws superior to those that are understood by the idle contemporaneous looker-on. The intentions and efforts that prompt mankind are those that decide the verdict of posterity. If these are proved to have been noble, upright, and serious, the conscientious historian would hesitate to condemn; his seeking will then be to consider in reverence and to judge with tender care. Beyond everything, he ought with the greatest possible impartiality to record the circumstances under which the events in question were prepared and carried out. This is the more important as by the latter are decided the results of the undertaking, independent of the leading actors of the stage.

In the present article are narrated the breaking up of the Swedish army from Pomerania, the glorious but dearly bought battle of Gadebusch, and the sad capitulation and captivity of Stenbock and his men at Tönningen referred to in a previous paper.[2] In recording these events we shall steadily bear in mind our resolution to let the actors of the drama speak as much as possible for themselves. This is no very difficult matter in view of the excellent material found in the archives in Stockholm and Copenhagen.

The object of the large dispatch of troops to Pomerania in 1712 was clearly to hold out a hand to the King from the north, and thereby open up the road for his return to Sweden, when at the head of a Turkish army he was to enter Poland. But to determine the greater or lesser probability of these surmises does not come within the scope of our present task. We shall only point out that during the greater part of 1712 King Charles seems to have entertained the surest hope of the realisation of this his pet idea. It was for this very reason that his Majesty was so anxious to hasten the equipment of the fleet and the transfer of the army to the continent without

[2] *Nineteenth Century*, April, 1893.

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delay. Indeed, in judging the attitude of Charles towards Stenbock during the ensuing campaign, it must always be borne in mind that the former, even at the end of the year in question, was in lively negotiations with the Porte, and that therefore naturally every step which affected the same unfavourably was viewed by him with displeasure. However, here we have the following questions to answer.

(1) Might the enterprise, if carried out at the right moment and with due energy, have been successful? (2) Would it succeed *now*? Might it, indeed, be dared under the conditions encountered by Stenbock on landing in Germany?

The first question is truly difficult to answer. But one point cannot be disputed, viz. that the terror which prevailed throughout Europe of the Swedish army, together with the want of unity and force displayed by the allied monarchs in their attack on Swedish Pomerania, lead us to imagine that the enterprise was far from impossible. We must of course imagine the fleet and the first transport to have sailed already early in June, before Admiral Sehested seized upon the Binnenwasser; that the three expeditionary forces, favoured by the bright and calm season, had been transferred without mishap, and that the Swedish fleet, better commanded and, particularly, led with more success, had blockaded the Danish vessels inside Drogden in the Sound. We must further imagine that Stenbock had landed in Germany at the head of at least 20,000 men, had joined hands with Düker, who had some 5,000 men under him exclusive of the garrison in Stettin, and that he had brought to the united army of 25,000 men *provisions and necessaries for at least two months.* There are, by the way, writers who assert that he might have maintained his army for four months had all the stores been carried over. Finally, we must bear in mind that the belligerents during the spring did not muster 20,000 men, that they were in complete want of siege guns and *matériel*, that they were far outside the range of the fortresses, that they were without an energetic commander, far from their reserves. Might not a general with Stenbock's skill have turned these great advantages to excellent account, chosen the right moment and place for his attack, and thus struck suddenly and successfully?

Indeed, it seems that his idea, even under the deplorable circumstances, was to await the frost partly in Rügen and partly in Stralsund, the while harassing the enemy by incessant sorties, and afterwards outflanking its right wing with 24,000 men; but hunger forced him out. Either direct from Rügen, or through Stralsund, which latter fortress formed a strongly-fortified and suitable *point d'appui*, he might with his united forces have marched upon Greifswald, Wolgast, and Usedom, raised the blockade of Stettin, and scattered the small, badly equipped army besieging there, composed of only a thousand men encamped outside its walls. He would then have

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been nearly in the enemy's rear, and would, in consequence, at the same time have relieved Stralsund. Who or what could then have prevented his march upon Poland? The King of Prussia had not yet openly declared sides, and a successful commencement of the campaign would undoubtedly have prompted that monarch to observe increased caution. Indeed, at the time the king had concentrated an army of 10,000 men in Brandenburg, and it was hoped that this force would be used against those of our enemies who did not respect Prussian territory. In Poland, too, the partisans of Stanislaus were still fighting—sometimes with success—against Augustus. They were only awaiting the arrival of Stenbock and his army to extend the rising over the whole country. The game would in all probability have been won. We may therefore answer the first question in the affirmative. But circumstances were different *now* when just at the end of September Stenbock arrived at Stralsund. The favourable moment was lost. We have in the preceding article seen how unsatisfactorily the Council of Regency complied with the behests of the king, how one month after another was lost without the despatch of the relieving forces, and how finally we have but to thank the courage and influence of *one* man for the carrying out of the enterprise at all. We have seen, too, what a strange fatality followed Stenbock and his companions in arms; how the valuable transport fleet, delayed by contrary winds, eventually reached its destination, but only to be destroyed or dispersed; and how the Swedish army, hardly 16,000 men strong, short of everything, entered Stralsund, which was at the time hotly pressed by the enemy, whilst the enemy's victorious fleet ruled the Baltic and arrested all further help from home.

Rumour had already long before sped in advance of Stenbock, and enhanced his fighting strength. It had served to warn the enemy and put them on the alert. The latter had during the autumn received considerable increase of troops, whereby its long and rather straggling lines had been strengthened, and the chief operations were now directed towards Stralsund, between which town and Rügen the attacking army succeeded in interrupting communication, this army consisting of 4,000 Russian troops. True, the allied monarchs were not yet quite agreed. Among other things they disputed as to the number of troops which each was to furnish for the investment, and as to who was to maintain those troops that were detached from one of the allied armies to serve with another. Their total forces amounted at this time to nearly 30,000 men, of whom one half were Russians under the command of Prince Menschikoff; a Saxon army corps under the able Field-Marshal Count Flemming; some Danish cavalry under Jörgen Rantzau, which, however, had not advanced further than the neighbourhood of Rostock, and formed a kind of avant-guard to the Danish main army advancing from Holstein.

At this period a meeting of the allied sovereigns was fixed to take

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place in Greifswald, where King Augustus had already arrived, and where the Czar was presently expected upon having completed a 'cure' at Carlsbad. Worst of all was that the King of Prussia was becoming more and more hostile to Sweden. Tempted by the hope of getting his share of the spoil, and under pressure from the allies' considerable forces, he had even, it is reported, furnished the Russians with siege ordnance, which the latter were in want of, and we can prove that he no longer would permit Stenbock to touch Prussian territory without declaration of war. The Emperor, who with delight saw the Sweden so feared of old weakened, egged secretly the German Princes to hostilities against us, and succeeded in these efforts only too well. England hesitated, and confined herself to fair promises.

Indeed, the only ally our country at that time had on the continent was France; but the aged Louis the Fourteenth, already fatigued by the long and fatal Spanish War of Succession, was but lukewarm in his friendship, and was unable to render any effective aïd. Thus the Swedes were left wholly to their own resources in this uneven struggle with stronger and hard-pressing enemies. The former stood stolidly within their fortifications, now almost impregnable, since the autumn rains had filled every pool and morass. The country all round was exhausted as regards supplies. If Stenbock had not been in want, but had been able to await the frost, he might, perhaps, with success have made an attack on Tribsees; but he was in want of all requisite supplies. Great inroads had already been made upon those of General Düker, and, as we know, those of Stenbock were lost on that fatal 18th of September. Contrary winds and bad weather, too, diminished the hope of a new transport, and even rendered the transfer of more troops to Stralsund difficult, and when eventually this had been effected there remained only bread for a week. Some regiments had, indeed, only bread for two days.

Stenbock himself at this crisis writes to Charles. 'It is more a question of *Friss, Vogel, oder Stirb.*' Therefore Stenbock could tarry no longer. He *must* break through the enemy's lines in order to save his army from a fearful famine. And the manner in which he prepared and carried out this task bespeaks the highest military and political skill; but as he thereby was compelled to select the only point where he had any hope of success—viz. the most western—he deviated from the plans laid down, and was in consequence afterwards greatly blamed. No one complained more bitterly of this step than the Swedish Royal Councillor, Count Wellingk, who occupied the post of a kind of special envoy to the Free City of Hamburg. But are *we* to endorse this complaint? We answer most emphatically 'No,' at the same time expressing the firm conviction that it would have been impossible, *under the existing conditions*, for Stenbock to have carried out the king's commands and met him in Poland.

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We now resume our narrative.

The transferred troops (says Stenbock in his report to the king), having passed Wittmond, in Landt-Rügen proper, were then the enemy's equal should the latter venture upon a landing in that island. The troops recently arrived, as well as those already quartered around the islands, were put into cantonments, as the former required some rest, having been much seasick, and the latter likewise, having night and day been watching the coasts in expectation of the enemy. Meanwhile, all stores and forage were collected, whilst some bridge and pontoon *materiél* was brought by sea from Stralsund. On the 6th of October the transfer of the regiments from Landt-Rügen to Stralsund was commenced, and on the 9th a council of war was held in the presence of H.M. the King of Poland, with all generals and colonels, in order to decide what, under the present circumstances, would be most advantageous to His Majesty's service.

The force gathered in Stralsund on the 15th of October consisted of four regiments of horse and three regiments of dragoons, about 6,400 men all told and 6,000 horses, besides thirteen regiments of foot, numbering about 11,000 men. Finally, there was a hired regiment of dragoons under the dashing Colonel Bassewitz, which rendered valuable services in the ensuing campaign, and the united body-guard of King Stanislaus, numbering about a hundred men.

We find from the official returns that the infantry were short by one-fifth through sickness; indeed, one raised regiment, the normal strength of which was one thousand, had only eighty-nine combatants!

Moreover, sickness increased daily owing to want of proper food and the overcrowding within the town. However, there was very little sickness among the officers, and the latter were up to their full strength. But the higher officers of infantry were in want of horses, and they were entirely without their baggage. Even the tents of the troops and part of the train had been left behind in Carlshamn from want of room on board the fleet. Some regiments, too, had none or only uniforms in rags, part not having arrived in time and part having been destroyed with the transports. Curiously enough, some regiments had *cloth* for new uniforms, but who was to make them in the beleaguered city? There was quite enough besides to think of. This was a matter of great grief to Stenbock.

The deliberations of the council of war were protracted, lasting several days. All were unanimous that a front attack on the enemy's fortifications was out of the question, recommending to break through their lines on the extreme western wing, at Damgarten, where they were weakest and worst defended, after which the army was to march into Mecklenburg, a province almost exempted from the wars and where the ports of Rostock and Wismar afforded an opportunity to obtain supplies from home by eventual transports. Stenbock appears long ago to have harboured these views. But a fresh point arose, increasing the importance of the hour. King Stanislaus, it seems, had for some time entertained doubts as to the probability of his regaining

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his crown. He saw with sadness the daily increasing difficulties and the growing weakness of Sweden. He shuddered with horror at the idea that only for *his* sake Poland was to be torn to pieces by incessant civil wars, and came to the conclusion that should even this small Swedish force succeed in crossing the Polish frontier it would, from want of supplies of all kinds, quickly succumb without a doubt. Already, before departing from Carlshamn the king had received from Prussia proposals of mediation towards a reconciliation with King Augustus. And his *entourage*, and even his own family, had recommended this course. Indeed, as far back as the 12th of September Stenbock writes on this point to King Charles as follows:

> King Stanislaus I have just left in a thousand troubles, chiefly through the proposals made by the Berlin Court, more particularly *through its women folk*, which have caused him much anxiety and of which he has no doubt informed your Majesty; he himself, as a good and pious *seigneur*, not knowing what to do, but being at the time of parting from him engaged in spiritual and philosophical thoughts.

Even King Augustus himself appears to have expressed a wish for the opening of negotiations, although perhaps, as was his wont, with not very honest intentions. After the disaster to the transport fleet, the anxiety and longing for peace of Stanislaus increased. In his own mind the unhappy king had long nursed the idea of himself journeying to Bender and placing in the hands of Charles the crown that weighed so heavily on his head. He now therefore urged that a favourable opportunity should be seized to demand a truce with the allied armies. It should here be borne in mind that Charles had given Stanislaus a kind of supreme command of the army which was to enter Poland, and that therefore it was very difficult to ignore his wishes. Stenbock, indeed, raised objections, pointing out what pain it would give King Charles to throw overboard his favourite idea and his most faithful ally, and that a truce was against the king's commands; but in vain. King Stanislaus argued with all the warmth and energy of an impartial conviction, and Stenbock bowed to his will with the firm intention as far as possible to turn to his own advantage and that of his army the fruits of such negotiations, as he was unable to prevent them. The question of exchanging prisoners might constitute a favourable basis for the opening of negotiations for truce or peace, and Stenbock now made such a proposal to Count Flemming, with whom he had been acquainted in his youth. He found the latter favourable towards a personal meeting. Passes were exchanged, and after some formal delay it was arranged that the meeting should take place in the town of Falkenhagen, Oct. 11 (Sept. 30). With Flemming were the Russian General Von Bruse, the Danish Colonel Lövenörn, a Russian diplomatic agent, Wessolofsky, and the Saxon Adjutant-General Kreuger. The two field-marshals met a little distance outside the town, and, having mounted their horses,

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rode to Count Flemming's quarters in the parsonage. It would appear that Stenbock was not in earnest respecting his proposals, and that Flemming, on his side, viewed his old friend with distrust, although personally receiving him in the heartiest manner. As soon as the question of peace was raised it became evident, as was also afterwards always the case, *that everything depended upon the abdication of Stanislaus*. Indeed, the impression which Stenbock after the meeting brought back to that sovereign seems further to have strengthened him in his resolution to journey to Bender and to return his crown to Charles. Maybe this resolution of Stanislaus was favoured by Stenbock, too, in his heart. He would by that step obtain a freer hand, and if once in Mecklenburg he might continue the negotiations and thereby gain time and room for action. The question of an exchange of prisoners remained therefore open, but Flemming meanwhile advised his king to strengthen the lines and bombard Stralsund rather than believe in the seriousness of the proposals for peace. Stenbock, on the other hand, urged Stanislaus not to continue negotiations that would lead to nothing, and thus arrest the military operations, inasmuch as the enemy only appeared to await reinforcements, whilst the want of the Swedish soldiers increased daily. (In a letter to the king in November, he says: 'We have only bread for one day . . . but your Majesty's "artful dog"[2] is, nevertheless, in good spirits and relies upon God.')

He had even prepared a plan for forcing the left wing of the enemy at Damgarten, a point which seemed comparatively less protected. True, Mecklenburg was a neutral State, but this neutrality had not been respected by the enemy either; and the natural obstacles, too, were calculated to cause anxiety; but to these Stenbock paid little attention, seeing that *it was a question of absolute necessity*. He therefore set to work in order to overcome all these obstacles. He had, with great secrecy and much circumspection and labour, collected means for bridging, &c., and he displayed in effecting the next daring movement a renewed proof of an infallible strategical eye which made him so famous, and which could only be dimmed by the most awful calamities.

On the 20th of October a fresh council of war was held in Stralsund, at which King Stanislaus and all generals and heads of regiments were present. Here Stenbock openly expressed his distrust of and disbelief in the progress of the peace negotiations. He added that, although at present they ought to be continued, and recommended that even an embassy should be despatched to King Augustus at Greifswald, the army ought, and *must* at all costs and *before* everything, by a daring sortie be saved from famine. This recommendation was immediately adopted, and Stenbock set to work with circumspection and energy. The first care was the providing of Stralsund with a

[2] A playful nickname of King Charles.

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suitable garrison. For this he detailed a force of about one thousand six hundred men, with one hundred and fifty dragoons. He despatched Colonel Schwerin to the Duke of Mecklenburg, Frederick William, demanding for his troops, like the Danish, free passage; and although this prince did not openly dare to acquiesce, he showed a more friendly disposition towards Sweden than any of the other German princes. On the 20th of October Stenbock summoned the town council of Stralsund at the town hall. He made a pathetic and eloquent farewell speech to the members of a body well known for its long-tried fidelity and love of Sweden, and ardently exhorted the council to stand firm in its loyalty. The address made a deep impression on all present, for Stenbock was personally greatly beloved and respected, and everyone realised the importance of the hour. Stenbock himself was so prepared to face death that he made his will.

On the night of the 21st of October the army of attack marched out of Stralsund in order to break through the enemy's lines, the avant-guard being led by Lieutenant-Colonel Düker, and consisting of the Bremen Cavalry and two Swedish regiments of Dragoons with six field guns. The orders were to hasten as quickly as possible to Damgarten, seize that point, and throw a bridge over the river before the enemy could concentrate and prevent the movement. The King of Poland was in Stenbock's suite. On the following day Düker reached Damgarten, which he seized, driving back the enemy's outpost, some troops being killed and wounded, and at dawn on the 23rd of October the main army also moved upon Damgarten, which spot was reached at noon. Stenbock took up his quarters at Plumendorf, where the stream Rechenitz, which runs past Damgarten a little below, forms a morass some three thousand five hundred feet wide, and which—although said to be impassable, and that even cattle could not traverse it in the dryness of summer—the commander-in-chief decided to attempt to cross with his army. To this end he caused boards to be nailed together and to be laid over the most deep and dangerous bogs, while four hundred men with eight field guns were ordered to the river shore to protect the party of men who, with poles, were to proceed across the morass to ascertain the most suitable places for crossing; and as the enemy's cavalry, one thousand strong, under the command of Major-General the Prince of Weissenfeld, took up a position on the opposite shore, fire was opened upon the same with such effect that his troops had to fall back upon the woods. The bridge was finished in the course of the night. Stenbock then summoned all the generals, giving them his commands for the order of crossing, six hundred cavalry and five hundred infantry being detailed to protect the rear of the advancing army. The army began to cross the next morning, and so well was this remarkable manœuvre carried out that in a few hours all the infantry and the artillery had

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reached *terra firma* without the loss of a single man! No human being had ever crossed this swamp. The cavalry were now able to come round by the regular road and bridge.

On reaching the Mecklenburg shore the whole army was mustered, and naturally the jubilation of all was great, the hotly pressed army having succeeded by one bold stroke in breaking out and in outflanking the entire allied armies and the earthworks upon which the latter had spent a whole year of continuous labour. The army crossed this treacherous swamp in a blinding rain-storm, but nevertheless with bands playing and standards flying. Stenbock himself writes to Charles on the 8th of November that 'no human being would have believed that the army could have got over here,' and that 'your Majesty's "artful dog" never has had worse experience, but is in good spirits, trusting in God and the gracious confidence of his king.'

The general took up his quarters at Ribbenitz, and ordered the neighbourhood to be at once reconnoitred, awaiting his train, which was coming by the regular roads; but these were very heavy through the rain. Already on the 5th November the joyful news arrived that the Prince of Weissenfeld, although having been reinforced with the Danish cavalry under Rantzau, had not dared to remain in Rostock, but withdrawn southwards, whilst Rantzau had fallen back on the Holstein frontier. Great was the surprise and consternation of the enemy upon learning the bold venture just effected by the Swedish army. Field-Marshal Count Flemming, on learning this movement, immediately concentrated his army on his left flank in order to follow up Stenbock. That morning he stood at Tribsees; on the 26th the Swedish found the enemy in the neighbourhood of Lage and Tessin. The Russian army formed the reserve. The Saxon General von Thienen was despatched to Stenbock with the request that another meeting should take place at Ribbenitz, with a view, it was said, to the resumption of the peace negotiations, and Stenbock referred to Stanislaus whether it was worth while to reopen them now that the army was out of Stralsund. But the latter insisted upon their reopening, requesting even to be present. A meeting then took place near the town, and under mutual expressions of regard and goodwill and desires for peace the questions of a truce and exchange of prisoners were easily settled. But now, as before, all negotiations were void without the consent of Charles. The astute Flemming then proposed before leaving that Stanislaus should proceed to Bender and there openly renounce his crown, a proposal which, as we are aware, was in exact keeping with that monarch's inclination and which was shortly also to be carried out. His object in making this suggestion was to gain time, for every day the combined armies would approach nearer and nearer, whilst the Swedish army could not possibly remain in its present position with the flank to the enemy. Therefore, upon news

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being received that the Danish troops had cleared out of Mecklenburg and the train having come up, Stenbock decided to march westwards and besiege Rostock, where he would attain a better position and be nearer the much-longed-for transports.

In judging these and the following operations, we once more repeat that it must distinctly be borne in mind that *two* highly important circumstances ruled all Stenbock's movements—viz. the inclination of the King of Poland for peace, justified by the distress of Sweden and its numerous enemies, and the hope of receiving stores and reinforcements from home. But Rostock, which was believed to be unoccupied, was now held by some Prussian companies. The Prussians had demanded and obtained admission on the ground that the King of Prussia had *directorium agens* in the so-called Lower-Saxon territory.[3] Therefore, when Colonel Bassewitz, with 500 dragoons, demanded a free passage and quarters, the Mecklenburg commandant replied with a decided 'No,' and neither threats nor persuasion could alter his mind; but he was willing to refer the matter to the Duke. In this dilemma Stenbock sent Lieutenant-Colonel Taube to Schwerin to urge that the Swedish army should be granted the same favour as that recently extended to the enemy. But the Duke hesitated from fear of Prussia, and replied guardedly. Stenbock, therefore, who could wait no longer, decided to seize the town by force. Having marched his army to Wolkenshagen (about six miles from Rostock), he ordered a brigade to advance upon the city, which was seized most pluckily. Bassewitz entered with his regiment of dragoons. He seized upon the so-called Hopfenmarkt, or hop-market, before the garrison in the fort had even been alarmed. The latter was compelled to capitulate, but allowed free exit. But the Swedes were to retain all stores and munitions of war, with the artillery, and become masters of the city; however, without prejudice to the Duke of Mecklenburg's suzerainty, and only as long as Stenbock's army held the town and the neighbouring country. The German troops marched out with standards flying and bands playing. Major-General Schommer was appointed commandant of Rostock, whither the commissariat was also transferred. Stenbock himself marched without delay at the head of his army through the town, and immediately located it in cantonments, but ready to face the enemy from the south at a moment's notice. The western wing rested on the river Warna, and the right was in touch with Wismar. He caused everywhere exaggerated reports to be circulated of his forces. The rich lands of Mecklenburg had certainly been less ravaged by the wars than any other of the North-German provinces, and the Swedish troops were thus able to recruit themselves somewhat after their exertions and fatiguing marches; but the supplies were not over plentiful, and, besides, Stenbock was in great want of money, absolutely

[3] According to the Peace of Westphalia (see original).

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required in a neutral country. The soldiery sometimes helped themselves to things with force, and, although such actions were severely punished, complaints from the inhabitants were unavoidable, and the Ducal Government therefore became less friendly and lukewarm in assisting in the obtaining of supplies. Side by side with these operations peace negotiations were carried on, but without result. Flemming had with some Saxon and Russian light troops caused the town of Güstrow to be taken by surprise, and appeared to have the intention of attacking the Swedish outposts at Warna. He had his headquarters at Wadan, and part of his front was covered by the river Nebel and adjacent marshes. The Prince of Weissenfeld had, with some six thousand men, marched into line on his left wing, and was posted near Jamen. However, the entire allied army was not gathered together, and indeed its commander was far from disposed for a general attack. On both sides, therefore, the negotiations were carried on solely to gain time. Who took the first step it is difficult to say. Stenbock asserts in his *Relations* that he had left no stone unturned to persuade King Stanislaus not to make peace with King Augustus, but in vain. Loenbom, the historian, to whom we are indebted for the correspondence between Stenbock and Flemming in the original, leads us to believe that the first step was taken from the Swedish side. If, as is very probable, such was the case, the action was warmly responded to by Flemming, and a new meeting was fixed, to which the envoy at Hamburg, Wellingk, was also invited; but, although first accepting the invitation, he hesitated at the last moment from fear of angering King Charles, and that such a fear was well founded appears from several of his letters to Stenbock in December 1712.

But Czar Peter, enraged at Stenbock's daring and successful movements, and fearing a separate peace between Augustus and Stanislaus, would not hear of any personal meeting, but insisted upon the war being carried on with every energy. The skirmishes between the Polish leader Swiegelsky and the approaching Russian troops, too, became more and more frequent. On the right wing of the Swedish army the Danish cavalry coming from Lauenburg became threatening, whilst from Sweden came intelligence that gave but little hope of any fresh transport. A bold and decisive step became imperative. And in Stenbock's active brain arose the idea of attacking Güstrow and the right wing of the enemy. He had then collected supplies sufficient for ten days and sent all his sick men and heavy train to Wismar, and in a council of war on the 9th of November he declared his intentions, which were unanimously approved by all the generals, in spite of the difficulties that were apparent. The Warna was to be crossed at the former Benedictine Cloister, Rühn, upon which the army was to march rapidly to the north of Güstrow, if the marshes in that locality could be crossed, through Krakou and Waldershagen

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towards Teterow, and thence attempt to take the Saxons and the Russians in the flank. Wismar and Stralsund, with their weak garrisons, had to be left to their fate in the hope that they might soon receive aid from Sweden. Finally, it was intended, with as large an army as possible, to march rapidly upon Poland, the original and real object of the undertaking.

General Düker had undertaken, with Major-general Marschalk and Colonel Bassewitz, to exploit the river crossings and adjacent tracts. With a hundred horse as escort he proceeded to Rühn, but, unfortunately, to find the river greatly swollen through the heavy autumn rains, the whole district marshy, whilst the enemy was on the alert and moving forward. He therefore most emphatically discountenanced the undertaking. He added that, should even the Warna be crossed successfully, the enemy occupied excellent positions behind the rivers Nebel and Rekenitz, where it could not possibly be forced to fight before the frost set in. To such a daring and able soldier as Düker nobody could refuse to listen. But stronger still were the political obstacles that had arisen, although to these no heed has been paid by historians. They arose from personal and general state of affairs. King Stanislaus, far from altering his mind, had became more and more resolved. He urged with an energy and determination foreign to this ruler that, in order to ratify the preliminaries of peace, an influential personage, preferably military, should be despatched to King Charles at Bender. The Polish King would himself soon follow, as he hoped to persuade Charles not to resist. Stenbock then selected for this ticklish embassy Lieutenant-General Taube, a highly-respected soldier and a man to be relied upon, who, speaking from his own knowledge, could explain the position of the army and the prospects of the campaign. He further commissioned this officer during his journey to visit the courts of Schwerin and Berlin in order to obtain certain favours for the Swedish army, its quarters, &c., and a free passage through Prussian territory to Poland. I have, by the way, in spite of diligent search, been unable to discover the slightest foundation for the hints that Taube was sent on account of jealousy between himself and Düker, or that the latter was dissatisfied with Stenbock's command. There is no foundation in fact for either statement.

The letter which Stenbock sent with Taube to Charles is in the Royal Archives, and bears date 11th of November from the headquarters at Schwan. For demanding a passage through Prussia there was very good reason, in view of all the aid extended to the allies by King Frederick the First, but when Taube, in conjunction with the Swedish envoy, Friesendorff, demanded the same and presented a letter to the same effect to the king from Stenbock, the Prussian Government became highly indignant, complained of 'threats' being made, and called repeatedly attention to its

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determined neutrality. Indeed, the King of Prussia himself wrote two letters to Stenbock, dated, Cölln, an-der-Spree, the 15th and 19th of November, in which he says:

> That because the notorious Crassau corps on their retreat from Poland, *de facto*, had marched through the country, he afterwards would have to extend the same favour to the Northern Allies in order to observe the strict neutrality which he had decided upon in this war. He was not desirous that a similar thing should be repeated. He might certainly, with certain reservations, permit a passage ('*innoxium transitum*') if there be absolute need for the same, but no delay whatever, far less any fight within Prussian borders, as in that case he would have to meet force with force. He, in conclusion, hoped that Stenbock would not force him into open hostilities by ignoring his good intentions.

From such and similar expressions it was clear that, without a previous victory, a passage through Prussia would be risky, if possible at all without a fresh war being brought on.

Even from other quarters—viz. Holland and England—warnings arrived simultaneously of the anxiety caused by the projected march through Prussia and of the complications to which it might give rise, and which might injuriously affect the Spanish War of Succession.

But the Prussian Court let the negotiators understand that a truce, during which serious negotiations for peace would be carried on, was desirable, and that it would *declare against any party which opposed them*. This intelligence made a deep impression on Stanislaus, who, as usual, desired to have Stenbock's views, upon which the latter prepared a memorial, dated Schwan, the 10th of November, in which is clearly delineated the hesitation that was besetting him. He declares his readiness to fight to the bitter end, and his firm conviction 'that His Majesty, my most gracious king, will never, in all eternity, sanction anything against the peace of Alt-Ranstadt, for the maintenance of King Augustus on the throne,' and that, therefore, he (the king) would view with disfavour any truce which would compel peace. In conclusion, he 'leaves everything to Stanislaus' wishes and mature decision, only demanding *positive orders*.' King Stanislaus replied to this the next day, declaring his resolution, which he further confirmed in a letter of the 24th of November. He had, he said, formed the 'unshakable' resolution to sacrifice himself entirely for King Charles, to save his country, and give peace to that of his own. Therefore he did not hesitate, in spite of the love for fighting imbuing the generals and the army. He found circumstances such that the Polish frontier could only be reached with great difficulty, perhaps not without annihilation. He would, therefore, without delay conclude a truce and inform King Charles of it. This was the only escape, particularly as now the enemy seemed disposed to accept the proposals of Prussia in the hope that Sweden would decline, whereby Prussia would become an additional foe. Sweden stood without a friend, and if friends were not soon gained, by peaceful

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means, one might be compelled to accept a degrading peace. Stenbock was therefore called upon to at once enter into negotiations with Count Flemming respecting a truce, at which the following points were to be decided: (1) the demarcation of the territorial limits of the armies; (2) that the Danes should halt; (3) that another Swedish transport should be permitted to disembark on German soil, and the garrisons of Stralsund, Stettin, Wismar, and Rostock strengthened; (4) that a four-months truce should be agreed to, so that, meanwhile, a reply might be received from the king in Bender; (5) that couriers should have free passage on both sides. No doubt King Stanislaus' intentions were sincere, but we may justly ask: 'What hope of success could attend negotiations started under such conditions?'

Nevertheless, in obedience to these imperative orders, two high officers were despatched to Flemming, who received them very favourably, raising only a doubt as to the length of the truce. For it was quite clear that in a fortnight's time, when the Danish army was ready to break up, his hands would be free. This Stenbock saw too, and once more, therefore, made representations to Stanislaus, enclosing a letter just received by the envoy Friesendorff from King Charles, with renewed express commands: 'that the expediency of maintaining King Augustus must be set aside, being one to which His Majesty never could give his sanction.' But Stanislaus remained firm to his decision. It was now impossible to shake his resolution, and a meeting was arranged with Count Flemming in the little Mecklenburg town of Lüssow, near Güstrow, on the 14th of November. On the morning of that day, prior to Stenbock setting out for the meeting, another council of war was held, when, Stenbock having explained in detail the position of the army, King Stanislaus renewed his commands for him to open negotiations for a three-months truce. Stenbock then rode to Güstrow, but, as King Augustus with Prince Menschikoff was to be present, Stanislaus stayed away. He was received with courtesy and even discussed the conditions, but the only result was a truce of fourteen days, during which Stanislaus might depart and the views of the Czar be ascertained, when there was hope of a longer truce and acceptable conditions of peace. Stenbock having in the evening returned to his head-quarters at Schwan and explained the result of his mission, Colonel Bassewitz was despatched to define terms more clearly, but neither did this interview lead to anything decisive. Stenbock in a letter complains that Flemming had not kept his promise of breaking with the Russians at the first opportunity. But Stanislaus would wait no longer, and, having taken a warm farewell of the army, proceeded to Berlin November 18/29. The chief command he gave to Stenbock. Stanislaus carried with him letters from the army, depicting in vivid colours its condition. The unhappy

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monarch hastened his journey, but did not nevertheless arrive at Bender until exactly three months after.[4]

King Charles was at that time already in Demotica, and during this period circumstances had changed for the worse, and the prospects were more gloomy than ever. But history must justly approve Stanislaus's noble disinterestedness, whilst at the same time it is but fair to record that the negotiations for which Stenbock afterwards suffered the displeasure of his sovereign cannot be laid at his door, but were carried out faithfully and in accordance with his express instructions.

The day after the departure of King Stanislaus truce was concluded as between the 1st and the 14th of December, by the Swedish, Saxon, Russian, and Danish commanders. The territories to be held by the parties during the truce were determined, and both armies were at liberty to despatch missions as parties duly provided with passports.

Meanwhile, Stenbock despatched a mission to the Swedish envoy at Hamburg, Count Wellingk, informing him of his position and demanding advice and money. With the King of Denmark he attempted to open up separate negotiations on the pretext of an exchange of prisoners, but in vain, as fear had united the allies. Moreover, from a letter from Stenbock to Charles we learn that, in spite of the truce, Danish troops crossed the Trave in order to seek a junction with the western wing of the Saxons. On the 9th of December Czar Peter himself arrived at Güstrow from Carlsbad, having on the road had a narrow escape of being taken prisoner by a roving troop of Swedish horse, in spite of his Prussian escort. His Majesty took up his quarters in the village of Lage, close to Güstrow.[5] He came with renewed strength and increased fighting spirits. He had an interview with King Augustus, and after this the truce was at an end. Swords were again unsheathed, and the Swedish commander armed himself as best possible. Stenbock therefore decided to move upon Gadebusch. At Mühlen-Riten news was received of the enemy's movements, partly from spies and partly from prisoners. Among the latter was a Danish Major-General who was carrying a letter from the Czar to the King of Denmark, entreating him to join hands with the other allies without delay.

The breaking up and rapid marches of the Swedish army had caused great astonishment at the allied headquarters. But a hope generally prevailed that Stenbock would be shut up in Wismar, where he would soon have to surrender. Flemming, perceiving the plans of the Swedish commander, acted with energy; which Stenbock, too,

[4] It may be of interest to mention that King Charles, on his sudden return, rode from Pitechi, in Walachia, to Stralsund in sixteen days, and from Vienna to Stralsund in eight days!

[5] *Leben Czar Peters des Grossen*, vol. ii. By von Halem.

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soon began to feel, and he therefore decided by a rapid flank movement partly to gain the flank of the Danish army and partly to cut off the Saxon cavalry from communicating with it.

The 9th of December 1712 is a red-letter day in our history. For on that day the Swedish army won a most brilliant victory, the last of many glorious ones, and fought without allies. With natural affection we linger over this event, and with pride we recall the memory of the patriotic men long since departed, and under whose simple coat beat the noblest and bravest of hearts, and who on that day led to victory the Swedish army.[6]

However, the results of the battle of Gadebusch were not so *great* as many anticipated. Stenbock has been blamed by many during his subsequent misfortunes for his alleged inactivity after the battle, and because he afterwards was enticed into Holstein. The Danish infantry and artillery were destroyed, but the Danish and Saxon cavalry only scattered. In a short while the enemy, reinforced by the Russians, could muster an army of 20,000 men, whilst Stenbock at the end of December had only 10,000 healthy troops. Before the Russians could be reached they had re-occupied their favourable position at Güstrow, where, then with the Danish and Saxon cavalry in the rear, and after a fatiguing march, another battle would have to be fought. Fortune, which favours the bold, might perhaps also have favoured such an undertaking, and in the opinion of many all should be tried to win; but such was not Stenbock's view. Count Wellingk's advice to Stenbock was, too, for the army immediately to march into Holstein, to burn the city of Altona. Holstein was at that time administered by Duke Christian Augustus, uncle of the minor Duke Carl Frederick, who was being brought up in Sweden. The duchy was therefore to be considered not only a neutral country but an allied one. The horrible advice to burn Altona may have been sincere, but it was greatly to be regretted. Stenbock, with the advice of his generals, decided upon following these counsels, Wellingk being an experienced politician, and appointed his political adviser from the outset. Stenbock hesitated, and even proceeded to Hamburg to obtain Wellingk's written instruction for his horrible task, but that this astute politician coolly refused to give, simply urging verbally the burning of the town, as it would injure Denmark for thirty years to come and prevent the equipment of her fleet. Stenbock had no other choice but to obey. Only about a hundred of the poorest houses escaped; many persons were burned to death. Stenbock was depressed and gloomy, never having approved this evil deed, as fully indicated by his pathetic exclamations in his journal.

The Holstein Government, the soul of which was the notorious Baron von Görtz, did not wish to see Sweden crushed and thereby

[6] Full details of the military operations leading up to the battle of Gadebusch, as well as of the latter with a map, will be found in the original.—*Translator.*

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lose the barrier against Denmark. An offer of assistance was therefore made, and now for the first time was uttered the fatal name of *Tönningen.*

He was invited with his army to throw himself into that Holstein fortress, and in view of his extreme difficulties, with shortness of money and supplies, he had indeed no other choice. Hopes were also entertained of help being received from England and Holland, so that the army might get back to Sweden *viâ* the Sounds, and it is even stated that Queen Anne had promised to send Admiral Leake into Scandinavian waters, &c. But no aid came. The allied armies soon closed upon the fortress, and a siege began which Stenbock gallantly withstood for several months, when he was compelled to capitulate with his little army after a most heroic resistance. On the 16th of May 1713 the act of capitulation was signed. The great commander was conveyed as a prisoner to Husum and then to Copenhagen, where he lingered for a long time in prison and eventually died. Thus tragically closed the heroic life of one of the greatest soldiers which Sweden has ever produced.[7]

But our task is ended. We have followed the noble Stenbock and his faithful comrades-in-arms from the hour of their saying goodbye to their fatherland until when compelled to lay down the arms which they had borne with such honour to themselves and Sweden. To follow the remnants of the brave regiments further is not within our province. Nor are we called upon to apportion the guilt attaching to the Swedish or Danish Governments, to Baron Görtz—nay, even to Stenbock himself—in respect of their ultimate fate. We know that the Field-Marshal himself shortly afterwards died a prisoner in a gloomy damp cell in the fortress of Copenhagen. His former regiments were disbanded. The soldiers who did not escape died from hunger, disease, and misery. Only a few returned after the peace; only a very few were exchanged. What the Holstein Government gained by their lukewarm friendship and the suspicious slowness with which they assisted in and carried out the exchange after the capitulation was certainly not much. What Görtz gained by his double dealings with Stenbock after the close of the time of our narrative history records. Was the terrible end of the wretched Holsteiner (he was beheaded for conspiracy in the alleged murder of Charles) a divine judgment for the betrayal of his friends? We dare not decide. We leave that to others, and now lay down our pen, happy that we have not to add to the shadows of our picture. We turn rather to the brighter vistas opening before us in looking towards the future. Consoling truly is the certain hope that the

[7] Full particulars of the military operations at Tönningen, &c., will be found in the original.—*Translator.*

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calamitous times when we carried on hateful and destructive wars with our Scandinavian brethren are gone for ever and ay.

A new era has dawned upon us! Greeted by free and happy nations, its dawn has shattered the clouds of strife, and promises brighter times for the Scandinavian North. May history for ever in sanctity preserve the great deeds of Sweden! Free and trustfully may the Swedish people go forward through changing times, and with ever-increasing firmer steps approach the goal that Providence has destined for them!

OSCAR FREDRIK.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

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THE

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THE KHEDIVE AND LORD CROMER.

Readers of this Review will remember that in the spring of last year I gave, from the highest sources of native information, the true story of Lord Cromer's quarrel with the Khedive. My narrative of that interesting episode, differing as it did on many important points from the accounts telegraphed by the news-agents at Cairo, and also from the version of it vaguely given by a few carefully selected documents published in a Blue Book, was ill received in the London Press and generally by the too confiding British public. Nevertheless no direct answer to it was ventured on by any official pen, and on my return to England in May I was glad to find that within a certain radius of Downing Street and by all behind the scenes its accuracy was admitted. Lord Cromer, though strenuously supported by Lord Rosebery at the Foreign Office, and by Mr. Gladstone *pro forma* in the House of Commons, was acknowledged to have 'made a mess of it,' and had been privately admonished 'not to do the thing again.' He had been advised to try a gentler hand, and a strong double break had been put on the too conspicuous wheels of his 'Veiled Protectorate.'

With all the tenderness, therefore, due to an extremely delicate subject, I venture to think that the cause of truth may again be served with the more thoughtful portion of the public if I carry on my Egyptian history from the same high sources down to date. The past ten months, though marked by no very startling events, have nevertheless been of importance to Egyptian Nationalism, and deserve a more accurate chronicling than they have received at the hands of

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Reuter and the Cairo press correspondents. In what I am about to say I have on certain points of fact authority to speak, though the responsibility of views and opinions remains entirely my own; while, if I am obliged to appear once more somewhat in the light of Lord Cromer's hostile critic, it is a necessity of my position as the exponent of the other side of the case, and finds me still in strong personal sympathy with him. Indeed, I may say from the outset that, indignant as public opinion here is with Lord Cromer's policy, his character as an honourable and even kindly man is wholly unimpugned, while the fault of his actions is rightly attributed to an error of judgment as to what is the truly best and worthiest object in Egypt of his country's ambition.

The first thing that requires the light of special knowledge thrown on it is the Khedive's visit to Constantinople. This was represented at the time in the English press as a notable triumph for our diplomacy; and, from a certain point of view, perhaps it was one, though not from that generally supposed; while possibly, also, it is one that may yet cost us dear. There is no doubt that Lord Cromer was annoyed and, probably too, alarmed at the enthusiasm of the native press in regard to this visit. It had been his fixed policy ever since he came to Egypt in 1883 to oppose the Sultan's influence at Cairo and to prevent any *rapprochement* between the Khedive and his Suzerain. With Tewfik Lord Cromer had been uniformly successful. There were circumstances in that prince's history which kept him in constant alarm of Constantinople. From the very beginning of his reign the Sultan had been unfavourable to him, and when Ismaïl was deposed would have greatly preferred appointing Prince Halim, the legitimate heir according to the old law of succession; nor could there be doubt of the high countenance given in 1882 to Arabi and the Nationalists. It is probable that at any time during Tewfik's reign the Sultan would have been glad to supersede him. Tewfik, therefore, had never gone to Constantinople, and the reconciliation Lord Cromer feared had never taken place. With Abbas the same policy had been tried, and, after a momentary success, had failed; and now the decision of the Khedive and his Ministers that the debt of homage due to the Sultan should be cheerfully and conscientiously paid, put all the dots upon the i's, and made Lord Cromer's check plain to the Cairo world. The native press became consequently more and more jubilant, and the wild rumours so easily spread at Cairo began to interpret this visit as a journey made by the young prince, not merely to do his legal homage, but to bring the whole question of the British occupation acutely forward by calling on the Sultan to intervene. It was even asserted that Abbas would make request for a garrison of Turkish troops to act against those of Her Majesty.

I cannot say whether Lord Cromer really believed all this. It

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has been one of the misfortunes of the ill relations existing between the British Agency and the Palace during the past year that a veil of doubt as to what is really going on in the Khedive's counsels once more prevails—I will not say to the extent that I remember it in Sir Edward Malet's day, when almost his sole knowledge at one moment of the movements of the Government rested on the gossip of his Greek dragoman—but still sufficiently perplexing and unsatisfactory. It is quite possible that when the next Blue Book on Egyptian affairs is published we may find that reports of the kind mentioned reached the Agency 'on fairly good authority,' and that they were accepted there like those which Lord Cromer telegraphed last February of the Khedive's intended dismissal of all European *employés*. But at any rate this is certain, that both the Khedive and his Ministers entirely and unequivocally deny that the stories thus put about had any true foundation. I have the highest authority for affirming that it was decided between the Khedive and his Ministers, before he embarked on his journey to Constantinople, that his Highness should confine himself strictly to the dutiful and complimentary aspects of his visit, and should himself raise no question affecting the large international interests of his country; also that this line of conduct was, from first to last, strictly adhered to by him.

The success, therefore, of our diplomacy, as reported from Constantinople, in averting danger from 'the young Khedive's impulsive indiscretion,' must be considered as an unnecessary flourish of trumpets, at least as far as the Khedive himself was concerned. Whether or not the Sultan on his side was persuaded or deterred from taking occasion of the Prince's visit to open up such large questions is of course another matter, and one on which I cannot speak with the same authority. All that I dare affirm with any certainty is that our Foreign Office believed in the danger, and that great pressure was put upon the Sultan to prevent his entering upon such a course. Lord Cromer, it will be remembered, went to Vienna about the end of June—doubtless to engage the favourable action of the German Powers; while Sir Edgar Vincent, who, as Director of the Ottoman Bank and as one known to have a solid sympathy with Ottoman interests, has influence with the Sultan, returned to Constantinople, and is said to have assisted with arguments affecting Turkey's financial prospects. But beyond this the wheels of a less creditable diplomatic tradition were undoubtedly set in motion. There are two points on which Sultan Abdul Hamid is known to be peculiarly susceptible and which have constantly been made use of by diplomacy against him. The first is the loyalty of his Arabian provinces; the second, the chronic unrest of Armenia. The former it was difficult to make use of on the present occasion, there being absolute tranquillity in the Hejaz and Yemen, but there are indications that it was tried, while the latter was most certainly put to its full

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purpose of wearying and disgusting the Sultan and bringing him into temporary conformity with English exigencies.

It does not, however, in any degree follow from this that the Sultan was captured into a final approval of Lord Cromer's view of an indefinite occupation of Egypt. Certainly it is not believed here as a thing in the smallest degree possible. Neither must it be forgotten that Mukhtar Pasha paid his visit to Constantinople simultaneously with the Khedive, and doubtless reported fully on the state of Egyptian opinion. Still less is it true that the young Khedive was either ill received or sermonised into good behaviour or sent away annoyed or disappointed. I learn from those present and who were conversant with former etiquette, that all and more than all the honours due to his high rank were paid to his Highness, and that the style of his reception was greater than that of any former Viceroy from Mohammed Ali downwards, while its cordiality and intimacy were unique in the relations between Constantinople and Cairo. Abdul Hamid, I am told, was impressed, as all those who know him are, with Abbas' intelligence and candour, and parted from him on terms of affection rare among princes. All that our diplomacy seems really to have gained by its extreme insistence has been the open demonstration of a Mediterranean alliance between France and Russia.

A second matter which I think should be of interest to inquiring readers, is the truth as to the relations actually existing between the Khedive and Lord Cromer, and the Khedive and his Ministers. The impression in England, I fancy, is that Lord Cromer has managed once more to assert his personal ascendence over the young Prince, and that Abbas, having felt what our English leader-writers are fond of calling 'the steel gauntlet under the velvet glove,' has given in and has accepted, as his father did before him, this position assigned him of dummy Prince and docile pupil; also that the jealousy Lord Cromer counted on to separate Riaz Pasha from his master has had its value; that Riaz has been what is called 'playing his own hand;' and that thus our diplomacy has been able to get its practical way with the native Ministry—become once more, as in Mr. Milner's time, Lord Cromer's very humble servants. I beg to assure my readers that nothing of all this is the case. Lord Cromer, in spite of the augmented British battalions, of his hold through British officers on the police, and the continued presence of a faithful force of British civilian officials in the ministries, has been steadily losing ground throughout the year. He has neither been able to reassert his personal influence over the Khedive, nor to cause a split between the Khedive and Riaz, nor to get round him a native political party, nor to muzzle the vernacular press, nor in any other way to stem the tide of popular feeling. On his return from Europe in the autumn Lord Cromer made, I am told, a new attempt to assume the personal tuition of Abbas, but with poor success. The young prince had, it may

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be supposed, not forgotten the advantage taken of his youth and inexperience last year, nor the misrepresentation of his words and actions, and so politely declined to enter on 'matters of detail,' which he had been told by Lord Cromer at an earlier stage were not within his province. Nor have political questions since been discussed between them. Lord Cromer, as things stand, has his audience from time to time at Abdin, where he is graciously received, and where the talk is of 'the weather and the crops'—the Khedive is an enthusiastic farmer and a builder of model cottages. Abbani Pasha, the Master of Ceremonies, returns the visit. There is an interchange of elegant courtesies and holiday messages, but there the relations between them end. Public communications are now made strictly through the proper diplomatic channel, Tigrane Pasha, the very able and very Nationalist Minister for Foreign Affairs.

This position of things, though well enough in a really constitutional country, has its grave disadvantages and even dangers here. Abbas is far too popular and far too strong a personality to be treated as non-existing. He is probably, young as he is, the shrewdest political head in Egypt, and he has the enormous advantage over the rest that he is absolutely without fear, in his patriotism, of personal consequences to himself. It is, I believe, a matter of indifference to him whether or not he continues to be titular ruler of Egypt, but he is determined, as long as he holds that position, to fulfil its whole duties. He will not accept the position his father was content to hold of dummy Prince. The fault, however, of the deadlock in which our diplomacy here has landed itself is certainly Lord Cromer's own. The game of the steel gauntlet is a risky one to play, and when once it has been tried and failed seldom admits of a return to that of the velvet glove. As long as Lord Cromer remains here the deadlock will certainly continue. For this reason it seems very doubtful whether Abbas will allow himself to be persuaded into visiting England, as has been proposed, next summer. Such a visit would be of real importance to all concerned, if it could be arranged; and personally Abbas would, I imagine, enjoy the opportunity of showing how very little he is of the mere headstrong boy our press has described him. But under present circumstances the visit would have too much the appearance of the bringing home of a captive to be led about in triumph at the heels of Lord Cromer's car. The Khedive of Egypt is, after all, not an Indian Rajah.

With his own Ministers, on the other hand, Abbas is in complete accord. He takes his full share in their deliberations, trusts them implicitly, and supports them loyally. His Prime Minister, Riaz Pasha's, policy is entirely approved by him, and there has been no friction, as far as I can learn, either with him or with Tigrane, who shares Riaz's views, or with any other of their colleagues in the Government. Riaz's national programme is being faithfully carried

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out, and it is so moderate and reasonable a one that I cannot understand any Englishman with the smallest spark of generous feeling, and who remembers the circumstances under which we first occupied Egypt and the innumerable promises we have since made to her people, refusing his sympathy with it. Indeed, I think I am not wrong in saying that the more generous sense even of the English residents here does not wholly condemn it. It consists of a logical acceptance of the fact that for many years to come European assistance will be needed in the administration, but that the individuals employed must not be there as masters but as servants; that the authority of the native executive must not be further encroached on by Englishmen in the Khedive's pay; that no new offices for Englishmen must be created, nor the powers of existing offices so held be extended. With English reforms, so far as the recent reforms can legitimately be called English, Riaz has no quarrel. Neither he nor anyone else in a responsible position in Egypt wishes for what is called in our newspapers 'a return to the bad old days.' Those bad old days are, we all believe, passed and gone for ever; and the most reactionary member of the Circassian Pasha class—and it would be somewhat difficult now to lay one's hand upon a specimen exercising the smallest influence—has left off dreaming of their possible return.

Again, with England as a nation Riaz has no quarrel. Under the Anglo-French control of former times he was always more English than French. Even when we bombarded Alexandria he believed we were doing it with a good intention. He consented to serve us as first Minister of the unpopular restoration after Tel-el-Kebir; and as lately as from 1888 to 1890 Lord Cromer counted him among England's best official friends. But the experience of the last four years and Mr. Milner's book have undeceived Riaz as to the true nature of the work Lord Cromer has had in hand, and, while he would still see in England Egypt's best ally, he is determined that she shall not permanently become Egypt's master. Lord Cromer's plan, until the Khedive last year put a stop to it, was, as I explained in my former article, to take over, on the plea of reforming it, one after another every department of the administration, to reduce the Khedive's Ministers to the position of sinecure pensioners and to work the machine of government autocratically through English under-secretaries. This had already been carried, under the weak reign of Tewfik, to inordinate lengths, which, if they had been allowed to continue, would have been fatal to all chance of resuscitating Egypt as a self-governing nation; and this Riaz, firm in the new Khedive's support, is quietly putting a stop to. Our military occupation, humiliating as it is to Egyptian patriotism, is, he considers, far less serious an evil than our 'civil occupation'—the appointment of Englishman after Englishman to all the positions of responsibility and power in the country.

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Of course, the cry is raised by our officials here, who are greedy of the power they see slipping from their grasp, of 'fanaticism and reaction.' But I beg to assure my readers that neither the one nor the other has any hold over the modern Egypt with which we have to deal. Fanaticism is merely a synonym of the Anglo-Egyptian official jargon for what in other parts of the world is called patriotism—that is to say, the desire of the Egyptians to prevent the absorption of their land and their government by foreigners. Tigrane Pasha, the Christian Minister of Foreign Affairs, is exactly as 'fanatical' as the Mohammedan Riaz in this sense of the word. As for reaction, young Egypt is only too enthusiastically modern, only too anxious to Europeanise itself. Seeing how old an opponent I have been of Riaz Pasha in this country, I am glad of the present opportunity to make him my *amende*.

Next let me tell the true story of the recent action of the Legislative Council. It, like the Khedive and the Ministers and the vernacular press, has in its turn incurred the anger of English officialdom here, for its protest against our military occupation; and the cry now is that the Council is only the mouthpiece of Riaz, and that it represents no popular wish. To speak very candidly, I am free to admit that, if the Khedive and the Ministers had made it clearly known that the bringing forward of this matter was inopportune, and would entail their displeasure, it is improbable that the Legislative Council would have had the courage to persist. I know that pressure was put upon at least one member of the Council, by a high English official here, in connection with his vote on the Army estimates, and it is hardly to be supposed that a united opposition to it of the English officials and the Government would have left the Council undismayed. The Council is but a poor makeshift as a popular institution, and twelve of its twenty-six members are Government nominees. Still, it is all we have in Egypt in the way of a representative body, and most assuredly in the present instance it made itself the mouthpiece of the popular thought. Its history is worth recalling.

It stands recorded in the Blue Books of the day, that in the spring of 1882 the Egyptians under Arabi's leadership obtained from the then Khedive a regular Constitution with a Chamber of Deputies, a responsible Ministry, and other well-known safeguards of popular liberty. The idea was not strictly a new one, for a Chamber of Notables had nominally existed from earlier years, but this one of 1882 was a real Constitutional Assembly. The Chamber held a single session, with considerable display of good sense, unanimity and patriotism, but later, when the quarrel began between Arabi and the Khedive, a division of opinion occurred among the members which was taken advantage of by Sir Edward Malet for the purposes of English diplomacy. Backed by the presence of the fleet at Alexandria,

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Sir Edward succeeded in persuading Sultan Pasha, President of the new Chamber, and half a dozen more of the members, to withdraw their support from the Nationalist Ministers, and to support the English intervention. He was obliged, however, in order to effect his purpose with Sultan—who, in spite of many faults and failings, was both a sincere patriot and a sincere constitutionalist—to give him his word of honour that, should England land troops in the country, the Constitution would be loyally maintained. It was on this undertaking by Sir Edward Malet that Sultan made himself the instrument of English policy, and did his best to persuade his countrymen of the honesty of English plans. Nevertheless, on the restoration of the Khedivial power after Tel-el-Kebir, the promise made in an hour of diplomatic necessity was diplomatically ignored. All that Egypt got in exchange for her real Constitution of 1882 was the emasculated charter of 1883 which goes in Lord Dufferin's name. Sultan lived long enough to see the fool's bargain he had made, and died, a year or two afterwards, in great remorse of soul—so his friends assured me at the time—at having betrayed his country's liberties.

The Legislative Council, which was the 'institution' Lord Dufferin gave, in fulfilment of Sir Edward Malet's word of honour, is a consultative body only, with no more than a partially representative character, and without any power over the Government. Still it was and is something. Lord Dufferin, in his celebrated despatch, described it as 'a body which will be always at hand to assist the Ministers in the elaboration of their measures and enlighten them as to the general needs and wishes of the country, and to act as a check upon their arbitrary inclinations.' 'To them,' he says, 'should be attributed full liberty of criticism, discussion, and suggestion. The Budget will, of course, be submitted to them. . . . They should also be empowered to pass under review all departmental expenditure . . . nor should there be any limit to their power of inquiry and investigation.' They are to have 'no power of veto,' but 'ample power of incisive supervision.'

It has been in strict accordance with these limited but still effective powers that the Legislative Council this year has acted. Taking the Budget as the groundwork of its criticism, the Council appointed a Committee to draw up a report on its various sections. This Report was read to and discussed by the main body; its recommendations were adopted or modified, and then the whole was sent in to the Government. As the original Report of the Council has not been published *in extenso*, I believe, by any English newspaper, and as the *Times* alone has given a fair summary of its contents, perhaps I may be excused for explaining in a few words its various recommendations. These have been distorted in the telegrams sent to the London press, and have, I fancy, without any examination of the original, been pronounced 'reactionary and fanatical.' But I appeal

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to the candour of readers (let us say, the editors of the *Daily News* and *Daily Chronicle*) whether they can with any sort of justice so be described.

The Report of the Legislative Council begins with a statement of the growing poverty of the people, and the increased indebtedness of the fellaheen. This may very likely be overstated, but I fancy it applies pretty fairly to at least certain classes of the population and certain districts of Upper Egypt, and though here in Lower Egypt we are better off, it is a question which cannot be disposed of in a few sentences. It is one which the Council surely has done well to raise. The statement, however, is only the preamble to a number of practical suggestions of economy and protests against unnecessary expenditure which are quite in accordance with our own best Parliamentary traditions.

Article 1 of the Report deals with a sum of 85,000*l.* for unexplained items; this is practically in large measure a Secret Service Fund, for which the Government renders no account. The Council demands a reduction on this head of 30,000*l.* Article 2 protests, surely with excellent reason, against the absurd grant made yearly for many years past of 6,000*l.* to the French Opera at Cairo. The grant used to be 9,000*l.* in the Dual Control days. Arabi's Ministry suppressed it as soon as they came into office in 1882, earning for themselves thereby the implacable wroth of our officials, for whose special benefit this costly amusement is kept up; but it was duly restored in 1883, and has ever since figured in the Budgets. Article 3 calls attention to a notorious abuse whereby the high European officials are allowed to charge indefinite sums for their 'journey expenses.' I have heard of *employés* making enough out of this source to keep themselves during the year. Article 4 deals with jobbery in the Public Works. Articles 5 and 6 show the excessive expenditure of the Army and the Police, which under our management have been made to cost as much per man as many European armies, while the current wages of labour are only 5*d.* a day, and the cost of living is probably less than a third that of any country in Europe. In the Police alone, numbering some 6,000 men, there are four British generals on full pay at from 1,000*l.* to 2,000*l.* a year each. Article 7 would abolish the Central Prison administration, a protest, I believe, on the part of the provincial members against the wholesale release in recent years of criminals who have since taken to brigandage in various districts. Article 8 recommends economical changes in the Coast Guard service. Article 9, dealing with the Army of Occupation, records in laconic terms, that 'The Council has decided not to approve of the payment of this sum.' Article 10 deals with the subsidy, to the extent of 600*l.* a year, of a vernacular paper in English interests. Article 11 touches the scandal of the Alexandrian municipality, where out of some 600 voting ratepayers only 60,

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I believe, are Egyptian subjects. Article 12 touches the old maladministration of the Domains. Article 13 courageously attacks that sham of shams, the 'Bureau de la Traite.' This costly Board for the suppression of a slave trade which no longer exists, provides sinecure salaries to the amount of 13,000*l.* yearly. Last year there were only ten cases dealt with by the Board, or less than one a month, at a cost of 1,300*l.* for each case. The Legislative Council is of opinion that the police would be amply competent to deal with these. Finally, Article 14 suggests that the economies realised by the conversion of the debt should be applied to a diminution of the Land Tax.

Such are the contents, very briefly given, of the Council's Report. I feel sure that any candid Englishman not nursed in officialdom will admit, after reading them, that the majority of the recommendations sound at least fair ones, and probably have some practical value. But of course our officials here are the reverse of candid, and the whole Report is vitiated in their eyes by its essential sin of attacking their salaries and perquisites and the Army of Occupation which maintains them. With regard to the question of salaries, I must say one word in answer to Sir Elwin Palmer, the British Financial Adviser, who has taken up the cudgels in defence of the Budget, fighting for every abuse it sanctions, and treating the Legislative Council with scorn. His letter, with singular unfairness, had been printed at length in all the London newspapers, while the Council's Report, to which it is an *ex parte* answer, is suppressed. Sir Elwin defends the high salaries given to Europeans in Egypt on the plea that it would be very difficult to find competent men at lower salaries than the 1,000*l.* to 2,000*l.* a year which they now enjoy. This I would answer, first, by saying that as regards the Englishmen drawing such salaries here, there are probably not more than half a dozen in the Civil Service who are really competent. Very few of them know the language, or have any special knowledge which in England would command anything like the pay they receive here. If the men are good, they are practically useless for the first year or two by their ignorance of Arabic. Again, they seldom stay on long enough to earn their pay by real legitimate service. Egypt, both in the Army or in the Civil Service, is made a school for beginners, who, when they have learnt their work, are pushed on rapidly to serve elsewhere. Secondly, as to the cost of living and inconvenience of residing abroad, Egypt is a cheaper country to live in than any in Europe. Its climate is the healthiest and best in the world. There is not the slightest hardship entailed there, or the smallest pleasure of life forfeited. Cairo and Alexandria are as agreeable towns to live in as Paris or London, and it is at Cairo and Alexandria that our officials live. There is no conceivable reason for their receiving extra salaries on any such account. Thirdly, as to the nature of their work. It is all pleasant work, and absurdly light compared with office work at

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home. The official hours are nominally from eight to one, but are not really longer than four hours a day, while the whole afternoon is free. They therefore do only a half-day's work. The character of the work, moreover, is generally interesting. It is transacted in large, well-lighted, comfortable rooms, where every native *employé* is the great man's humble servant. The leave of absence is a nominal three months every other year, but in practice generally three months every year; and there are, besides, the tours of inspection, and odd days continually, without the necessity of applying for leave. Is it conceivable that pay under such conditions must needs be high to secure the necessary men?

But enough of the recommendations of the Legislative Council. Suffice it to say that the outspoken attitude of the Council this year has marked a step of real value in the march of Egyptian progress, and one which redounds to the Khedive's credit. Without his fostering sympathy it might have remained long in the limbo of unreal institutions, and Lord Cromer's opposition to it only accentuates the Khedive's triumph. I shall be surprised if in the next year's Budget at least some of the Council's suggestions are not adopted.

Finally, a word as to the eternal question of evacuation. Mr. Gladstone, according to his latest pronouncement, has promised a renewal of negotiations when Egypt shall have returned to its 'normal state.' If that normal state means when the whole country shall have been converted to Lord Cromer's view, it is of course equivalent to naming the Greek Kalends. An Anglicised administration supported by public opinion without the necessity of an armed force is an Anglo-Egyptian Utopia which none of us will ever live to see; for year after year it becomes less and less attainable. All public opinion, native or foreign, of any active kind is against us, and the love of us gains no ground, do we what we will. A hundred years of the present *régime* will not advance us a step in that direction. If, on the other hand, we can be content with having reorganised the finances and the administration and given Egypt a fair start, and if an absence of those dangers from without and from within which we came to Egypt to overcome, if harmony and good feeling between all classes of the population, if loyalty to the Khedive and a popular Ministry are sufficient evidence of a normal condition, then in truth and sincerity we need not wait a day. All these conditions are fulfilled in this year of grace 1894, and we may go away with a quiet conscience, feeling that we have done our best under difficult circumstances, and that, if the Egyptians do not weep to see us go, perhaps they will be more grateful later. No more favourable moment is likely to occur than this of the inception of the present Khedive's reign.

As to the dangers of delay, I believe they are gathering on us fast.

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The naval alliance of France and Russia brings us within measurable distance of a war wherein our existence as an Empire will be at stake, and where we shall need every possible economy of our military resources and all possible care to fight on grounds so clear in public right as to have with us the sympathy and moral approval of the world. It seems to me that to fight about a refusal to evacuate Egypt, after all the promises we have made, would be to choose the weakest ground we could find anywhere for such a conflict. I remember in the early spring of 1882 talking the military side of the case over with Lord Wolseley. It was when an armed occupation was first being thought of. And I remember his emphatic opinion of the strategical mistake we should make in case of a great war by locking up an army on the Nile. Nor do I suppose that the best military opinion has since changed. With regard to the political side, I also believe I am right in affirming that, notwithstanding the general tone of the English press and of irresponsible Tory and Jingo-Radical politicians, the serious sense of our diplomacy and of the Foreign Office admits the impossibility of our permanently holding Egypt as our own. Every responsible statesman from Lord Salisbury downwards would, I feel certain, agree in this. Our pledges are too clear, the importance of Egypt from its geographical position to Europe is too great, the world-wide interests involved in its possession are too distinct to admit of our being allowed an act of such stupendous ill-faith for our own private advantage. It is only, in every reasonable mind with a knowledge of all the conditions of the case, a question of time, sooner or later, when we must go. Therefore, why delay?

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

SHEYKH OBEYD, CAIRO: *January* 12, 1894.

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THE POSITION OF THE LIBERAL PARTY

LIBERALS may look back with reasonable satisfaction to the remarkable session which even now remains incomplete. Under a strain of unusual severity the party has maintained its unity and accomplished the task it had undertaken. It may please the House of Lords to destroy its work and blight the session with barrenness, but nothing can alter the fact that the Liberal Government have succeeded in passing through the House of Commons three of the most important measures with which Parliament has dealt for many a day. The fact is obvious to all, but it is not so clear that its full significance is appreciated. It is the business of the Tory party to minimise it, and they cannot be accused of any lack of ingenuity or diligence in the discharge of the duty. But when they have exhausted all their well-worn pleas the stubborn fact remains. The House of Commons has endorsed the policy of the Government in a manner which twelve months ago would have been pronounced impossible. Had some political seer ventured in January 1893 to predict that 1894 would see Mr. Gladstone's Ministry in power, its prestige undimmed, and its majority unbroken, that the legislative programme of the session would be carried to a successful issue without the formation of a cave, and indeed without any important secession from the ranks of its supporters, and that the party would be more confident at the close of the year than at its commencement, he would have been laughed to scorn as a wild dreamer. Yet this is no more than the truth. There are undoubtedly qualifications, some of which will be frankly pointed out, which must be taken into account before we can get a complete view of the position of the party at the present moment. But these must not cause us to undervalue the greatness of the success which has actually been achieved.

That this success has been largely due to the personal ascendency of the Prime Minister would not be seriously contested by any sane man. His opponents are often disposed to magnify his enormous influence partly in order to disparage his colleagues and partly in the hope of persuading the unwary that he is wielding an irresponsible

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dictatorship. As to the latter such autocracy will be much more probable when we have a Prime Minister who has not only a submissive majority in the Commons but who also holds the Upper House in the hollow of his hand. Mr. Gladstone has the supremacy which is accorded to transcendent genius, persuasive eloquence, and, above all, a well-proved nobility of character. Of course he is the corner-stone of the Ministry, but the present session has sufficed to prove that he has colleagues who, though as unable as undesirous to challenge comparison with their chief, are fully equal to the conflict with any other politicians in the field.

Still let it be fully recognised that Mr. Gladstone is a factor in the political problem whose value it would not be easy to exaggerate. The increase of his personal influence during the last year is one of the most noteworthy features in what, to use an Americanism, may fairly be called a 'record' session. His alertness and versatility of mind, his untiring industry, his oratory, so varied in its charms, so persuasive in its appeals, often so impassioned in its vehemence, inspire not only admiration but amazement; but his extraordinary self-restraint, his gracious courtesy to even the bitterest of his opponents, his conspicuous magnanimity, have secured for him a respect in which there mingled something also of affection and pride from men of all parties. This was the feeling which found expression in the graceful compliment on his eighty-third birthday, in which Mr. Balfour marked the distinction between himself, an opponent of Mr. Gladstone's principles, and those whose personal rancour colours all their political speech and action. It was a memorable sight, such as Parliament can hardly expect to have repeated: that venerable statesman—almost the patriarch of the House, yet not yielding to the youngest in clearness and activity—standing to receive the congratulation of those who often differed from him, but who were constrained to acknowledge a greatness whose glory is reflected on the assembly he leads. It would have been an incident pleasant to remember had one of his former colleagues been capable of rising to the occasion and expressing the regret with which they all had separated from a leader of whom any party must be proud. It would have been an act of genial courtesy; it would have done something to soften the asperities of party strife; it might not have been utterly useless as a stroke of policy. It was not to be; but the loss was that only of those who were unequal to so much nobility. Nothing was necessary to enhance the honour of the statesman in whom the mother of parliaments recognised not only the official leader of the day, but the patriot and the orator worthy to take his place among the most distinguished of her sons.

Were Mr. Gladstone a score of years, or even a decade, younger than he is, there would be little reason for anxiety as to the future of the party. But it is simply impossible that the extraordinary efforts

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of the last few years can be continued. We hope that he may long remain as a Nestor in camp and Cabinet. But the active work of the party must necessarily fall to younger men. Happily there is at present no sign of his withdrawal from political life, and we may hope that his wise counsels will steer us safely through the difficulties of the immediate future.

Those difficulties it would be folly for Liberals to ignore. Hitherto they have held their positions and even improved them. Indeed it is hard to see how they could have done better with the forces at their disposal. But the fight in which the real issue will be whether the House of Lords is to wrest from the Commons and the people of England the rights which have been won by centuries of conflict and suffering is yet in the future. The final struggle, come when it may, will demand all the moral and intellectual force which Liberalism has at its disposal. The conditions under which it will have to be waged will depend, to a considerable extent, on the Peers themselves, and especially on the attitude they take in relation to other questions besides Home Rule. To what extent the country will support them in resisting Home Rule, is an uncertain problem. That it will sustain them in a *non possumus* on all British questions is incredible. Wise and timely concessions may delay the attack or break its force when the time comes for it to be delivered. The disposition at present seems to be to an uncompromising attitude everywhere, and this has been fostered by the foolish talk of men who were trained in Liberal traditions, and ought to have been among the last to sport so recklessly with the first principles of representative government. But there is no occasion to waste much indignation even on Liberal Unionists. There is a great deal of human nature in all parties as in all men. There were doubtless numbers of strong democrats among the workmen at Crewe who were so violent in their support of the House of Lords against the wishes of their fellow-workmen and the verdict of the House of Commons. While the power is there, a minority will always be eager to use it. The only remedy is to get rid of the power.

That the democracy will in the hour of its triumph permit the sceptre to be wrested from its hands is not to be supposed. The House of Lords must learn to live at peace with the democracy, or it will not live at all. The contest may be protracted, and will probably pass through many vicissitudes before the final decision is reached. In the meantime the future of the Liberal party is mainly in its own hands, and will be affected largely by the extent to which it is able to secure unity in its own ranks. Its foes are too often those of its own household, and they are to be found both at its extreme left and its extreme right. Of late the danger has chiefly been from the former. The Unionist schism has changed the centre of gravity, and the pendulum has swung somewhat violently in the direction of

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Radicalism with a distinct Socialist tinge. Representatives of this extreme have been tempted to regard themselves as *the party*, and to speak accordingly.

Nothing could well be more unfortunate. The Liberal party, if it is to be true to its own spirit and principle, must necessarily be of the composite order. Sir Henry James complains that the Ministry are given to listen to every faddist or particularist, and carry out his views. That is not true; but it is true that faddists must gravitate to the army of progress, and ought to find a home there, so long as they do not urge their particular 'fads' to the sacrifice of the general good. What is to be complained of just now is that 'faddists' and some who are not to be so described, but whose questions are hardly ready for immediate settlement, are impatient, and in their impatience exacting and impracticable. Take a case which has come up while this article was in preparation—the resolution of the Miners' Federation as to an Eight Hours Bill for miners. If I criticise it, it is not because I am not in sympathy with its object; but when I find its advocates insisting that if the Government do not at once promise to force a Bill through in the next session an amendment shall be moved on the Address, though the result should be the overthrow of the Ministry, I must demur. Was ever policy more suicidal? In the first place the power of the Ministry is limited. It cannot manufacture time, and a large proportion of that which is at its disposal is already mortgaged beyond possibility of redemption. Under these circumstances it is required to undertake a new and most contentious work. If it refuse, a hostile amendment to the Address is to be proposed. Let us suppose that it succeeds—what then? The Ministry will resign, but will the Eight Hours Bill be advanced a single stage? On the contrary it wil lbe prejudiced in the eyes of numbers who were disposed to regard it with favour. A Government which is friendly to its principle, and has taken very decided action in accordance with it, will be overthrown; a reactionary party will be installed in power; and, so far as the Miners' Federation is concerned, the last state will be worse than the first. And this is practical politics!

There are not many certainties about our political future, but if there is one point on which it is possible to speak with confidence it is that policy of this kind must spell disaster to the cause of progress. Between Liberals and the Labour party there need not be, ought not to be, any antagonism. The Labour party has no warrant to ask for legislation which would be unjust to any other class of the community; Liberals are bound by all their principles to secure for it whatever is equitable in its own demands. There may be some friction when the point at which concession must cease has to be defined; but with honest purpose on both sides there should be no division. It is here, no doubt, that the chief danger lies, and it is increased by

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the tone of irresponsible journalists and politicians, who seem to fancy that it lies with them to dictate the policy of the party, and who would adopt a line of action which would certainly alienate all its moderate members. The leaders of a party must, at all events, be supposed to understand the situation much better than the volunteer advisers who undertake to instruct them in their duty—understand it better even than the zealous politicians, such as those who recently besieged Lord Herschell, or the amateur Chancellors of the Exchequer who have prepared a Radical Budget. If they are not trusted, the sooner they give place to others who have the confidence of their party, the better. It is idle to expect them to lead to any purpose so long as those who ought to follow prefer rather to play the part of critics.

Let it be said in all fairness that there has been less of this independent action in the present Parliament than has been seen for a long time. But misunderstandings between Liberals and the Labour leaders have cost us more than one seat, and care should be taken to guard against them in the future. The main difficulty, no doubt, arises from the plethora of questions with which it is necessary to deal. The working classes, however, certainly cannot complain that their interests have been neglected by the present Government. The Employers' Liability and the Parish Councils Bill ought to work out something almost approaching to a revolution in their favour. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Fowler have effected important administrative changes which are telling materially to their benefit. The adoption of the Eight Hours law in many of the Government departments is a significant earnest of the future policy of the party. Last but not least, the resolute and steady determination of Mr. Acland to make free education a reality promises to secure a priceless blessing for the great mass of the population. The class which has profited thus largely both by the legislative and administrative reforms of the Ministry ought to be prepared in its turn to support the Government in carrying out other articles of the Newcastle programme.

To Disestablishment in Wales and in Scotland a foremost place in coming legislation has been promised, and on that ground Nonconformists objected to the candidate in the recent Horncastle election. So far from seeking to outrun their party, and set up a Particularist idea of their own, they protested only against the adoption of a candidate who avowed his dissent from the accepted Liberal programme. In this there was no lack of loyalty or common sense. In the judgment of the leaders the time has come when the question of religious equality should be settled in relation to Scotland and to Wales, the representatives of both these countries having pronounced distinctly in its favour. Why should the party support a candidate who somewhat ostentatiously flaunted a standard of revolt?

Whether Scotland or Wales should have the priority might be a difficult question were it not that circumstances seem already

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to have decided it. The resistance in Scotland might be less. Indeed, it might safely be said that the Presbyterian Establishment would find few supporters outside its own ranks were it not that the friends of the Anglican Church feel that the fall of any Establishment would be a menace to their own. So enamoured, indeed, is the English Primate of Establishment that he is almost as eager for the maintenance of a Presbyterian State Church in Scotland as he is for his own in England. There will certainly be a curious spectacle when we see the very men who deny the validity of Presbyterian orders moving heaven and earth to defend a Presbyterian Establishment. The Archbishop's declaration, however, makes it certain that the same forces would be arrayed in defence of either of these Establishments. But the Nonconformist opposition in Wales is more vehement, and has a more unanimous support in the constituencies. Practically it may be assumed, therefore, that Welsh disestablishment will take precedence. But the great gathering of last Whitsuntide in the Albert Hall has already warned us that the whole strength of the Anglican Church and the Tory party will be arrayed in opposition to this measure of justice. Whether this demonstration was a piece of wise strategy is open to question. The weakness of the State Church in Wales is that it has not gained the hearts of the people, and it certainly will not be helped in that way by such a forcible reminder that it depends on the support of a powerful English majority which has no respect for the wishes of the Welsh people themselves. Sooner or later, and sooner rather than later, this determined resistance to a national sentiment must bring about the overthrow of an institution which has thus scornfully defied the deepest convictions and outraged the most sacred feelings of a high-spirited people.

That the Primate should feel himself bound to appear in the lists as a champion of all Establishments is not surprising. But it is surely the height of unwisdom for him and other Anglican Church defenders to ignore the enormous difference between their case and that of their Church in Wales. To those who, like myself, are conscientiously opposed to the existence of a State Church under any circumstances, it is a matter of subordinate importance whether the adherents of that Church are in a majority or a minority. But with them it is different. They may fairly argue that while the majority of the people, although numbers of them give no visible sign of interest in the Established Church or even of adherence to it, are yet content with the existing state of things, it ought to be maintained. But when they contend that the argument for its continuance remains the same when the great body of the people are hostile to the State Church, they give themselves away.

That the Welsh people are opposed to the Establishment is a point which I should decline to argue here. With our present democratic

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constitution, the voice of the representatives must be regarded as the voice of the people. Especially are we entitled to take this view when those representatives have been fairly chosen in opposition to the influence of the aristocracy and of landlords generally. Under a restricted suffrage there might be some justification for going behind the electoral returns if it were possible to find any better index of public opinion. But with the existing franchise and vote by ballot it is absurd to contend that the parliamentary representation does not reflect the opinion of the majority. Possibly, if we had some fanciful scheme of proportional representation, such as might find favour in the eyes of the very superior persons who resort to all kinds of devices in order to break the force of the democracy, the majority of Welsh members in favour of disestablishment might be diminished. But even that would not convert the minority into a majority. We are living under a parliamentary government, and the electorate has pronounced its opinion, and pronounced it in so emphatic a way that it cannot be gainsaid. What those on the opposite side have to do is to show good cause why this verdict should be set aside. It is no answer to say that the people of England are of a contrary opinion. That may be decisive as regards England, but there is no obvious reason why it should prevail in Wales. Our contention is that the majority is exceeding its rights in England; but when it assumes that it is entitled also to set aside the wishes of the Welsh majority, it treats the people as a conquered race, and creates against itself a passionate hatred. In a word, it sacrifices the hope of winning the heart of the nation in order that it may keep up an unrighteous ascendency.

The comparisons which Church defenders are so fond of instituting between Churchmen and Dissenters, apart from all questions of arithmetical accuracy, are essentially misleading. They very conveniently leave out of account alike the history of the two parties and the different conditions under which they prosecute their work to-day. The whole of the revenue set apart by the State for religious purposes (and it will not be denied that this is considerable) has been the monopoly of the Episcopal Church. Cathedrals, churches, parsonages, schools have been provided for that Church. In the tithes there has been a large provision, which would have been larger but for acts of spoliation by the ancestors of those who now proclaim that any appropriation of such funds for national purposes would be an act of sacrilege. With these advantages at its command, the champions of the Anglican Church ought to blush for very shame when they put it in comparison with the Nonconformists, and even taunt them with some of the modes by which they have sought to eke out the resources of their poverty for the accomplishment of their great work. What they have done has been the work of earnest hearts and willing hands. In the sweat of their brow they have won such position and influence as they enjoy. Their

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humble chapels scattered over every part of the Principality, their faithful and devoted preachers, their great company of workers in church and school, their enthusiastic congregations, are the fruits of a faith in God by which, out of their very weakness, they have been made strong.

It is often said that they owe such success as they have achieved to the laches of the ecclesiastics of former times, but it needs some effrontery on the part of a Churchman to advance such a plea. It may be true; and were the question one as to the comparative merits of Episcopacy and Calvinistic Methodism, or Congregationalism, or Wesleyanism, there might be some force in it—that is, it might be argued there is no invincible objection to bishops and deans in the Welsh mind, and that if the large majority of the religious people of the Principality are found in the ranks of more democratic Churches, it is due to the faults of former generations of Episcopalians rather than to the merits of rival systems. But that does not touch the present issue. Personally, I am less disposed every year to discuss the claims of contending 'isms and polities, except where I am directly challenged by the contention that all Christianity is shut up in one particular system. But this is a simple question of supremacy, and it is certainly a strange argument to put forth in favour of it that the very existence of Dissent is due to the neglect of those who enjoyed special national privileges on condition that they did a great national work. The plain fact is that the heart of the nation has gone away from them.

No manipulation of statistics can make the Episcopal Church the Church of the Welsh people. Not to it, but to the despised Nonconformists outside, does the religious life of Wales owe its vitality and power. Fashion and wealth, rank and political influence, are on the side of the Established Church, and all the forces at their command are used with little scruple on its behalf. But they have utterly failed to break the strong resistance of Nonconformist conviction and feeling among her peasantry and her artisans and her miners. Yet if a State Church is needed at all, it is for the masses. They have not only declared that they do not desire it, but, by the provision which they have made for their own religious work, they have proved that they do not need it. They have given their country and the world eloquent preachers, the echoes of whose thrilling notes haunt us as we wander through the beautiful valleys where, even to this day, multitudes gather for worship. They show at least as remarkable an example of love to God and zeal for righteousness as is to be found in any class of her Majesty's subjects. Even if it were proved that they were still only a minority of the people, that minority includes so large a proportion of the piety, the moral, spiritual, and political earnestness, the robust intelligence, and the philanthropic zeal of the country, that the question which arises is—Why should they be placed in a position

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of political inferiority because of religious principles which have prepared them for rendering such immeasurable service to the whole community?

This, however, is to put the issue in an extremely mild form. The supposition that Churchmen are in a majority in Wales is so extreme that it is only by an excess of chivalry that it can be entertained. A quasi-majority which might be obtained by reckoning in the returns of Churchmen those who have no religion would not be very creditable in itself, and would not help in the decision of the question. The best friends of the Church itself can hardly regard with any satisfaction a verdict in its favour secured by the votes of a promiscuous body, a large proportion of them of the baser sort, who neither believe in its doctrines nor frequent its services. It can hardly be pleasant, even were it possible, for them to retain a position the right to which has been forfeited, on their own confession, by the faults of their ancestors, by the support of those who are the living evidences of their neglect.

It is pleaded that these faults are being rapidly repaired, that the days of absentee bishops and idle if not immoral clergymen are past, and that the clergymen who could not speak in the language of their parishioners are all but gone; that there has been a great revival in the Establishment, and that it would be at once unwise and unchristian to interfere with its full development. I have no wish to question the facts, and I heartily rejoice that they are so, but I demur to the conclusion. What it really means is, that the Welsh Church, having happily shown signs of renewed vitality, should be continued in the enjoyment of its present privileges and endowments, in order that it may be able to win back Dissenters to its fold. Bishops and clergy are fond of parading the number of their converts from the Nonconformist ranks. We are told that dissenting parents are bringing their children to be baptised in the parish churches, that young Nonconformists are applying for confirmation, that bishops are inundated with applications from their ministers for admission to 'Holy Orders.' It is not worth while to try and reduce these frequent boasts to actual figures. The marvel is how anyone can suppose that they will be accepted by Nonconformists as an argument against disestablishment. They are not likely to be more reconciled to the prestige and wealth which the State is giving to a Church which is not only a rival, but is determined, if possible, to get rid of them altogether, by seeing them used as instruments for their own injury. Such an expectation is as preposterous as the *argumentum ad misericordiam*, based on the plea that the present generation suffers for the failure of its predecessors, is pitiably, almost ludicrously, weak.

There might be some plausibility in it were it proposed to inflict any injury upon the Church itself. But it is not so. Establishment with all its contingent advantages is, as Canon Liddon used to remind

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his brethren, only an accident—does not at all enter into the essence of the Church. The claims of the Episcopal Church in Wales to be the one true branch of the 'Holy Catholic Church' will remain precisely the same, equally valid and equally weak, after disestablishment as it is now. If it is (as the Primate once suggested) the mother of the Anglican Church, it will not cease to be so because it is no longer established. It is not even menaced in any part of its spiritual teaching and work. The Nonconformist contention is that it will be stronger for both when it is free. There is no intention, no desire, to injure it in any solitary respect as a Church. All the attractions which its clergy or its services, its doctrine or its ritual, have for any restless spirits in Nonconformity it will retain. It will not even lose the charm which the Church of Society possesses for many, for it may safely be assumed that the peers, the landed gentry, and the 'upper classes' generally will remain attached to it. All that will be lost is the unfair advantage which accrues from the patronage of the State.

It is the misfortune of ecclesiastics that they dwell so much in a region of their own that they are in danger of getting out of touch with the work-a-day world. Those who are around them minister to the process of self-deception, and hence they are hardly conscious of the movements which are going on beyond their own circle. The democracy will have to pronounce upon the fate of the Welsh Establishment, and when once it has realised the actual state of the case it will not be put off by the historic pleas which find such favour with prelates, and which the Primate in particular has put in the forefront of his contention. Let the people be once convinced that there is an anomaly and an injustice, and its action will be decisive—will probably be swift. If they be told that the fate of the English Establishment is bound up with that of its Welsh sister, the answer will probably be 'So much the worse for the English Establishment.' What Church defenders have to do here is to show why the majority of the nation should be compelled to acknowledge the ecclesiastical supremacy of the minority.

Of course this supremacy involves the question of Church property, and Lord Selborne has made so many very learned contributions to the discussion of the subject that he may be regarded as the counsel for the Establishment in this matter. But the crucial points he has either left altogether unnoticed or only touched in the most cursory manner. The first of these questions is, What is the Church? If his lordship will attempt the definition of that primary term, he will find his difficulties beginning. After distinguishing between tithes and other gifts, he says of the latter: 'The mass of the property came from private gifts, and those private gifts have been going on in every generation.' Are we then to understand that it is one and the same Church to which these gifts have been made in every generation—that, for example, the Church of the Middle Ages, to which a very large proportion of them was given, was the same

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Church as that which enjoys them to-day? The point has been so often discussed that one is almost ashamed to raise it again. But the heart of the controversy, so far as it relates to the property, is there. The most significant fact in relation to it is that the only party which maintains that the Church has remained one and the same, despite all the changes that have been made in it, is the party now in possession. There is a Church which is in agreement with the Church of England as it was before Henry the Eighth undertook the work of Reformation, the chief feature of which was the substitution of his own supremacy for that of the Pope. That Church regards the present possessors as mere schismatics, who have usurped the rights and estates of the older Church. It is not easy to see what answer can be given to their contention, except that Parliament has created a new title. The plea, even could it be sustained, that the Church sanctioned the changes, which really means that the incumbents at a particular time changed their opinions, would avail nothing, for no reasonable man would assert that a body of life-tenants have a right to change the conditions of their tenure; and it is certain any such attempt would have signally failed had not Parliament given its assent to what was, in some important respects, a revolution. But for its action the Pope would still be receiving the homage of the bishops, the Mass would be celebrated with all its old 'pomp and circumstance' in our cathedrals and parish churches, the doctrine of Transubstantiation would be a central point in the teaching of the Establishment.

In short, the State has, since the days of the Reformation, exercised the right to deal with Church property as the property of the nation. Whether this be an abuse of its prerogative may reasonably be a matter of discussion, but at least it is certain that it cannot be acknowledged or denied as it suits the interests of any party. The alienation of the property from ecclesiastical uses is described as an act of sacrilege; but those who hold that it is the rightful inheritance of the old Church would contend that it was sacrilege to use it for the support of what is, in their view, a schismatic church. Indeed, the contention would be that for Parliament to interfere with it at all was sacrilege, and this is really the idea which underlies the vehement denunciations of the 'robbery of God' in which some Church defenders, with the Archbishop of York at their head, indulge. The nation will not be affected either by fine-spun theories as to the origin of the property or sacerdotal conceptions of the sin of sacrilege, so long as facts point to so different a conclusion. The will of Parliament was supreme when it determined on changes in the constitution of the Church so radical that on both sides were found men—the noblest men of their respective parties—who held them so important that they were were willing to die in supporting or in resisting them. It has been equally supreme in our own times when it resolved on changing the distribution of the revenues and, abrogating local or provincial rights, 'pooled' the incomes from episcopal and capitular

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estates, and handed them over to a commission to administer for the good of the Church as a whole. All this has been accepted, but as soon as it is suggested that national property ought to be used for national purposes an outcry is raised that what belongs to God is being desecrated. Is it quite certain, after all, that if it be put to other uses for the moral good of the nation it may not be just as much for the glory of God? If Nonconformists were disposed to retort, they might say (as, in fact, earnest Roman Catholics would say) that in appropriating for their own Church an income which belongs to another, and which they hold solely in virtue of parliamentary enactment, Episcopalians have themselves been substituting robbery for burnt offering.

I have written so much on the subject of property because it has been made so prominent by the defenders. The action of Nonconformists in connection with it is entirely in the interests of the people. They ask nothing for themselves, and would accept nothing. Their general contention is that the property was given to the nation when the nation was the Church, and that in the changed condition of opinion, when it is impossible that it can be used for any one Church without being appropriated to sectarian uses, it should be dealt with on the *cestui que trust* principle. Of course this principle does not apply to the benefactions of members of the Anglican Church itself, which would be retained by that Church.

The Archbishop of Canterbury takes credit to himself and his friends because they do not meet the attack on the Establishment by a demand for the confiscation of all Dissenting endowments.

> Be it understood, again, that we do not urge that we or ours would retaliate on the great endowments of other bodies. We would not. We maintain that the principle of endowment is right. We should begin again to re-accumulate, as we did long ago. The would-be spoiler suggests no other course. It is the course his own religious bodies follow.

The answer to this is extremely simple. We are not proceeding upon any abstract objection to endowments. Wherever such an objection is taken it is simply held as a pious opinion, which no one has ever proposed to embody in legislation. Further, whatever the Anglican Church can show to be private property is not menaced by any proposal for disendowment which would have the general assent of Nonconformists. Whatever property is held at present on the same basis as the private endowments of dissenting Churches must be treated as its own, not the property of the nation. If this be once understood, the hollowness of the representations to which we are continually treated of the poverty to which the Church would be doomed becomes apparent. The speeches of her own most eloquent champions show it, for they point with a reasonable pride to the noble contributions which the friends of the Church have made even during recent years. Their acts of liberality have the ungrudging admiration of all earnest Nonconformists. We should be ashamed of our own Christianity if we underrated their value, not

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only as a contribution to practical work, but as a testimony of living faith. They are an ample answer to the needless lamentations of those who talk of the disendowed Church as though it would be without resources, and still more to the faithless predictions of many of its defenders, who seem to have as little trust in the liberality of her own adherents as in the gracious care of her Lord.

But this question of endowments is not the vital one in the controversy. It is certain that no statesman would ever propose to leave a Church which the nation had ceased to recognise as the national Church in possession of national revenues, and there is, therefore, a close and necessary connection between disestablishment and disendowment. Personally, I have never ceased to maintain that the evils of sectarian ascendency are so great, the effect on the relations of Christian men to one another so mischievous, the clerical arrogance bred of the pride of supremacy so injurious to character, and only less so in degree the soreness produced by a sense of injustice on the part of those who feel themselves aggrieved—the misrepresentation of religion itself to the masses of the people by the divisions and jealousies thus engendered such a hindrance to religious work—that I should rejoice in disestablishment even were the endowments left untouched. But I know that is an impossible solution, and because it is so Churchmen take advantage of the difficulties which apparently surround any proposals for disendowment in order to discredit all attempts to secure religious equality. The plea is one that cannot be entertained; some method will be found of settling financial questions on a fair basis; and the point that must be faced is why one Church should be placed by the State in a position of superiority to others.

It is satisfactory to know that not only among the laity of the Established Church, but among its more enlightened clergy, there is a growing aversion to this kind of distinction. The change that has come over the sentiments of this class during the last fifty years is very great, and full of promise for the future. Even in the Tory party there are numbers who resent any display of bigotry, and are desirous that Nonconformists should be treated with justice and consideration. They shrink from disestablishment, but they would do everything to make our Nonconformist position as easy as possible. All this is to be gladly recognised. Especially are the manly and eloquent utterances of Canon Scott Holland, Prebendary Eyton, and other clergymen of the same type, to be hailed with gratitude and heartily reciprocated. There are, on the Nonconformist side, men who feel, like them, a longing for a better understanding and a closer fellowship between Christian brethren, who are separated from each other mainly by artificial barriers which the State has set up. The relations between Churchman and Dissenter in this country are a discredit to our common faith, but it is hard to see how they are to be

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effectively altered so long as the Establishment exists. Individuals rise above it, and yet even they are hampered by their surroundings, and at the best produce but little effect on the general sentiment.

In conclusion I would draw attention to the sober-minded and practical statement of the case by Dr. Jessopp in this Review. Though a clergyman the Doctor is not possessed by narrow clerical ideas, nor does he look at a grave national question through ecclesiastical spectacles. His sympathy with Coleridge's theory has, in my judgment, misled him, but every Nonconformist will rejoice to welcome in him a fair and honourable opponent who is prepared to discuss the question on rational principles. I write thus in full view of his contemptuous reference to the 'senseless and ignorant cry for the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of England.' That need not trouble Nonconformists, who not unreasonably regard it as an indication of the spirit fostered by a State Church. The last thing we would do is retaliate. We regard the claim to ecclesiastical ascendency as unjust; we hold that the monopoly of the 'Nationality' by a section of the nation is a wrong done to all outside the favoured circle; and yet we can understand how those within that circle may see reasons for the arrangement. For myself I do not even designate the outcry about 'sacrilege' as senseless and ignorant, though I am happy to find Dr. Jessopp pronounce this attempt to represent disendowment as a robbery of God as 'indefensible.' I am prepared—and I believe Nonconformists generally would agree with me—to leave the controversy where he places it, with a very slight modification. 'Base the title of the Established Church to her endowments upon considerations of the highest political expediency.' That is a ground upon which we are fully prepared to discuss the question, with this qualification only, that justice as well as expediency must be taken into account.

That is the ground on which the battle will ultimately have to be fought. In the stress of political conflict there is always a fear lest the real issue be lost sight of, and the contest should degenerate into a mere party wrangle. It is, indeed, hardly possible to separate the question of Welsh Disestablishment from the fortunes of Liberalism. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that it could ever be carried by a political *coup d'état*. Of all questions it must not be decided by any party manipulation, but by a deliberate appeal to the intelligence and conscience of the nation. As to the order of precedence in the Liberal programme, that must be decided by those who are responsible for the tactics of the party. In all our reasonings on the point it cannot be forgotten that the great problem of Home Rule has yet to be settled. But it is to be hoped that no appeal will be made to the constituencies until the House of Lords has defined its own attitude in relation to British as well as Irish legislation.

J. Guinness Rogers.

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THE POLITICAL FUTURE OF 'LABOUR'

THERE is a glorious hope for the nation which has the wisdom to use its reserves. When the government of a country is confined to a comparatively small but wealthy class there is always the danger of exhaustion, of abuse of power, and of wasted efforts. However sympathetic the members of a legislature may be, if they lack knowledge and experience of those for whom they essay to make laws their efforts will be in many cases abortive; nay, they may possibly do infinite injury to the people. Obviously, this proposition has never been endorsed by the governing classes of the day. Seventy years ago the landed classes believed the best of all possible systems was secured by the limited franchise which gave one member each to the following constituencies:—Haslemere, with sixty electors; Hertford, thirty-one; Winchelsea, forty; Horsham, twenty-five; Newport, Marlborough, and Calne, with twenty-four electors each; Banbury, eighteen; Old Sarum, seven; and Gatton, with one elector. Plenty of members under the old pocket borough system were loud enough in their professed devotion to the middle classes, but this was not enough for the latter, who showed their distrust of the old and their faith in the new order of things by electing to the reformed Parliament of 1832 fifty-one persons connected with the trading, commercial, and manufacturing interests, and fifty-four lawyers; but the landed aristocracy put in an appearance with 356 representatives. During the last sixty years the members of the landed interest have been gradually reduced in numbers until there are to-day fewer in the House of Commons than at any preceding period. On the other hand, the number and influence of members of the commercial classes in that assembly were never so strong as they are at the present moment. It has long been evident that the manufacturing and trading community have recognised the value of class representation, and that it has left a very strong impress upon the legislation of the last half-century.

Although political parties have never adopted the distinctive and easily understood titles of the landowning party and the middle-class party, we recognise them in the Conservatives and Liberals of to-day. The former have held sway in rural districts, where the

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squire's influence was most easily and effectually exerted. On the other hand, the latter have generally controlled the representation of the towns, where, of course, middle-class influence has always been in the ascendant. Whenever a vital principle—as, for instance, the repeal of the Corn Laws or the Ten Hours Bill—was being agitated, the landowning class did not accept commercial men as their exponents, nor did the middle classes choose landlords as the champions of the manufacturing interest. But the *esprit de corps* of the classes was much more pronounced before the extension of the franchise in 1868, and particularly of 1885, than it is now. The working community have largely obliterated the class lines of party. They are now slowly, if unconsciously, marking out newer, deeper, and probably more permanent ones.

Two great ideals have for generations animated the more thoughtful of the labouring classes. One, embodied in the couplet,

> Eight hours work, and eight hours play,
> Eight hours sleep, and eight shillings a day,

has stood out as a star during the long night of industrial degradation. The other is of a later date. It is the longing for a Labour party. Possibly it may be said that both are of the earth earthy, that neither appeals to the poetic fancy, and that the vibrating notes of patriotism are lacking. But the man who has never known slavery cannot understand the slave's unutterable longing for liberty; and people of leisure, of education, with opportunities and power, do not realise that the greatest boon you can offer to the sweated victim, the stewed factory operative, the panting miner, and the countless thousands who toil for their daily bread, is first leisure, and then the opportunities to frame the conditions of life and the laws under which they shall live. Hitherto, the masses have had history made for them; henceforth they will make it themselves. The Labour party they have pictured is not a small coterie or a flock of sheep blindly following a cunning leader with no experience of the lives of those he essays to lead. It must not grovel in the arena of party trickery. Its basis is experience of labour rather than Utopian conceptions; it is strong on the brotherhood of man; keenly patriotic, advocates civil and religious liberty, abhors monopoly, loves peace, and demands that justice shall not be the luxury of the rich, but the heritage of all; and it believes in attaining the equality of man through equality of representation. Never very strong on State ownership, its relation to other classes may be summed up in the phrase, that in seeking to make the poor richer it does not necessarily want to make the rich poorer. It has no particular desire to disturb existing institutions so long as they do not render themselves offensive. 'A fair day's wage for a fair day's work,' 'a more equitable share of the fruits of toil,' and 'better opportunities in the race

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for life,' although indefinite as planks of a platform, are sufficiently clear to show that the ideal Labour party has never been intended by the masses as a founder of a new order of society. In a word, as the Labour party emerges from the realms of fancy into those of fact it is more clearly apparent that the masses wish it to work on those lines of steady development, of experience, and of evolution which are so marked a feature of the Anglo-Saxon race.

In the crystallising of this ideal into the real, trades unions have of course played an all-important part. It is through them that the working classes are being taught to realise the difficulties of government, the responsibility of power, and the necessity of formulating practical reforms. The unions are, in fact, the natural centre of the Labour party, and so long as they retain that leadership it will be well with the people; but should the control of the movement escape from them, should mere opinions without experience be regarded as qualifying any wealthy man to run as a Labour candidate, then the organised trades enter upon an unknown and uncertain sea, with theorists at the helm, and those elements of self-help which are the glory of the trades unions, and which no laws can replace, will be blown to the winds. Happily the working classes of this country have a habit of looking before they leap. They are neither to be captured nor deluded; and when they find a small but noisy section adopting the title of 'The Labour Party,' they naturally denounce it as another instance of false marking.

The cry of 'No politics' has wrought sad havoc among the trades. Fanned by partisans infinitely more anxious to defend the entrenchments of reaction than to promote the progress of labour, it was re-echoed by street corner orators who boldly declared that trades unionism was played out, and that the only hope for the people was Socialism; and it was taken up by a number of well-meaning members of some societies who looked at political parties as stereotyped throughout the centuries, and who could not see that the extension of the franchise was founding a new heaven and a new earth in the political universe. For many years 'No politics' was effective enough to prevent the Trades Congress adopting a more pronounced attitude in respect to political affairs. Yet it was as impossible for the organised trades to escape from their destiny as it is for a man to live without air. If the Congress could not do the work directly, it could at least do it indirectly. At the Hull Congress in 1886, a Labour electoral committee was formed for the sole purpose of promoting Labour representation. But although it rendered good service, a year's experience proved that a Labour party without a platform is pretty much like an engine without steam, and at the Swansea meeting in 1887, at the suggestion of the electoral committee themselves, the Labour Electoral Association was floated as a distinct organisation, with a very advanced programme, agreed to at a largely attended informal meet-

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ing of the delegates. From that day down to the present the principle on which it was originated has never been lost sight of, but has been kept steadily in the forefront. Its latest manifestos, the president's address at the last Labour Electoral Congress, the fact that some very powerful and important unions send delegates to its congresses, and that, according to its constitution, 'no delegate shall be eligible for election (to the executive committee) who is not a *bona-fide* workman or a representative of a trades organisation,' all reaffirm in the most emphatic manner the principle embodied in the declaration, 'the organised trades are the natural centres of a true Labour party.' This fidelity to the Trades Congress has been responded to by that body with unvarying confidence. Although the advanced section at the recent Trades Union Congress obtained the assent of a majority to a scheme creating an 'Independent Labour Representation Fund,' that scheme imposes so heavy a tax upon the trades, exacts such a binding socialistic pledge from candidates, and is so inapplicable to our many-sided municipalities as to make it unworkable. Its promoters were, however, careful to disavow any hostility to the Labour Electoral Association. Some of them urged that there was room enough for such organisations, whilst a number of delegates who are active members of the said association in no way opposed the proposal, but in some cases actually voted for it. The fact is that in matters political and social the masses are firm believers in the doctrine of the survival of the fittest; and any organisation which can by adaptability to changed conditions, and by the pursuance of an opportunist policy, outlive its early competitors and give evidence of permanence and strength, commands their respect. Democracy is applying the test of utility to all popular institutions; and it weighs labour organisations more scrupulously in the balance than it does any political combination.

It is not surprising that many people were perplexed at the determination of the Belfast Trades Union Congress to form an 'Independent Labour Representation Fund.' If such a proposal ever had any value, it should have been put forward ten years ago, when political parties were infinitely more neglectful of working-class interests than they are to-day. But at the present moment we have a Government in power pledged to the hilt to give State payment of members, payment of returning officers' charges out of the rates, and a new Registration Bill—reforms which will obviously make such a fund unnecessary. The financial question could be speedily solved if the Labour members put their feet firmly down at a critical juncture and gave the Government to understand that these questions must be dealt with at once. As a matter of course, every one of them would become law before the present House of Commons is dissolved. But even if such a desirable result is not attained, the projected fund can have little influence on political life. 'You may take a horse to

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the water, but you cannot make him drink.' Although the Trades Union Congress may call upon the trades to pay 5*s.* per annum for every 100 members, it by no means follows that they will agree to such a tax for a general Labour Representation Fund. Many of them now feel that their yearly contribution of 1*l.* per 1,000 members towards the funds of the Trades Union Congress is quite burdensome enough without paying an additional contribution of 2*l.* 10*s.* per 1,000 for political purposes. In fact, some of the larger unions, feeling no doubt that this tribute to the Parliamentary Committee was already a heavy one, only sent in one-half their total membership and subscribed one-half what they ought to have done. And yet the Trades Congress has claims upon them which can in no way be equalled by a problematical 'Labour Representation Fund.' The following table will illustrate the difficulty of founding and maintaining such a scheme:—

Name of Society represented at the Trades Congress, with actual number of Members	Contribution as per Standing Orders to Parliamentary Committee Fund, £1 per 1,000	Contribution to Independent Labour Representation Fund 5*s.* per 100 or £2 10*s.* per 1,000	Total Contribution to the two Funds per year
	£ *s.* *d.*	£ *s.* *d.*	£ *s.* *d.*
Boilermakers' and Iron Shipbuilders' Society, 37,000 members	37 0 0	92 10 0	129 10 0
*National Union of Boot and Shoe Operatives, 43,000 members	43 0 0	107 10 0	150 10 0
Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners, 36,000 members	36 0 0	90 0 0	126 0 0
Dock, Wharf, Riverside, or General Labourers' Union, 20,000 members	20 0 0	50 0 0	70 0 0
*Amalgamated Society of Engineers, 72,000 members	72 0 0	180 0 0	252 0 0
Gas Workers and General Labourers, 20,000 members	20 0 0	50 0 0	70 0 0
*Miners' National Union, 40,000 members	40 0 0	100 0 0	140 0 0
*Miners' Federation of Great Britain, 150,000 members	150 0 0	375 0 0	525 0 0
Northern Counties Weavers' Amalgamated Association, 62,000 members	62 0 0	155 0 0	217 0 0
Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, 31,000 members	31 0 0	77 10 0	108 10 0
National Amalgamated Sailors' and Firemen's Union, 20,000 members	20 0 0	50 0 0	70 0 0
Total	531 0 0	1,327 10 0	1,858 10 0

Now the actual contributions of the above societies, instead of being 531*l.* according to Standing Orders (which are henceforth to be strictly enforced), was only 349*l.*, or 182*l.* short. The moral needs no emphasis. There was, however, another fact, which was strangely enough ignored by the Congress, and that is the marked tendency of the larger trades to have their own special fund and to keep it under their own control. The organisations named in the above table with an asterisk (*) prefixed have started such funds, and they will not, therefore, contribute to a general scheme. It may indeed be taken for granted that when any strong union is educated to the point of giving, say, 50*l.* per annum to a common fund, it will go a step further, and will pay a little more in order that it may have a special member. And if the large trades do not support this 'Independent Labour

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Representation Fund'—well, it is pretty much like performing 'Hamlet' with the Prince of Denmark left out.

But the proposal absolutely fails when viewed from the light of Trades Council finance. These bodies are potent factors in promoting the principle of labour representation. Yet this annual income rarely exceeds 2*d.* per member, and they have even now to exercise the greatest economy in order to make ends meet. To ask them to pay 2*l.* 10*s.* per 1,000 members towards an 'Independent Labour Representation Fund' is to ask them to perform the impossible, and few, if any, of them will attempt the task. Although such bodies pay on a different scale to the Parliamentary Committees Fund, the appended table will give some idea of the unworkable character of the scheme so far as Trades Councils are concerned:—

Name of Trades Council represented at the Trades Congress, and the number of Members	Contribution to Parliamentary Committees Fund	Contribution to Independent Labour Representation Fund £2 10*s.* per 1,000	Total Contribution to the two Funds
	£ *s.* *d.*	£ *s.* *d.*	£ *s.* *d.*
London Trades' Council, 68,000 members	5 0 0	170 0 0	175 0 0
Manchester Trades' Council, 10,000 members	5 0 0	25 0 0	30 0 0
Sheffield Trades' Council, 15,000 members	5 0 0	37 10 0	42 10 0
Bolton Trades' Council, 14,000 members	5 0 0	35 0 0	40 0 0
Glasgow Trades' Council, at least 20,000 members	8 0 0	50 0 0	58 0 0
Dublin Trades' Council, 6,000 members	6 0 0	15 0 0	21 0 0
Total	34 0 0	332 10 0	366 10 0

The financial burden is not, however, the only weakness of the scheme. Its promoters intend it to apply to local elections, whereas the conditions under which such contests are fought are wondrously varied, as also are the relative positions of local political parties to the working classes. To expect such a scheme to apply to all local authorities from John o' Groat's to the Land's End is very much like an eccentric individual wishing to make one suit of clothes fit all the men in the United Kingdom. Then a confession of faith is to be exacted from all Labour candidates receiving financial assistance from it quite as narrow and equally as objectionable as any ever imposed by either of the great political parties. Such candidate must pledge himself 'to support the principle of collective ownership and control of all the means of production and distribution.' And the Labour programme is agreed upon from time to time by the Congress. Now, while I am daily becoming more favourable to collective ownership, it seems to me that Socialism has not yet made that headway which entitles it to demand so definite a declaration from all Labour candidates. Were the scheme perfect in every other respect, this is more than enough to shipwreck it; and it is not surprising that some of those who voted for this important addition now see that they committed a grievous mistake in forcing it through Congress.

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But the decision of the Trades Union Congress in no way alters the traditional policy of organised labour. It is pre-eminently an opportunist one. If the full loaf was not obtainable, the half loaf was accepted. And, judged by results, this policy has been wonderfully successful. Ten years ago there were not a dozen Labour representatives on public bodies, but to-day there are 1,200; ten years ago there were no workmen magistrates, but now there are over seventy; ten years ago there were only two factory inspectors, but at the present moment there are over thirty. Then, important concessions have been secured for the seafaring class; the Labour Department has been developed and workmen placed in responsible positions thereon, the eight hours' system has been adopted in the great employing departments, and many other great advantages secured for Labour, all of which Labour has wisely accepted.

Had the organised trades met political parties with the rebuff 'that no good thing can come out of Nazareth,' and refused their help and scorned their appointments, no useful purpose could have been served, no great principle furthered, and the condition of the people in no way improved. And although the working classes have not secured the return of as many Labour members to Parliament as some sanguine spirits anticipated, it is, nevertheless, a fact that they have completely altered the tone of that assembly, and that a silent but powerful and widespread revolution has been effected in public opinion and in local governing bodies. These 1,200 local Labour representatives have been so many pioneers, enforcing by personal worth, by patience, by diligence, and by appeals to conscience and to right, that 'dignity of labour' which has hitherto been the fancy of the poet and the dream of myriads of workers during the deepest industrial gloom. I do not claim that during the short time during which Labour representation has been possible it has been able to do more than touch the fringe of that world of acute poverty, degradation, social iniquities, and deep-rooted wrongs which are the grief of the philanthropist and the shame of the patriot. No. But in altering the character of the administrative machinery the organised trades are giving the best possible guarantee of the abolition of these evils in the future.

Since the passing of the Municipal Corporations Act the middle classes have had the monopoly on local governing bodies. Their vices and their virtues are strongly stamped thereon. Stern disciples of the old-fashioned political economy, they showed little sympathy with the working classes; and the rate of wages, the hours and conditions of labour of thousands of corporate workmen in some of our leading municipalities are a disgrace to the responsible authorities. The fearful condition of the poorer portions of our large towns shows how a community may be endangered, the tone of morals lowered, and widespread injustice wrought by leaving the administration of

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affairs exclusively in the hands of one class. But this class domination is losing its power. The increasing number of Labour councillors, the fact that no employer of known antagonism to Labour stands a chance of election, that searching test questions are put and avenging records kept, are all having a wonderfully converting influence. It is only a question of a very few years when local government will be pretty equally divided between the middle and the working classes. A man need not assume the *rôle* of a prophet to foretell how vastly improved the state of the people will be; for even bad laws when administered by popular sympathisers can have many of their objectionable features relaxed.

By thus working from the less to the greater the Labour party will largely change the character of the House of Commons, for as the labouring community see the benefits of Labour representation worked out in their own municipalities and localities they will become increasingly determined to return Labour members to Parliament. Their power to do so and their range of choice of candidates would of course be greatly increased by the payment of members, one man one vote, payment of returning officers' charges out of the rates, and other electoral reforms. And, despite the hysterical outbursts one hears occasionally, no section of the community need anticipate the change with fear. Even the wildest revolutionary does not ask that broadcloth shall be banished from the House of Commons and fustian become the badge of office, or that the capitalist and the landlord shall be denied admittance. Nay, is it not some indication of the moderation of this long-excluded class that even the most hopeful amongst them seldom put the number of possible Labour members, even in the distant future, at more than one hundred? In view of the fact that fully 500 seats out of the 670 are practically controlled by the working class vote, this is surely a very modest request. Nor is this the only reason why faint-hearted Dives should take courage. These one hundred Labour members will be trained legislators and administrators, they will have had far more experience of the responsibility of power than many members of the present House have had, and they will certainly have a more soul-stirring mission than aiding obstruction and baiting Irishmen. With few exceptions they will be trade-union officials, and will in the main have had a lengthy experience in County and Town Councils. But the influence of the Labour vote will not end here. Even in constituencies where there is no hope of returning a workman candidate the ordinary party nominees will be tested by their views on Labour, and we may therefore be assured of increasingly democratic Parliaments.

But the wise and eminently successful policy of permeation does not find favour with all who profess to speak in the name of Labour, although it is strongly believed in by the great body of the organised trades. Experience says 'creep before you run.' Now, although the

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principles of Socialism have made considerable headway in this country, owing principally to the fact that some of its ablest exponents have been believers in the policy of permeation, the formation of a distinct Socialist party has found little favour with the people. A variety of reasons can be given to account for this fact. To begin with, the people have no love for third parties and do not understand intermediate colours in politics; then continental Socialism has always been held up, no doubt foolishly, as a bogie, and an effectively dressed bogie really appears to be an integral part of the British constitution. Then the Socialists did their cause infinite injury during 1886 and few following years by publicly proclaiming in their speeches that 'trades unionism' was played out, and by attacking the officials of these bodies. But, over and above this, there is a strong vein of individualism in the British character, which does not lend itself very easily to the principles which are making such headway on the Continent. Socialist candidates met with such poor support at the polling booths that it is not surprising that some of its advocates, when they observed how popular Labour representation was becoming and that the title of 'The Labour Party' was generally accepted as indicating trades unions, should adopt the somewhat dubious name of 'The Independent Labour Party.' At a conference of delegates from Socialist societies and similar bodies held early last year at Bradford, and which was distinguished by the absence of trades unions and the presence of distinguished Socialist journalists and doctrinaires, the title of 'The Socialist Labour Party' was proposed; but this 'calling a spade a spade' was not acceptable, and as it was openly stated that it was necessary to win over the workers of this country to this particular 'ism,' the dreaded word was omitted, and the gilded pill was labelled 'The Independent Labour Party.' But as this body is practically a revolt against the great trades unions, as it covers the ground and to some extent adopts a title dear to the organised workers; as it makes adherence to its platform rather than direct experience of the workman's life a sufficient reason to bring out a landowner or even a millionaire as a Labour candidate; as some of its leaders have no record as working-men or trade organisers; and as it is a thinly disguised attempt to form in this country a second edition of the German Socialist party, it is hardly likely to usurp the legitimate position of the organised trades in political life or to turn them aside from their traditional opportunist policy. The energetic protest of Mr. John Burns, M.P., against non-workers and questionable politicians and journalists endeavouring to fasten themselves on to the Labour party will find a responsive echo in the hearts of the working classes. One of the most obvious lessons of the Belfast Congress is this, that the British Labour party shall consist of the labouring masses. If a Socialist party is necessary, by all means let one be formed, and let it include all who believe in its

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tenets, whether rich or poor, employer or workman; but endless confusion and ultimate injury must ensue by classing Socialist capitalists, lawyers, journalists and professors in a 'Labour Party.'

Unfortunately the public, whose information is gleaned from newspapers, and who at the best can know little of the inner working of the Labour movement, are often misled, and think they are watching the approach of a portentous tempest when it is, at the worst, but a storm in a teapot. As a soldier in the ranks of Labour, I must express my gratitude to the Press of this country for the splendid manner in which it has during later years pleaded the cause of the working classes. But the wisest editors and the most careful newspaper staff can be taken in by an astute London paragraphist. The three tailors of Tooley Street still live, and are, if anything, sharper than ever. In no sense, however, do they represent Labour, and the public cannot too clearly understand that the tricks and devices of which they are the type are repugnant to the great bulk of the working classes.

The impression has been created in many quarters that the Labour party regards the two great political parties as being divided by a very narrow line, but that the object of both is to delude and rob the people—*ergo*, the working classes must Boycott both. But such an absurd contention will not bear examination. Political leaders are the most pliable of mortals, and political parties are what the people make them. Six years ago, when the platform of the Labour Electoral Association was formulated, scarcely one of the items could be found inscribed on the banner of either of the great parties, but at the present moment at least nine out of the fourteen have been included in the Newcastle programme. As a natural result, the recent Labour Electoral Congress felt it necessary to adopt several new planks, such as second ballot, industrial pensions in all dangerous and unhealthy occupations, a graduated income tax, &c. As was forcibly remarked in a recent manifesto issued by the association:

> Labour has not danced attendance upon political parties, but the latter have felt it as a condition of their existence to adopt the principles contained in our programme. The moral is clear. Labour should take all that is offered; never lose an opportunity to advance; and support by every legitimate means any Government which shows by its action a genuine desire to promote the claims of the working classes.

A story is told in the legendary history of Persia of a blacksmith who raised a revolt against the oppressions of a tyrant. Using his apron as a banner, he led his fellow-countrymen to victory and placed a new monarch on the throne. For centuries after that blacksmith's apron was used as the royal standard. Can labour wish for anything more, hope for anything more, than to transform either one or the other of the great parties into its instrument; to witness, as years roll by, cleavage after cleavage whereby the advocates of unjust privilege, of

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monopoly, and everything that tells against the fuller, the nobler, and the more sublime instincts of democracy leave the party which they have used as a convenience, and betake themselves to the tents of reaction? Was it a spark of inspiration when Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, peering into futurity, spoke of the possibility of two great parties, the 'Haves' and the 'Haves not'? A consciousness of this great transformation is now impressing the working classes. Though they may lack the close analytical faculty, and though they are occasionally confused by party issues, and are at rare intervals panic-stricken, their instincts are invariably on the side of liberty and justice, and of late they have been shrewd enough to see that the orthodox political names are the old bottles which contain new wine. This conclusion is based upon experience. Is it not a fact beyond dispute that political parties still retain their names when the principles which gave them birth have been outgrown? It is only a question of time—and to all appearances of a very short time—when the titles of 'Liberal' and 'Conservative' will be discarded as misleading, and other more expressive names adopted. Possibly the two forces may emerge from the chrysalis state as the 'Labour' and the 'Progressive' parties respectively.

Nothing more aptly illustrates the change in the centre of political gravity than the growing revolt against the caucus. This institution has been pre-eminently the weapon of the middle classes; by its means their number and power in Parliament have been enormously increased, and by the specious plea of the rule of the majority the advocates of Labour have been stifled. Theoretically the caucus is a perfect machine, but in practice it is one-sided. When posters are issued in this ward or that polling district inviting Liberals to attend a meeting for the purpose of selecting their quota to the Liberal general council of 400, 600, or 1,000, the presumption would be that hundreds would attend. But no. There may be a dozen, perhaps twenty, or even fifty, present, and these invariably belong either to the shopkeeping or small employing class. All present are voted on the general council, and any shopkeeper or employer known to be a Liberal is generally included in the list. The executive council is mainly composed of the same class of people, and when the chairman and officers are selected, they are in the great majority of cases big local employers, leading lawyers, or landowners. When a candidate is to be chosen these people are of course upon the selecting committee, and they take care that the budding Parliamentarian shall be 'a man of money' or 'a person of position.' Should the chances of winning the seat be regarded as hopeless, then a Labour candidate may be adopted; but even then it is in a hesitating manner which shows the task is not a very agreeable one. It is a curious commentary upon 'this ideal system' that of the thirteen Labour members representing England and Wales in the present House, four ran in

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opposition to or without recognising the existence of the caucus, five represent constituencies where the organised miners absolutely dominate the position, and where the shopkeeping and employing class are so small in number as to have comparatively little power, and only four either captured the caucus or out-generalled it. It is only a waste of time to advise the working classes to attend and make the caucus what they want it to be. The fact is they distrust it—they regard it as a middle-class machine; they have neither the time nor the inclination to compete with the wire-pullers who work it, and they have a decided objection to being made the puppets of anyone. It has served its purpose, and it has carried the people through one stage of their development; but as it exists to-day it is too narrow and too much hampered with class prejudice to be a reflex of the expanding democratic and Labour sentiment.

It is, however, only fair to political leaders and managers to say that they appear to be in advance of their party in promoting Labour representation. Although Lord Salisbury and his colleagues appear to be so engrossed in defending capitalists or landowners and in bemoaning 'the wrongs of Ulster' as to have no time to right the wrongs of Labour, they can probably tell if they wished what a number of mimic revolutions were occasioned in certain Constitutional Associations when the mandate was issued from headquarters to run a number of Conservative Labour candidates. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Schnadhorst, and the heads of the Liberal party have been much more sympathetic and outspoken than their opponents; but their desire to secure Labour members in Parliament does not evidently have very great influence upon the local wire-pullers. They can, no doubt, induce the caucus to do many things, but they cannot persuade it to sink its class prejudices or to put aside its golden spectacles.

But what, it may be asked, is the policy and the scheme which organised Labour suggests in lieu of the one it condemns? It is embodied in a resolution unanimously passed at the recent Labour Electoral Congress. As this gathering represented 500,000 men, including delegates from a number of miner and other trade organisations, which have taken very energetic action to secure Labour representation—as, for instance, the Durham Miners' Political Association, which has secured the return of twenty-two Labour members to the Durham County Council—the following resolution may well be taken seriously to heart by those who advise the working classes to let well alone and to trust the caucus:

That this congress regards the claims of Labour as of paramount importance, and above those of either political party, and is of opinion that the time has arrived when active and determined efforts should be made to secure the return of a largely increased number of Labour members to Parliament. It therefore advises: (1) An immediate and active propaganda in every industrial constituency where the conditions appear hopeful; (2) the obtaining, through trades councils, local trades

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unions, and branches of the Labour Electoral Association, of requisitions and public meetings whereby the opinions of the working classes may be obtained; (3) in those constituencies where a strong desire is thus expressed by a large number of the electorate in favour of a Labour candidate, that such seat should be contested; and (4) in order to emphasise the value of Labour representation as a reflex of the needs and wishes of the nation, no one should be regarded as a Labour candidate unless he is now, or has been, a workman, and is not at the present time an employer of labour.

This policy has been tested with admirable results. Mr. J. H. Wilson, M.P., who is now, and has been for years, a member of the executive committee of the Labour Electoral Association, was invited by the Middlesbrough branch, just before the last general election, to contest that town, and although he was opposed by both a Liberal and a Liberal-Unionist, he was elected by the substantial majority of 629 over the former. So far local caucuses do not appear to have profited by this striking object-lesson and the equally strong reminders given by the trades councils and Labour electoral associations in our large towns. Is it another illustration of the adage, 'Those whom the gods wish to destroy they first drive mad'? Middle-class candidates are being selected on the old-fashioned plan, just as if the Labour sentiment were a rustling of the wind. But political ignorance and bigotry will bring their punishment, just as the sins of the individual find him out. Possibly, when the local Liberal parties have by their own imprudence and intolerance returned the Conservatives to power for another six years, they may then learn wisdom. When a party is sharing the spoils of office it is apt to forget the terrors of the wilderness of Opposition. It may, however, be well to recall the fact that 97 Liberal members of the House (excluding Ireland) were elected by majorities less than 500. Of these, 80 had majorities less than 400; 68 less than 300; 44 less than 200; 19 less than 100; and 10 had less than 50 majority. At the next general election 50 Labour candidates, standing in opposition to both parties, can turn the present Government out and send the Conservatives in, and thereby secure a popular verdict for the House of Lords and against Home Rule. Such a prospect will be anything but pleasant to all true Democrats. But to the Labour party the claims of Labour are of course paramount; they are to the members of that party what Home Rule is to the Irish Nationalists.

I cannot conclude this article without paying my tribute of respect to the Labour members of the House of Commons. In certain quarters they have been misrepresented, harshly criticised, and termed 'party hacks.' But those who are best acquainted with them know that there are no more independent members in the House. Their responsibilities are great. They have to lay, broad, sound, and lasting, the foundations of that great Labour party which is to effect a more beneficent and purer revolution than any that has ever occurred in the history of man. But they may be assured that the organised

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trades, and indeed the working classes generally, have no sympathy with the unfair criticism on the part of those who have no mandate to speak on behalf of the masses. The people do not admire legislative acrobats and fireworks. If these members have one shortcoming, it is the possession of that rare political virtue, modesty. For men to be useful in an assembly they must command its respect, and that these gentlemen certainly have. No doubt they see the impossibility of a permanent independent Labour party in Parliament, for, as already indicated, even if such a party were fifty strong, and held the balance of power, the Liberals would be compelled to absorb their programme, and thus become in fact the Labour party. The Irish Nationalist movement is an illustration of this. For all practical purposes the Irish Nationalist and the Liberal parties are one.

Let me again repeat, 'There is a glorious hope for the nation which has the wisdom to use its reserves.' The faint-hearted need not fear for the greatness of the empire. From the bench and the workshop, from the mine and the furnace, from the docks and the fields, there is coming a race of men who will maintain the best traditions of British liberty, sound the death-knell of war, strike with a merciless hand at all the social evils and iniquities, and pass on to their children a greater, because a more contented, empire, and set a glorious example to the civilised nations of the earth. And it is one of the most hopeful features of the present day that there are a considerable number of men of wealth, position, and influence who are eager to help forward the great emancipation of the people. The hosts of Labour give them a hearty greeting.

T. R. Threlfall

(Secretary to the Labour Electoral Association of Great Britain and Ireland).

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ELEUSINIA

WHERE sleeps the mighty Mother? Or in grove
Tartessian, where the sun-brown peasants love
To wed the richly clustering vine and elm,
Or in cool mead, or slumbers at the helm
Of some fair ship smooth gliding under way
With fruitful store from the far Punic bay?
Her breath is on the fallows, in the wind,
We mark her footsteps but our sense is blind,
Unsatisfied, though ecstasy as wine
Uplift us heavenward in the trance divine.
O silent universe! ye groves reply!
Mute guardians of a world-old mystery!
The meditation of the fields and flow'rs,
Dark lore primæval that each glade embow'rs,
Unknown to speech, as known ere speech began,
Known of the vales and hills, unknowable to man.
How flies the frosty death! how smile the plains
When earth's great goddess after vernal rains
In one brief night goes forth by grange and farm,
Breathes o'er the expectant fields her silent charm,
Touches the leaf-buds in her flight unseen,
And clothes the haggard boughs in youthful green!
From stem to stem, or e'er the morning rise,
From brake to brake, her voiceless message flies,
The startled kine a sudden tremor thrills,
A midnight lowing wakes the silent hills,
Each twittering bird salutes her on her way
Through all the woodlands, and at break of day,
Man, in the verdant splendour of the morn,
Beholds the fruitful season's promise born.

E'en here in spring the careless youth will stray,
And there the nymph be startled from her play,
And first alarm, and then delight will feel,
And think to hide, yet with a glance reveal

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The trembling secret that her lips refuse,
And in such dear deceit as maidens use,
With guiltless falsehood make the truth more sweet.
And daily here beside the brook they meet:
And there at eve each last embrace rebels
At parting brief, with twenty fond farewells
And twenty kisses for each absent hour;
At length she goes like Danaë to her bow'r,
And wakeful memory in a golden rain
Repeats each soft endearment o'er again.
Season of love, in life of man the Spring!
Unmated May speeds not with swifter wing
To languish on the burning breast of June
Than thou to yield thy freshness, and o'er soon
Fling thy bright wreath to feed a wasting fire.
Yet love hath magic to outlive desire,
And passion's gale sinks to a fruitful breath:
Else union were love's barren couch of death,
And those fell Three that spin the vital strands
Of human fate, had sat with empty hands
Long since, and idle shears. Two lovers oft
That meet with close caress, give presage soft
And promise of those lips wherein the bliss
Of parents lives like a perpetual kiss:
Two voices once that made the woods resound
Have blent their notes and fuller music found:
Two hearts apart that languished breast to breast,
Now in one frame at length united rest!
Seed of the past, though mellowing from the tree
To fall, and falling strike new soil, not free,
But bound as are the gods, the child is born.
His lustrous eyes disclose their peeping morn
Serenely pure, dear promise of the light
That gathering daily brighter and more bright,
Shall shine into the wondrous glance of man.
The various earth, the heaven's unmeasured span,
Seem but the nursery of his growing mind,
Which soon disdains to wander so confined,
And frames its own majestic universe
Wherein things felt and seen do but rehearse
A petty part, and vast creations roll
Like meaner planets through his ample soul.

Light dreams! Yet not as visions orderless
And void, that past the horny portal press;

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But as through distance half descried, they change
And fade into a mist where hollow fancies range.
Bewildering voices claim the doubtful ear:
We mark them not, or death forbids to hear
The solving truth long sought. The pipe of Pan
With a light music mocks the soul of man,
Piping of passion to the sylvan throng;
And half the careless world is laugh and song
And summer sport, from forest-glade and plain
Calling to follow in the wine-god's train
Swift-footed maid by swifter love pursued
Or satyr, whom the bright-haired nymphs elude.

. . . And mirth is of the gods, yet from of old
The vessels of our mirth a mingled nectar hold.
Soft as a wafted breath o'er stirless pools,
At the charmed hour serene when Phœbus cools
His evening wheel below the western main,
And sweet as when high-nested doves complain
Melodious from a far-off pine-built bow'r,
The voice of the great Mother from each flow'r
And leaf is caught as by a chaster sense
In him that thrills to her mute eloquence.
Thy Throne, O Goddess, not with steps profane
Or idle quest he seeks, though haply vain:
But as a child in thickest woodland strayed
Remote and lost, whom through the tangled glade
A mother calls: her in recesses green
Of some deep thicket roaming, the rich screen
Of boscage hides; but he, though faltering, hears,
Now loud, now soft, her summons in his ears,
And laden all with berries and bright store
Of gathered flow'rs, his wandering feet explore
Each path; and though false echoes mock the sound,
That voice he follows till her trace be found.

So fares the votary. But she that feeds
The hidden springs of life, loves not nor heeds
Rash suit: the fountain from its bed of stone
Leaps forth; she hears not wail or moan;
Silence her seat and mystery her fane.
Yet lacks she not the seasonable strain
Of sylvan hymns which to her feast belong,
Or shepherd's artless note with pipe and song.

DUDLEY C. BUSHBY.

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NOTICEABLE BOOKS

1

ARTHUR STANLEY[1]

WE have a Life of Arthur Stanley at last, and though the work has been long in doing it has been well done. Those who knew Stanley will recognise and welcome the portrait of a character of singular beauty and will endorse what is said of his religious excellence, of the charms of his conversation, and the happy influence which he exercised over his pupils and his social circle. Not many who knew Stanley well are now alive. At Oxford I could count only four, myself included. Nor is it likely that while they will specially appreciate and enjoy Mr. Prothero's work, any of them will be able to add much to it in the way of reminiscence. For personal recollections, twenty-three years are Lethe.

My own intercourse with Stanley was chiefly at Oxford and largely in connection with the first Oxford Commission, of which he was secretary and I was assistant secretary. I was his guest at Canterbury and had the great pleasure of being shown by him over his cathedral. But I never travelled with him, I saw little of his London, and of course nothing of his Court, life. His great motive for remaining at Oxford, he has himself told us, was his desire to reform her. Reform she needed. The University had been absorbed by the colleges; its Professoriate was decayed and mute; while the colleges were fettered by medieval statutes, with restrictions on the Fellowships, which fatally interfered with election by merit. Colleges with princely revenues were doing nothing, or almost nothing, for learning or education. Science was in exile. The University was cut off from the nation by religious tests. Worst of all, it was almost in exclusively clerical hands, so that only clerical studies and interests could find room in it, while, in times of religious controversy, it became, instead of a place of learning and education, an ecclesiastical cockpit. When the Tractarian controversy was raging, and the minds of heads

[1] *The Life and Correspondence of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., late Dean of Westminster.* By Rowland E. Prothero, M.A. London: John Murray. 1893.

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of colleges and tutors were engrossed by it, nothing saved education from practical submersion but the Class List and the private tutors, or 'coaches,' who prepared you for it. In the lull which followed Newman's secession, the circle of which Stanley was the chief determined to appeal to national opinion. We were to bring out a volume of papers on different parts of the subject. Stanley was to take the Professoriate, I was to take the history of the colleges, and for this I made researches which, when colleges had closed their muniment rooms against the Commission of Inquiry, proved useful. Then came Mr. James Heywood's annual motion for University Reform. We met in Stanley's rooms at University and drew up the letter, signed by Stanley and given in the Life, to Lord John Russell, then Prime Minister, requesting him not to let Mr. Heywood's motion go by without holding out hopes of assistance to reform. Lord John announced a Commission of Inquiry. A storm arose before which the Government began to quail. But our case was stated in the Press; the Government stood to its guns, and the Commission of Inquiry was appointed with Stanley for its secretary. Opposition at Oxford was strong, somewhat fierce, and I was struck by the union in Stanley of courage with sensibility. It is true, the feeling against him personally was much softened by his unalterable courtesy and sweetness. He never, if he could help it, would allow a public difference to become a quarrel. His charm of mediation was of use also in the Commission itself, and helped to secure the unanimity of the Report. The result was the restoration of the University to learning, science, education, and the nation; perhaps to the Anglo-Saxon race. If Stanley could now see the fruits of his gallant effort his spirit would rejoice.

Stanley's social influence, and his influence as a teacher and a preacher, live for ever, though indistinguishably blended with those of other good men and Christians. His influence as a theologian and a religious philosopher, never very great, have probably ceased. In that line he made, involuntarily, much noise, but he left not much impression. His best works, it will generally be thought, apart from his *Life of Arnold*, are his historical lectures and his *Sinai and Palestine*. The work last mentioned, which called forth his utmost enthusiasm and gave the fullest scope for the display of his special gift, has perhaps no superior in its kind. Next to it I should venture to place the lectures on the Eastern Church, in which he shows to perfection his ardent historical sympathies, his power of appreciating and delineating historical character, his comprehensiveness of view and the picturesque vivacity of his style. These lectures are particularly wholesome reading just now, when abuse is being heaped on the Russian Christians by misguided Christendom. The lectures on the Jewish Church lack a critical basis and strictness of critical treatment altogether. The lecturer too often escapes from a

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critical difficulty into preaching. He was too much under the dominion of Ewald, who trusts too much to his own arbitrary intuition. Oscillating between orthodoxy and rationalism, accepting miracle yet desiring to economise it to the utmost, and renouncing supplemental miracles, Stanley is sometimes found struggling with an awkward problem, and struggling in vain. To account for the subsistence of the Israelites during forty years in the wilderness, with the minimum of miracle, he labours to make out that the desert may once have been less barren; a desperate hypothesis if carried to the necessary extent, and which, if true, would not dispose of other difficulties, such as those touching the clothes of the Israelites and their arms. The historian who tries to sit between the two stools, miracle and myth, comes to the ground. It is true, Stanley shares his lapse with Ewald and Renan. The case is even worse when the lecturer has to deal with the moral difficulties, such as the massacre of the Canaanites, the slaying of Sisera and David's death-bed legacy of vengeance, of all of which the writers of the Old Testament clearly approve. To make out that the massacre of everything that breathed in a captured city of the Canaanites was a step in the progress of a 'Church,' Stanley is reduced to the nearest approach to sophistry of which a soul so transparently truthful was capable. He cites, as a parallel, the massacre of the garrisons of Drogheda and Wexford by the Cromwellians. But, in the first place, the Cromwellians only put to sword garrisons which had refused terms and had themselves given no quarter; they did not slay old men, women, children, and dumb animals. In the second place, nobody says that their bloody deeds were authorised by God. In the third place, they drew their sanguinary inspiration from those very doings of the Israelites which Stanley seeks to palliate by their example. It need not here be asked whether the name 'Church' is applicable to Judaism at all or whether the Christian Church was really a continuation of the tribalism which rejected and murdered the Teacher of Humanity.

Stanley's weakness as a religious inquirer is in fact recognised by his biographer, who, though always sympathetic, is never undiscriminating. He was wanting in the power of strict and patient investigation, in the critical faculty, in force to grasp, almost in desire of grasping, positive and definite truth. He could scarcely even understand the need of positive and definite truth felt by ordinary natures which had no golden cloud of historical sympathy and religious eclecticism wherein to float. Hence he overrated the efficacy of the oil which, in a truly Evangelical spirit, he poured upon the troubled waters. If he wished to be a free inquirer, he ought not to have taken Holy Orders, though to take Holy Orders seemed his destiny and, so far as the preaching of Christian virtue was concerned, undoubtedly was his vocation. How could he freely seek truth with the Thirty-

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nine Articles, the Canons, the Creeds, the Liturgy, and the orthodox view of Biblical inspiration round his neck? His conscience at ordination strained at the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed, and he had to accept them with an explanatory proviso, forgetting, perhaps, that when he read the Creed in church he would not be able to recite the explanatory proviso to the congregation. There could be no doubt that when a polemical theologian of the sixth or eighth century said you would be damned for not thinking as he did, he meant exactly what he said. This Stanley afterwards saw, and he fought for nothing less than the total abolition of the creed. An article which he wrote in the *Edinburgh Review* 'pouring volleys,' to use his biographer's phrase, into the assailants of *Essays and Reviews*, prevented him from being made a bishop, and thus saved him, perhaps, from an eclipse as total and lamentable as that of Thirlwall.

The ground of the partial inspiration of the Bible on which Stanley as a critic stood, is surely hollow. Who can tell us which parts are inspired? Is it likely that the Spirit, communicating vital truth to man, would mix it up with error? Stanley wanted to get rid of the miracles of Elisha and keep those of Elijah. He wanted apparently to get rid of the demoniac miracles in the Gospels and keep the rest. But the evidence for that of which he wished to get rid and for that which he wished to keep is in both cases the same. He says that the writer of Genesis did not mean to teach us geology, but only the relation of man to his Creator. He, however, did teach us geology, at least cosmogony, and his apologists are driven to saying in effect that the Creator, in dictating an account of His own work, though not scientifically right, was very nearly right and almost anticipated the nebular hypothesis. It might be asked, too, whether the creation of Adam and Eve does not concern the relation of man to the Creator.

Stanley's theory of Church and State was derived, I venture to think, not so much from Hooker, to whom the *Life* ascribes it, as from Arnold, who again seems to have derived it from the Greek Commonwealths, the study of which was his delight. Arnold failed to observe that though the Athenian Commonwealth had a State religion to which Socrates sacrificed, the religion of Socrates was outside that of the State and brought him to a martyr's doom. Stanley, like Arnold, desired that Church and State should be one. All Christian beliefs, sects, and parties were to be comprehended, the State furnishing the ecclesiastical police, of which, when all the Creeds of Christendom had been set scrambling for the same pulpits and tithes, there would have been plenty of employment. In strange, practical contrast to his general liberalism, Stanley was an almost fanatical upholder of Church Establishments. He went the length of feeling a qualified sympathy even with 'Bluidy Mackenzie.' He had persuaded himself that, under the free system, there would be more of sectarian bitter-

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ness and mutual persecution. He had only to look across the Atlantic to see that there would be nothing of the kind, and that you might have a Christian nation without a State Church. Strange to say, when he visited America he seemed to miss the significance of what he saw, and to identify himself with the Episcopal Church alone. This fancy, for it surely can be deemed nothing else, could not fail to give a false direction to his efforts as an ecclesiastical reformer.

Stanley's lot was cast in times ill suited to his sweet and gentle nature. The compromise between Ritualism and Protestantism, framed by Tudor statecraft, as soon as life got into it broke up, the Ritualistic element impersonated in Laud coming to blows with the Protestantism of the bulk of the nation. After the Restoration it enjoyed a long spell of torpor and peace. But in this century, life getting into it again, it again broke up, Puseyism and Evangelicism falling foul of each other, while a third element of confusion appeared in the form of Liberalism, of which German theology was largely the source. A period of fierce controversy and mutual attempts at ejection ensued. Sometimes in the dance of discord there was an interchange of partners, Puseyism and Evangelicism combining against Liberalism, or Liberalism and Evangelicism against Puseyism. Stanley stood up for unlimited comprehension and fought against every prosecution and exclusion. He could not quite do justice to those who contended against the conversion of the National Establishment into an engine for bringing the nation back into the bondage of Rome. But, as a Liberal, he belonged himself to one of the parties, and could not help at last being drawn from his chosen position of mediator and peace-maker into the party fray. When he was in it, he fought like a game-cock and developed unexpected powers as an oratorical gladiator in the debates of Convocation, though he always bore himself as became a single-hearted champion of truth and justice, never descending to virulence or faction. He now threw back his mantle of half orthodoxy and stood revealed to High Churchmen and Evangelicals as the horrid thing he was. Their dread of him was ludicrous. Of course tributes were paid to him by orthodoxy. He was told that his conduct 'was scarcely reconcilable with the most fundamental principles of morality,' that 'if he had behaved with like profligacy in the service of an earthly sovereign he would have been tried by court-martial and shot,' and that he had committed 'a graver offence than the tutor who corrupts his pupil's mind or the trustee who robs the widow and orphan of their property.' And this, though his enemies did not know that he had administered the Sacrament to Mrs. Annie Besant and witnessed a Spanish bull-fight on a Sunday.

The dust of these furious controversies has now been gathered into a narrow urn. Stanley describes the rumour of Newman's secession to Rome as producing an effect like that of the crack of doom. It seemed,

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he said, that the sun was about to hide its rays and that darkness was falling on the scene. To us the confluence of Newmanism with Romanism seems as natural as the confluence of two drops of water on a window-pane, and fraught with consequences little more momentous to humanity. We have far other questions now before us. Stanley, by the way, assures us that Newman, after his conversion, never proselytised or countenanced proselytism: a pretty clear proof, surely, that he felt his own position to be hollow, and that he had not found his ideal Church of the Middle Ages in the modern Church of Rome.

What Stanley did practically towards liberalising theology was done, not by his theological arguments, but indirectly by his treatment of Bible history. As his biographer says, he brought semi-mythical personages and events down to a human level. He carried on, and pretty well completed, the work begun by the writer, daring in his day, who first designated the Father of the Faithful as a Sheikh.

In Jowett, Stanley had a partner, inseparable, yet of a different stamp from himself. Jowett was a doubting philosopher, and it was difficult to advance any proposition in his presence without his putting in a demurrer. But he was a thinker of energy, and it cannot be doubted that he came to conclusions, it may be to some which would account for his reticence as a theologian during the last years of his life. It will be interesting to know whether he has left anything behind him.

I must not forget Stanley's high claims as a biographer, in which character he first won distinction, and is to many, perhaps, still best known. His 'Life of Arnold' is a noble, and no doubt in the main a true, picture of a genuine hero. Though panegyrical, as a life written by a friend and disciple must be, it is not slavish, any more than was Stanley's devotion to Arnold himself. The Life is no doubt true, I say, in the main. There was something in Arnold's character, as there is something in his face, which a pupil who lay in his master's bosom could hardly see. Stanley was never a schoolboy; at Rugby, though neither unsocial nor unpopular, he lived apart. He tells us that the school world of 'Tom Brown' was an absolute revelation to him, opening up a world of which, though near him he was utterly ignorant. Nor could he well be sensible of the tendency of Arnold's monitorial system to make boys prematurely sage and fill them with an exaggerated idea of their own position. A genuine hero, however, Arnold was. High-Church Oxford hated him; but when he presented himself to it as Professor of Modern History, it hushed its hatred and bowed before him. I heard his lectures, and can testify that the personal impression was as great as the professorial success.

Stanley's Oxford prize poem, 'The Gypsies,' rises far above the prize poem level, and promises a real, if not a great, poet. This promise he never fulfilled. Yet it is strange that he should have entirely

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lost, if ever he had it, a sense of music, art, and scenery; that he should have seen nothing in the glorious Alps but 'unformed and unmeaning lumps,' and found, maugre Ruskin, no beauty or attempt at beauty in the interior of St. Mark's.

'A quaint pathetic helplessness in practical matters that proved at once attractive and endearing,' was characteristic of Stanley and is ascribed by the biographer to the petting care with which he was always treated by his domestic circle. But surely it must have been natural and not unconnected with his want of force and accuracy in investigation. He never could do a rule-of-three sum, and when he voted for Mill, who held that the power of doing a rule-of-three sum ought to be a qualification for the suffrage, he said that he had been voting for his own disfranchisement. His handwriting was the despair of postmen and printers. A letter addressed by him to Dublin found its way to Bath. His 'here we caught our first view of Jerusalem' was printed 'here we caught our first view of Jones.' The misprints and misaccentuations in his edition of the Epistles to the Corinthians may have contributed to its comparative failure. A highly confidential letter intended for the Liberal Bishop Thirlwall he misdirects to Bishop Wilberforce, with ludicrous results. About his first act as secretary of the Oxford Commission was to misdirect the letters to the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor of the University, the Chancellor being F.M. the Duke of Wellington. To keep him right in matters of business or detail he always wanted an 'Albert Way' at his side. As Dean of Westminster, while he was a most admirable custos of the Abbey, he seems to have been a poor custos of its estate. But his want of aptitude for business, and his natural distaste for it, enhance the merit of his readiness to undertake such a post as that of secretary of the Oxford Commission, and lay aside his congenial work for it when what he deemed his duty called. He lived, if ever a man did, not for himself but to do good. *Sint animæ nostræ cum illo.*

GOLDWIN SMITH.

2

WILLIAM GEORGE WARD AND THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL

THIS is an almost or altogether ideal biography,[1] full not only of the stuff and substance of a great thinker's life, but of the traits which characterised the attitudes of his mind, the temper of his sympathies,

[1] *William George Ward and the Catholic Revival.* By Wilfrid Ward. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

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the spirit of his controversies, and the vigour of his recreations. Mr. Wilfrid Ward succeeded almost beyond what anyone ventured to expect, even from his conspicuous ability, in his first volume, which dealt with his father's youth, his Anglican career, and the High Church Movement between 1833 and 1845. But he has succeeded even better in this, and with a far more difficult subject—the Catholic revival which ended in the Vatican Council, and the discussions which preceded and followed that remarkable epoch in the history of the Roman Catholic Church. For most of us Protestant Englishmen that is a subject into which we do not feel fully competent to enter, and yet we could not understand Mr. Ward's life and writings without more or less mastering the complexities of the situation. This Mr. Wilfrid Ward has enabled us to do without losing sight of the burly and yet anxious combatant who had so great a craving for authority that, as he himself said, he would have welcomed a fresh Papal bull every morning, hot and hot, with his *Times* and his tea.

Mr. Wilfrid Ward has had no easy task, and it seems to me that he has performed it with consummate skill. His father was a man of singular vigour, singular tastes, and singular distastes. Mr. Wilfrid Ward himself, too, is rather a follower of Cardinal Newman than of his father in regard to the controversies which raged round the Vatican Council and the definition of the Church's infallibility. He is a minimiser, not a maximiser, of the significance of infallibility.

This fact rendered his task still more delicate and difficult, but he has surmounted all his difficulties with the most complete success. No one can say that he has not drawn his father's character with something like that father's singular and almost unique candour. But no one can deny that he has portrayed him with a reverential and sympathetic as well as a very masterly hand. He has given the moral aspect of that singular character as vividly as the intellectual side. He has given its pathetic aspect as vividly as its humorous aspect. He has never caricatured either Mr. Ward's simplicity or his fidgettiness or the more than childlike eagerness and ardour of his musical recreations. But he has never made either the curious excess of modesty, or the equally curious excess of impetuousness which characterised Mr. Ward when he did see his way, in any derogatory sense comic. There was a flavour of comedy in Mr. Ward's view of himself, in his almost dogmatic definitions of his own ignorance and limitations and incapacities, and in his equally dogmatic self-confidence, which it would have been bad art and worse taste to keep out of view. A large element in the engaging side of the man was the gusto with which he laughed at himself and the frankness with which he took all his friends into his confidence on that head. But Mr. Wilfrid Ward has always seen, and always taken care to represent with the utmost force, the significance and true dignity of

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that complete impartiality of feeling which enabled Mr. Ward to judge himself with a good deal more of severity than he ever displayed in judging his acquaintances and friends. Few people ever enjoyed a laugh at themselves as did William George Ward. Certainly in all my experience of life I have never come across another person who found a far greater spring of amusement in analysing, proclaiming to the world, and even caricaturing, his own want of knowledge, his own want of courage, and the child-like incapacities which he discerned or fancied he discerned in himself, than he ever found in doing the same disservice for anyone else. In his judgments of others he was the personification of wise and charitable agnosticism. In his judgments of himself he was not half agnostic enough. He supposed that his knowledge of his own weaknesses was absolute, whereas hardly any man knows accurately, and certainly Mr. Ward did not know at all accurately, where his weaknesses ended and suddenly passed into unique strength. All this Mr. Wilfrid Ward has shown us with true sympathy and insight. To my mind, he is not more filially sympathetic even in describing his father's deep devotion and the intensity of his veneration, than he is in dealing with his simplicities and timidities, and showing his absolute indifference to the conventional censure which obliges most of us to put a constraint upon ourselves when we are in danger of appearing to be what the world would not consider manly or decently domestic or, as it might be, what it would consider even indecently undomestic. Ward was to the world, whenever it took the trouble to inquire, exactly what he was to himself, and I never knew any other man of whom that could be confidently said. Mr. Wilfrid Ward has not exaggerated this trait of his father's character; if anything, he has softened it.

But it is the singular merit of this book that it not only portrays a very unique character, but that it interests the reader deeply in the great subjects with which that character was chiefly concerned during life. And these are not, for the most part, subjects in which average men take a deep interest. Mr. Wilfrid Ward gives a vivid picture of his father's moral philosophy, and of the deeper foundations of his theism, and makes that part of his delineation as vivid and scenic as the delineation of his personal character. Then he enables us to see fully what was the attraction of the Roman Catholic Church, as distinguished from all our other Christian Churches, for Mr. Ward—how he delighted in its popular, picturesque, and authoritative aspects. Then he displays the struggle which has always been going on in the Roman Catholic Church between its traditionalism and its genius for emphasising the popular elements of worship; and we are shown the caution with which it restrains the latter tendency where there is any ground for fear that it will leave all truly intellectual criticism far behind it. Nothing can be more instructive, for instance,

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than the contrast between Mr. Ward's craving for a florid kind of use of the Church's authority, and the more orthodox view of Baron Friedrich von Hügel—as shown in the latter's most interesting letter on his relations with Mr. Ward. Taken as a whole, I am not sure that I have ever read a better piece of biography than this, if ever quite so good—certainly not on the life of a man who dealt with such abstruse and difficult subjects.

R. H. HUTTON.

3

MR. THOMPSON'S POEMS

POETS, it was remarked the other day—and the observation was understood to carry a satirical reference to their estimates of themselves—'have many imaginings outside the sphere of their art;' but even in this outer region there must be certain limits to their imaginative powers. It is impossible, for instance, to believe that Mr. Francis Thompson can imagine that the very remarkable volume of Poems[1] which he has just published is likely, either in form or matter, to be accepted as a model for the poetry of the future. Whatever that product is going to resemble, we may safely wager that it will not resemble this. The art and mystery of the poet may or may not be transmitted, as some sanguine souls expect, to the impassioned 'scientist,' self-inspired by, and inspiring others with, the classic beauty of his name. The Muse of Poetry may or may not succeed in bringing herself 'up to date' in time to escape the sentence held over her by the New Journalist, who has as good as told the lady already that she is on her trial. But even if and when she is finally condemned for inability to 'move with the times,' she will not flout her judges by going back upon her past. She will not return to the themes, or renew the emotions, or revive the speech of the seventeenth century; and to say this is to to say that neither in subject, nor in feeling, nor in language, has the poetry of Mr. Thompson any chance of setting the fashion of the future.

Likely enough, Mr. Thompson doesn't care. Indeed it is more than probable that if he had cared, how much or how little, chance there was of his poetry setting the fashion of the future, he would not have done anything like such remarkable work as he has given us in this volume. To have asked himself whether he was writing in such a manner as would be likely to take the taste of the nineteenth century, would no doubt have been as fatal to the poetic value of his results as it would have been if he had written with the taste of the seventeenth century continually in his mind, and its

[1] Poems by Francis Thompson. London: Elkin Mathews and John Lane. 1893.

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models consciously 'posed' before him. Deliberate 'modernity' is just as offensive as archaism of malice prepense. The first and great commandment of the poet is to feel sincerely; and the second—I mean in order of time, for in authority it is equal and in obligation co-ordinate—is to use that manner of speech which fits the feeling. Mr. Thompson being really and truly a seventeenth-century rhapsodist born out of due time, the sin of affectation would for him have lain in an attempt to express himself in the poetic manner of the present day.

In thus describing the author of these 'Poems' I hardly feel myself to be using any figure of speech at all. To anyone accustomed to the critical study of style, whether in prose or poetry, the difference between imitation *of* and inspiration *from* an original is thoroughly familiar. No parodist even, or none of the first force, is without something of both. He works, to a certain extent at any rate, from within outwards, and his happiest pieces of mimicry are invariably those in which a thought, or an emotion characteristic of the parodied author has arisen in his mind and found natural expression in the author's characteristic accents. But even with the best of deliberate imitators these creative moods are rare and intermittent, and only sustainable by effort; which, indeed, is the reason why we call him an imitator. When we find a contemporary writer who has penetrated to, and habitually abides in, the very heart of a bygone author, and still more when we find a contemporary poet who has saturated himself with the thought and feeling of a bygone poetic school; whose daily spiritual life is lived among them; who sees the world 'in them,' in the sense of Malebranche's famous phrase—well, we must at least feel that we want another epithet than 'imitator,' another adjective than 'imitative,' to describe him and his verse.

It is to this innominate category that Mr. Thompson belongs. No doubt he was born into it—that is to say, he has naturally 'thrown back' to a poetic ancestry of from two hundred and fifty to two two hundred and eighty years ago. Such cases of spiritual atavism are not unknown; but training and circumstances have perhaps in this particular case assisted Nature. This new poet is not a very young man—he is some years over thirty, I understand; and his poems are only new in the sense that their appearance in their present form of issue is their first introduction to the larger public. Many, if not most, of them have been contributed during the last few years to a little and little-known magazine of the name of 'Merry England,' circulating exclusively, or almost exclusively, among Catholics. This periodical is not, it seems, sent out for review, and hence their very striking claims to notice have had scarcely any chance of critical recognition until now.

The formative influence of the poet's religious faith is very strongly felt in his poetry. Some of the pieces, indeed, are permeated

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with that intensely, that almost 'denominationally' Catholic feeling, if I may risk offence in so describing it, which gives power and beauty, though ocasionally at the expense of breadth, to the work of a distinguished member of the same communion, Mr. Coventry Patmore. But there is a great deal more in these poems than that. It is not only the religious ecstasy of Crashaw that they recall; for all the daringly fantastic imagery, all the love-lyrical hyperbole, all that strange mixture of simplicity and artifice, of spontaneous passion and studied conceit which were so characteristic of the age of Crashaw are with the same astonishing fidelity reproduced. Take, for instance, such a passage as this from 'Her Portrait':—

> How should I gauge what beauty is her dole
> Who cannot see her countenance for her soul,
> As birds see not the casement for the sky?
> And as 'tis check they prove its presence by,
> I know not of her body till I find
> My flight debarred the heaven of her mind.
> Here is the face whence all should copied be,
> Did God make replicas of such as she;
> Its presence felt by what it does abate,
> Because the soul shines through, tempered and mitigate.

Or this:—

> She wears that body but as one indues
> A robe, half careless, for it is the use;
> Although her soul and it so fair agree,
> We sure may, unattaint of heresy,
> Conceit it might the soul's begetter be. . . .
> God laid His finger on the ivories
> Of her pure members as on smoothèd keys
> And there outbreathed her spirit's harmonies.

Unless perhaps in here and there a sonnet of Rossetti's, has this sort of sublimated enthusiasm for the bodily and spiritual beauty of womanhood found such expression as this between the age of the Stuarts and our own?

Even inanimate Nature hardly permits the poet to see her save through the veil of this old-world mysticism, or to describe her but in the imagery of religious ritual. Thus in the fine but unequal piece 'A Corymbus for Autumn':—

> Or higher, holier, saintlier, when as now
> All nature sacerdotal seems, and thou.
> The calm hour strikes on yon golden gong
> In tones of floating and mellow light,
> A spreading summons to even-song;
> See how there
> The cowlèd night
> Kneels on the eastern sanctuary-stair.
> What is this fœl of incense everywhere?

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Clings it round folds of the blanch-amiced clouds,
Upwafted by the solemn thurifer,
The mighty Spirit unknown
That swingeth the slow earth before the embannered Throne?

But to realise the full extent to which the religious or semi-religious emotions, now ecstatic, now awe-stricken, dominate and colour the entire fabric of these strange poems, they must be read throughout. In the lines 'To the Dead Cardinal of Westminster' we see them at their subtlest, and in the very powerful piece, 'The Hound of Heaven'—a poem setting forth the pursuit of the human soul by the Divine grace—they are at their most intense.

To the defects of these poems it is almost superfluous to point. No one familiar with the poetry of the poets whose spirit has animated and whose art has informed them will need to be told what these blemishes are. 'Conceits' of imagination, extravagance of metaphor, licence of construction, 'preciosity' of phrase: these are faults which we look for as a matter of course in the seventeenth-century amorist and the seventeenth-century mystic; and it must be admitted that Mr. Thompson's poems yield examples of them in ample measure. Quotation is almost needless. A critical intelligence will have already noted the potentiality of these sins, if not the reality of their commission, even in the few brief extracts already given above. The offences of phrase are perhaps a minor matter: not, indeed, because they represent a minor degree of poetic guilt, but because they spring from a more curable habit. If Mr. Thompson writes much more, he will doubtless rid himself of his liking for such words as 'perturbate,' and 'reformate,' and 'trepidate,' and 'consortress,' and that dreadful outrage upon prosody, 'congēner.' Nor perhaps will he again sail so perilously near the wind of nonsense as to talk of his soul's flight having 'fretted to dulcet jars, And silvern chatter, the pale port o' the moon'—a couple of lines which the late ingenious author of *Firmilian* would have been proud to add to his masterly skit on the Spasmodic School. But the faults that stare at one from the poem 'To the Dead Cardinal' in the dozen or so of stanzas beginning

Life is a coquetry
Of Death which wearies me,
Too sure
Of the amour.

are of the very essence of the style. The poet's merciless insistence on his morbid conception of life, as fore-feeling the physical changes of death, and the exaggeration—strangely impressive in the very sincerity and, so to speak, simplicity of its extravagance—with which he affirms and re-affirms his thought are quite in the manner of his chosen period—nay, seem inseparable from it.

. . . The grave is in my blood;
I shake
To winds that take

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Its grasses by the top:
The rains thereon that drop
Perturb
With drip acerb

My subtly answering soul;
The feet across its knoll
Do jar
Me from afar.

As sap foretastes the spring;
As Earth, ere blossoming,
Thrills
With far daffodils,

And feels her breast turn sweet
With the unconceivèd wheat;
So doth
My flesh foreloathe

The abhorrèd spring of Dis
With seething presciences
Affirm
The preparate worm.

The antepenultimate stanza is fatally marred by its metrical imperfections. But the two that follow are typical. No other eight lines in the volume will sum up the qualities of Mr. Thompson's poetry for good and evil so well as these. The pure beauty of the first two lines and the undeniable distinction of the three following are not more characteristic of one aspect of it than the 'preparate' and the 'seething presciences' are of another.

And of that poetry itself I can only end as I began, by saying that it is about the least likely of any that has been produced of late years to 'set the fashion of the future.' Nay, that it will ever attract even any moderately large body of sympathetic students—at any rate outside the circle of Mr. Thompson's fellow-Catholics—appears to me extremely doubtful. Not knowing him personally, I have, of course, no means of judging whether he can, or whether if he can he cares to, adopt some more 'popular' manner of poetic speech. But be this as it may, I can hardly doubt that at least that minority who can recognise the essentials under the accidents of poetry, and who feel that it is to poetic Form only, and not to forms that eternity belongs—will agree that alike in wealth and dignity of imagination, in depth and subtlety of thought, and in magic and mastery of language, a new poet of the first rank is to be welcomed in the author of this volume.

H. D. Traill.

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4

GRIFFITHS' SECRETS OF THE PRISON HOUSE[1]

MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS is, unquestionably, one of our greatest authorities on gaols and their management. His greatness may be said to have been thrust upon him. One fine winter morning in 1869 he was about to start for the garrison drill ground at Gibraltar, where he was brigade major. But just as he was mounting his horse a messenger reached him from Sir Richard (afterwards Lord) Airey, then Governor, desiring him to take charge of the convict establishment. This changed the direction of his ride, and in a few minutes he entered upon his new and entirely unfamiliar duties. The cause of the Governor's sudden summons was soon apparent. Major Griffiths found the prison, which contained some five or six hundred convicts—mostly English, and many of them 'lifers'—almost in an uproar. 'The comptroller had long been ill: discipline had gradually deteriorated; the staff of warders, worried and overworked, were losing heart; and it was high time to vindicate authority with a firm, strong hand.' This Major Griffiths proceeded to do, and, notwithstanding much perplexity and embarrassment—of which he gives an amusing account—arising from his utter unacquaintance with his work, he did it with a success so complete as to justify Lord Airey's selection of him for the arduous task. Such was Major Griffiths' introduction to the new career in which he has served with such conspicuous ability for the last quarter of a century. In the present volume he gives us the result of his varied experience and wide studies of the subject to which his energies have been unflaggingly devoted during these best years of his life. His book is largely, although indirectly, autobiographical, and that is one of its greatest merits. His personality is never obtruded, but his pages are replete with that legitimate and luminous egotism which, as Cardinal Newman has happily remarked, is true modesty. His skill as a story-teller has long been known, and in this work he makes full proof of it. Some of the tales which he relates are of quite thrilling interest.

Major Griffiths, however, is not chiefly intent upon the maintenance of his reputation as a *raconteur*. His book is of serious value as a contribution to a subject of very great public interest and importance by an accomplished man of the world, who has always kept his eyes open and his mind unbiassed. Carlyle, in an amusing passage of his *Latter Day Pamphlets*, relates how the question 'What to do with our criminals' was once blandly propounded by 'a certain law

[1] *Secrets of the Prison House; or, Gaol Studies and Sketches.* By Arthur Griffiths, one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Prisons. London: Chapman & Hall. 1893.

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dignitary, taking the cigar from his mouth and pensively smiling over a group of us under the summer beech tree.' 'What to do with our criminals?' asked 'the official law dignitary' again, as if entirely at a loss; 'really one of the most difficult questions we have in these times.' An ancient figure, not engaged in smoking, suggested 'We might try to do justice towards them.' To whom the official person, in a cheerfully scornful and triumphant manner: 'I'll thank you for a definition of justice.' Well, there can be no doubt that the official person, upon whom Carlyle proceeds to pour out the vials of his wrath, made a very palpable hit. Green has well pointed out, in considering the right of the State to punish, that 'there can be no *a priori* criterion of just punishment except of an abstract and negative kind.'

> Right and Wrong,
> Between whose endless jar Justice resides,

says Shakespeare in *Troilus and Cressida*. It is a deep saying and worthy of being pondered. Putting aside, however, these philosophical considerations, we may say that for practical guidance in this matter we must look to Public Opinion, in its highest sense, as the expression of the public conscience. The Public Opinion of our age will condemn as unjust the condition of English gaols in the time of Howard. Criminals were certainly punished there too much. It will equally condemn as unjust the existing condition of certain reformatories in some of the States of Northern America. Criminals are there as certainly punished too little. Indeed, it would be more correct to say that in some of the more famous of these institutions—the Elmira Reformatory in New York State and the Concord Reformatory in Massachusetts are the best known of them—punishment, in the proper sense of the word, does not exist at all. 'The only wonder,' Major Griffiths writes, 'is that the inmates of any of these reformatories consent to go free. It is rather a boarding school than a prison—the education thorough, and carried far, including languages, music, science, and industrial art; the diet is plentiful, even luxurious; amusements are permitted; well-stocked libraries are provided of entertaining books' (vol. i. p. 12). The main object of the managers of these institutions is apparently to render their 'inmates' —the word prisoner is tabooed there—as comfortable as possible. The Rev. Mr. Barnes, Chaplain of the Massachusetts State Prison, expressly tells us 'a man is not sent to gaol to be punished.' And Mr. Spalding, Secretary of the Massachusetts Prison Reform Association, declares: 'We should not punish men for their crimes: punishment should be only that of instruction and elevation.' To whom, surely, it may be fitly replied, in Carlyle's words: 'My friends, will you permit me to say that all this is the mournfullest twaddle that human tongues could shake from them; that it has no solid foundation in the nature of things; and to a healthy human

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credibility whatever. If you love your thief or murderer, if Nature and Eternal Fact love him, then do as you are now doing. But if Nature and Fact do *not* love him—if they have set inexorable penalties upon him, and planted natural wrath against him in every God-created human heart—then, I advise you, cease, and change your hand.'

Now the great merit of the English prison system is that it, on the whole, accords with the dictates of Nature and Eternal Fact. 'There has been no slackness in correcting errors and remedying abuses since John Howard struck the keynote of indignant protest.' But we have not, as our American friends express it, 'gone off into the region of gush,' and sacrificed sense to sentiment. It is not too much to say that British prisons are the best administered in the world. They exhibit the golden mean between the two extremes of undue harshness and undue lenity in the treatment of convicts. And the reason doubtless is because our system is not the outcome of doctrinaire fads or mealy-mouthed philanthropies. It is, Major Griffiths well observes, 'the growth of time, the product of experience.' That it is perfect he does not aver, neither do I. One grievous blot upon it is that children are still denizens of our gaols, and his chapter on Juvenile Crime is one of the ablest and most valuable in the book. Major Griffiths closes his work with some remarks on what he calls 'the somewhat haphazard administration of the penal code.' His remarks are just enough, but he does not, I think, sufficiently bring out the irrational severity with which offences against property are often punished, while equally irrational leniency is displayed as often by our courts in respect of offences against the person. I remember the case of an old woman tried a few years ago at York before Lord Coleridge for stealing a piece of cloth. She had just undergone a sentence of ten years' penal servitude for stealing a door-mat. The Lord Chief Justice sentenced her to three months' hard labour, remarking, 'I do not know what is to become of punishment. If people are to be sent to ten years' servitude for stealing a door-mat, what is to become of them for half-killing their wives?' Major Griffiths contends: 'What we want is greater discrimination in the infliction of punishment.' No doubt we want that. We also want a set of generally accepted penological principles on which our judges of Assize and chairmen of Quarter Sessions will act. And, so far as I can see, we are not at present likely to get it.

W. S. Lilly.

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5

'EDITION DE LUXE' OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS[1]

At the famous jubilee revival of 'Le Roi s'amuse' at the Théâtre Français, a French painter sitting in a stall near to mine began talking to me about certain eminent Englishmen and their views of French literature and art. Among other things, he asked me whom Rossetti, then lately dead, considered to be the greatest French writer of the nineteenth century. 'The immortal quadroon,' I said, 'whose "Henri Trois et Sa Cour" opened the path for "Hernani" and "Le Roi s'amuse."' 'Dumas!' he exclaimed in the greatest surprise. 'Yes!' I said, 'the greatest French writer of modern times was, in Rossetti's opinion, Dumas, the emancipator of your stage from the slavery of eighteenth-century formulas.' Naturally, my interlocutor had expected me to name the great poet whose dramatic masterpiece we had come to see, and who sat there triumphant in his box. 'Dumas set before Balzac and Hugo—and by Rossetti!' he said again. 'Impossible.' 'Next to me,' I said, 'is sitting Hugo's friend, Swinburne, who could corroborate me when I say that Rossetti, notwithstanding all his admiration of Hugo, gave the first place to Dumas on account of that free and abounding geniality of touch which made Michelet say of him that he was "one of the forces of Nature." Many of the masterpieces of the great *raconteur* has Rossetti read out to me through many a delightful winter evening.'

Although so exacting a critic as Villemain has said of Dumas' dramas that they are a great historical achievement, this view was very far from being shared by the 'art-and-culture' sets of Paris. It seemed as though the analytic school of Fiction was destined to trample down the work of the mere objective storyteller, howsoever picturesque and brilliant. It was, of course, impossible to deny that the circulation of Dumas' books was still enormous; but then that very fact told against him in the opinion of the superior people. 'Was not the circulation of "Le Juif Errant" and "Les Mystères de Paris" also enormous? If mere width of circulation gave an imaginative writer a high place in true literature, who could take precedence of Eugène Sue?' Since the day when that conversation took place in the Théâtre Français a change has, I hope, come across French taste. French people have not, it is true, realised the fact which was realised by Rossetti, and by certain other eminent people now living in England, that Dumas, besides being the greatest inventor of stories in the Western world, is a humourist of a peculiarly fascinating kind. Still, this *édition de luxe*

[1] *Alexandre Dumas: Les Trois Mousquetaires.* Compositions de Maurice Leloir. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1894.

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of his select works shows, I hope, that they are at last on the right track. M. Calmann Lévy has done well to begin with 'Les Trois Mousquetaires,' and he has been extremely happy in securing M. Maurice Leloir to illustrate it. None of Dumas' novels are more ebullient of the animal spirits, the wit, the humour, the picturesqueness, which are Dumas' great characteristics, and the texture of the style is here so entirely his own—so entirely pure and graceful—that there is no suspicion of 'another hand.' In humour, some have ventured to compare him to Cervantes, but there is nothing in literature like the humour of Dumas: on one side only is it Cervantic: it has the great master's sweet ease, but it has not his pensive philosophy. Let me call him a juvenile Cervantes, whose humour shows itself in blossom and not in mellow fruit. Some time ago, in speaking of the amazing growth of Shakespeare's mind from the period when he wrote 'Love's Labour's Lost' to the period when he wrote 'Measure for Measure,' I said that all artists may be divided into two great classes: those whose genius suffers an arrestation of growth after early manhood (or at least after middle age), and those whose powers go on growing until the inexorable physical laws of culmination and decay begin to assert themselves. It is this great fact that makes all speculation as to the future work of Chatterton, Keats, and Shelley perfectly idle. Precocity and slowness of development are both matters of idiosyncrasy of organism. From the time when he produced 'Henri Trois et Sa Cour' to the time when he produced 'La Tour de Nesle,' Dumas' wealth of invention, imagination, and brilliant dialogue went on increasing, and afterwards became simply prodigious. As to mere stage-craft, there is, I will venture to say, nothing in drama to equal the famous prison scene where Buridan is released from his bonds in 'La Tour de Nesle,' the crown of melodrama. Not even the ladder scene in Hugo's 'Le Roi s'amuse' can be compared with it. Had Dumas' intellect gone on growing from his thirtieth year, his place would have been not at the top of *raconteurs* and masters of stage-craft; it would have been almost in the front rank of the great artists of the world. The truth is, however, that when, after thirty, growth goes on as it did in the case of Shakespeare, it does so because the imagination of youth has become strengthened by the growing luminosity of the mere intelligence. But dazzling as is the work of the year 1844, there is apparent no growth of the intellect in Dumas.

In a certain sense, indeed, it may be said that Dumas never reached intellectual manhood at all; and hence his works are never novels in the true sense, but stories.

And if this juvenility is his weakness, it is also his charm—his unique, his ineffable charm. Splendid as were the animal spirits of Dickens when he wrote the 'Pickwick Papers,' they began even in 'Nicholas Nickleby' to wane; and afterwards, although his wit, humour, and wisdom went on growing, it was very rarely that he drew

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for his effects upon those animal spirits which made the fortune of 'Pickwick.' But 'Les Trois Mousquetaires' was written when Dumas was forty-two, and the gusto of every page is that of a schoolboy. A boy he remained—indeed, a marvellous boy—down to his latest moment. This is strikingly brought out by the pathetic account of his last words, given by his son in the beautiful introduction to the present edition.

One day in December 1870, when the great magician was lying ill at his son's house near Dieppe, he showed signs that he was sinking fast.

Tout à coup il devint pensif et son visage prit une expression de grand recueillement et de grande mélancolie. Dans ses yeux si caressants tout à l'heure je vis briller deux larmes. Je lui demandai ce qui l'attristait ainsi. Il me prit une main, me regarda bien en face et me dit d'une voix ferme: 'Je te le dirai, si tu me promets de répondre à ma question, non pas avec la partialité d'un fils ou la complaisance d'un ami, mais avec la franchise d'un vaillant frère d'armes et l'autorité d'un bon juge. . . .' 'Je te le promets . . .' 'Jure-le . . .' 'Je te le jure . . . Eh bien? . . . .'

Il hésita encore un moment; puis se décidant: 'Eh bien! crois-tu,' me dit-il, 'qu'il restera quelque chose de moi?' Et ses yeux ne quittaient pas les miens. . . . 'Si tu n'as pas d'autre inquiétude que celle-là,' lui dis-je gaîment, en le regardant comme il me regardait, 'tu peux être tranquille, il restera beaucoup de toi. . .' 'Vrai? . . . vrai . . . Sur ton honneur? . . .' 'Sur mon honneur . . .' Et comme j'étais devenu d'autant plus souriant que j'avais à lui cacher mon émotion, il eut confiance. De la main qui tenait la mienne il m'attira vers lui et nous nous embrassâmes longuement.

And assuredly no better illustrator of such a story as 'Les Trois Mousquetaires' could be found than M. Maurice Leloir, whose method as a book illustrator seems to me exactly right, striking the happy medium between the sensationalism that in book illustration was once in vogue, and the unimaginative commonplace that in our own time bids fair to supplant it.

Whether or not the craze for illustrated literature is going to last, there is no doubt that it is pretty generally accompanied at present by a marked change in designing. From the 'anecdotical' our designers have, with a few brilliant exceptions, passed into the wearisome. Their languid designs make languid the reader's imagination. This may easily be seen by comparing some of the illustrated magazines of our own day with the journals (even the cheapest) of forty years ago, when the designer got no immunity from clumsy woodcutting by the present processes. When Gilbert or when Ainslie set out to illustrate a scene in a cheap periodical of the day, he was not allowed to shirk, even had he desired to do so, the strong situations for which the story itself was constructed. His business was the old-fashioned one of translating these strong situations from literary art into his own. Hasty enough and crude enough his designs often were, to be sure; but they were at least honest attempts to do the particular business of

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the illustrator's own art, attempts which really required, if not imagination, at least fancy. Nowadays we have changed all that. For instance, the story-teller, in telling us that George de Barnewell, having been inspired to pass into the gentleman's bedroom in order to break open the money chest, says that 'George arose from the chair in his own room and opened the door.' By the old honest method the designer would have tried to do something to strengthen the story's dramatic picture. He would have given us George breaking open the chest or George counting the stolen guineas. The average designer of the present day, fearful, perhaps, lest he should be denounced as 'anecdotical,' gives us the picture of a man opening a door with the intention of passing out, and underneath is inscribed the exciting legend 'George opened the door.' It is when compared with such work as this that an artist such as M. Maurice Leloir shines.

In a letter to M. Dumas fils he says :—

Voilà deux ans que je vis avec d'Artagnan, Athos, Porthos, Aramis et tous les personnages de cette grande épopée. Vous ne sauriez croire avec quelle peine je les quitte. Puissé-je les retrouver bientôt dans 'Vingt ans après'!

And most readers of the volumes will echo this wish heartily.

THEODORE WATTS.

6

LAUNCELOT AND GUENEVERE[1]

'HE is a bold man who attacks the Arthurian legend anew,' I hear many exclaim, and it requires the possession of some remarkable qualities in Mr. Richard Hovey to impel me to draw attention to this 'poem in dramas,' which comes to us from America. I do not believe that it has met with any very wide recognition there, while in England it is utterly unknown. Yet, in spite of many faults, the volume—or at least that portion of the volume with which I shall here deal—shows powers of a very unusual quality. The clearness and vividness of characterisation, the capacity of *seeing* and of making us see, in a few happy touches, the ease and inevitableness of the blank verse, free alike from convolution and monotony—these are more than enough to counterbalance the errors of taste, redundancy, and the unconscious plagiarisms from Shakespeare and others which it needs no keen critical faculty to detect. The work is immature,

[1] *A Poem in Dramas.* By Richard Hovey. New York: Lovell.

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but the author is a young man, and there is here distinct evidence that he is not a mere imitator, that if he has caught here and there the echo of other voices, his own is clear and full-throated, vibrating with passionate sensibility.

And here, at the outset, as I have spoken of unconscious plagiarism, let me say that there is nothing in this volume to remind us unduly of *The Idylls of the King*. The opening scenes of the drama are just anterior to the marriage; its whole action comprises but a few weeks, and therefore naturally terminates long before the catastrophe which forms the subject of one of the most powerful and moving passages in the late Poet Laureate's poem. Moreover, to point out a yet more important difference, Arthur is not here represented as the 'blameless king:' his former intrigue with Morgause, Queen of the Orkneys, and his abandonment of her, whereby her thirst for vengeance is roused, are pivots on which much of the action revolves. But the character, though stained by more than one such moral dereliction, does not lose our sympathy, our sense of its dignity and knightly splendour, and appeals to us perhaps more, as a faulty human being, who has sinned and has now to suffer, than does the marble perfection of a king almost 'too good for human nature's daily food.'

The first scene of *The Marriage of Guenevere* shows us the King on the morning before his marriage, surrounded by his knights, each of whose characters comes out gradually before us with curious, unmistakable distinctness—the staunch, true-hearted Bors; the cynical, loose-principled Galahaut; the garrulous boy Lionel; and his earnest brother Ector.

A lady enters, craving the King's help to deliver her lover, captured by the barbarous Turquine, 'far back within the impenetrable hills.' The King declares that on the morrow, when his marriage is over, he will go forth and release the knight; but the lady pleading that it may then be too late to save his life, Launcelot offers, with three others, 'to seek and slay this Turquine.' The King, though loth that his best friend should not be at his right hand during the ceremony, consents, and the four knights depart. The next scene is a rocky pass, when they and the lady are on the road. Launcelot lingers behind with Bors, suddenly smitten by a recollection which has coloured all his life of late.

> . . . . This is the very spot.
> I lay here, cousin, even here where this gaunt bramble
> Still tugs a meagre life out of the cleft
> Where it is rooted—faint almost to death;
> . . . . A long time lay I so,
> Too weak to struggle with impending doom,
> And death seemed like to yawn and swallow me.
> *Bors.* And yet you are not dead. How 'scaped you, then?
> *Laun.* God sent a blessed angel to my aid.

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There, on the peak beyond the gulf, I saw her,
Standing against the sky, with garments blown,
The mistress of the winds! An angel, said I?
God was more kind, He sent a woman to me.
Bors. The Lady of the Hills!
Laun. Ay, so I call her,
For other name I know not.
Bors. The unknown lady
Whom you have made more famous than a queen!
Here saw you her the first time?
Laun. And the last time.
She was attended by a motley Fool,
Who stretched his hand and pointed where I lay.
She saw me, and in pity of my case
Sent Master Dagonet—so the Fool was called,
But he nowise would tell the lady's name—
To help me down the pass. But she went on
Alone across the summits of the hills,
Like some grand free Diana of the North,
And passed out of my sight, as daylight fades
Out of the western sky. But I no more
Was faint, and went my way, considering.

The method of presentation here is very simple. There is no heaping up of epithets, no writing of tortured sense in the dungeons of obscurity. There is not a word too much; and assuredly none that could be added would bring the picture more clearly before our eyes in all its vivid freshness of colour. That first hint of the proud, untrammelled princess, roaming over the hills, attended only by the 'motley Fool,' prepares us for the character of Guenevere as her parents afterwards describe her—

Wild as the sea-mew, restless of restraint,
She roams the jutting capes of Cameliard,
Like some strange dweller of the mountain-winds,
Half kelpie and half woman. . . .

Her mother, when left alone with Guenevere, says—

So far, my daughter, you have walked your way,
Self-willed, imperious, like a wanton child
That will not let her parents hold her hand,
Yet knows them near to save her if she fall.
Now they will not be near, and you may find
That freedom lays a weight upon our souls
That often we would like to shift to others.

Guenevere is weary of her narrow sphere. She longs for—she knows not what. Therefore she says—

. . . I go to a new life.
I have ordered a new pair of manacles.
Arthur? As well Arthur as another—
I care not. . . .

She has yielded to her father's supplications that she will marry,

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but in the scene with her young brother, Peredure, who is in love with Morgause, ignorant of her infamous past, and whose character is delicately indicated by his sister, when she says—

> There's something of the woman in his nature,
> That makes his manliness a finer thing,

it is apparent that she does not know, does not believe in love. She marries because

> It is the law for women that they marry,
> Else they endure a scorned, inactive fate.

She knows that Arthur is

> . . . a very princely gentleman,
> . . . One whom at least I never shall despise. . . .

But this is not enough for Peredure. His passionate, loving heart, which has already suffered, foresees the danger in store for Guenevere if she marries one for whom she has no stronger feeling than this. He urges her not to

> . . . . build a prison for thyself,
> From whose barred windows thou mayst sometimes see
> Love beckoning to thee when thou canst not come!
> There is no sorrow like a love denied,
> Nor any joy like love that has its will.
> Oh, keep thy feet unbound to follow Love,
> When he shall come to lead thee to his rest! . . .

In the next act Launcelot, returning victorious over Turquine, is presented by Galahaut to the Queen, and in her recognises the Lady of the Hills. Arthur has set forth the morning after his marriage to subdue an uprising of the King of Cornwall. Thus the love-making, encouraged as it is by the unprincipled Galahaut, ripens unchecked. Launcelot, indeed, struggles, but his effort to subdue his passion and do his friend no wrong is, at the best, feeble. When taxed with it by Bors, and urged not to forget his duty, he replies—

> Duty? The word is colder than the moon.
> Thou art an icy counsellor. Dost think
> That love will, like a hound that licks my hand,
> Down at my bidding? Nay, thou hast not loved,
> Nor dost not know that when Love enters in
> He enters as a master, not a slave.

It is in vain, after this, that the loyal-hearted Bors, who throughout contrasts so nobly with Galahaut, appeals to Launcelot to be 'your own great self, and turn this love, if it be true hat it will not be cast out, to something high and noble.' Galahaut is at hand to silence compunction and facilitate the meetings of the lovers. If Launcelot struggles but feebly to subdue his unholy passion,

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Guenevere may be said not to struggle at all in the scenes which follow. It is a true touch of human nature, and very skilfully suggested throughout this portion of the drama, that, having all her youth long been impatient of control, her treachery does not oppress her, as does the burden of his disloyalty on the hitherto stainless knight.

I have not space to go through the remainder of the drama, scene by scene. The infamous Morgause discovers and resolves to betray the secret of the guilty pair. Sir Ladinas, at her instigation, has given notice to the Lord Seneschal that on the King's return he will publicly charge the Queen with high treason for her amours. The scandal has rapidly spread. But Dagonet, the Fool, who is devoted to Guenevere, tells Peredure of Morgause's intrigue with Ladinas, and the boy finding the two together, slays his rival, and then in his despair commits suicide.

Morgause's unsupported testimony to the charge of the Queen's guilt is of course scornfully rejected by the King, and the Queen of the Orkneys is expelled the kingdom. Arthur's unswerving trust to the end in the two who have betrayed him is profoundly touching. A deceived husband has been held up to the world's ridicule from time immemorial. It is the first time that, as far as I remember, the final curtain falls upon a husband still deceived, but for whom the spectators can only feel the utmost reverence and pity.

HAMILTON AÏDÉ.

7

MR. WEYMAN'S 'GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE'[1]

THERE is a class of book which acquires a certain fashion as a touchstone of superior discernment; it discovers the acuteness of critics or the intelligence of readers. But the truly noticeable books generally discover themselves. Even in the by-paths of literature neglected treasures are seldom found, while in the broad and beaten track of fiction few stories that are worth reading are passed by unheeded. There is at least this compensation for the mass of criticism which is accumulated from every side. I do not suppose, therefore, that I have lighted on a gem which has hitherto escaped attention. On the contrary, I am glad to see that the merits of *A Gentleman of France* have been widely recognised. But the fact that a portion of the public has already appreciated its excellence ought not to exclude it from a list of noticeable books.

[1] *A Gentleman of France.* By Stanley J. Weyman. London: Longmans. 1894.

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As an historical novel *A Gentleman of France* necessarily labours under difficulties which the fiction that deals with our contemporaries wholly escapes. It has nothing to do with the present day, and the truer it is to the life which it depicts the more remote it becomes from the problems, manners, and thoughts of the nineteenth century. Human nature is, of course, the common ground of all fiction. It may be that our religious convictions are still strong enough to withstand the fear of the stake, that our loyalty is as staunch, our courage as firm, our love as true as in the days of Henry of Navarre. At any rate we are tried in a totally different way. It is in the trials of human nature that the novelist, whether his subject is the past or the present, finds his material, and in the form of the trial lies the main difference between historical novels and the fiction of contemporary life.

To some readers the remoteness is an insuperable drawback; to others it is an irresistible attraction. But no one wants fiction to run in a narrow groove. Impassioned lovers of the past would probably confess that, if all novels dealt with extinct conditions of society, the world would be the poorer. Enthusiastic devotees of contemporary life might, perhaps, admit that for others, if not for themselves, an occasional excursion into the past may be refreshing. They might be the more ready to make the admission because the year 1893 was remarkably rich in pictures of the surroundings among which we ourselves live.

Skilful hands have recently painted contemporary life with brilliancy, humour, and pathos. Look, for instance—not indeed to the exclusion of worthy rivals—at *Dodo*, *I Forbid the Banns*, or *Ships that Pass in the Night*.

Dodo is the apotheosis of that heartlessness which it is the fashion to impute to the society in which we live. The effectiveness of the portrait is undeniable; its truth may be open to dispute. For every single person who is competent to judge of the truth of the picture by experience there are a thousand who decide it on dubious hearsay. I am quite conscious that I belong to the majority when I hazard the conjecture that *Dodo* does not belong to a wholly extinct species. *I Forbid the Banns*, again, handles lightly and humorously a topic which has been called a burning question of the day. The experience of the heroine, who, in spite of her theories, remains a charming woman, is, perhaps, more conclusive on the subject than the pages of heated discussion which have recently blazed within the covers of our magazines. Or, lastly, take *Ships that Pass in the Night*, a book which in constructive power, imaginative insight, and artistic beauty rises to a very high level of excellence. If Davos can have an idyll, it finds it in the pathos of a story which, though mournful, is never morbid. The book paints a side of the human lot which is never wholly absent from our midst, and it touches with firm

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yet tender hands that increasing impatience of the mystery of pain which leads to acts of desperation.

All these, as books of the present day, possess advantages which are denied to historical novels. If we are so disposed, we can arrange at will the *dramatis personæ* whom the author's imagination has conjured up; we can unconsciously appropriate to ourselves the virtues of the hero or the heroine, and, with more deliberate purpose, assign the faults of the villains to our friends and relations. Here are the characters of which we confidently recognise the originals, and affirm as a fact that 'B is Mr. X' and 'C is Mrs. Z.' Here are the witty comments on contemporary questions which are just what we always thought but have not hitherto uttered. Here, too, are the graver observations on men and things the truth of which we confirm or demolish from the heights of our limited experience.

It is not in this way that we read and enjoy historical novels. There is a pestilent class of reader who makes pencil notes in the books of lending libraries. If he is reading an historical novel, he may venture to correct a date or join issue on the statement that kings wore boots in the twelfth century. But, if the novel deals with contemporary life, he abounds in queries, or notes of admiration, or such remarks as 'Bosh,' 'How true,' or 'I know this as a fact.' There is use, it is said, in every created being, and the use of this class of reader may be to illustrate the different way in which works of historical or contemporary fiction are read and enjoyed.

But the pleasure of reading of our own doings may pall from excess. We are not always so vain or untruthful as to make ourselves out to be heroes and heroines, nor are we always so ill-natured as to delight in the unsparing dissection of the faults of our friends and relations. Narcissus, as is well known, died from incessantly contemplating the beauty of his own image. It is quite conceivable that, under somewhat different conditions, the same fate may befall his successors of to-day. The fact is that we and our world may be too much with us. When it is, we can at least escape to other climes, other ages, other conditions of society, in the company of *A Gentleman of France*.

The same may be said of any good historical novel. It may be said, that is, of *Katriona* or of the *Refugees*. But without comparing Mr. Weyman's work with the very different work of Mr. Stevenson or Mr. Conan Doyle, there are reasons why I prefer to recommend *A Gentleman of France*. Every one, probably, has read the other two books, and that is a sufficient argument for recommending a book which some one has probably not read. For my own part, my interest in both *Katriona* and the *Refugees* faded from the moment the hero left his native shore. I always hoped that David Balfour would go back to Scotland and marry the other lady. In the *Refugees* I heartily wished that the party would return to France, where they seemed to be at

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home, and cease to trespass on the preserves of the *Last of the Mohicans*. And, lastly, it seems to me that *Katriona* is as inferior to *Kidnapped* as the *Refugees* is to *Micah Clarke*, while *A Gentleman of France* is the best book which Mr. Weyman has as yet produced.

Shall I tell the story? To attempt to do so would be an impertinence, as the Gentleman of France tells it himself immeasurably better than I could hope to do. Let it suffice to say that there is a background of romantic interest, filled, but not overcrowded, with the historical figures who lived in the most romantic epoch of French history. In the foreground the hero and heroine move rapidly through a series of exciting adventures, love, quarrel, misunderstand each other, and finally are made happy. It is a thoroughly wholesome novel, and it is at the same time a book to carry you, Mr. Editor, out of yourself, and make you forget to bring out the *Nineteenth Century* on its appointed day.

ROWLAND E. PROTHERO.

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THE QUEEN AND HER SECOND PRIME MINISTER

When Lord Melbourne became the Queen's Prime Minister on her accession in 1837, she was a young girl only a few days over eighteen years of age. When Lord Melbourne was succeeded by Sir Robert Peel in 1841, the Queen was still a girl in years, but she was twenty-two and married. Under the gentle auspices of Lord Melbourne the girl Princess became a woman and a queen. Sir Robert Peel's task was a very different one. By the Queen's side he found a prince three months younger than the Sovereign, a foreigner by birth, full of keen intellectual interests, of singularly strong and masterful character, absorbed by honourable ambition to utilise powers he was conscious of possessing, and yet, owing to the jealous regard of English statesmen in former times, precluded by constitutional usage from taking his place on the throne beside his wife. The Queen had been anxious to make her husband King-Consort, and indeed had strained every nerve to bring it about; but Lord Melbourne had turned a deaf ear to hints and suggestions, and it was only when he met her plain request by the rough though not unfriendly remark, 'For God's sake let's hear no more of it, ma'am. If you once get the English people into the habit of making kings, you may get them into the habit of unmaking them,' that the subject was dropped.

Sir Robert Peel, when he took office in 1841, found the Queen's husband her friend and secretary, but when he quitted office in 1847 he left Prince Albert in fact, though not in name, co-equal Sovereign and King-Consort. Up to the time of the birth of the Princess Royal the Queen alone possessed pass-keys of all the official boxes which were sent by the ministers to the palace. That event saw the first advance in the political position of the Prince, for he was then put in possession of duplicate keys and established as private secretary to the Queen; but when, four years afterwards, Lord John Russell went to Windsor at a crisis in the destinies of Sir Robert Peel's Government, he could not fail to notice the great change that had taken place.

Formerly, as he knew, the Queen received her Ministers alone; they communicated with her only, although they were aware that

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everything was known to Prince Albert; but now the Queen and the Prince together received Lord Lansdowne and Lord John Russell, and both of them, where the first person singular had been used, now employed the first person plural.

If Lord Melbourne's instinct was adverse to an official recognition of the Prince as king, others, including Stockmar, were equally opposed to the idea, and though the Queen's tenacity induced her to reopen the question with Sir Robert Peel, the Prince's sound judgment prompted him to see that the point was not pressed. To Peel, however, the Prince owed, as the Queen herself has affirmed, his introduction into public life. It was natural that a nature so intense, so full of romantic zeal to act rightly, and withal so self-commanding as that of Prince Albert, should appeal to the new Prime Minister. The difficulty lay at first in the seeds of prejudice which had been sown in the mind of the Queen by the action of Peel himself when leader of the Opposition to Lord Melbourne's Government. Two years before her marriage the Queen had occasion to meet Sir Robert Peel under circumstances which had galled and pained her, and if her behaviour to him personally had been perfectly kind, the dislike with which she regarded him as a successor to Lord Melbourne had become obvious to those about the Court. The resignation of her Ministers in May of that year had been altogether unexpected by her, and Lord John Russell has related that, during her interview with him, the young Sovereign was dissolved in tears; that afterwards she remained secluded for a whole day, refusing to dine as usual with her courtiers, and invisible to them all. Upon Lord Melbourne's advice, however, she sent for the Duke of Wellington, and before seeing him she had regained her composure. The Duke of Wellington, Tory as he was, adopted a position which in these days is supposed to be the special privilege of Radical politicians; and in refusing to be Prime Minister he relied mainly on a view, now abandoned to faddists, that that post should always be held by a member of the House of Commons. When he urged the Queen to send for Peel, whatever her reluctance may have prompted, she consented at once, and upon the Duke suggesting that it would be more in accordance with usage that she should herself write to the man who was about to be her Minister, she did so without comment, merely requesting the Duke to mention to him that he would receive a communication asking him to repair to the Palace. Peel has recorded that when he arrived in full dress, according to custom, somewhat doubtful of his reception, he was received extremely well, and left the Queen perfectly satisfied, having accepted the responsibility of attempting to form a Government.

In order to appreciate the impression made upon the Queen by Peel, it is necessary to picture him as he then was in the prime of life; a man of great vigour, tall and manly, in his fiftieth year only,

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but with almost thirty years of parliamentary and official life marked on his face. His political career commenced when he was a lad of twenty-two. Three years later he was Chief Secretary for Ireland, and he had been ever since that time one of the most conspicuous figures in the House of Commons. Now he was fifty, and on the eve of becoming, with the exception of the Duke of Wellington, the most prominent Englishman of his day. In some respects he was a new type, and belonged to a new order of statesmen. Sprung from a mercantile stock, he possessed the defects and virtues which are inherent in the provincial middle class. He was essentially, as has been well said of constitutional statesmen, a man of common opinions though of uncommon abilities; and while in thoughts and ideas other men laboured, he entered into their labours. If he was devoid of all originality of mind, he was rich, decorous, hard-working, and had devoted himself regularly to the task of politics. In appearance when young, when his hair was brown and curly, he struck Mr. Disraeli as the possessor of a very radiant expression of countenance; he struck Carlyle later in life as a man

> finely made, of strong, not heavy, rather of elegant stature; stands straight, head slightly thrown back, and eyelids modestly drooping; every way mild and gentle, yet with less of that fixed smile than portraits give him. . . . Clear, strong blue eyes which kindle on occasion, voice extremely good, low toned, something of cooing in it, rustic, affectionate, honest, mildly persuasive; . . . reserved, seemingly, by nature; obtrudes nothing of diplomatic reserve; on the contrary, a vein of mild fun in him; real sensibility to the ludicrous.

Another physical attribute noticed by the shrewd old Scot is curious. On some occasion, when Peel was showing off his gallery of pictures at Bath House, and in so doing spread his hand over that of Dr. Johnson in Reynolds's well-known portrait, to illustrate some anecdote, Carlyle observed that it was 'as fine a man's hand as I remember to have seen, strong, delicate, and scrupulously clean.'

It may be thought that the qualities which Carlyle found to his taste were not necessarily appreciable by a young girl. Greville, whose point of view was somewhat different from that of the Scottish poet, was present at the first dinner which the Queen gave to her new Minister in 1841, and he observed that while she talked to Peel and Lord Aberdeen much as she used to do to her old Ministers, and made no difference in her manner to them, Peel, when she spoke to him, could not help putting himself into his 'accustomed attitude of a dancing master giving a lesson;' and he charitably suggests that she would have liked him better if he could have kept his legs still.

In the drawing-room, after dinner, Lord Melbourne's chair had gone, and the Lord-in-Waiting had orders to put the Ministers down to whist, while the Queen sat at her round table, with Lord Melbourne no more, but flanked by two ladies, whom Greville evidently thought scarcely capable of sustaining the burden of companionship for a

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whole evening. Bishop Wilberforce said of Peel that in his family he was reserved and shy: that he had the air of a man conscious of great powers and slight awkwardnesses,' and this failure in manner was not limited to his domestic circle, for the Queen told Lord Melbourne that she found Peel so shy that it made her shy, and rendered intercourse with her new Minister difficult and embarrassing. Melbourne anticipated that this would wear off, and wear off it did, as the acquaintance between Peel and Prince Albert, and consequently between Peel and the Queen, ripened into regard and friendship.

The new Minister believed, he had been frequently told, that the Queen looked upon him with mistrust and dislike; and this hostility was known to have originated in the disputes called by the slang name of the 'Bedchamber Plot,' when Peel's manner, even though his contention may have been sound, was said to have been peremptory and harsh. Lord Grey's considerable experience of Court politics drove him to the conclusion that, although Peel was without Court favour, and although his manners and character were not best calculated to obtain it in the eyes of a young Queen of twenty-two, yet if he were prudent and conciliatory, he had no doubt of his successfully making his position secure and comfortable. If Lord Grey had no doubts, Peel had many, and he had been given to understand that the Queen's dislike of him would lead her to 'trip up his heels whenever she could.'

Lord Melbourne had done his best to assure Peel that these suspicions were ill-founded, and so anxious was he to bring about a good understanding between the Sovereign and the man he felt sure would some day inevitably be her Minister, that it showed itself in queer ways and at unexpected moments. At a Court ball more than a year before he quitted office, he noticed that Peel stood proudly aloof, and going up to him he whispered with great earnestness, 'For God's sake, go and speak to the Queen.' Peel made no move, but it was said at the time that both entreaty and refusal were eminently characteristic of the two men.

When, however, it became necessary for Peel to 'speak to the Queen,' no one could have behaved with finer tact. Almost the first declaration he made to her was to the effect that if any other ministerial arrangement had been possible, or if any other individual could have been substituted for him, as far as his own personal inclinations were concerned, he should have been most ready to give way. He took great care to explain everything to her, both his proposals and his reasons for them. He adopted Lord Melbourne's advice not to suffer any appointment he was about to make to be talked of publicly, until he had first communicated with her. 'The Queen,' said Lord Melbourne, 'is not conceited; she is aware there are many things she cannot understand, and she likes to have them explained to her

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elementarily, not at length and in detail, but shortly and clearly; neither does she like long audiences, and I never stayed with her a long time.' It would have been well if all her Ministers had borne this advice in mind; for who can doubt but that the Queen has suffered much at the hands of prolix political enthusiasts, who have treated her as though she were not a woman, but a man, and not a Sovereign, but a public meeting?

Almost immediately after his first audiences, Peel announced himself to be not only satisfied, but charmed, and declared that the Queen's behaviour to him had been perfect. He had assured her that his first and greatest care should be to consult her happiness and comfort, and that he would take upon himself the responsibility of putting an extinguisher on the personal claim of anyone to be near her who should be disagreeable to her or to whom she was disinclined; and the Queen never found her Minister swerving from this duty. Indeed, he may have carried his desire to be agreeable rather further than was consistent with due regard for the claims of his political friends, and certainly much farther than they would be carried by any Minister in these days. To some extent this was forced upon him by the difficulty of following Lord Melbourne in office. He could not afford to be as unceremonious as his predecessor, and he was obliged to be more facile. When he refused to dine with the Lord Mayor in the first November of his Premiership, on the ground that he was commanded to the Palace, it was observed that Lord Melbourne under similar circumstances would have gone to the Guildhall. Peel did not think he could afford to excuse himself to the Queen; and men marvelled at the frequency with which his visits to the Palace were repeated.

At her first Council with her new Ministers, an occasion of severe trial, the Queen conducted herself with a dignity and self-control that excited in them the greatest admiration. It was noticed that she looked very much flushed, and her heart and eyes were evidently brimful of tears, but she was perfectly composed, and throughout the whole of the proceedings—the farewells of her old Ministers, the friends who had stood about her at her accession, the surrender of their Seals or Wands of Office, and the transference of these to new men, most of whom were unknown to her—she preserved her self-possession, composure and dignity. In so young a woman it was thought a great effort of self-control, upon an occasion which might well have elicited uncontrollable emotions. The dejection which Peel had noticed during his first interview, when she expressed deep regret at parting with her Ministers, had partially disappeared, thanks to the dignified kindness with which he had assured her of his desire to serve her, and the good taste of his assurance that he had never presumed to anticipate his being sent for, and had had no communication with anybody, and was quite unprepared with any

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suggestions. This was a *coup de maître*, and from that moment the Queen's revulsion of feeling in favour of her Minister may be presumed to have commenced. Many attitudes that towards a monarch might by some be considered as subservient, when the monarch is a woman become merely the high-bred homage due from the stronger to the frailer sex. Before Peel had been many months in office he had vanquished the dislike of the Queen, and had laid the foundation of a regard on her side that never was shaken.

If to a large extent this was due to the pains which he took to ingratiate himself with her, it was mainly owing to the circumstances that in Prince Albert he found a ready sympathiser and a congenial friend. The admiration of these two remarkable men was mutual. Sir Robert Peel had been introduced to Prince Albert by Lord Melbourne some months before the latter retired from office, but this acquaintanceship had not been followed up by any closer intercourse; so that, when the new Minister found himself necessarily thrown with the Prince, he was still embarrassed by the feeling that the Prince might bear malice for the part which he had taken during the debates on the Marriage Settlement, the effect of which had been seriously to curtail the income proposed by Lord Melbourne. In the Prince's demeanour not a shade of soreness could be traced, and Peel was touched. To Lord Kingsdown he said that he had found Prince Albert one of the most extraordinary young men he had ever met; and although so little was then known of the Prince that the expression may have appeared exaggerated, it seems trite enough by the light of fuller knowledge.

His aptitude for business was wonderful; the dullest and most intricate matters did not escape or weary his attention; his judgment was very good; his readiness to listen to any suggestion, though against his own opinions, was constant;

and these were all qualities which were bound to excite the attention and attract the sympathies of Peel. There was, it is true, a closer bond which united the two men, the unswerving fortitude with which they both braved misrepresentation.

Every imaginable calumny is heaped upon us, especially upon me; and altogether a pure nature, conscious of its own high purposes, is, and ought to be, lifted above attacks; still, it is painful to be misrepresented by people of whom one believed better things.

These words, written by Prince Albert at a time when his popularity was far from great, mere boy as he was, with the English people, might well with equal truth have been written by Peel two years afterwards, when the storm of obloquy broke over him. It was natural that natures, both proud, both reserved, both anxious always to do right, both misunderstood, should have drawn closely together. Before he had been two years her Minister, the Queen wrote to Peel that he was 'undoubtedly a great statesman, a man who thinks but

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little of party, and never of himself;' and the Prince was already full of admiration at the determination shown by the Minister to adopt his own line, and not to be turned aside from what he believed to be desirable by the fear of making political enemies or of losing support. After his death Peel's character was summed up by the Prince in words which carried the warm approval of the Queen:

The constitution of Sir Robert Peel's mind was peculiarly that of a statesman, and of an English statesman: he was Liberal from feeling, but Conservative upon principle. While his impulses drove him to foster progress, his sagacious mind and great experience showed him how easily the whole machinery of a state and of society is deranged; and how important, but how difficult also, it is to direct its further development in accordance with its fundamental principles, like organic growth in nature. It was peculiar to him that in great things, as in small, all the difficulties and objections occurred to him; first he would anxiously consider them, pause, and warn against rash resolutions; but having convinced himself, after a long and careful investigation, that a step was not only right to be taken, but of the practical mode also of safely taking it, it became a necessity and a duty to him to take it; all his caution and apparent timidity changed into courage and power of action, and at the same time readiness cheerfully to make any personal sacrifice which its execution might demand.

If the Prince owed to Sir Robert Peel his initiation into public life, he also acquired from him much knowledge of the people over whom, in conjunction with the Queen, he was about to rule. There was something singularly attractive in the intimacy of the two men so different in age and education and training. Peel acted as moderator of the youthful enthusiasms of the Prince for reform, although he gave him invaluable assistance in the changes which the Prince introduced into the customs of the English Court.

Many abuses were, thanks to the Prince, swept away; and thanks to Peel this was done without a great outcry from the manifold interests involved. Peel was full of hearty praise of the wise and judicious economy founded upon good management and order in the Queen's household, under the eye of Prince Albert. To this he bore a strong testimony in the House of Commons; and the simple domestic tastes of the Queen and her husband, no less than their profound delight in natural beauty, suggested to Peel the desirability of the Isle of Wight as a place of retreat for them. Osborne was brought to the notice of the Queen by him, as a spot where privacy and repose could be ensured, and which, at the same time, was sufficiently near to the seat of Government to afford no great inconvenience to her Ministers.

It was entirely through Sir Robert Peel (the Queen once wrote), who knew how much we wished for a private property, and his extreme kindness, that we heard of and all about Osborne. When we showed him all we had done in 1849, he spoke, with evident pleasure, of his having been the means of our getting it.

The Queen had had an opportunity of estimating the domestic taste of her Minister, for within two years of his taking office, she

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had visited his home at Drayton. The visit gave great pleasure to Peel, although it cost him many an ill-natured jest; his entertainments were cruelly criticised, and the fact that the proud and reserved Minister had actually condescended to dance before the Queen supplied the wits of the press with subject for endless mockery. Raleigh's cloak for the feet of Elizabeth was said to be dry commonplace compared with the gallantry of Sir Robert, who offered himself up as a dancer for her Majesty's diversion. It was as if the Archbishop of Canterbury had performed on a tight rope. But all this cheap wit, and the gibes of the *Morning Chronicle*, although the pride of Peel may have chafed under them, only served to strengthen the mutual regard of the Queen and her Minister. For Peel grew rapidly in the good graces of the Sovereign. During her journey to Scotland, accompanied by Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen, the Prime Minister constantly travelled and drove with the Queen, leaving his own carriage to be occupied by his private secretary, Mr. Drummond; and it was to this special mark of favour that he owed his life, since the madman who shortly afterwards shot the unfortunate Drummond did so under the delusion that the man he had so often seen driving in Peel's carriage must be the Minister himself. When the Queen was abroad on a visit to the King of the French, Peel's 'cheering letters' were anxiously awaited; and especially was this the case owing to the fear then entertained that her Minister might sink under the weight of unpopularity which was beginning to gather round him. A short while before, when the Maynooth Bill had sapped the foundations of his power, the Queen, to mark her sense of the importance of the measure and her confidence in Peel, had offered him the Garter. It was refused on grounds characteristic of him: that his heart was not set on titles of honour or social distinctions; that he sprang from the people and was essentially of the people; that in his case such honour would be misapplied; that the only distinction he coveted at her hands was that the Queen should say to him, 'You have been a faithful servant and have done your duty to your country and to myself.'

That this opinion was entertained by his Royal Mistress he already well knew, for she had sent to him a letter written by King Leopold in warm terms which she had more than endorsed:

> Peel works so hard and has so much to do (the Queen wrote) that he sometimes says he does not know how he is to get through it all. . . . In these days a Minister *does* require some encouragement, for the abuse and difficulties he has to contend with are dreadful.

If such opinions were expressed to and about Sir Robert Peel, his appreciation of them is curious and worth noting:

> Sir R. Peel is scarcely less obliged to your Majesty for your goodness in communicating to him the favourable opinion which King Leopold has been pleased

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to express of the course of public policy, pursued with the sanction, and frequently under the special direction of your Majesty, by Sir R. Peel. His Majesty has an intimate knowledge of this country, and is just so far removed from the scene of political contention here as to be able to take a clear and dispassionate view of the motives and acts of public men. Sir R. Peel looks to no other reward, apart from your Majesty's favourable opinion, than that posterity shall hereafter confirm the judgment of King Leopold, that Sir R. Peel was a true and faithful servant of your Majesty, and used the power committed to him for the maintenance of the honour and just prerogatives of the Crown and the advancement of the public welfare. He would, indeed, be utterly unworthy if, after the generous confidence and support which he has invariably received from your Majesty, he could have used power for any other purposes.

If he could write in these terms to the Sovereign, in his 'Memoirs' he wrote with even greater warmth :

I will not say more than that the generous support which I had uniformly received from her Majesty and from the Prince, and all that passed on the occasion of the retirement, made an impression on my heart that can never be effaced. I could not say less than this without doing violence to feelings of grateful and dutiful attachment.

When Peel was forced to resume office preparatory to carrying out his Repeal of the Corn Law, his 'unbounded loyalty, courage, patriotism, and high-mindedness' were noted by the Queen in her Journal, and she speaks enthusiastically of his 'chivalry' to her, and the 'excitement and determination' which he exhibited in what he thought so good a cause. 'We are *seelenfroh*' (glad in soul), wrote Prince Albert 'at the arrangement under which the Prime Minister remains in office;' and there was no doubt of the sentiments of the Court, although a paper so bitterly hostile to Peel as the *Examiner* recognised the 'scrupulous observance of constitutional rules which marked the conduct' of the Queen at that trying time.

The parting between the Queen and her Minister could not, however, be long delayed. When it came, there were poignant regrets on both sides. Peel may have sighed with relief at escaping from the cares of office, noble as these then were; but his parting from the Queen cost him some tears.

Yesterday (the Queen wrote to King Leopold) was a very hard day for me. I had to part with Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen, who are irreparable losses to us and to the country. They were both so much overcome that it quite upset me, and we have in them two devoted friends. We felt so safe with them. Never during the five years that they were with me did they ever recommend a person or a thing that was not for my or the country's best, and never for the party's advantage only. . . .

Few men who knew Peel as a Minister, and even in his home life, would have readily believed him capable of a display of emotion. His composure and powerful self-command in Parliament were compared to those similar qualities in Mr. Pitt by Lord Stratford, who had seen both of them in turn lead the House of Commons. It is true that a few men, Bishop Wilberforce for one, had noted the

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tenderness of nature which underlay the cold husk which Peel turned outward to the world. The Queen had had experience of this on a previous occasion; for in early days of her intercourse with him, after the attempt upon her life by Bean, Sir Robert Peel hurried up from Cambridge to consult with the Prince, and upon the Queen entering the room she was surprised to see the Minister, in public so cold and self-commanding, unable to control his emotion, and burst into tears.

Self-repression was the rule with Peel, and these revelations of the real man were rare. It was once said that his temper was *really* bad, morose, and sullen, and certainly these characteristics were never obvious during the months of furious temptation to which they must have been subjected by his political foes. During the four years that Sir Robert Peel lived after his fall from power there was no cessation of intercourse between him and the Queen. In him the Queen and Prince found an adviser to whom they could always turn with perfect reliance on his disinterestedness and sincerity. He ceased to be the leader of a party, and for this reason he found himself able to correspond with the Prince 'without saying a word of which the most jealous or sensitive successor in the confidence of the Queen could complain.'

Although ostracised from political office, no living Englishman at that time stood higher in the opinion of moderate men of both parties. 'Everybody,' Greville wrote, 'asks with anxiety what he says, what he thinks, and what he will do.' When for a few hours after his fatal accident he lay dying, the whole nation watched by his bedside; the entrance to his house was besieged with immense crowds, and the sadness upon the faces of his friends as they passed from the door was reflected in the eyes of thousands who had never known him by sight. When he was dead the Queen wrote, 'The sorrow and grief at his death are most touching, and the country mourns over him as a father. Everyone seems to have lost a personal friend,' and these words were endorsed, as the Queen's words often have been during her reign, by the sentiments of her people. 'We have lost,' said the Prince, 'our truest friend and trustiest counsellor, the throne its most valiant defender, the country its most openminded and greatest statesman.' The character of Sir Robert Peel has often been placed in various lights by those who knew him, who admired and liked him, or who admired and hated him. The Duke of Wellington, in a voice broken with emotion, bore testimony to the love of truth which animated the great commoner under whom he had been willing to serve. Mr. Gladstone, in characteristic words, has laid stress on his qualities of ability, sagacity, indefatigable industry, his sense of public virtue, and his purity of conscience.

The encomiums of friends may be sweet enough to the heart and ear, but they are not those by which a man of disinterested mind

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would soonest find himself judged worthily. To men like the Duke of Wellington or Mr. Gladstone, who served under him, to the Queen and Prince, whom he served so faithfully, Peel's character would naturally appear exalted by the shadow of death. As his epitaph, it would perhaps be better to let stand the famous passage in which Mr. Disraeli, in his inimitable and epigrammatic style, summed up the character and career of the Minister he had so bitterly opposed. He was not,

> notwithstanding his unrivalled powers of despatching affairs, the greatest Minister this country ever produced, because, twice placed at the helm, and on the second occasion with the Court and Parliament equally devoted to him, he never could maintain himself in power. Nor, notwithstanding his consummate parliamentary tactics, was he the greatest of party leaders, for he contrived to destroy the most compact, powerful, and devoted party that ever followed a statesman. Nor, notwithstanding his great sway in debate, was he the greatest of orators, for in many of the supreme requisites of oratory he was singularly deficient. But what he really was, and what posterity will acknowledge him to have been, is the greatest Member of Parliament that ever lived. Peace to his ashes! His name will be often appealed to in that scene which he loved so well, and never without homage even by his opponents.

If, when those lines were written, they fell under the notice of the Sovereign, she must have read them with mixed feelings of acquiescence in their truth, and of resentment against the hand that had penned them. It must have seemed then to her and the Prince almost a sacrilege to find the memory of the friend and adviser, so recently honoured, treated with qualified though warm approval by the politician who in life had so bitterly traduced him. Yet time has curious revenges; for that politician was not only in later days to endorse as Minister much of the policy which Peel inaugurated, but was to stand, both as Minister and friend, in an even closer relation to the Queen than Peel himself ever occupied.

REGINALD B. BRETT.

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OLD WENLOCK AND ITS FOLKLORE

THE old town and borough of Much Wenlock, in Shropshire, lies at the foot of the Edge and is encircled by hills. To the east of the little town rise the stately ruins of St. Milburg's Church, whilst beside them stands the prior's house, still a dwelling-house, in good preservation. Mediæval customs and traditions have lingered on later than in most places, and the names of many of the streets savour of the past. There is even now a Bull Ring and a Spital Street (a corruption of Hospital Street). The Spital in the days of the abbey was an asylum where the poor and sick could go for a night's lodging, and also served as a shelter for wearied travellers and pilgrims. Above the vicarage rises a green meadow still called the Cockpit. Here in old days the whole village used to turn out and witness the cruel sport that took place there.

In a fine old stone house which was formerly called Ashfield Hall (the town house of the Lawleys, and which was afterwards turned into an inn, and known as the 'Blue Bridge') some workmen who were repairing the house found, in 1853, a roll of parchment. The house at that time belonged to Dr. Brookes. Unfortunately only one sheet was saved, as the men destroyed the rest, alleging that they were sure 'none of the quality would wish to soil theirselves with such old rubbish.' The document saved related to the resignation of the priory of Bermondsey by John of Cusancia to Henry, superior of the priory of Wenlock, and is dated 1360.

Sir Thomas Botelar, the first Protestant vicar of Much Wenlock, gives a charming description of an entertainment held there, 'by desire of the burgesses of the town, at the house of Mr. R. Lawley of the Ash, to my Lord Bishop of Worcester, President of the Marches of Wales, and Justice Townsynde, on their way to Bridgnorth,' in 1554. We are told that 'the mansion was decked in the best manner, and that silver plate was placed before them, and that they partook of cakes, fine wafers, wyne white and claret, and sack,' and that when they rose the distinguished guests 'gave great and gentle thanks.' Charles I. dated some despatches thence, and tradition says slept one night there.

Wenlock still has its stocks, and formerly had its pillory. The

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whipping-posts and irons can be seen in the lower part of the old market hall. The gallows was on the Edge top. 'Scolds' and 'shrews' as a punishment were made to wear a bridle. This was a kind of iron helmet which fitted on tightly to the mouth and prevented any movement of the tongue. There was also a cucking or cuckold stool, for ducking women of evil life.

The old folk can many of them remember seeing women wear the bridle, men whipped round the town, and boys and men punished for milder delinquencies by imprisonment in the stocks.

An old friend of mine, Mrs. Swyney, said to me, 'Often have I seen poor Judy Cookson walked round the town in the shrew's bridle. 'Er was said to be the best abuser in the borough, and 'er wud go and curse anybody for three-ha'pence—that was the fee.' Mrs. Swyney's mother once, moved to generous pity at the sight of this brutal punishment, exclaimed that she 'didn't care how much a woman 'ad sinned, no living soul could deserve that torture;' for I heard 'it punished a Christian terrible,' and once during the operation of wearing it 'the poor creature's face streamed with blood, and two teeth fell out in removing the bridle.' Prisoners were whipped from the dungeon below the Guildhall to the White Hart Inn, and so round the town. After they were whipped their stripes were washed with salt and water, and they were let go. All punishments were inflicted on Mondays—market days. Mrs. Swyney was wont to say, 'Judy used to abuse Sir Watkin's agent something terrible, 'im as they called "King Collins," for 'e did what 'e listed and none durst say 'im nay. She was a fearsome pelrollick, it is true, was Judy, but I never knowed as the bridle did 'er any good. It makes me swimey-headed,' the old lady would add, 'only to think of those Mondays, with the relatives all cursing and crying, the lads laughing and jeering, and the lawyer men looking on to see as *their* law was carried out.'

Every intelligent foreigner believes that during the last century Englishmen habitually bought and sold their wives at Smithfield. A similar case took place at Wenlock some sixty years ago. Mrs. Swyney has often told me the story of how 'a man by the name of Yates sold his wife, "Mattie," to a man called Richards.' Yates brought in 'his missus in a cart, with a halter round her neck, from Brocton, and sold her for 2*s*. 6*d*. When Yates got to the market-place 'e turned shy, and tried to get out of the business, but Mattie mad' un stick to it. 'Er flipt her apern in 'er gude man's face, and said, "Let be, yer rogue. I wull be sold; I wants a change."' Contrary to what might have been expected, Mattie's second marriage turned out very happily, and she and Richards lived for many years amicably in the Bull Ring. My old friend has often told me that formerly 'they didn't mess with one baby at a time in christening, but took a whole family at once.' 'I was baptized,' she said, 'with

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my brothers Absalom and Beulah, and my sisters Lizzie and Annmeralda. We was five, and we was done by Parson Tinkler. I mind me I was right plaized, for I made out I had left my sins behind me, and mother she 'a gav us suet dumplings and sugar with our baked apples.'

Once I asked Mrs. Swyney whether she thought the girls of the present day better off than the maidens of her own time. 'Nay, madam,' was her reply, 'they get higher wage than ever I did, 'tis true; but then,' she added severely, 'they're so lifted up with pride that there's mony a one as clems her belly to embellish her back. Now, there's my great-niece Sarah,' she added with acrimony; 'she's up in a balloon of pride, and her stomach is a-puffled up as high as a fancy puffler pigeon when she goes to church in her feathers and 'er furbelows or walks with her Joe on Sundays. They dus but little work, the wenches, now. When my brother Beulah was but a shaver they made him crow-boy to Farmer Smout, and I was only a shred of a maid when I worked in Squire Forester's gang at weeding and such like. We used oftentimes,' continued the old lady, 'to see the old gentleman ride out in scarlet with a poweration of gay ladies. The quality then knew 'ow to behave theirselves.' After that, my old friend continued, 'I went to work at the Downes farm. Harvest time was very different to what it is now. In them days there was brewing and baking. Why, us used to bake eight bushels in a day when us 'ad the thirty Welshmen for the mowing as slept in the barn, and the maister used to kill a sheep every day, and there was nought but the bones left come candle time.'

In the last century and even up to the twenties in this I have been told by Mrs. Swyney that girls who got 'overseen'—in other words, who had lost their good name—had to pay penance in church. 'I mind me,' my old friend once told me, 'of a certain Betty Beaman. She and I used to meet at the pump when us did the washing for Farmer Smout. One day as I was holding the pail and she was a-pumping in 'er burst into tears, for 'er was a-thinking, poor crittur, of 'er young days. 'Er said, "Sally, I bain't what I was, and never shall be, afore I paid penance. That's many a year agone, but standin' up in that there white sheet 'a took something out of me that'll never cum back. The spirit left me, and ever sin', though I can eat my wittles regler, somehow I 'ave a-lived like in the dust. Sure, I 'opes when I goes as some un will 'elp the good Lord to misremember all about me."'

In Old Wenlock there was much hard drinking. An old acquaintance of mine, Farmer Tudor, has endless memories of the rollicking bouts indulged in by the gentry and in coarser forms by the young farmers of his youth. 'It was very dangerous in those days,' he has often told me, to refuse to get drunk in company, for 'the man who wud na pass the bottle bain't a true man' was a received axiom.

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My old friend on one occasion after a christening refused to partake not 'wisely but too well.' Owing to this a quarrel sprang up. The host took off his stockings, and flinging the empty bottles against the door swore that nobody should walk out but bare-footed and over the broken glass. Farmer Tudor, however, being a man of mettle, jumped up and declared that 'he liked good-fellowship, but wud not get drunk for any man.' As he spoke he seized his opportunity, slipt out of his chair, dashed out of the room, and leapt on his hill pony, and away he went. A general howl of execration followed his exit, and one big hulking fellow, by name Enoch Lindop, tottered on to his feet and swore he would do for the 'mean-spirited milksop.' Thus saying he took up from a corner a heavy hunting whip with an iron handle, and leading out his big grey mare, rode after my poor friend in hot pursuit. A terrible chase took place over hill and down rocky lanes, with the clear moonlight shining overhead. The plucky mountain pony galloped like a deer, whilst the powerful grey followed close at its heels, and the quiet night rang with the curses of its rider and his vows of vengeance. 'Never,' said my old friend, 'had I such a desperate run with the Wheatland hounds, for I knew I was riding for my life. Lindop was drunk—not drunk enough to tumble off, but drunk enough to kill me in his blind and masterful rage. I felt like a hunted hare. Happily at last I reached the hill above Wenlock. Then I knew I was safe, for the pony was as sure-footed as a cat, and I let him come down full speed and dashed up the High Street with a wild clatter that brought a night-cap or two to the closed windows. I was just in time to jump off my little beast, rush up the covered passage that led to my house, enter the door, and lock it securely after me. Through the window I saw the brutal Lindop lash poor Bob with a yell of fury. A second later and I beheld my little steed tear wildly down the street in one direction and my enemy at equal speed disappear down the other.'

Dr. Brookes, one of our leading burgesses, has told me that when he was elected an hereditary burgess he was requested during the dinner at the Raven Hotel to drink the old accustomed toast out of the mace—'Prosperation to the Corporation.'

He, however, declined to do so, as he was told that he must empty the silver cup.

Upon this one of the leading officials present arose and said, 'Doctor, Doctor, don't disgrace yourself.'

I have been told that in the early part of the century the people of Wenlock were a very turbulent, hot-headed race. The men were very big, strong, and prone to drink and fight. 'We mightn't ha' been lords then,' an old man once said to me, 'but we all thought as it was our birthright to get drunk when us was so minded, so long as us did it respectable, as well as to sell our votes if us did that honest. But parsons then they warn't the mighty hunters after wice as they

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be now. Then they was very merciful to human natur', knowin' as 'ow human natur' is wery frail, remarkably so.' In those wild old days each candidate would bring to the poll a hundred followers; 'beer wud run like water, and every man wud have a turn to, and many were the broken heads.'

When 'old Squire Forester' of Willey was elected he made at once the shortest and most popular speech on record. After hearing that he was returned he went to the window of the Raven Inn and thus addressed his constituents: 'Men of Wenlock, God save the King, says I, and prosperation to the Corporation.' After that he closed the window and retired amidst thunders of applause.

The temperance movement did not in early days meet with the success it deserved at Wenlock. A sermon once preached to further its views was highly resented. A member of the congregation jumped up in the middle of the discourse and said, 'There ain't none such words in the Bible.' The clergyman repeated his statement, upon which the man who had interrupted him said, 'Get down from the pulpit and make room for a better man.' The clerk, the sexton, and the churchwarden were sent to eject the offender, but the disputant unfortunately possessed colossal strength, and soon laid low his three assailants. Then the congregation arose, some of them taking one side, some the other, and a free fight ensued. Windows were smashed in the town, and it was with great difficulty that the temperance minister was escorted safely home. The mob eventually seized the stocks, and amid much excitement consigned that ancient implement of punishment to a limekiln, where it was burnt amidst great cheering. In order to punish the offenders a new set of stocks was made, on wheels, and the last man who was put in them was known as 'Snailey'—a Broseley man who had taken part in the foregoing disturbance. According to the minute book of the magistrates of Much Wenlock he was sentenced by them in June 1852. The constables, delighted with the fact that they could move the culprit about at will, dragged him round the town. The people, however, did not side with law and order, but showed themselves very friendly to the prisoner, and when the officials stopped to rest themselves took the opportunity of cheering their comrade in distress by long draughts of ale. When Snailey was liberated he said 'he had been treated like a real lord, and he felt as if he was going straight to heaven. In fact, he was even more drunk than usual, if so cud be,' my informant said.

A curious custom, probably of mediæval origin, lingered on here till the middle of this century. A party of young fellows used to ride and walk round the boundaries of the old borough. The young men wore wooden swords, and some of them appeared in different disguises. This ceremony was called the Boys' Bailiff. They made a progress from house to house, and were fêted wherever they called

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with cakes and ale. When they returned to Wenlock one of their band would stop before the old guildhall and read a doggerel rhyme which ended thus:

> We go from Beckbury and Badger to Stoke on the Clee,
> To Monk Hopton, Round Acton, and so return we.

Old habits, old customs, old manners, and old forms of speech and of belief remain with us in this 'sleepy hollow,' in this 'land of dreams.' Here the curfew bell is still tolled in autumn and in winter. Servants are hired in the market-place, as of yore, and linen embroidered smocks are still worn by countrymen. Old written charms can be seen in the cottages amongst the Clee hills, and men and women continue to believe in the power of the evil eye and in the existence of witches and of witchcraft.

Hemp seed is sown to the charmed words of—

> Hemp seed I sow.
> Let my true love come after me and mow.

To bees are softly whispered deaths in families, whilst the maidens of but one generation ago used to drop needles and pins into the wells of Wenlock to arrest and fix the affections of their lovers. Psalm cix. to this day is looked upon as a means of destroying for ever the fortunes of a young couple if read by a rival during the marriage service.

An old woman once speaking to me on this subject said, 'There's many as 'old as the evil done wid Church books be so great, that 'tis best to 'ave nought to do wid 'em unless it be to keep 'em in the regler pews o' Sundays. Church books in the 'ouse 'tis like gatherin' of the first primrose or a-bringin' in of peacock feathers. There's many I know what don't 'old to such things, but I tells 'em the Lord don't put such fears into our hearts for nothin'.'

The country people believe deeply also in the power of a 'curse.' The last descendants of Judge Jeffreys lived near here, and an old man speaking of them one day to me said, 'They was good enough, poor souls, but their fortin melted like butter in the sun, for the Lord had a-written it up against them.'

In the middle of this century there lived at Westwood, near Wenlock, a woman who was known in the neighbourhood as a famous witch. Nanny Morgan, for such was her name, was a black or evil witch. She was described to me 'as the wickedest woman as ever I saw.' 'When Nanny met me,' that old woman said, 'she could make me break out in a cold sweat all over, for 'er had two grey eyes as could strike through you like knives, and seemed to burn you inside like Devil's fire.'

'We was terrible afeared of Nanny,' 'and none durst say her nay, because she knowed everything about a body, more than a body cud know hersel'.'

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Nanny was employed by her neighbours to 'ill-wish' those against whom they owed a grudge, to prepare love philtres, to bring recalcitrant lovers to the feet of love-stricken maidens, and to curse for those who 'cud not work out their own hate' unaided.

'There's no use going against the psalm,' I have been told by an old friend, 'for when 'tis read out of a Prayer Book it finishes a Christian, body and soul; but when 'twas read by sich a curser as Nanny Morgan there's no angel in heaven could flit by safe.'

In the early part of this century Nanny as a young woman was tried for stealing a coat at Bourton; but, owing to her being at that time a 'queen of hellish beauty,' she was acquitted. She subsequently married a man who used to work on the roads. He fell ill some years after, and the neighbourhood believed was starved to death by her.

There was an inquest, but not enough was proved against Nanny to convict her. One of the officials who went up to inspect the corpse declared it was a loathsome sight. 'Three dogs and four cats rested on the poor body, and the face fair swarmed black wid fleas.'

Eventually, however, the devil got his own, and Nanny came to a tragic end. She was murdered in her sixty-ninth year, in September 1857, by her lodger Wright, a young man from Baschurch, for whom, it is said, she had conceived an unholy passion, and who killed her, it is alleged, to escape from her spiritual thraldom.

During the trial the judge said to him, 'Prisoner, what have you got to say in your defence?' Wright replied, ''Tis no use my speaking, for 'tis all on one side, like the Bridgnorth election; you be all agin me.' Wright was sentenced to death, but recommended to mercy by the jury, and eventually transported for life.

Dr. Brookes has told me that he was one of the party who went with the chief constable to Nanny's house when they heard that she was murdered. They found the wretched sorceress lying with her head on the first steps of her staircase, her long hair hanging about her shoulders in mats, clotted with blood. One of her dogs, her sole mourner, was howling piteously by her side. Nanny kept innumerable cats and many dogs. 'The house foul reeked of cats,' I was told, and one, 'a grey sheeny Tom, was known by the evil name of Hell-Blaw.' She kept also toads in a box, and 'called unto her azgals (lizards) from the garden.' After her death wheelbarrows full of letters were found in the cottage, which had been written consulting her on various matters, and some of them were said to have been penned by most 'respectable people.' These notes, with her books, some of which last were MSS., were written in the 'Devil's tongue,' and 'in various speeches.' They were all burnt, by order of the mayor, in the yard of the Talbot Inn, before all the townsfolk of Wenlock.

I once expressed my keen regret to an old man who had been

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present on this occasion at the destruction of the witch's library. For this display of what he considered evil curiosity I was rebuked. 'Mam,' he said severely, 'no clean-livered woman could have perused them books.' Such was the horror Nanny inspired that I have been told the men who found her put her into her coffin 'in any how,' for, it was explained to me, 'we was terrible afeared of the curse that might come to us if we was but touched by witch's blood.'

Another tragedy a little earlier is recorded in the annals of Wenlock. The story is told of a keeper of Mr. Benson's of Lutwyche, by name Corfield. He was sitting one day behind a yew tree, eating his dinner, when some one who had a grudge against him approached him from behind and shot him. The poor fellow knew from the first that he was mortally wounded, but struggled home, crawling back on his hands and knees, gasping for breath and streaming with blood. When his wife and family pressed him to say who was the murderer, he either did not know or could not recall the name, for all he said between his gasps was, 'The villain's done for me! the villain's done for me!'

Of course the whole country was in a state of uproar, and numerous arrests were made. Amongst others a certain Thomas was taken up, who went by the nickname of 'Black Joe.' He was strongly suspected of having 'done for poor Corfield.' The murder had been committed after heavy rain, and the ground at the time was very soft. One of the chief means of identifying the criminal was by the boot mark, which, owing to the state of the weather, had been very clearly defined in the sticky red clay.

Unfortunately very zealous people do not always act with commensurate wisdom, and the head of the police in his anxiety to convict the prisoner took a boot of Black Joe's and laid it on the already made footprint, declaring as he did so 'that it fitted like a glove.'

At the subsequent trial the prisoner was acquitted, mainly because of this incident, although he was generally believed to have been the murderer. On hearing that the jury brought in a verdict of 'Not guilty' Black Joe stood up in court and said, after testifying to his innocence, 'May the Devil catch me if I have done this foul deed!'

Owing to the general suspicion, however, under which he laboured 'Black Joe' was obliged to leave his own country. He went to Wolverhampton and found employment there in a carding mill. He was killed, however, soon afterwards in the machinery, owing to some act of carelessness, and, curiously enough, by a special part of the engine called 'the Devil.'

In spite of a Board school, a railway, and a bank, many are the milder forms of superstition that find here a resting-place. A white donkey at Wenlock is held to be a sacred animal. An old woman of

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my acquaintance who has one will never allow it to be struck, as she is of opinion 'that the baiste be white by the finger of the Lord, and needs no Church marker.'

To injure robins, or to take the nest of these birds in spring, is accounted an accursed thing. A poor woman once told me that 'her lad was a-gettin' more naturaler every year; but sure, you cudn't 'specs much else, for 'Arry he 'ad robbed a robin's nest, it being fobbed upon un as 'ow it was only an ordinary fowl's.' It is also believed generally in Shropshire that to burn the elder bush or to injure a lady-bird will excite the wrath of Heaven. There are many remedies advocated to cure the whooping or chin cough, as it is called here. You are recommended to crawl under brambles, pass under the stomach of a piebald horse, or sit facing the tail of a donkey. Wenlock has its special amusements and interests. Every spring its citizens turn out to see its races; and the Olympian games founded by Dr. Brookes, and held every Whitsuntide in the Linden fields, are very popular and attended by all the country-side. These games consist of competitions in modern athletic sports, diversified by mediæval pastimes, such as tilting at the ring. The victor at this exercise gains a silver cup and is crowned by the Queen of Beauty, the fairest lady present, with a wreath.

There is also a library, founded by Dr. Brookes, and amongst the many interesting donors are found the names of the great Duke of Wellington, of Lord Macaulay, of the Earl of Beaconsfield, of Mr. Gladstone and of Lord Salisbury.

CATHERINE MILNES GASKELL.

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NEW ZEALAND UNDER FEMALE FRANCHISE

THE politicians of New Zealand are allowed a free hand by the banks and mortgage companies, who really rule the colony, in all abstract political questions. Provided that they do not attempt to interfere with the Banking Monopoly, or to make the Post Office Savings Bank the convenience it might be, or to issue banknotes, or take possession of the millions of unclaimed deposits belonging to intestates on which the banks are now largely depending, or so legislate as to compel absentee owners to cut up their properties and sell to those who would occupy their holdings, our rulers permit Ministers—*their* Ministers—to amuse themselves and the public by any little experiments that may serve to fill up the regular three months of the parliamentary session before hurrying through the Estimates and passing the Appropriation Bill. Especially do they look with favour on legislation which hinders small men from beginning any business, which tends to throw monopolies into the hands of large firms, and which prevents the formation of a class of people who have small but independent fortunes, and who can live and trade without overdrafts or mortgages. Our huge pawnshops, miscalled banks, with their branches in every little village, spread their nets far and wide, pervade every degree of our social life,[1] and are the real rulers of the country. Amongst other little amusements of our legislators was the annual introduction of a Bill for conferring the franchise upon women. For two or three years this Bill had passed the House of Representatives, and had been thrown out by the Legislative Council. There was absolutely no wish for the franchise amongst the immense majority of the women, even up to a few weeks before the passing of the Act. There were a few 'wild women,' as they were called, mostly fanatical Prohibitionists, who formed associations in the principal towns, and had meetings attended by perhaps thirty or forty women out of a population of fifty thousand, but they had no appreciable influence over the majority of their sex. I can well remember that

[1] I know an instance of a country schoolmaster, whose total income is under 100*l.* a year, who has a banking account!

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when the Electoral Bill was actually passing through the Lower House, it was impossible for me, although I took some trouble about the matter, to find one woman in favour of granting the franchise, and yet thousands signed the petitions in favour of it.

Unfortunately a few Conservative politicians, and notably Sir John Hall, who was formerly Premier, thought that the women's vote would strengthen the Conservative party. Then, again, the fanatical Prohibitionists, who had already obtained Local Option, finding that it would be impossible to abolish public-houses by the votes of the males, set themselves to work, with all the frantic energy produced by nervous systems diseased by alcohol, on behalf of the female franchise. In every town electorate, the Prohibitionists found a small but very resolute minority, who worked with extraordinary vigour during the late session, and made 'wobbling' members understand that the Prohibitionist vote would depend on how the member voted on this question. Thus many members who were really opposed to the Female Franchise, but who felt sure that it would be thrown out by the Legislative Council, voted for it. The Ministry found it expedient to take up the question. Previously it had always been an open question, and although in the session of 1892 the present Premier, Mr. R. J. Seddon, had professed to be in favour of it, no one believed then, or believes now, that he really desired it. It was at best 'a leap in the dark.' Its most strenuous advocates were the Prohibitionists, and it was not very likely that an ex-publican would look very fondly on a measure which they advocated in the interest of their own opinions.

However, clauses were introduced into the Electoral Bill which expressly conferred the franchise on women. To the very last it was confidently hoped and believed that the opponents of the measure in the Legislative Council would be able to throw it out notwithstanding that the present Ministry had swamped the Council with twelve new members. But at the last moment one or two, who were known to be opponents of the measure and of the Ministry, determined to play the Ministry a trick, and, by voting for the Bill and against the amendment restricting the suffrage to males, compel Ministers either to accept a measure which they feared and disliked, or make use of the prerogative to veto it.

So it passed the Legislative Council. Even then there were persons who thought that the Governor might justly decline to give the royal assent to such a revolutionary measure, the like of which had never been known before in any British colony. He might fairly have alleged that no such measure was contemplated in the royal instructions, that it changed the basis of political power as no mere extension of the franchise to males had ever done, and that its introduction of a new element into our political system justified him in withholding the Bill for her Majesty's consent.

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But these hopes, or fears, were ill founded. The Governor, the Earl of Glasgow, a captain in the Royal Navy, had received one snub from the Secretary of State for hesitating to grant the claim for twelve new appointments to the Legislative Council—about an equivalent to a demand for the creation of one hundred and fifty peers in a batch—and he was not disposed to incur the risk of another snub. The Ministers were bound to advise him to give the royal assent, and so a measure which no one but a few fanatics and a few Conservative politicians really desired, and which at the very least ninety-five per cent. of the population neither desired nor approved of, was passed into law.

At first it seemed as if none of the women would apply to be registered. In that mysterious way in which fashions are communicated, or obnoxious persons of their own sex sent to Coventry, it was made known that no woman who aspired to be anybody would take part in the election proceedings. Notwithstanding the most vigorous canvassing, only a very small number were enrolled. But as it was evident that by this process of abstention the fanatics would gain all the advantage, the moderate men and Conservatives, even those most opposed to giving women the vote, set themselves to work, both privately and by means of the Press, to urge upon the women to register, and exercise the privilege that had been conferred on them. It is not possible at present to say how many women have been added to the electoral roll of the colony, but in each of the larger towns several thousands have been registered.

The question is, How many will vote, and how will they vote? I am writing on the eve of the election, and it is impossible even to make a plausible guess at the result of to-morrow's poll, because no one can form the least idea how the women will vote. Some married men who have been accustomed to rule their households despotically, and whose womenkind tremble before their frown, do not hesitate to say that *their* women will vote in compliance with the commands of their paterfamilias. But it is certain that it is just in these families, which are rare enough nowadays, that the women will avail themselves of the secrecy of the ballot, and vote as it pleases them. The unwonted sense of freedom will be gratified by for once at least going in direct opposition to the will of the domestic tyrant. But in the vast majority of houses the girls will vote one way, and probably the father and mother another. It must be remembered that we have in New Zealand universal suffrage, the only limitations being that the elector must have resided twelve months in the colony and three in the electoral district. No one can have more than one vote, although he may have property in a dozen electoral districts. He must not, knowingly, be registered in more than one district.

The two questions, and it may be said the only questions, in

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which women are interested are Prohibition and Secular Education. You have in England the Prohibition question, and there is no need for any explanation on that head. You have, probably, just the same class of rabid fanatics as we have here—people who are dangerous monomaniacs. There are a few who believe in entire prohibition (of course without compensation), without any personal interest in the matter. But the immense majority of Prohibitionists are either reformed drunkards, who dread even the smell of alcohol, or those whose relatives are, or have been, drunkards, and who have suffered in consequence. The female Prohibitionists may be said to consist exclusively of the latter class, and their bitter hatred of the publican's trade may be easily understood. But how bitter it is few know. I met a young married woman a few days after the Electoral Bill had passed, and asked her what she would vote for first of all. 'To have an Act of Parliament passed to burn down every public-house in New Zealand!' was the reply. At first I thought she was jesting, but it was soon evident that she was terribly in earnest; for her mother, who was present, gravely argued against this view of the case. The fact was that the young woman's husband was a sailor.

There is no doubt that the candidates who have pledged themselves to prohibition will receive a very large portion of the female vote.

The question of altering our system of public education is also one that greatly agitates the women. At present it is free, compulsory, and absolutely secular. There is no Bible-reading in schools allowed, and no instruction is given in religion. Even history is not made a pass subject. For some time past there has been growing up amongst thinking men a very strong opinion that bringing up children without any knowledge of Christianity, and without any teaching of an authoritative code of morals, has produced, and is producing, a most undesirable state of things. A whole generation has now grown to manhood, to the majority of whom the simplest facts of the early history of Christianity are as unknown as the facts of early Chinese history.

They never read the Bible at school, and there is no such book at home; they never go to a Sunday-school, or to church except to look after some girl; and they are as destitute of any religious sentiment as a horse or a cow. They are not heathens—they have no religion at all. They would not call themselves Agnostics, because they do not know the meaning of the word, but in the literal sense they are Agnostics.

It has been urged by a very few, nearly all of whom are Roman Catholics, to give a grant to private schools which comply with the rules and follow the standards of the Education Department. The Catholics urge that they cannot in good conscience send their children to the secular schools, and that it is unjust that they, as

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taxpayers, should pay their share of the expenses of the secular schools without deriving any benefit therefrom.[2]

The scheme for endowing denominational schools is at present outside practical politics. There is hardly a candidate who dares to say that he will vote for it.

The scheme of Bible lessons adopted many years ago by the Irish Education Board has, however, received the approval of the majority of the clergy of the Church of England, of the Presbyterians, and, I believe, of the Methodists. The other Nonconformist bodies hold aloof from this plan or are opposed to it.

But the women are vehement advocates of the education system as it exists, without alteration. The reason is simple. In every family there is a child who either is a teacher or hopes to become one, and they have taken up the belief that any approach to the denominational system will ruin the public-school system, and so destroy their means of living. It is quite useless to point out to them that, as all the children must go to school, as many teachers will be required under the denominational system as under the present one; they will listen to no reason; they will vote against any candidate who even proposes to allow the Irish Scripture lessons to be read in schools.

On these two points the female vote will be practically unanimous, and will go against the Ministerial candidates. For at the close of last session the Premier, goaded to desperation by the Prohibitionists on the one hand, and the licensed victuallers, brewers, and banks on the other, brought in a Bill which virtually assured the continuance of licences for three years, and thus gave permanency and value to what had hitherto been only an annual licence, revocable at the will of the Licensing Committee.

By this Act the whole of the electors are to vote once every three years, in their electoral districts, on the questions—(1) Shall any licences be granted in this district? (2) Shall the number of licensed houses be diminished? (3) Shall the number of licensed houses be increased? It is provided by the Act that unless at least one half of the electors on the roll vote there shall be no change, and unless three-fifths of those voting approve of the change none shall take place; but if the number voting for the total abolition of licensed houses and those voting for their diminution shall together amount to three-fifths of the total voters, then the number shall be diminished.

By this plan it will require at least three-tenths of the total number of electors on the roll to vote for the abolition of licensed houses before that change can be made. In a few country electorates it might be possible to get that number to vote; but on the whole the Prohibitionists are furious with the Act, and require the

[2] We have no Education rates here; the whole cost of the State schools is defrayed out of the Consolidated Fund and endowments.

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Direct Veto by a bare majority. This they will never get. The Beer interest is too strong for them, and is finding the money for the Liberal Association, which backs up the Ministerial candidates.

November 28th.—At nine precisely, the polling places throughout the colony were opened, and here in Auckland the women were the first to enter. Only six are allowed at a time in each polling place, but by a liberal interpretation of the law there may be several polling places in one building. There was no confusion, no cries or jeers or interference of any kind with the voters, and very little more excitement than at an ordinary election; that is, not half so many people about the streets as on Sunday afternoon when the children are going to Sunday-school, or on Sunday evening when people are going to church. Perhaps a few more women were walking about than are usually to be seen in the morning. Cabs and carriages arrived constantly at the polling places with 'lady voters.' All went on just as if the women had had votes as long as the colony had had responsible government. The day is beautifully fine.

During the whole day not a single drunken man was to be seen anywhere, and the women passed to and from the polling places without any annoyance, and with only the inevitable but extremely courteous solicitations of the canvassers for the different candidates. As I never saw an election in England since the Ballot, I do not know what particular plan is adopted; but ours, which is used all over Australasia, is simplicity itself. The voter goes up to the returning officer, mentions his name, and waits for a ballot-paper. As soon as the name is found on the roll the returning officer writes the number it bears on the roll, on a corner of the ballot-paper, which he then turns over and gums down. The voter takes his paper to a temporary screen, where there is a desk and pencil (which is tied to the desk). The paper contains the names of all the candidates, printed in alphabetical order. The voter then strikes out the names of the candidates he does not intend to vote for, folds the paper, and in the presence of the returning officer places it in the ballot-box.

All this seems as simple as A B C, and yet some persons contrive to make a muddle of it. The paper is informal if more names are left than there are seats vacant, or if the voter makes any marks or remarks on the paper, except the erasure of the names. Of course plumping is managed by crossing out all the names except one, when, as in the large centres, there are three members for a constituency. All our electoral districts return only one member each, except the four principal towns, Auckland, Wellington, Dunedin, and Christchurch, which have three members each. The following is one of the voting papers for Auckland, issued by the Liberal Association. These papers are distributed amongst the voters by the agents of the candidates.

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AUCKLAND CITY ELECTION

HOW TO VOTE

~~BUTTON, CHARLES EDWARD~~
~~CROWTHER, WILLIAM~~
~~FERNANDEZ, THOMAS~~
GREY, SIR GEORGE
NAPIER, WILLIAM JOSEPH
~~SHERA, JOHN McEFFER~~
THOMPSON, THOMAS
~~TUDEHOPE, THOMAS~~
~~VAILE, SAMUEL~~
~~WITHY, EDWARD~~

Directions:

The voter is to strike out the name of every candidate for whom he or she DOES NOT intend to vote, by drawing a line through the name with a pen or pencil.

The voter must take care not to leave uncancelled the names of more than THREE (3) candidates, or this paper will be invalid.

Be sure and strike out the names of the candidates whose names are crossed out as above, then fold up your ballot-paper and put same into the ballot-box.

Printed by GEDDIS & BLOMFIELD, at the OBSERVER Office.

During the afternoon a mistake was made. The Licensed Victuallers' party, thinking that Mr. Napier was certain to be elected, issued another ticket, substituting the name of Crowther for his. It is a curious example of the impossibility of foreseeing how an election will go under the Ballot that the one man, and the *only* one, whom everybody thought sure of a seat was actually only fifth on the list.

December 1*st*.—The result of the elections is now known, and it is a crushing defeat for the Opposition party, which is in fact almost annihilated. From the South Island only four members of the Opposition are returned, and the leader, Mr. Rolleston, has been defeated. In the North Island they have not been quite so unlucky. In Wellington Sir Robert Stout was returned at the head of the poll. He was formerly Premier, and is at present without office. He is an advanced Liberal, with strongly Socialist views on some subjects, a pronounced Agnostic, and the author of the Direct Veto Bill. He is a candid friend of the present Ministry. It is impossible for him to join any Cabinet in which Mr. Seddon is Premier. The other two members for Wellington are Oppositionists.

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In Auckland we have returned the veteran, Sir George Grey, K.C.B., at the head of the poll by a large majority, and with him two Opposition members. Sir George is another candid friend of the Ministry, and a former Premier. There is no doubt that he was brought in by the women's vote, as he is immensely popular with them.

Altogether, including the four Maori votes, which will certainly be given to such a strong Ministry, it may be reckoned that in a House of seventy-four members they will have fifty-four votes at least, even if all the Independents vote against them.

The one little 'rift within the lute' is the election of so many members pledged to the repeal or alteration of the Government Licensing Act. It is hinted that these members, who form with the Opposition a majority of the new House, will unite in an address to the Governor praying him to call Parliament together in January, as the first general election under the Licensing Act is appointed to take place in March. I do not think it in the least likely that this request will be complied with. The Premier will certainly not advise the Governor to call Parliament together just in order to endanger, if not to repeal, an Act which was passed with infinite trouble only a few weeks ago. The banks will put on the screw, as they are so largely interested in public-house property.

It seems to be the general opinion that, whatever may be the changes made in the *personnel* of the Ministry, the colony is now committed for three years to a course of extreme Radical legislation. The Opposition is powerless. All the most powerful members have either been defeated, or, like Sir John Hall, have given up politics. We must trust to beer and the banks to save us from absolute ruin. The men elected are nearly all, with only one or two exceptions, of the most uneducated class in the community, either the lowest bourgeois or mere carpet-baggers. They have displaced men of education and experience. Such are the results of the Female Franchise! It is to be hoped that it will be a warning to English Conservatives. We shall probably for some years to come be a dreadful object-lesson to the rest of the British Empire.

R. H. BAKEWELL.

AUCKLAND, N.Z:
December 2.

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FEEBLE-MINDED CHILDREN

At the meeting of the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography held in 1891 one of the subjects prominently discussed was the importance of making special provision in our elementary schools for training those children who are more or less defective in make, or who are suffering from maldevelopments which are much associated with defects of the brain. Backward, ill-developed and feeble children are not only sufferers from the inadequacy of the school training when not specially devised for their behoof, but are a source of irritation and difficulty in the school to their class-mates of average capacity.

To Dr. Francis Warner belongs the credit of having suggested and devised methods for carrying into effect an inquiry into deviation from the normal in children in various London elementary schools. Previous to the meeting of the Congress, this inquiry had been promoted with the aid of funds furnished by the Charity Organisation Society and the British Medical Association, but the Congress urged that an extended scientific inquiry should be made in several countries in Europe, under the auspices of an international committee which was duly appointed at this Congress.

The Royal Commission on the blind, dumb, and children requiring exceptional training presented a very full report as to the conditions existing among the afflicted classes. Information was obtainable as to the numbers and distribution of the blind, dumb, and imbeciles who have been collected into institutions; but when the question was raised as to the existence of 'children not imbecile, but presenting a mental deficiency,' who are thereby incapacitated for the ordinary methods of school training, it appeared that no full account of the physical and mental condition of the school population had ever been attempted, and no compilation of facts was at hand for reference as a census of the conditions of children and the special needs of certain classes.

A description of the methods of inquiry to be explained subsequently, and a few figures derived from the early portion of the work (1888), resulted in a recommendation by the Commission 'That with regard to "feeble-minded" children, they should be separated

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from ordinary scholars in elementary schools, in order that they may receive special instruction, and that the attention of school authorities be particularly directed towards this object.'

After studying for many years methods of observing and describing points seen in children, and their significance as indications of physical and mental status, Dr. Francis Warner arranged a systematic mode of procedure, and has now reported on over 80,000 children seen individually by him in 148 schools, having taken notes of all cases presenting any visible defect, *i.e.* 14,297 children. The method of procedure was as follows: As the children stand in rank each is viewed separately, without being touched or questions asked. The child is then directed to imitate a few simple movements. Any deviation from the normal in bodily development, or in conformation of the head or a feature, is recorded; also any abnormality in expression, balance, movements of eyes, or action in the hand or fingers is noted as an 'abnormal nerve-sign,' indicative of the state of the nerve-system, and these particulars are recorded in schedule forms. A full description may be found in the report on school children by Dr. Warner to the Charity Organisation Society, 1892, and in the interim report of the committee appointed by the International Congress, and published at their office at the Parkes Museum in Margaret Street, W., in July 1893.

Here is an example where the application of the scientific method to a difficult problem has, as on many previous occasions, thrown a new light and indicated lines of practical procedure for amelioration of the misery and failure resulting from physical and mental feebleness. It will be noticed that the basis of the inquiry was to see all the children in the school and take notes of every case presenting even a single defect or abnormal nerve-sign, whether accompanied by an abnormal state of the brain or not; in giving descriptions of children they are grouped as cases presenting such a defect, or combination of defects. Groups of cases can, of course, be arranged for groups of schools, as has been done in dealing with the social classes and nationalities, &c.

Statistics of the first 50,000 children seen—1890–91—have been arranged and presented to the Local Government Board, quotations from which are here made.[1] Four primary groups of cases were easily arranged: 'Development cases,' including all children presenting one or more defects; 'Nerve cases,' each child presenting one or more 'abnormal nerve-signs;' 'Nutrition cases,' children pale, thin, delicate; 'Dull children,' as reported by the teachers in school.

The same children often appear in more than one group: thus of the 'Development cases,' 52·4 per cent. also presented 'abnormal nerve-signs;' and of the 'Nerve cases,' 60 per cent. were also 'Development cases.' Of the children pale, thin, and delicate, 71 per cent.

[1] This report is now published by the Bureau of Education, Washington.

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of the boys and 74·6 per cent. of the girls were also 'Development cases.' In these figures we see the physical co-relation of congenital defective development producing a tendency to nerve disturbance and low nutrition of body.

Not to weary our readers with many statistics, it may suffice to say that the co-relations of each defect have been worked out, and will be found in tabular form in a paper published by the *Royal Statistical Society's Journal*, March 1893.

With such a basis of direct observation many questions concerning education and the care of children may be answered, and much accurate knowledge is obtainable as to the means of removing causes of mental feebleness and the prevention of some.

In all groups of schools a larger proportion of boys than girls deviate from the normal, and this is mostly true for each individual condition and defect. There is, however, a rather larger proportion of girls who are pale, thin, and delicate—a fact which has led many to speak much of the delicacy of girls and the necessity of restricting their mental work and physical exercise. Now, observation shows the facts to be these: the principal cause of delicacy among boys and girls as seen in school is some—it may be very slight—abnormality in development, and this co-relation is more marked among girls: that is to say, congenital weakness in constitution, however slight, renders a girl more liable to ill health than a boy, and any nerve-disturbance occurring in her is more liable to be rendered permanent than in the boy. When, however, we take boys and girls presenting no defect in development, we find the proportion who are delicate equal in the sexes. Let the head-mistress, then, arrange the curriculum for the normal girls, and modify it when necessary for the weaker members. Neglect of the latter precaution may lead to deplorable results, but the whole level of the school need not be lowered to the capacity of the weaker pupils.

One defect stands prominent among the girls: cranial abnormalities have the highest co-relation with defectiveness of health and brain-power; as a class they are much more common among boys, but the sub-class 'small heads' forms 3·4 per cent. among our English girls, as compared with 1·3 for boys, and is largely attended with mental dulness, low nutrition, and abnormal nerve-signs. Mental power appears to be lowered in many of these cases, and of the girls in certified industrial schools over 6 per cent. were 'small-headed;' the condition appears more commonly among the children of large block dwellings and warehouses, suggesting further inquiry as to whether it can possibly be a degeneration produced in part by a certain class of buildings.

Many points of direct educational importance have been elucidated. It has been shown that of the group of children presenting 'abnormal nerve-signs,' 41 per cent. are dull mentally, and in a varying degree

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the same may be said of children presenting each separate nerve-sign. As examples: many children do not move their eyes properly in looking at objects, but turn the head towards the point looked at in place of moving the eyes; 43 per cent. of these children were reported as dull by the teachers; they are bad readers and bad observers. If this condition is known to the teacher, the fault may be corrected; eye-movements should be trained in the kindergarten.

A listless attitude in the pupil is not conducive to mental aptitude, but it is not generally understood that a good balance of the body in every detail, even to the hand and fingers, promotes in the brain an aptitude of mental brightness, and that cultivation of symmetry and accuracy in movement and attitude promotes a healthy brain state; yet such appears to be the truth. In removing abnormal balances and action in movement the teacher helps to improve the activity and balance of brain.

It is most commonly among boys that we see frowning, or the formation of horizontal creases on the forehead by muscular action; this is very common among imbeciles—and, it may be added, in monkeys also. Now, such a boy will often cease to frown when he is interested; that lesson improves his brain during which the frowning ceases. This condition is much more frequent among boys in the monotonous life of the poor-law school than in the elementary day school. This leads to the consideration of the relative advantage of training as seen in the resident institution and in the elementary day school. It is the 'Development cases' that tend the most to defectiveness of brain-power and to low nutrition. How does it fare with this class in the two kinds of school respectively? Briefly, in the resident institution they become fatter, especially the girls; duller, especially the girls; and they present more cases of nerve-disorder, especially among the boys. The day school evidently produces the best results, and this suggests the desirability of keeping as large a proportion of the weak-brained children in day schools as may be practicable. The 'Development case' tends to ill health and mental dulness, and the pupil is often excused from school attendance on account of his weakness (permanent weakness, not disease), and fails to get any training. The poor-law and certified industrial schools are crowded with such children; it is a satisfactory commencement of the care of this class that the School Boards of London, Birmingham, and Leicester have provided classes of special instruction for such cases, as recommended by the Royal Commission.[2] As to the number of children who require special care and training, an estimate may be made as follows: idiots, imbeciles, children 'feebly-gifted mentally, not imbecile,' epileptics, the crippled, paralysed and deformed, and those

[2] Recently the Prince of Wales opened a new Board school for children deaf and dumb, the blind, and children feebly gifted mentally, erected on the site of the old Clerkenwell Prison, for prevention and care—a truly progressive work.

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children who appear in each of the four primary groups of defect, *i.e.* children constitutionally weak and dull mentally. This compound group gives a proportion of 16 per 1,000 of the school population seen and reported on. Each of these cases needs to be considered individually, and the special requirements of the child should be considered by the managers: some, though afflicted, are bright mentally; some may not be improvable, though their further degradation may be prevented; the worst cases are the bright but vicious, and these are often the offspring of insane parents. The proportion is not very large, but for the London school area presents about 10,000 children. Their educational neglect tends to fill the ranks of pauperism, criminality, and the unemployed. It would be wise to encourage the managers of schools to devote special care to the regular attendance and training of these children, who too often prove a drag upon the success of class-work; but, to be cared for, they must be known in the school.

The statistical form of dealing with a large number of small facts is necessary in preparing grounds for general statements; but the individual child is not lost sight of in this work of reporting on schools, and in many cases, after the visit of inspection, a list of the children requiring special attention has been sent to the managers. In one school fourteen children were promptly taken to the Ophthalmic Hospital for correction of squints and other defects—their needs had not been noticed before. A few other examples may be given: A girl, age fourteen, Standard II., 'fairly well built, expression wanting; cannot read; has been in school five years and can do nothing; not spiteful or troublesome.' A boy, age eight, Standard I., 'body well made; signs of considerable exhaustion; speech very defective, but response in movement good; he does not know money, and cannot calculate anything; has no idea of work.' A boy, age eight, Standard I., 'head small; eyes not well moved; response in action slow and inaccurate; very dull.' All these were seen in a small school of 494 children. There were also eight girls and three boys with small heads.

The number of children presenting defective conditions of the eyes is large; uncorrected squint is very common, and though this defect is often preventible by the use of spectacles, comparatively few pupils use them among those who ought to. Eye-diseases in all stages, often contagious cases, were seen in many day schools, and other examples of preventible conditions. Here is a large field for good work. The school managers might greatly help hard-working parents without pauperising them by offering to take such children as need it to the neighbouring hospital. Indeed, it is a question deserving serious consideration whether ophthalmic cases should not be provided for as an infectious disease in the hospitals of the Metropolitan Asylums Board. The want of correction of faults by the teachers and neglect of cases needing medical treatment probably arise mainly

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from ignorance of existing conditions, but it may be hoped that a more widely spread attention to the study and observation of children among all classes will inspire a more intelligent interest in their care and training.

Defectiveness of body, brain-weakness, and low nutrition are evils confined to no social class; contrary to anticipations preceding observation, it appears on comparing the conditions of 10,000 children in schools of middle and upper social class with 26,000 children in poorer day schools that in each of the four primary groups of defects the proportion goes against the children of the upper class. This is very surprising, and needs further inquiry. In Kensington, Chelsea, and Pimlico 12·6 per cent. of the children were 'Development cases,' as against 7·4 in the poor schools of Islington.

In each school the teachers were invited to present any children mentally dull who had not been picked out on inspection. These were included in the cases noted; most of the dull children were, however, selected on visible points observed. Would it not assist teachers if they could know the probable mental capacity of new pupils before placing them in school? The greater the number of visible defects in a child, the greater is the probability of its being dull; so that of children appearing in three of the primary groups of defects, 44 per cent. were said to be mentally dull.

Enough has perhaps been said to show that scientific observation of children in schools has been rendered practicable; a methodical arrangement of investigation and tabulation of observations is in use, and has been amply approved by experience so that the facts observed may be submitted to actuarial investigation.

So much for the methods of ascertaining and recording conditions existing among children on scientific principles. It may be asked, can science point in the direction of the remedy for existing evils? In working out the methods to be employed in observation, notes were first taken of 'defective children' in hospital and asylum; a list being prepared of the physical conditions of defect there seen, in the schools every child presenting one of those defects was noted, although it might be bright and healthy. Most imbeciles have the cranium or palate defective in size or form; it is not every child with a defect of cranium or palate that has also defect of brain; but if we could remove the causes of such defectiveness among the population at large, we should probably lessen all causes of defectiveness. Results of inquiry suggest in this direction local conditions and rickets as possible causes of defectiveness in make. Modern physiological science has shown that mental action is expressed by movement, and that every movement corresponds to the action of a brain-centre; the key is thus given to the import of 'abnormal nerve-signs' as a means of studying brain action in its various phases by observing children in the school-room.

The effects of governing children (or certain classes of children)

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mainly through the eye and—by word of command, &c.—through the ear may be respectively studied. The best controlled classes are those where school discipline is effected mainly through the eye by imitation of the teacher and by indication in gesture rather than by a loud voice. In some pupils a word of correction is usually followed by mental confusion where an indication of correction through the eye is followed by appropriate action; yet, in some schools, 'naming boys who talk,' a sharp-sounding bell, and a kind of wooden cracker, are the means used to maintain order.

The children presenting certain of the 'abnormal nerve-signs are those commonly called nervous children; they are usually intelligent and quick at lessons; they are imitative and gregarious. It is questionable whether it is advisable to allow such children to sit together in school; on the other hand, dispersed among the more average pupils they tend to impart their quickness.

It has been shown by observation that spontaneity is the foundation of intelligence, yet the attempt is often made to keep young children quiet and almost motionless—often destroying spontaneity in place of co-ordinating it. The endeavour should be to encourage spontaneity and to co-ordinate it to intelligent action adapted to the age of the child.

Spontaneity of movement to the extent termed fidgetiness is often the result of fatigue and exhaustion; if teachers were acquainted with the signs of fatigue, they could better control the child's condition. Fatigue in children is common: it may be the result of bad sleep, late hours, excitement of home life or of school work. The signs of fatigue may be marked in the morning, and lessen during the hours of school; or they may be most apparent in a certain classroom, if it be ill ventilated and overcrowded. There is a small class of pupils presenting well-made bodies and well-acting brains who are said by teachers to be very dull, and doubtless this is true. Such children should not be discouraged; they may become useful members of society, and need not be treated exceptionally; though they have often been spoken of as idiotic, which is not true; and it is discouraging to give them a bad name.

These examples may show that a more exact knowledge of the physical and mental conditions existing among children is needed. The scientific principles which have enabled the observer to detect the various degrees and items of mental weakness already point the way to their removal, and were instruction in such studies given to teachers and others the methods of classification and training might be reduced to better order and adapted to the needs of groups of children.

In these days of activity in promoting technical education, the builder, the plumber, and the engineer are taught to know the materials upon which they work, and the artist studies something of

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the chemistry of his pigments; but educational works and periodicals give very little indication of the minute study of facts in the child-material now universally submitted to education. The children need to be studied, and those in charge should be able to describe and classify them, especially under an Education Code which throws upon teachers the responsibility of arranging them in the standards.

A case has, it is trusted, been made out in favour of the scientific study of the physical and mental condition of children as a basis for education. The promotion of such studies and the prosecution of further inquiry has been undertaken by a committee appointed by the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography, 1891. An interim report just issued shows that 30,000 children have been seen for them, and results tabulated preparatory to actuarial investigation. The British Medical Association, the Royal Statistical Society, the Charity Organisation Society, and other bodies have appointed representatives to the committee, and the London School Board have arranged for certain of their schools to be visited.

DOUGLAS GALTON.

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BORES

One of Montaigne's chief charms as an essayist consists in the levity with which he handles serious subjects, and the gravity he applies to light ones. But Montaigne wrote for a limited circle of friends; it would clearly be to set at defiance all the ordinary rules of prudence were one to ape his manner and discourse lightly before the general public about that of which we all move in dread. One may speak frivolously of the influenza, for it comes and goes according to inscrutable physical conditions, not likely to be affected by any irresponsible observations; or of the crack of doom, about which nothing is known, and everybody cherishes the hope that it is a long way off. But Bores are of us and in our midst; do we not stand in peril of them every hour? Nay, who shall say that he is free from the risk of himself developing some of their most terrible attributes? It is meet, then, in submitting to analysis the subject which gives this paper its title, to apply to it only such dispassionate and penetrating consideration as becomes a weighty matter.

Bores, then, pervade every habitable, or at least every civilised part of the globe; penetrate every layer of society; threaten the integrity of every system of human intercourse. Though intensely gregarious they abhor each other's company, and cling to association with their natural prey—ordinary men and women. It is believed therefore, that the bore might be extinguished, either by isolation or by forced association with his own kind, for he cannot exist, even through a single winter like the bear, by sucking his own paws; but neither experiment has yet been tried, for he is equipped with unerring instinct, whereby he is ever able to elude the most crafty device for his destruction.

Among all the men of violence who have figured on this world's stage, none has openly avowed the purpose of carrying war against the Bores. Ezzolino da Romano, Vicar of Ferdinand the Second in Northern Italy, exceeded all other tyrants, and Alexander the Third all other popes, in the sickening cruelty with which each pursued his purpose—the secular ruffian aiming at selfish aggrandisement, the ecclesiastic animated by avarice, lust, and narrow nepotism; but neither they nor any of their competitors in the obscene calendar of

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crime have ever been suspected of the virtuous purpose of exterminating Bores.

Yet in casting about for some palliation or intelligible motive for the monstrous offences against humanity perpetrated by the mediæval rulers of Church and State in Italy, it may be possible to detect, in reading between the lines of edicts condemning men and women to unspeakable tortures, some purpose, sedulously veiled, not unworthy of our sympathy. It may be that the family of princes whom Ezzolino walled up in their country-house in Lombardy and left to perish of famine may have been of the generation of bores, for—publish it not in the streets of Askelon—the blood of that race *has* been known to run in royal veins. It is even more plausible to conceive that when Paulus the Second threw certain members of the Roman Academy—Platonists—into prison and tortured them to death upon the rack, he was impelled to do so, not by blind jealousy of erudition, but because he was goaded to distraction by their interminable talk, and was ridding society of creatures who were making life a grievous burden. If this were so, then, seeing that these despotic and, in other respects, fearless rulers were fain to conceal their real purpose, and, rather than incur the vengeance of a terrible race, accept the infamy of the sordid and vicious motives usually attributed to them, so much the more reason for a humble critic, clinging to his peaceful obscurity, to frame no phrase which, by its apparent levity, may bring him into closer relations with the powerful family which is the subject of his observations. To treat this subject with less than its proper gravity might involve him in relations from the trammels of which he would probably never escape. He would afford an excuse for every bore within speaking or writing range to concentrate attention upon him, in order to prove how incompetent he was to deal with one of the most important phenomena of civilisation.

For the bore has no place in primitive stages of society. What times men go with their lives in their hands, and it is matter of concern how each day's dinner is to be come by, they are disposed to welcome any companion from whom violence need not be apprehended. Job endured his friends through many long chapters before he ventured to hint he could stand them no longer. It is so difficult to be 'not at home' when living in a tent; in fact, Achilles is the only person of any note who seems to have managed it effectively. The Athenians gave evidence of precocious culture, when, bored by interminable praise of Aristides, they sent him to Coventry, and brought the lectures of Socrates to a close by a timely dose of hemlock. But those were extreme and isolated cases; in our own country there were few signs of coming evil till wealth began to abound and foreign campaigns took the place of civil war, with result of much redundant leisure. It was probably in the reign of Queen Anne that

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Englishmen first became conscious of the presence of bores. Pope sounded the first note of alarm in the *Dunciad*:

> Still her old empire to restore she tries,
> For, born a goddess, Dulness never dies.

The British essayists of the eighteenth century have suffered not at all from want of posthumous appreciation; it may be whispered, indeed, that their productions are not of a uniform degree of effulgence, and that, remarkable as that school of literature undoubtedly is, it owes much of its renown to having marked a new departure in our country, in the wake of nations earlier in culture and freer in fancy. To be perfectly candid, Addison, Johnson, even dear old disreputable lively Steele, wrote a great deal of unmitigated twaddle, wholly unworthy of the immortality for which it has been embalmed. Nevertheless one is often refreshed, in voyaging through the mellow print of last century, by papers written for that day but bearing upon all times, poignantly expressed and full of the clear spirit of philosophy. Of such are Swift's *Hints towards an Essay on Conversation*. Swift does not often lead his readers on lofty levels: most of his work is tainted with mordant cynicism or rank with gratuitous grossness, less palatable than open immorality; but there is fruitful thought garnered in this short essay, and one enjoys it as much as the experienced gourmet who, discouraged by the monotony of a dry, sinewy fowl, picks out those sapid morsels in the loins, aptly named *les-sots-les-laissent*. No mature person can peruse these hints without gaining a clearer view of the machinery of human intercourse and the impediments to its easy working. Perhaps one closes the book sighing, 'Ah! had I but seen all this when I was younger, how many blunders I might have avoided!'

The writer does not weary his readers with abstruse doctrines or complicated propositions: what he has on his mind is expressed in plain, temperate sentences, and it is no more than might have been uttered by any one of us. But it is all so true, so direct, so far-reaching, that it ought to be printed as an appendix to the rules of every club in London. Swift tells us that he was moved to write his thoughts on conversation, 'by mere indignation to reflect that so useful and innocent a pleasure, so fitted for every period and condition of life, and so much in all men's power, should be so neglected and abused.'

He goes on to analyse some of the ways in which people succeed in wearying each other in conversation. So far his task is a simple one. Anyone has but to reflect on his own experience and put it in plain words in order to show up his fellow-men as clearly as Swift has done. When the new Law Courts were about to be opened the judges assembled in conclave to prepare an address to the Sovereign. The draft submitted to them began with the words—'Conscious as

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we are of our own infirmities.' The question arose whether this was not just a trifle too abject; upon which Sir Charles Bowen asked, 'Would it not be more true to say, Conscious as we are of the infirmities of others?' It is not recorded that the suggestion was adopted; yet how right it was! Motes in the eyes of others are so plainly visible that everyone is impatient for their removal. It is so easy to recognise how good a thing is articulate speech; how flexible, how subtle, how obedient it *ought* to be—how cramped, muffled, ambiguous, it usually is. All this, and much more, we are in as good a position as Swift was to observe and deplore; but smaller men than he would be apt to make the unintelligent mistake of imagining that matters were better *dans le temps*. He knew men better than that: he knew that the defects of one age are the defects of all. How often and how unfavourably we compare the vapid, listless chatter of the club smoking-room—its stale scandal and nerveless comment upon passing events—with the limpid stream that played through Wills' Coffee-house! It is useful to listen to Swift's description of it whereby he ruthlessly dispels the golden atmosphere with which our fancy invests that chosen resort of the wits.

> The worst conversation I ever remember to have heard in my life was that at Wills' Coffee-house, where the wits (as they were called) used formerly to assemble —that is to say, five or six men who had writ plays or had share in a miscellany came thither and entertained one another with their trifling composures, in so important an air as if they had been the noblest efforts of human nature, or that the fate of kingdoms depended on them.

Here indeed is unwelcome disillusion, and were this, and other passages like it, all, one might throw the book aside and comfort oneself with the thought that some day, perhaps, our own little coteries, albeit dingy and tepid enough in the present, may acquire in virtue of distance a respectable warmth and lustre of their own. But what distinguishes this essay above all those of its period is that its author has struck out in a single bright, sharply cut sentence a profile of the malignant principle at the root of the evil. Through a score of pages he dwells on the nature of the disease; in a short paragraph he lays bare its source and prescribes the sure remedy. Here it is:

> Of such mighty importance every man is to himself, and ready to think he is so to others, without once making the easy and obvious reflection that *his affairs can have no more weight with other men than theirs can have with him*, and how little that is he is sensible enough.

There is here none of Swift's disagreeable cynicism. He has infused this sentence with the concentrated spirit of altruism, laboriously distilled by successive moralists; the very essence of that social science elaborated by Lord Chesterfield in whole volumes of anxious letters. It is clear that it would be impossible for any human being to become a bore who should sink his own personality

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and refrain from calling on other people to listen to the details of his own affairs—loves, quarrels, money, health, or what not. There is nothing in this, you understand, at variance with the late Dr. Jowett's indulgent saying that he believed bores were generally good men. Very likely they are; and their only fault is that, instead of encouraging other people to lead out their hobbies, they have not the tact to keep their own locked up in the stable. Are you vain, selfish, gluttonous, amorous, avaricious? Have the goodness not to talk about it, and you shall find us quite pleased to be in your company. Are you brave, handsome, rich, successful, learned? For heaven's sake, let us find out all that for ourselves, or you will infallibly be avoided as a bore. For it is the sad case that, although truth is, perhaps, the greatest, as it certainly is the most valuable and lovable of virtues, its possession is no safeguard against becoming a bore. On the contrary, some of the most incorrigible bores that can be named are in conduct conspicuously straightforward, and no one hesitates to accept their word. It is only when affectation and insincerity are so extreme as to meet their opposite—truthfulness—that they tend to shape a weak character into a bore.

Consider Mrs. Gann's two lodgers in the proem to the *Adventures of Philip*. One of them, Andrea Fitch, the artist, was a terrible little bore, yet his affectation was so complete that it turned the corner and became practical sincerity, for it deceived nobody except himself.

> He was always putting himself into attitudes: he never spoke the truth, and was so entirely affected and absurd as to be quite honest at last; for it is my belief that the man did not know truth from falsehood any longer; and when he was alone, when he was in company—nay, when he was unconscious and sound asleep, snoring in bed—was one complete lump of affectation.

Andrea never injured a human being; on the contrary, as the story shows, his tender affection prevailed to deliver the object of it in the hour of her direst need. Yet there can be no doubt he was a bore.

George Brandon, on the other hand—utterly selfish, dishonest, sensual, spendthrift—was a remarkably agreeable fellow, bore an excellent part in conversation, and wrote captivating letters, but for superfluous classical quotations. He held as good an opinion of himself as his poor, silly fellow-lodger did of himself; he was continually scheming for his own advantage, which the other was not; yet no one dreamt of calling Brandon a bore. Why? Because he had the tact—call it cunning if you will—to lead people to talk about their own affairs rather than to listen to his.

Here follows an instance of harmless insincerity employed to impart agreeable feelings to another. A certain distinguished Queen's Counsel met an equally distinguished authoress in the house of a lady friend. They had a pleasant talk, and the lady rose to

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leave first. Holding the door open for her, Q.C. said in leave-taking, 'Now, Mrs. ——, we won't let you go till you tell us when we are to have another book. How long are you going to make us wait?' Downstairs went the authoress in the pleasant glow of being appreciated, for no one is so great as to be invulnerable to delicate flattery. But see the perfidy of Q.C. Carefully closing the door, he returned to his hostess and said, 'I am so pleased to have met Mrs. ——, but pray tell me the name of one of her books, for I have never read a line she has written.'

Nothing could be less sincere, yet every one should be grateful to one who so adroitly oiled the cogs of intercourse. He sacrificed his own hand to that of the other, and won the game.

The hypothesis that the British bore, as we know him, first manifested himself in the reign of Queen Anne is supported by the fact that the people of that age had no convenient designation for the genus. Neither Pope nor Swift, though both writhed under the infliction, found a convenient term to apply to it. The former was evidently groping for a word when he coined the Dunciad, but a numskull is very far from fulfilling all the attributes of a bore. A bore is very often a numskull, but duncehood does not necessarily imply the active properties of a bore.

The first appearance of this pregnant monosyllable in literature occurs in the letters of Lord Carlisle and of Selwyn; but there it is used to express, not a creature, but a state or condition induced by tedium. Thus in 1767 Lord Carlisle writes: 'I enclose you a packet of letters which, if they are French, the Lord deliver you from the bore!' Thereafter it became common as a verb in the correspondence of the eighteenth century; expressive, apparently, of the intolerable anguish inflicted on their fellows by a class of men and women for whom, as yet, no generic term had been devised; and in that employment it has been admirably explained of late in the New English Dictionary as 'to weary by tedious conversation, or simply by the failure to be interesting.'

But the nineteenth century had not long dawned before the want became too pressing not to be supplied, and writers began to apply the word 'bore' to the agent—'the tiresome or uncongenial person: one who wearies or worries.' They did so timidly at first, with due caveat of inverted commas; but the term took on; it filled a blank that had been felt for a hundred years, and it had come into such common use by the twenties that Byron declared

> Society is now one polished horde
> Formed of two mighty tribes—the Bores and Bored.

Disraeli rashly attempted a definition in *Vivian Grey*:

> The true bore is that man who thinks the world is only interested in one subject, because he himself can only comprehend one.

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How imperfect is this limitation must be plain to any one who has devoted any attention to the subject. For one of the most justly dreaded varieties of the species is the jocular bore—so fearful in his manifestations as to drive persons to such hazardous means of escape as are resorted to only in moments of extreme terror.

Now the jocular bore is not necessarily a professional wag: that is a comparatively harmless creature. Any one may, indeed, suffer grievously in a single encounter with one of this sort, but it is his own fault if he does so a second time; for to be an avowed wag, except for hire, implies such a low degree of intellect as to make it easy for one of ordinary capacity to baffle him. No: the really formidable foe is the man who, having distinguished himself by attainments in science, politics, or art, merits attention on their account, but, by some inscrutable action of the bilobed brain, is impelled to buttonhole his victim while he tells a facetious story or recites a rancid epigram. More than one example of this lamentable combination will occur to the minds of your readers. We would willingly hear from such an one something about the new doctrine of the polar origin of life, the bearing of *Amphioxus* and *Aplysia* on the problem of evolution, the liquefaction of oxygen, the latest combination of political parties, or criticism on the pictures of the year; anything he could spare from his vast storehouse of knowledge would be a welcome addition to our own little hoard; but our unkind fate is to listen and try to laugh when we are most disposed to shed tears of vexation. It is not possible, of course, to compile statistics of the motives actuating the people who are run over and killed each year in Piccadilly, for a man's latest thoughts perish with him; but there is good ground for believing that such accidents are chiefly owing to two causes—drink and precipitate flight on the approach of a bore of the kind above described.

Disraeli's definition must therefore be rejected, for the jocular bore is often highly accomplished, and most entertaining when he can be brought to talk on his own subjects. It may be thought Utopian but there is really something plausible in the idea that this kind of bore may be, if not stamped out, at all events considerably reduced in numbers by a rational appeal to themselves. They possess an intelligent side in a degree far above their fellows; let them reflect that the world is growing old and is not so easily tickled as of yore. The tales of Poggio, so richly appreciated in the fifteenth century, raise never a smile in the nineteenth, though their impropriety still stands their author in some stead. Let the jocular bore, therefore, before he begins one of his stories calmly put to himself the question, 'Should I—A—derive pleasure from listening to this from the mouth of B? Infallibly the answer, to be honest, must be an emphatic No. Whereupon A, unless he is a fool, will spare his listeners, and by so much redeem himself from the category of bores.

But, in fact, Disraeli's synthesis of a bore is imperfect in more

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than one respect. Infinitely more hurtful than the man of one idea is he who is ready, through want of definite occupation, to dabble with any subject under the sun, to ask questions without the faintest purpose of putting the answers to any practical use, and to skip from one topic to another, as if in equal dread of letting his victim escape and of being himself condemned to a few minutes' silence. Steele struck far nearer the mark, long before bores were scientifically classified, when he described idleness as the fountain of this kind of torment; and for every fellow who could afford to be idle in Steele's day there are hundreds in that condition now. He began No. 43 of the *Spectator* with these wise words:

> There are Crowds of Men whose great Misfortune it is that they were not bound to Mechanic Arts or Trades, it being absolutely necessary for them to be led by some continual Task or Employment. Those are such as we commonly call dull Fellows: Persons who, for want of something to do, out of a certain Vacancy of Thought, rather than curiosity, are ever meddling with things for which they are unfit. . . . You may observe the Turn of their Minds tends only to Novelty, and not Satisfaction in anything. It would be Disappointment to them to come to Certainty in anything, for that would gravel them and put an end to their Enquiries, which dull Fellows do not make for Information, but for Exercise.

It would be difficult, even after nearly two centuries of later experience, to put in so few sentences a clearer description of a bore. Is it not just such a one against whom you must be prepared when dining at your club, after a long day's work? You have ensconced yourself at a snug little table alone, and have read two or three pages of a lively article in—say the *Nineteenth Century*, when the fatal 'Hullo!' sounds in the air above you. That is the invariable battle-cry of the bore, betokening his presence as surely as the warning hiss does the rattlesnake, and exasperating from its mingled tone of surprise and jocularity. You do not appreciate being greeted as a startling phenomenon, nor are you conscious of anything in your appearance to suggest facetious ideas. It is on the tip of your tongue to say, 'My name is *not* Hullo, sir, but Binks,' but that would only make matters worse.

'Hullo! Binks,' your tormentor goes on, 'who'd have thought of seeing *you* here! I say, have you heard the latest about Tom Hargrove and the little widow, eh?'

You give a hypocritical nod, raise your eyebrows, and shrug your shoulders significantly, cherishing a feeble hope that these symptoms of intelligence will give the wretch to understand that you are well posted in all the details of this bit of scandal. May Heaven forgive you! you know little, and care less, about Tom Hargrove; are equally uninformed and indifferent about his relations with widows, little or big; and you are pining to return to your *Nineteenth Century*. Meanwhile the club bore, with legs astride, bending over you, supported by his hands planted on your table, is sweeping the horizon of the

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dining-room with keen eye, to see if there is any victim more meet for sacrifice than yourself. There happens to be no ram caught in the thicket, so he concentrates himself upon you.

'That was a nice show up about the bracelet—eh?' he proceeds. 'It was, indeed,' you reply, with a sickly smile, for you feel how your frail defence will shortly crumble away under concentrated fire.

'You heard the true story about it, of course?' he persists. A lie trembles on your lip: if ever a lie were pardonable it were now, to avert impending calamity. But *will* it avert it? Even if you succeed in simulating thorough familiarity with all the ins and outs —the first, second, and all the succeeding editions of the story of Tom Hargrove and the widow—the bore will produce another tale from his fardel, and, after piling lie upon lie, your ultimate fate is inevitable: you will be condemned to a lingering captivity. The foe marks your hesitation, and, master-spirit that he is, seizes his opportunity.

'Waiter,' he cries, pointing to a vacant table next to yours, 'bring my dinner beside Mr. Binks.' *Quid multa?* Why dwell on the harrowing details of your surrender and sack? You shut your Review with a suppressed sigh, and assume a fraudulent air of conviviality towards the ruthless conqueror. It is vain to cherish schemes of retaliation. France may nurse her fury by dreams of recapturing Alsace and Lorraine; Irishmen, at least some of them, may put up with the injustice of being less heavily taxed than Englishmen, because they believe that the day is at hand when they will have a Government of their own to lay greater burdens upon them. But for you there is no sweet prospect of revenge, for the club bore is invulnerable in triple brass. You can only sigh for the scheme set forth in the *Spectator*, under which your tyrant might have been tied to some handicraft—if unhealthy, so much the greater gain—and so have been denied the loitering and leisure in which bores are generated. Like the rest of the dangerous classes, bores divide themselves into two groups—positive and negative—and the club bore clearly belongs to the former. It is far the more formidable, just as the ruffian who batters his wife's head and puts his baby in the water-butt is a beast more to be feared than he who merely neglects to support his family; but precautions have to be taken against both kinds. The definition, however, of negative bores implies more subtle analysis than suffices for the positive sort. Human judgment, distorted by suffering, is not always to be relied on in this matter. Oliver Wendell Holmes is not only too sweeping in the assertion he puts into the mouth of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, that 'all men are bores except when you want them,' but he overlooks therein the radical objectivity of the bore. There are times, of course, with all of us when we would fain be apart, when we prefer to dispense with the society of almost every one else. Again,

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there are times when we desire intercourse with one or more chosen ones, and the presence of others is distinctly superfluous. The lover, for instance, will say in his haste that all men are bores who spoil a *tête-à-tête*. A man's mood or circumstances, in short, may be such that the unwelcome presence of any other individual may be a subjective bore to him, quite independently of the inherent objective qualities of that individual, whom to class as a bore would be manifestly unphilosophic, and probably unjust.

It would be wrong to imagine, because the people of the eighteenth century failed to coin a word to express the bore, that therefore he was not well known to them. The race existed in considerable numbers and of prodigious dimensions. Dr. Johnson was redeemed only by his love of occasional and prolonged seclusion from figuring in this category; indeed his passion for argument, of all forms of conversation the most wearisome, makes it almost impossible to exclude him from the list. Loud, rude, and impatient, if people got the better of him in dispute he insulted them; if he overcame them he turned them into ridicule. No one was better able to pronounce judgment on a man's social qualities than Horace Walpole.

> The more (he says) one hears of Johnson, the more preposterous assemblage he appears of strong common sense, of the lowest bigotry and prejudices, of pride, brutality, fretfulness, and vanity.

What reconciled ordinary people to being in company with a man of so many forbidding attributes was the prospect of amusement in seeing others ground to powder. Sometimes the punishment was no more than just, as when a pert young fellow asked Johnson, 'What would you give, old gentleman, to be as young and sprightly as I am?' 'Why, sir,' was the thunderous reply, 'I would almost be content to be as foolish.' But at other times he would turn and rend inoffensive bystanders. This was to be something more than a bore: it was dangerous, and wearied out his best friends—those of them at least who, like Mrs. Thrale, had any independence of character. One can only wonder that they endured him so long, partly out of pity for his physical infirmity and poverty, and partly, no doubt, because the man cannot have been destitute of charm who could write as follows:

> To let friendship die away by negligence certainly is not wise: it is voluntarily to throw away one of the greatest comforts of this weary pilgrimage, of which, when it is, as it must be, taken finally away, he that travels on alone will wonder how his esteem can be so little.[1]

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[1] Were there nothing else recorded of Dr. Johnson than what he did on waking one morning to find himself speechless and crippled by a stroke of paralysis, there were enough to command reverence for a mind which sometimes shone obscurely through a clumsy mortal envelope. Supremely anxious lest the calamity which he

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But if Johnson, in virtue of his work and forceful mind, be acquitted, what can be said to prevent his chronicler Boswell being deemed the very worst of bores? Restless, garrulous, flippant, inquisitive, drunken, he has written his character so large in his own hand, that Walpole's evidence is almost superfluous. Yet Walpole has, with infinitely dexterous touch, given such a vivid picture of an incident in his house in Arlington Street that it is hard to refrain from quotation:

> Boswell, that quintessence of busybodies, called on me last week, and was let in, which he should not have been could I have foreseen it. After tapping many topics, to which I made as dry answers as an unbribed oracle, he vented his errand: 'Had I seen Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*?' I said, slightly, 'No, not yet;' and so overlaid his whole impertinence.

There is nothing wanting here to the letter-writer's art. Slightly as it is sketched, many pages of manuscript could have added nothing to our comprehension of the scene. We can see the pale, dark-eyed, frail Horace receive with icy courtesy the rubicund, fussy tattler, parry innumerable questions, assent to the patter of commonplace, and betray impatience by no more than the nervous fingering of an ivory paper-knife on the table beside him.

It avails not to multiply instances of distinction attained in this walk. Jemmie Boswell may be taken as the typical, the standard bore, by comparison with whom every other may be tested. For just as early in the history of human culture the Ionian school produced men of a range and scope of intellect that has never since been surpassed, so, almost before English society was conscious of the danger to which it was exposed, Boswell blazed upon it—precocious, invulnerable, complete in all the attributes of the bore—the father of the modern race.

So much, and perhaps over-much, on the historical part of the subject; now for what concerns us more nearly—the present distribution and armament of the race, and the condition of our defences against them.

felt had visited his body should also have impaired his intellect, he tested it by putting the silent prayer that sprang to his lips into Latin verse:

> 'Summe Pater! quodcunque tuum de corpore numen
> Hoc statuat, precibus Christus adesse velit.
> Ingenio parcas, nec sit mihi culpa rogasse,
> Quâ solum potero parte placere tibi.'

Of which the spirit may be thus rendered:

> Great Sire! by whatso'er decree
> Has come the blow Thy servant bears,
> Although his lips must silent be,
> May Christ lend audience to his prayers.
> Yet spare his intellect, O Lord!
> Nor deem it pride that prompts the vow,
> For by that part Thou art adored,
> And shalt be evermore as now.

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Negative bores are, strangely enough, to be most surely found in literary circles. It might have been expected that this form of culture would prove the most certain to purge a man of self-consciousness. The ocean of literature is so vast and so profound, it reaches towards such a distant horizon, that he whose business it is to contribute to it must surely be penetrated with the sense of his own insignificance. It is not so, as daily experience must prove, and it may easily be seen that the smaller the bucket to be discharged, the weightier the writer's sense of his own importance. No man was ever freer from self-assertion than Sir Walter Scott, though he laid broader foundations for it than most moderns. See how shrewdly he touched, how gently he condoned, the foible of a smaller confrère, in a letter to Lady Abercorn:

> I am not surprised that Tom Campbell disappointed your expectations in society. To a mind peculiarly irritable, and galled, I fear, by the consciousness of narrow circumstances, there is added a want of acquaintance with the usual intercourse of the world, which, like many other things, can only be acquired at an early period of life. Besides, I have always remarked that literary people think themselves obliged to take somewhat of a constrained and affected turn in conversation, seeming to consider themselves as less a part of the company than something which the rest were come to see and wonder at.

This is a good illustration of the negative bore—the person to whom society is anxious to show consideration proportioned to his attainments, yet who is exacting and suspicious lest he receive less than he believes his due. Nothing, it is feared, can be done to this sort in the present; prayer and fasting on the part of others avail nothing, and it is of his nature that the culprit cannot be got to pray and fast for his own shortcomings, though very likely he sits permanently in sackcloth and ashes on account of the perverse generation with whom his lot his cast. Nevertheless, something may be done to protect and purify generations yet unborn, and it is clearly a noble part to exert our understanding for them. Children should be trained from tender years in that cardinal maxim of whist which has been embodied in the execrable rhyme:

> Regard your hand as to your partner's joined
> And play, not one alone, but both combined.

The bad whist-player who cannot be got to understand that he has to play, not thirteen, but twenty-six cards, is the exact counterpart of the individual whose thoughts cannot detach themselves from the colouring of his own pursuits or circumstances. Ariosto Petrarch Villon Jones has achieved some success in verse; his satchel of sonnets, neatly printed on rough paper with preposterously ragged edges, furnished with a title-page of archaic design and a frontispiece representing the Lothely Ladye in her most abandoned mood, has touched the rare distinction of a third edition. The flowing tide is with him; he is one of the lions of the hour, and no one could complain though he should mildly roar. But, however conscious of, and, as

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it may be hoped, grateful he may be for the attention paid to him, it is distinctly a blunder when Mr. A. P. V. Jones thinks it safe or in good taste to neglect all the ordinary means of sweetening intercourse with his fellow creatures. Sonnets are, after all, pretty well caviare to the general, and caviare, too, of a kind with which the market is at present rather over- than under-stocked; it is on ordinary men and women whom we must all, even if we are gifted poets, rely as travelling companions, and if they come to look upon the gifted poet as a bore he will be apt to find his earthly sojourn become a trifle solitary. People may continue to buy his books, but they won't put up with Mr. A. P. V. Jones at any price—least of all at his own. The poet's stock-in-trade is his imagination; it is strange how often defects in that faculty prevent him from seeing into the minds of other people—of playing his own hand to suit theirs. The poet's boast is his culture, but true culture is that which reckons with the souls of others as clearly as with one's own. It is imperfect imagination and culture which give Mr. A. P. V. Jones and his sort that dissatisfied, peevish mien which, although hostesses are pleased to receive them at their entertainments, makes men prefer to keep out of their path—makes them bores, in short. Minds of the first order are quick with all-embracing sympathy, but those of inferior ranks are too likely to be tainted with self-consciousness. He who has either touched fame or preserved his obscurity may hold popular applause at its right value; but it often intoxicates one who has attained no more than distinction, and deprives him of common sense.

There is no more common manifestation of the bore than the way some people talk of their bodily ailments. Everybody with a disorder must be painfully conscious of it; there need be no doubt about that. An ordinary cold in the head is probably the uppermost idea in the mind of him afflicted by it, just as the exquisite rhythm of his own sonnets is ever the ruling reflection in that of Mr. A. P. V. Jones. All the more pressing is the duty of marshalling one's ideas before offering them to the notice of an acquaintance. A sensitive person will do so instinctively—from delicacy of perception, a sensible one consciously—from a rational desire to please. Both will be influenced by a thought which might be put thus into words: 'Of what *possible* greater concern can my catarrh be to So-and-so than the million and odd other catarrhs now being endured by the people of these islands?' Unhappily there are many persons neither sensitive nor sensible, and these be the very people out of which bores are fashioned; there is nothing commoner than to meet people anxious to dwell at great length on all the phases of their disorders. There comes to mind a certain lady, who, not very many years ago, was of the sort a man might well be content to take a very long journey and endure much inconvenience to have the privilege of seeing. Her eyes were tender and 'deeply, darkly, beautifully blue;' her complexion a divine

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amalgam of ivory and rose; her laughter so low and soft one didn't know what to do; and her talk was that mixture of sentiment and persiflage which sways more minds than all the prosings of the schools. Time has laid its finger gently on this lady's charms—her cheeks are not hollow, her eyes not faded, the accents are the same; but the aches and pains which visit her fair frame have become the staple of her confidence; one wearies in listening to moans about the obstinacy of ailments and the futility of treatment: not to meet her would the long journey now be taken, but rather to escape the charm of taking her to dinner. She has, in short, become a perfect bore.

It is rather odd that this infirmity should have escaped Molière's keen perception when he penned the amusing comedy-ballet *Les Fâcheux*. His country was a full century in advance of ours in experience of the good and ill of civilisation; he not only anticipated us by two centuries in devising the term *fâcheux* to express what we mean by a bore,[2] but he has collected into one short piece a very comprehensive assortment of different kinds. Some of the types are immortal—Alcidor, for instance, who bustles into the playhouse and, fixing on Eraste, who is only putting off the time before a rendezvous with Orphise, talks louder than the actors and explains the plot in advance.

> Tu n'as pas vu ceci, Marquis? Ah, Dieu me damne!
> Je le trouve assez drôle, et je ne suis pas âne:
> Je sais par quelles lois un ouvrage est parfait,
> Et Corneille me vient lire tout ce qu'il fait.
> Là-dessus de la pièce il m'a fait un sommaire,
> Scène à scène averti de ce qui s'alloit faire,
> Et jusques à des vers qu'il en savoit par cœur
> Il me les récitoit tout haut avant l'acteur.

Lisandre, perpetually singing and tripping his last new *coranto*, is one of Disraeli's ideal bores—the man of one subject; Alcippe we know, with his interminable explanation of disputed card play; Caritides the pedant, and Dorant the hunting bore—all these are good enough. But Molière fails in scientific analysis in the same way that Oliver Holmes failed in his comprehensive definition. Alcandre, who interferes with Eraste's *tête-à-tête* by asking him to carry a challenge, is unfairly classed among the *fâcheux*; he is at most only an instance of a subjective and temporary bore; and as for the valet, La Montagne, he is no more of a bore than Sam Weller, and not half as much so as the sententious Sancho. The philosophy is delightful with which he soothes his master, ruffled by an encounter with the odious Alcidor:

[2] How much the want of a convenient term was felt in English may be seen in a translation of Cardinal Richelieu's *L'Art de plaire dans la Conversation*, published in London in 1722. The French and English versions are printed side by side, and on p. 95 the sentence, 'Quoi! vous pouvez excuser ces fâcheux,' &c., is translated 'You can then excuse these Troublesomes,' &c.

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Le ciel veut qu'ici bas chacun ait ses fâcheux,
Et les hommes seroient sans cela trop heureux.

There is another mischance incident to human life which, though it be necessary to allude to it sometimes, is much more commonly dwelt upon by sufferers than there is any need for. It is usually called poverty, but really consists in no more than the necessity of denying oneself certain pleasant but superfluous luxuries. It would, of course, be a very fine world if every one were able to keep two pairs of carriage-horses and a good cook; but it is a great mistake for any one to suppose that, so long as he can keep a roof over his head and a coat on his back, it is a matter of the slightest interest to anybody else—anybody, that is, whose regard is worth retaining—whether his income be 500*l.* a year, or 5,000*l.*, or 50,000*l.* It is just as ill-advised to make the smallness of your means a topic of conversation as the affluence of them. This is specially the case in this country, where we are sadly deficient in the graces of expression. It is necessary of course, sometimes, though not half so often as is supposed, to mention one's inability to incur such and such expense. You happen to speak anxiously in the presence of a friend about your wife's health.

'My dear fellow,' he says earnestly, 'you ought to take that in time. Chests are not to be trifled with, especially in these days of influenza. Take her away at once, and, if you will follow my advice, let it be to take a villa there for the winter, and you'll never repent it.'

'Oh, it's all very well for *you* to give advice,' you reply with a mien of virtuous austerity, 'but *I* can't afford it, you know. Why, look here, my rents are down five-and-twenty or thirty per cent. (that comes off free income, mind), I have three boys at school, and then there's the governess at home,' &c. &c. If your friend is well-bred and sympathetic you will very likely be tempted to enter at some length upon your misfortunes, but none the less will he be bored with you. This is essentially a moment to

Give thy thoughts no tongue
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.

It sounds heartless to say so, but men are impatient with poor acquaintances, not because of their narrow fortune, not because they apprehend appeals to their liberality, but simply because the story is ungracefully told. Plenty of people are poor and yet not bores, because they can bear and even talk of their poverty without wearying others, just as there are sweet old men with whom to be is a delight as great as the burden of being with others. It is the way the mantle is carried, not its texture or trimming, that makes the wearer look knightly or beggarly. The truth is, we English-speaking people have not the gift to trick out harsh truth in lightsome phrase. They possess that art in Naples. Children of the sun and

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sea-breeze, needy and mendacious more than the populace of most towns, they can tell the truth about their narrow means more poetically than any others. There are no milk-carts in Naples, the cows and goats are driven in each day from the country and milked at the house-doors of customers. It often happens that a poor housewife has not the needful coppers to pay for the day's supply; *passa la vacca*—let the cow pass on—is then the word; and *passa la vacca* has become a well-understood metaphor among all classes for 'I can't afford it.' Such a phrase has a reflex effect upon him who utters it; he is snapping his fingers at untoward circumstance; there is a lordly nonchalance in his tone as different as can be from the beggar's whine. Yet when begging is his occasion none understands it better than the Neapolitan.

Verbal expression—spoken intercourse between a man and his fellows—is sure to degenerate without watchful culture. The English tongue, though inferior in harmony to some continental languages, is pliant and melodious enough to bring minds into very intimate communion, but it must not be carelessly used, and it will not stand pranks being played with it. There are some people who think it engaging, or once thought it so, and have contracted a horrible habit to mispronounce words. You know by experience the vocables which they are accustomed to torture, and you wince at what is coming. Such people may be expected to talk of 'mutting' for 'mutton,' 'homblibus' for 'omnibus,' and so on. You are certain that when they leave you they will say 'addoo' for *adieu*, or *eau reservoir* for *au revoir*. It is a very contagious trick, this kind of linguistic grimace, and it is just as offensive to warp words, which are indeed holy things, as if one should be perpetually screwing up the nose or putting out the tongue. Condillac knew how easily the edge of speech is blunted, and declared, in seeming paradox, that by studying to speak accurately one acquired the habit of thinking rightly.

Well, we have passed in review a few who have taken service in the great army of bores; we have sorted them roughly into combatant and non-combatant ranks, noting the various uniforms by which they may be identified, and, taking account in an unprofessional way of their armament, have come to the somewhat Hibernian conclusion that the best way to encounter them is to keep out of their way altogether. It is certain you cannot meet them on equal terms: you may be as intrepid and agile as Lobengula's crack impis: the assegais of your wit may be of perfect edge and temper; but you have no armour that will protect you from the merciless fire of their Maxim guns. Study to keep out of range. 'How can I do that, Mr. Philosopher?' complains one; 'my *wife* is the greatest bore I know.'

'Is she indeed, sir? Then you have no one but yourself to blame. It is your own fault.'

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'Oh, but I assure you that is not so. When I married her, twenty years ago, she was the sweetest and brightest girl in the country, and so sympathetic.'

'Precisely; she sympathised with all your projects, listened to all your long stories, gave up all her own little schemes; and how did you requite her? You were rude to some of her old friends because they did not happen to suit you; you sulked because she said long walks round the home farm tired her; and music being her ruling passion, you told her you would not have those greasy, long-haired fiddler fellows in your house any more. Morning callers are not, as a class, a very lively lot, yet day after day you left her to receive them, while you went off to your club, or your House of Commons, or your match at Lord's. Poor thing, she played her hand to yours as long as the cards held out, but you would not respond: it is not her fault if the rubber ends in failure. What united strength you might have shown if you had bestowed a thought upon the suits in which she was strong, and been at half the pains to draw them out which she was at to support you! It is *you* that have made her a bore, by neglecting or repressing every independent idea she possessed. Bores are made, not born; and if a man finds his wife a bore, rely upon it she is one of his own creation.'

There remains one other variety of bore to be alluded to, and it is one that peculiarly abounds in, if indeed it be not the product of, the present day. This is the earnest-eyed, intense being whose normal mood is to ordinary human nature what Mr. Burne-Jones's dingy-lipped, jointless maidens are to the glorious women whom the Venetian painters loved to limn. It exists of both sexes, and may be known by its talk, though capable of sustained spells of studied silence. This talk is at once confident and plaintive, reproachful and consciously meek, enigmatic and surpassingly simple. On the whole, it wears a mournful, inquiring, rather languid air; it is intended to give the impression that the talker is always in quest of the hidden meaning of everyday aspects—a kind of mental pin-hunting; but when least expected it wakes up and pours forth its soul with astonishing earnestness on such subjects as affinity, thought-reading, art (of the post-præ-Raphaelite school), and poetry (of the fleshly school). It is not easily moved to laughter, except by what it sees ludicrous in the Christian religion, and then it is not laughter of a nice sort, not such as it does one good to hear among young people. For, strange to say, this class of bores consists as yet mainly of people comparatively young. You shall find them in the best houses—at least in houses where the cookery is of the best; for, loftily as these superior beings stand towards material pleasures, there is a notable vein of sensuousness through them all.

This is, of all others, the most irredeemable kind of bore. How

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can one put up with a creature that is continually posing as one of a select school, who never for a single instant forgets that he has a part to play, or lets you forget how immeasurably you are his inferior? What! the world is old, but is it to learn not to laugh? Is any human being helped through his troubles by others refusing to be frankly grateful for what beauty is around them and what mirth may be had? Are these yearning, discontented souls to sit like spectres at our board, shaming us out of the belief that it is good to be young, strong, healthy, happy, and hungry; that wisdom and dainty pleasure died with the invention of return-tickets; and that all that can be saved is reserved to a handful of sad-eyed, sallow-cheeked disciples of Schopenhauer? No: our course is clear: rather than suffer this posing handful of modern bores to interrupt one ray the blessed sun may shed across our path, we will accept and glory in the damaging title of Philistine; we will even run the risk of some prophet arising to revile us as 'Dead-Sea apes.'

HERBERT MAXWELL.

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MOHAMMEDANISM AND CHRISTIANITY

It is at first a strange, but a decidedly pleasant, sensation whe we live in the midst of a Turkish population to find how, on a ordinary subjects, their feelings are our feelings, and their though our thoughts, and their motives our motives. They are doing wha is right and what is wrong very much as we do. They are satisfie with themselves and ashamed of themselves just as we are.

When they speak about religion, which they do rarely, they wi speak of God just as we do, as the Lord and Governor of the universe as just and righteous, yet always merciful; and they will act as they were strongly convinced that virtue will be rewarded and vic punished either in this life or in the life to come. They have a ver strict regard for truth, and will respond to our confidence by equa confidence. Are these, then, the Turks, infidels and heretics, we as ourselves, for whom we used to pray? 'Is their religion false whi ours is true, is their morality corrupt while ours is pure?

Their customs and social habits are no doubt different from our but they hardly ever become obtrusive or offensive to others. If the life under its good and its evil aspects may be taken as the result their religion, we shall have to confess that these Turks and infide and heretics really excel us on several very important points. Th most important is that of sobriety. There is no force used to pre vent drinking; and I am sorry to say that the upper classes, whic everywhere abound in black sheep, are certainly no longer total ab stainers. But the middle and lower classes are 'free, and yet sober If it is true, as a well-known English Judge declared, that nearly all ou crimes can be traced back to drunkenness, how can we help regrettin that our religion and our clergy should not have been able to exercis the same salutary influence on the people as the Korán and th Ulemahs! How can we help wishing that they would teach us hov to produce the same results in Christendom which they have pro duced during the 1,273 years that their religion has existed and ha quickened the most torpid and lifeless parts of the world!

There is another point on which it is more difficult for stranger to form a decided opinion, but, if I may trust my Turkish friends, no Turkish Mohammedan woman leads an openly immoral life. Certainly such sights as may be seen in many European capitals are not to be

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seen at Constantinople. If the Mohammedan religion can produce two such results—and it seems hardly honest to ascribe all that is good in Mohammedan countries to other causes, such as climate or blood, and not to their religion—if it can cure these two cancers that are eating into the flesh of our modern society, drunkenness and immorality, it would seem to deserve a higher regard and a more careful examination than it has generally received from us. With us the feeling of the multitude about Mohammed and Islam is still much the same as it was at the time of the Crusades and during the Middle Ages, though of late several weighty voices have been raised against the ignorant condemnation both of the Prophet and of his religion. Carlyle's essay on Mohammed, and Mr. Bosworth Smith's excellent work *Mohammed and Mohammedanism* have powerfully influenced public opinion. The old feeling of hostility against Islam was in its origin political rather than religious. Europe has never forgotten the cruelties perpetrated both in Asia and Europe by Mohammedan armies recruited not only from Arabia but from Mongolia and Tartary, and their violent invasion of the East and West of Europe still rankles in the hearts of many. Everything was believed of the armies of the Mahound, and in modern times the unspeakable atrocities in Bulgaria have revived the slumbering feelings of hatred among the great masses in Europe.

Still it was not always so, particularly in England, when 300 years ago it was for the first time brought into political relations with the Turkish Empire. There were periods in the history of England when the feeling towards Islam was more than tolerant. Queen Elizabeth, when arranging a treaty with Sultan Murad Khan, states that Protestants and Mohammedans alike are haters of idolatry, and that she is the defender of the faith against those who have falsely usurped the name of Christ.[1] Her ambassador was still more outspoken, for he wrote on the 9th of November, 1587, 'Since God alone protects His own, He will so punish these idolaters (the Spaniards) through us, that they who survive will be converted by their example to worship with us the true God, and you, fighting for this glory, will heap up victory and all other good things.' The same sentiments were expressed on the part of the Sublime Porte, by Sinan Pashah, who about the same time told the Roman ambassador that to be good Musulmans all that was wanting to the English was that they should raise a finger and pronounce the Eshed, or Confession of Faith.[2] The real differences between Islam and Christianity were considered so small by the Mohammedans themselves that at a later time we find another Turkish ambassador, Ahmed Rasmi Effendi, assuring Frederick the Great that they considered Protestants as Mohammedans in disguise.[3]

[1] *Hist. Review*, July, 1893, p. 480.
[2] *Loc. cit.* p. 430.
[3] *New Review*, 1893, p. 49.

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As for the atrocities charged against Mohammedan armies, it is for the historian to clear up this matter, and to find out whether the armies of the Sultan have really been the only armies guilty of committing atrocities in war. Even during the more recent Bulgarian troubles American missionaries who were eye-witnesses assure us that the atrocities committed by Turkish Bashibazuks were not greater than those committed by Christian armies when the day of victory and revenge had come. But, whatever the historical truth may be, no student of the history of religion, no reader of the Korán, would venture to say that the atrocities of Mohammedan warfare were sanctioned by the Korán. On that point, on teaching clemency towards the vanquished, the Korán is not behind the Old Testament or the Laws of Manu. If it had not been for the political part which the followers of Mohammed acted in the history of the world, their religion as taught in the Korán would have been, or at all events ought to have been, welcomed as a friend and ally both by Christians and by Jews. It was not at first a new or hostile religion; it was, as Mohammed declared himself, the old religion of Abraham, preached to the ignorant and idolatrous tribes of Arabia. Long before the time of Mohammed, Arabia was full of Jews and Christians. Gibbon speaks of Jews settled in Arabia 700 years before Mohammed, and he mentions new arrivals after the wars of Titus. As to Christianity, we know from Philostorgius [4] that in the year 342 an Italian bishop Theophilus was sent by the Emperor Constantius to the King of Yemen, and was allowed to build three Christian churches, one at Zafar, another at Adan, and a third at Hormuz on the Persian Gulf. The same writer speaks of the city of Najran in Yemen as the seat of a Christian bishop, and affirms that some important tribes had been converted there to Christianity. There was a magnificent church at Sana, to which the Arabs were ordered to go by the Christian ruler of Abyssinia when performing their pilgrimage, instead of visiting the Ka'ba. This led to the famous War of the Elephant in the very year of Mohammed's birth, so called because the Viceroy of Egypt, at the head of an army of Abyssinians, was fighting mounted on an elephant. Mohammed's immediate instructors in Christianity were Jabr and Yasâr, and they are said to have read to him both the Old and the New Testament. Nor is this all. The Prophet's favourite wife Khadijah and her cousin Waraka, the Prophet's intimate friend, were both suspected of having embraced Christianity. They were, at all events, acquainted with Christian doctrines. Among the Prophet's numerous wives we find a Jewess and a Coptic Christian. Among his advisers we meet with the name of a Christian monk called Sergius, in Arabic Boheira (Buhairah). No historian, therefore, can doubt that Mohammed was acquainted with Judaism and Christianity, and must have been influenced by

[4] *Hist. Eccles.*, l. 3.

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them—nay, that he was favourably disposed towards them, more particularly in his strong antagonism to idolatry and polytheism. For a time it might indeed have seemed as if Mohammed was but the founder of a new Jewish or Christian sect. Not only did he distinctly represent the religion which he preached as the old religion of Abraham, but he spoke of the Old and New Testaments as the Word of God, and he spoke of Jesus in even higher terms than of Abraham. All he wished to do at first was to explain much of what was hidden of the Book[5] and to remove the false opinions entertained of Christ. Unfortunately the form in which Christianity reached him was most corrupt, and offended him by the perverted doctrine of the Trinity even more than it had offended the Jews. He accepted the Gospel as the revelation of God, and Jesus as the true prophet of God, but he wished to see Christianity purified and freed from later corruptions. Christian theologians of the narrowest school have admitted this, and even the Rev. Marcus Dodds, now in the full odour of orthodoxy, declares that, if Mohammed had but known the true character of Christ, 'Christianity would have had one more reformer.' There is, of course, no evidence for saying that Mohammed ever was a Christian, but he might have been, except for the corruptions which had crept into Christianity through the most ignorant of Christian sects. Mohammed's feelings at first were evidently more friendly towards the Christians than towards the Jews. He declares that both Jews and Christians will be saved if they do what is right. 'Verily,' he says,[6] 'those who believe and those who are Jews, and the Sabæans and the Christians, whosoever believes in God and the last day, and does what is right, there is no fear for them, nor shall they grieve.' But, he adds,[7] 'Thou wilt surely find that the strongest in the enmity against those who believe are the Jews and the idolaters, and thou wilt find the nearest in love to those who believe to be those who say, "We are Christians;" that is because there are amongst them priests and monks, and because they are not proud.' It was the false doctrine of the Trinity, as taught at the time by certain Christian sects with whom Mohammed had to deal, that most strongly repelled him from Christianity. 'They misbelieve,' he says,[8] 'who say, Verily, God is the Messiah, the son of Mary, but the Messiah said, O children of Israel, worship God, my Lord and your Lord.' A prophet who had abolished Al-Lât, Al-'Uzza, Manât, and the other goddesses of Arabia, was naturally horrified at seeing Mary, the mother of the Messiah, worshipped in the same way as a goddess, for instance by the Collyridian Christians. After the repeated condemnations pronounced by Mohammed against what he wrongly believed to be Christianity because it happened to be the Christianity of his neighbours, missionaries have found it extremely difficult to convince his followers

[5] *Korán*, v. 18. [6] v. 73. [7] v. 85. [8] v. 78.

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that Mohammed was mistaken, and that Christ himself never taught that His mother was a goddess, that God was the Messiah or the Messiah an *alter Deus*. It is too late now to regret the misunderstanding between Mohammed and his Christian contemporaries. Many things can be prevented, but few things can be undone, and the loss which Christianity has suffered in alienating the powerful support of Mohammed in the East seems now almost impossible to repair. I felt this in every conversation which I had with enlightened Turks, and their number is by no means small. After long discussions we had generally to admit in the end that, in all the essential points of a religion, the differences between the Korán and the New Testament are very small indeed, and that but for old misunderstandings the two religions, Islam and Christianity, might have been one. In our friendly discussions my Turkish friends differed from each other on many points, for the number of sects is larger in Islam than even in Christianity; but in the end they could not resist my appeal that we should be guided in our discussions by the Korán, and by the Korán alone.

They all agreed that there were six articles of faith which all Musulmans accepted as fundamental, and as resting on the authority of the Korán: the unity of God, the existence of angels, the inspired character of certain books, the inspired character of certain prophets, the day of judgment, and the decrees of God. Some added a seventh article, a belief in the resurrection, but this is really included in the belief in a day of judgment.

On the first and most important article—i.e. the unity of Godhead—Christians, Mohammedans, and Jews are all of one mind. If certain Christian sects exposed themselves to the suspicion of recognising three Gods, I had no difficulty in proving to my Turkish friends that this was a later corruption, a mere invention of theologians and philosophers, and diametrically opposed to the true spirit of Christianity, though similar ideas might possibly not be quite extinct even at the present day among some theological schools. Nowhere has the misunderstanding of a metaphor wrought more serious mischief than in the dogmatic conclusions that were based on the simple expression of 'Son of God.' It is perfectly true that as soon as people are made to realise what Son of God would mean if it were not a metaphor, or if it were taken in a mythological not in a philosophical sense, they shrink with horror from realising the thought; still they think they may play fast and loose with the metaphorical wording, and they repeat words which they would not dare to translate into clear thought. I had to admit that on this point, on the relation between Divinity and Humanity, the language of the Korán is far more elevated and less liable to misapprehension. The Korán says 'God will create what He will; when He decreeth a thing, He only saith Be, and it is.' It would never

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tolerate even a metaphorical nativity. It may be said that 'Word of God,' a name which Mohammed, like St. John, assigns to Christ, and to Christ alone, is likewise a metaphor. So it is, but it is the most perfect metaphor, the most sublime conception of the relation between man and God, recognising God in man, and man in God; nor is it exposed to the almost inevitable misunderstandings arising from sonship. That Mohammed calls Christ the Word of God, and that he places the first man Adam above the angels, shows that he had some idea of the Logos, as conceived by Christian philosophers. Thus, when speaking of Adam the Korân calls him the vice-regent or caliph of God. God himself taught Adam the names, which means the knowledge, of all things, while the angels remained ignorant till Adam himself told them the names. Hence the angels lay prostrate before Adam. This shows how high and how true a conception Mohammed had of man and of his divine birthright which places him above all angels. With all this, Mohammed distinguished carefully between Adam and Christ, for while it is said that God breathed His spirit into Adam, Adam himself is never, like Christ, called the spirit of God (Ruhu 'llah).

On the first and fundamental article of Islam, the unity of God, I and my friends agreed that there could be no real difference of opinion between an orthodox Musulman and an orthodox Christian, and I succeeded in convincing them by historical evidence that the false opinion which the Prophet had formed of the Trinity as a disguised Tritheism was entirely due to the corrupt opinions held by Christian sects settled in Arabia in the seventh century.

Nor did we find much difficulty in arriving at an understanding about the second article, a belief in angels. It is true that this is not an essential article of faith in Christianity, still both in Christian and Jewish traditions angels (Malak) have their recognised place, and in a certain sense even a higher place than in Islam. For while in the Bible Adam is represented as a little lower than the angels, in the Korân the angels have to bow before Adam.

On the third article, however, there was naturally at first much greater difference of opinion. That there are books which may be called inspired both religions hold alike, but they differ as to the books which deserve that name. The most important point, however, is the admission of the possibility of inspiration, or of an immediate communication between the Deity and man. The Mohammedans distinguish between two kinds of inspiration. The first called *wahy zâhir*, or external inspiration, the second *wahy bâtin*, or internal inspiration. We should call the former literal, when every word and every letter were believed to have proceeded from the mouth of Gabriel; the latter general, when the Prophet was led by thought and reasoning to the perception of truth and

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enunciated it in his own words. Now it is quite possible that Christians would not allow that the Arabic words of the Korán came from the Deity, whether directly or indirectly, and my friends pointed out that many portions in the Bible also—the historical chapters, for instance—could not possibly have been spoken by Jehovah, still less by God the Father. That Christ, however, was divinely inspired no Muslim would deny, nor need any Christian deny the gift of *wahy bâtin* to Mohammed whenever his doctrines are the same as those of Christ—that is, whenever they are true.

Much the same question had to be discussed again when we came to consider the third article of the Mohammedan faith, a belief in inspired prophets. Mohammed believed in a whole class of chosen people who at all times and in all countries were meant to act as mediators between God and man. This is a most important belief, and wherever it prevails mankind is at once raised to a higher level, and brought into closer communion with the unseen world. The same belief lies at the root of Buddhism; for the Buddha Sâkyamuni is represented as but one of a class of Buddhas or enlightened beings who in different ages are to deliver mankind from sin and misery. St. Paul expressed the same thought when he said, 'God, who at sundry times in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His son.' Mohammed would have understood these words better than many Christian interpreters, for to him the Son is in the true sense the *Kalimatu 'llah*, 'the Word of God.' Mohammed took the most comprehensive views of the historical growth of the religions of the world, as far as he knew them, and it is much to his credit that he did not represent the religion which he preached himself as a new religion, but simply as the old religion believed in by Abraham, Moses and Jesus, but purified by him from misunderstandings and corruptions, particularly such as had crept into it among the Christian sects in Arabia. In this respect he did no more than what the Reformers did at a later time in Europe: he freed Christianity from human corruptions and misinterpretations. He protested against Christ being made another God, and against the Virgin being worshipped as a goddess. In Arabia the doctrine of the Trinity had been so completely misunderstood that the official formula was no longer the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, but the Father, Mary, and their Son.

In protesting against such heresy every Christian, particularly every Protestant Christian, would go hand in hand with Mohammed, nor need it be feared that Mohammed would ever usurp the place due to Christ alone. Mohammed claims to be the last, but not the greatest, of the prophets. He himself expresses greater reverence for Christ than for any other prophet. He called Him the Word of

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God, which is the highest predicate that human language can bestow, and which to Mohammed meant far more than the name of Son of God.

There remained, therefore, two articles only for our discussion: the fourth and fifth, the Day of Judgment and the Decrees of God. On the broad doctrines that there will be a day of judgment and a resurrection, I and my adversaries, or rather my friends, were able to agree without difficulty. The divergences began as usual when we came to minutiæ; but here I think I was able to convince my friends that that religion is best which says least, or says what Christ said: 'Of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only;' and again, 'What no eye hath seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by the Spirit.'

Lastly, as to the Decrees of God, or what we should call Predestination and Free Will, we find among Mohammedans the same disputes as among Christians. The fundamental principle 'that by no means can aught befall us but what God hath destined,'[9] is acknowledged by both religions, and likewise, 'Whoever doeth that which is right will have their reward with the Lord.' Any attempt to go beyond these two principles leads to barren controversy only. We are told that when Mohammed found his companions debating about fate, he was angry and his face became red to such a degree that you would say the seeds of a pomegranate had been bruised on it. And he said, 'Hath God ordered you to debate of fate? Was I sent to you for this? Your forefathers were destroyed for debating about fate and destiny. I adjure you not to argue these points.' This reminds us of the stern manner in which Buddha rebuked his companions, whenever they asked him questions which he considered as beyond the grasp of the human understanding, and it would have been well if the same rebuke could sometimes have been administered to Calvin and his disciples.

If, then, these are the six fundamental articles of the Mohammedan faith, we agreed that they would offer no excuse for a split between Islam and Christianity. Every Christian could subscribe to every one of them. The mischief begins when an attempt is made to define things which cannot be defined or to speak of them even in metaphors, which after a time are sure to be taken in a literal sense.

It has often been said that a religion must be false which teaches what the Korán teaches about a future life. I do not think so. In every religion we must make allowances for anthropomorphic imagery, nor would it be possible to describe the happiness of Paradise except in analogy with human happiness. Why, then, exclude the greatest human happiness, companionship with friends, of either sex, if sex

[9] Surah ix. 51.

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there be in the next world? Why assume the pharisaical mien of contempt for what has been our greatest blessing in this life, while yet we speak in very human imagery of the city of Holy Jerusalem, twelve thousand furlongs in length, in breadth and height, and the walls thereof one hundred and forty-four cubits, and the building of the wall of jasper and the city of pure gold, and the foundations of the wall garnished with all manner of precious stones, jasper, sapphire, chalcedony, emerald, sardonyx, sardius, chrysolite, chrysoprasus, jacinth, and amethyst. If such childish delights as that of women in certain so-called precious stones are admitted in the life to come, why should the higher joys of life be excluded from the joys of heaven? If Mohammed placed the loveliness of women above the loveliness of gold and amethyst, why should he be blamed for it? People seem to imagine that Mohammed knew no other joys of heaven, and represented Paradise as a kind of heavenly harem. Nothing can be more mistaken. In many places when he speaks of Paradise the presence of women is not even mentioned, and where they are mentioned, they are generally mentioned as wives or friends. Thus we read,[10] 'Verily the fellows of Paradise upon that day shall be employed in enjoyment, they and their wives, in shade upon thrones, reclining; therein they shall have fruits, and they shall have what they may call for, Peace, a speech from the merciful God.' Or,[11] 'For these shall enter Paradise, and shall no be wronged at all, gardens of Eden, which the Merciful has promised to his servants in the unseen; verily, this promise ever comes to pass.' Is it so very wrong, then, that saints are believed to enter Paradise with their wives, as when we read,[12] 'O my servants, enter ye into Paradise, ye and your wives, happy.'

In this and similar ways the pure happiness of the next life is described in the Korán, and if, in a few passages, not only wives but beautiful maidens also are mentioned among the joys of heaven, why should this rouse indignation? True, it shows a less spiritual conception of the life to come than a philosopher would sanction, but, however childish, there is nothing indelicate or impure in the description of the Houris.

The charge of sensuality is a very serious charge in the Western world, and it is difficult for us to make allowances for the different views on the subject among Oriental people. From our point of view, Mohammed himself would certainly be called a sensualist. He sanctioned polygamy, and he even allowed himself a larger number of wives and slaves than to his followers. Mohammedans, however, as I was informed, take a different view. They admire him for having remained for twenty-five years faithful to one wife, a wife a good deal older than himself. They consider his marrying other wives as an act of benevolence, in granting them his protection while others

[10] Surah xxxvi. 55 [11] xix. 60. [12] xliii. 62.

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were 'averse from marrying orphan women.'[13] Mohammedans look upon polygamy as a remedy of many social evils, and they are not far wrong. We must not forget that Mohammed had to give laws to barbarous and degenerate tribes, with whom a woman was no more than a chattel, carried off, like a camel or a horse, by whoever was strong enough to defy his rivals. In Arabia, as elsewhere, women were more numerous than men, and the only protection for a woman, particularly an orphan woman, was a husband. Much worse than polygamy was female slavery; still even that was better than what existed before. We must not forget that even now the slave who has become a mother has a recognised position in the family, and that her child is legitimate. They have in Turkey no young mothers who commit suicide or drown their illegitimate offspring. Though neither polygamy nor slavery can be approved, I confess that I found it hard to answer Mohammedan critics who had seen the streets and prisons of Paris and London. There are many enlightened Mohammedans who condemn polygamy and slavery. Polygamy, in fact, is dying out. Mohammed did not enjoin it, he simply tolerated it, as it was tolerated among the Jews, and carried even to excess by some of their kings, such as David and Solomon—men, we are told, after Jehovah's own heart.

In all my discussions, however, with my Turkish friends there was one point which they could not gainsay, the high ideal of human life as realised in Christ and by no other prophet. This is, and always will be, the real strength of Christianity. Christianity was not only taught, it was lived, by Christ. As judged by his own contemporaries, Mohammed was no doubt a highly estimable character. He had gained the name of *el Amîn*, the Faithful, among his people, long before he became a prophet. No breach of the law as then existing can be laid to his charge during a long life in which he made open war against the most cherished errors and prejudices of his compatriots. He devoted his life to the cause of truth and right, and to the welfare of his fellow-creatures. That he recognised the spirit of God in the spirit of truth within him stamps him at once as a true prophet; that he mistook that still small voice for the voice of the Archangel Gabriel only shows that he spoke a language which we no longer understand. The results which he achieved were very marvellous, if we consider that he was originally a poor camel-driver at Mekkah in Arabia, and that his religion extended rapidly from the rising to the setting of the sun. One thing is greatly to his credit. His followers soon ascribed to him the power of working miracles; he himself declared most strongly against all miracles, though in his case also they were clamorously demanded by an adulterous generation. And, as if foreseeing the difficulties which always arise when the thoughts and commands of one man or of one genera-

[13] Surah iv. 125.

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tion are stereotyped for all time, he left behind him these memorable words: 'I am no more than a man: when I order you anything with respect to religion, receive it; and when I order you anything about the affairs of the world, then I am nothing more than a man.' What stronger sermán can social reformers demand for the abolition of polygamy, slavery, and for other changes required by the changed circumstances of the time than these solemn words of their own wise Prophet?

F. Max Müller.

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MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS

'Une femme aimable doit avoir non-seulement les grâces extérieures, mais les grâces du cœur et des sentiments.'
MME. DE LAMBERT.

IN the fine old Tudor Hall of New Place, one wintry afternoon, there were seated round the oak logs, which glowed in the carved fireplace, a lady of middle age and her guest, a Frenchwoman well known in Paris society. Madame des Deux Mondes sat with the *Nineteenth Century* in her lap, and both mothers were discussing the 'Revolt of the Daughters' in the last number, as they waited for the return of their two girls from the ice.

'Bien spirituelle, ma chère, fine et gracieuse,' said the French lady, 'but every time I come to your wonderful country I find you occupied with something new. Now, has your charming Ida joined this army of insurgent Amazons?' 'I cannot deny that my child feels the movement like all other young women,' said the hostess; 'but what do you find so surprising in Mrs. Crackanthorpe's clever piece?'

'*Mais tout!* Everything!' rejoined the French lady. 'You know the young girl in the play says, "Lorsqu'une demoiselle est bien élevée, elle pense toujours comme sa maman," and absurd though that is, it is yet true that in France we have no question of this kind. But, forgive me, you English love to dwell upon your difficulties; is it not possible that you exaggerate the trouble?' 'I fear not,' said the other. 'It is not pretty to hear wives congratulated upon having no daughters, and there is no doubt that many of our girls are profoundly restless and dissatisfied.'

The Frenchwoman sprang to her feet: 'But the art of living, and the joy of being young, and the delight of the first experience of life! *Ah! chère madame!* how willingly would we taste of these again!' And she stretched out her arms to the clear flames.

'Our young girls seem to have forgotten how to be young in your sense,' said the Englishwoman, 'they all of them try to talk like women of mature years. You know, by the way, a brilliant Girton friend of ours who says that all might yet be well if we could only have three generations of single women.'

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'Truly you English are a wonderful people!' said Madame des Deux Mondes; 'the remedy of our young Girton friend is worthy of the *Précieuses Ridicules*. But your girls must be in a sad condition if they are not happy at home, and yet do not wish to be wives and mothers.' 'Ah, well! they are not all so advanced as that,' laughed the hostess. 'Many of our girls are the very salt of the earth, and we can still boast of our happy homes. I believe that my Ida looks upon me as her best friend, as she is certainly mine. But in very many households the girls do not seem happy themselves, nor do they apparently succeed in making those around them happy. Only yesterday I had a sad visit from an old friend, who has, at considerable cost to herself, and after much effort, won for her daughter a University training. The child is now settled at home, but she does not make herself happy. She seems to have little or no sympathy with her mother, she is not willing to share the family life, she does not seem to know what to do with her own. She complained to her mother the other day that visitors had been asked to the house, as they interfered with her plans for study. The mother, who, in my judgment, is greatly superior to the daughter, is naturally much disheartened. I wish that I could believe this to be a solitary case; but through Ida I hear the other side of the question, the troubles of many girls, and indeed they often come to consult me in their difficulties, for they know I am sympathetic.'

'You think, then, the mothers are in fault? As a French mother that interests me much,' said Madame des Deux Mondes.

'Yes and no,' returned the other. 'There are causes at work over which mothers as such can have no control. Ours is a time of transition, and all our ideas, political, social, and even religious, are being tested anew as with fire. We shall emerge, doubtless, all the stronger for the ordeal; our sons, meanwhile, are the pioneers of the new life, how should our daughters escape their share of the burden? Perhaps a more immediate cause, and one closely connected with the new social conditions, is the *new education*. We must all admit that much has been done for the higher education of women in this last generation. We have hardly yet gathered the fruits of that important movement. At present we are face to face with the undoubted fact that girls to-day have had a very different training from their mothers. The dullest girl probably has a smattering of Latin and has read and forgotten some Euclid; she, poor child, firmly believes that her mother was brought up on *Mangnall's Questions* and the *Child's Guide to Knowledge*—the result is not to edification.'

'Poor child indeed!' retorted the French lady; 'she must have a very great want of humour, for she must know very well that she could not fill her mother's place. What about the mother's skill in managing the household, gathering a pleasant society for her young

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people, arranging for the special and very different wants of each member of her family? (The art of living cannot be taught by examination papers, and it is just this that the mother has learnt and the girl has not.) In the years from eighteen to twenty-one or twenty-two we French mothers think that our daughters are learning some of the most precious lessons of their lives: how to write a letter, how to read a book, how to throw off the self-consciousness of the school-girl. Everything is new, and, while our daughters take in the larger life at every pore, they gradually gather material to form judgments, they develop their personality. These years are a true *école des femmes*. But tell me, you who are all advocates for prolonging the school life of the girl into the college life of the woman, how do you find it work? Your son when he goes to college enters the world; your daughter, by the nature of the case, can do no such thing; for her the years at college must be more or less years of cloistered seclusion. We in France are watching the experiment with the greatest interest.'

'I am not sure that I am ready with an answer,' said the English mother. 'I suppose that for the highest academic training in special subjects a college life is essential. For the average girl the experiment is still so new that we can hardly pronounce upon it. You must, however, admit that it has raised the standard of education for women all over the country.'

'Doubtless it has, and your girls ought to have been the happier for it; however, perhaps, as you say, it is too soon to draw conclusions. But, *chère madame*, all foreign mothers would say that you should do as they do, and arrange suitable marriages for your daughters.'

'That, in England, my dear friend, is quite impossible. Our mothers would bungle over it, our daughters would not suffer it, and our young men would join Lobengula sooner than be made victims.'

'I know,' said Madame des Deux Mondes, 'I know, and I can only repeat that you English are a wonderful people! But where are our own girls? should they not be home by now? You know that in England I do as the English—but——' As she spoke the door opened, and two girls entered the room. Ida, the English girl, was tall and fair, and seemed about twenty years of age; she was clad in a dress of close-fitting serge with gaiters. Marguerite, her French companion, who wore a Polish skating costume, was dark, and somewhat older, shorter, and slighter than her friend. Both girls were flushed with exercise and seemed radiant with health and happiness.

'Oh, mother!' said Ida, 'I wish you had been with us. We have had a capital time. The ice was quite first-rate, and Marguerite here showed them how to skate. It was such fun; the other girls would not believe that she was French because she skated so well, and so elegantly too, but when she made a curtsy to the squiress on saying good-bye, they had to believe. Why don't English girls make curt-

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sies I wonder? I suppose because we could never do them so wel
and she began a series of mock curtsies to her mother and Madam
des Deux Mondes. 'Our French curtsy is the result of a long tr
dition,' said Marguerite, smiling, 'you must not hope to catch it
that flippant way; but here is tea, and I must make ready!' 'O
I can't wait,' said Ida, flinging herself on to a low seat and tossing
her hat and furs. 'There will be no tea-cake, if you don't ma
haste,' she called after her friend. A few minutes later found t
little party seated round the tea-table, and Ida began again, 'Wh
have you been doing, mother?—not been out, I am afraid.'

'Well, no; we became so much interested in our discussion th
we sat on round the fire. You would be interested, too, in what we w
saying. We were talking of French and English girls, and said th
there were many promising English girls who seemed to fail to adj
themselves to their lives. How does it strike you, Marguerite?'

'I think your English girls are splendid, madame; they are
frank, and brave, and fearless, and then they are so grand to lo
upon. Does not your poet say "divinely tall"? But they are n
aimables; forgive me, but I do not find the English for that.'

'Won't adorable do?' cried Ida with a laugh.

'No, no,' said Marguerite, 'not at all.'

'You mean amiable surely,' said the hostess.

'Not at all,' said Madame des Deux Mondes; 'our *aimable* mea
being graceful in everything, with the wish to be kind to everybo
Yes,' she continued, 'with all their faults, our French girls are c
tainly *aimables*. I do not know if that is in the curriculum of Girt
but it is not in any examination paper I ever saw.'

'Well,' continued Marguerite, 'I do not think it would be possi
for a French girl to do what I saw two English girls do to-day on t
ice. Our hostess, you must know, madame, was very kind, and
had provided chairs, and a tent, and hot coffee for the skaters, b
the girls of whom I spoke called out in a loud voice to some frien
in hearing of the hostess, to come away to their lake—much bet
ice—it was getting a bore to stay any longer. Whereupon this lit
party went off. I suppose that, as girls in England are nothing
not frank, when they get bored they find it simplest to say so; b
it is not *aimable*.'

'Mais c'est mal élevé,' said Madame des Deux Mondes.

'It is very often done,' said Ida, 'but you know our English g
is like the child in the rhyme:—

> When she is good she is very *very* good,
> But when she is bad she is *horrid*.

'I wish, my dear Ida,' said her mother, 'that you would t
Madame des Deux Mondes something of what you were telling me
the grievances of your young friends.'

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'They are so many, it is difficult to select,' replied Ida. 'I had better take them by the letters of the alphabet. A told me that there was not a really useful book in the house; that she was very anxious to study history, but that her parents resolutely discouraged all attempts on her part to get the necessary books. She said that she had an allowance for her clothes, which was more than she wanted, but she had to account for this from the millinery point of view.'

'Mon Dieu!' exclaimed Madame des Deux Mondes.

'B told me,' continued Ida, 'that though there were plenty of books in the house, it was considered waste of time for her to read them. C said that her music had been given up as almost hopeless at school, but that she was now obliged to practise two hours every day, thus sacrificing most precious time. D complained that her whole heart was in painting, but that she was denied a fire in the only room in which she could find the proper light. E told me that she was very keenly interested in following a course of lessons on economics, but that she had to miss half the lessons because a proper escort could not be found for her, and she was not permitted to go alone. But this is only a selection from many stories of the kind. Then there are the girls who are not allowed to read the books they want to read, to see the plays they want to see, and, I am half ashamed to repeat it, one of them actually told me of a mother who had given her daughter a novel to read, but had pinned up the three most interesting chapters with a bonnet pin.'

'My dear child!' 'Mais c'est inouï!' exclaimed both mothers in a breath.

'Well,' said Ida, 'I did not invent the story. I was told it in a very serious way, and I was also told that when the chapters had been read the pin was replaced. But there are many other complaints coming from girls who have really become women, that they are not free to order their own lives, not free to make their own friends, or to see them when made, and that they lead a pinched and narrowed existence.

'It is passing strange,' said the French lady, 'that these difficulties do not beset us. I have heard of such cases, but I believe them to be as happily rare with us as you tell me they are unhappily common with you. And yet our girls have been until quite lately very rigidly bound by conventions.'

'But,' objected Ida, 'your girls, as a rule, do not care for serious things, do they? We here always think of them as principally concerned with dress and amusement.'

'I think I can answer you,' said Madame des Deux Mondes. 'If the training of our girls were so bad as is commonly supposed in England, how could they develop into the capable and devoted women that we find in France? Women with us count for so much. Our peasant's wife works as hard as her husband, and is often the more

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sagacious of the two. Our *bourgeoise* keeps her husband's accounts, assists him in his business, and often carries it on alone after his death. And though you English laugh at *ma mère*, the French mother holds a place in the hearts of her children that cannot be over-estimated. She makes herself the companion of her sons and her daughters in their work and in their play. Is it possible that the French mother is more *sympathique* than the English?'

'I cannot tell that, *petite mère*,' said Marguerite, 'but I know that you always manage to keep a chapter ahead of me in our class work.'

'Bravo!' shouted Ida, clapping her hands: 'a solution! Marguerite is always brilliant, and she has hit upon a remedy—that mothers should always keep a chapter ahead of their daughters.'

'Pray tell me,' said the elder French lady, 'do you find these difficulties in every class of English life?'

'I think not,' replied the hostess. 'I have some experience among London working girls, and I have often been struck at the really beautiful confidence that seems to exist between the girls and their mothers. A girl has often said to me, when speaking of her weekly wage, "Mother gives me so much," as if the mother had earned the money instead of the daughter. I find, too, that the rules made by the mothers are obeyed and, as far as I can tell, without murmur or dispute. I have found, for instance, that any scheme for entertainment involving later hours than is common would not succeed; because it would be opposed by the mothers, and the daughters would not dispute that authority.'

'Then the heart of your people is sound in this matter?' said Madame des Deux Mondes.

'I believe that it is,' said the other lady.

'It seems to me,' continued the Frenchwoman, 'from what you have told me that the difficulty is a passing one, and that it lies mainly with the class who experience a want of ease in money matters on the one hand, and on the other hand with those who have a superfluity of naughtiness. I really do not think that we need trouble ourselves with the discontents of the very rich. They probably could do better if they would. But for the struggling professional man with several children, it must often be a serious difficulty to provide his daughters, in a small, cramped home, with quiet, leisure, and opportunities for self-education. I remember how a distinguished Cambridge professor once pointed out to me the waste of space in your English houses. You have more house-room than any other nation, and you know least well how to utilise what you have. A bedroom can always be made available as a workroom, and if your girls are in earnest, they should gladly do for themselves the extra work involved in a fire and light. It seems to me to be an essential of life to be alone for some part of each day. As Sam,

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young ladies, you have most things that you can desire, though they may not be arranged quite in the way you would now wish. *Je vous donnerai pour consigne Patience et Sympathie.* You can afford to be generous, for the world is yours.'

'But what will you give to the mothers?' cried both girls together.

'Perhaps as a mother myself, I am not the best person to give myself advice,' answered she. 'I think I should say, Try to realise that your daughter of twenty-five is a woman, and keep a chapter ahead of her, as Ida says—if you can. There is, however, one suggestion I should like to make to mothers and daughters alike. When I come to England I always feel as if I were in a *Dames Seules* railway carriage with the windows up. You have Woman's world, Woman's work, work for Women, Women's newspapers and magazines, staring at you from every street corner. I believe that in America they went so far as a Women's Exhibition. But women are not a separate class, and I object to being treated as if we were Esquimaux or Hottentots. I know of good work and bad work, useful work and beautiful work, but unless for very special things I do not understand women's work. We in France have admirable social workers, artists, and writers who are women, and I am far from saying that their work has not a distinctive quality; but we do not insult them by talking of women's work. You may be sure that thus you are raising two standards, and that one of them is a false one. I know, too, that some of your most distinguished women smart under this false sentiment. No! Young ladies, if ever you do any work outside your homes, pray that, for your soul's good, it may be judged by the true standard.'

There was a moment's silence, and the two girls wandered away to the piano, where Marguerite began to sing,

> There are no girls like English girls
> So beautiful as they be.

'That was a sad little story about the novel and the bonnet pin,' said the French lady. 'O foolish daughter of a still more foolish mother! I see that your house is full of books; what do you do in this matter?'

'The great poets may be trusted,' said the English mother. 'From a little child Ida has grown up with her Shakespeare. If you can establish a real love for the great and the beautiful, you destroy the desire for the false and the morbid. And indeed is that not the art of all sound education, to promote the good rather than to forbid the bad? Most clever girls read too much, and certainly too many novels. But I have always thought that the woman of thirty was likely to get more harm from novels than the woman of eighteen. Everything, however, depends upon the character of the girl you are trying

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to guide. I think that all mothers must feel that the young should not be saddened by an abrupt introduction to the sin and sorrow of the world. That should come, naturally and gradually, and my feeling is that it should not be through novels. Still it is better to eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil in the beautiful garden of the early home, than when you are thrust out among the thorns and pitfalls of actual life. We know, alas! that the angel still stands at the gate with the sword of flame to prevent our return.'

'I am entirely with you,' said Madame des Deux Mondes, 'though perhaps in this I should be in advance of most French mothers. As to the music-hall grievance, I am not learned in your English music halls, but I have always heard that unless when some real artist appears they are very dull—*assommant*, in fact. Would you allow your Ida to go to one of these entertainments?'

'I would rather that she did not go,' said Ida's mother. 'But I would willingly take her to hear Chevalier and any other true artist sing, for they can always be heard outside the music hall. I am confident that Ida has so much trust in me that she would accept my decision and would dismiss the subject from her mind; if, however, I saw any real reluctance on her part to do so, I think I should take courage, and in the simplest words I could find I should give her my reasons. Do you remember what Rousseau makes the ideal teacher say to the little Emile when he asks an inconvenient question? That answer has always seemed to me a model of wisdom and dignity.'

'I remember!' said Madame des Deux Mondes. 'To tell the truth, I am not very much interested in the woes of girls who are forbidden to go to music halls. I have only lately been witness to a real tragedy in which a young French peasant was the heroine. You have been to our country house, and I dare say you can call to mind Antoine, our gardener.'

'Of course I can,' said the hostess. 'I always think of him as one of the types of the French peasant—a type of the French Puritan, in fact.'

'Well,' continued the Frenchwoman, 'you will remember, then, his tall, spare figure and his fine face in which austerity has carved deep lines. He and his wife, by dint of unceasing toil, have bought for themselves a little *terre*, and have laid by enough to make their old age secure and to start their children in life. There are two boys and a girl, and, by some freak of nature, the girl is richly endowed with intellectual gifts and artistic aspirations. She won every prize at school that could be won, and read every book that she could find. But her father was *dur*—dour, I think the Scotch say—and he bade the poor child "Go dig. What did a peasant woman want with books? all evil came through books;" and he thrust upon the girl a double amount of rough manual work. I wish I could describe to you the sweetness

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and forbearance of poor Jeanne; she took blame to herself that she was not her father's ideal of a daughter; she admitted her clumsiness. She rose literally with the sun to find time for her precious studies; she begged a few ends of candle for the winter evenings—the rigid economy of the cottage did not permit artificial light—she bore hard words, aye, and blows, with a dignity that was most beautiful. I did what I could for her, but that was little, and she is now a teacher in an *école communale. Tenez!*' she continued, 'do you remember in the central hall of the Luxembourg Gallery a picture of a young girl who, from utter weariness, has fallen asleep over her work in the cornfield? She is lean and brown and plain, and the great black boots which she has been too tired to take off stand out with a cruel realism from the canvas. You eel that the feet within are blistered and swollen. It is by one of the men of the new school. That girl in the picture is like my poor Jeanne, and has the same wistful look on her face.'

'The picture haunted me for days,' said the hostess; 'but, like you, I cannot rouse myself to any warmth of sympathy for the girls who must gratify every whim. After all, old age should have its privileges,' continued she, laughing, 'though we shall hardly get much comfort out of the *café chantant*. But I do entirely sympathise with your old French friend who refused to read his Balzac until he was fifty, on the ground that age should have its consolations! We cannot, of course, expect the young to take that view, but we may expect them to see that if they accept and gladly avail themselves of the advantages of society and of family life they must in return be willing to make some sacrifice of personal inclination, or else they had better join Robinson Crusoe on his island.'

'And then there is always *Vendredi*!' put in Madame des Deux Mondes.

'I had forgot Friday!' said the hostess. 'But all my heart goes out to what I suppose would be called, in the jargon of the day, the third-rate girls—the girls who are not clever, nor attractive, nor beautiful, who have no money nor the energy and initiative to make money. They do all the tiresome, unpleasant work of the world, for which the world is barely grateful to them. They indeed live upon the crumbs that fall from the tables of their happier sisters. We all know of such women, hidden away in sick rooms and barren places—lives that are swallowed up by the stronger and the more fortunate—lives that have never had a blossoming time, "never had a chance," as the saying is. Some of our discontented young London friends might here find a new and delightful occupation in bringing variety and happiness into the hearts of such as these.'

'I do indeed agree with you,' said Madame des Deux Mondes, 'and for the other difficulties with the young people, a little sympathy, and *bonne volonté*, and a sense of the humour of the thing, would save the

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situation; you know it is *pour rire*, though tragic withal. As for the larger aspects of the case, you surely need a sounder theory of education; education is not an *end* but a *means*, and an education which leaves out the end of life is not really an education at all. Perhaps you would say that this is the function of religion, and indeed our great Fénelon in his *Education des Filles* has left us a store of wise and delicate precepts. But how far we seem to have wandered from the days when education could be treated as a fine art! It is horrible to think that in many households the most that can be done is to save a collision. It is the vulgarising of family life!'

'We have to rebuild the family,' said the Englishwoman, 'on a scientific basis, and to recast the family ideal. All that we have been discussing of course hangs upon the larger question of the true function of women. So much of wise and unwise has been written and said upon that subject that silence seems the better part. For me, I am well content to let science decide. Biology and social science will determine for us. But, after all, the great thing in life is not to adventure all one's chances of happiness in the frail bark of one's own personality. The world to-day is full of new hopes, though we in England, at least, may have to pass through troubled waters before we realise them. Much in the future must depend upon our daughters, and we shall have made them happy women if we can inspire them with the hopes and prepare them to meet the troubles.'

Ida had stolen up behind her mother and had put her arms round her during the last few words. 'Mother of mine,' said she, as she leaned forward to kiss her, 'the enemy—man—has arrived and with him—dinner.' A sound of wheels was heard in the courtyard, and Marguerite looked up and smiled.

E. B. HARRISON.

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A LETTER TO THE OPIUM COMMISSION

Grand Hotel, Pau, Basses Pyrénées, France,
December 16, 1893.

My Lord,—I had intended to offer my evidence orally to the Opium Commission during its sittings in England; but unfortunately I was then confined to my bed in the Engadine by a dangerous illness, from which I am only now slowly recovering. Perhaps under the circumstances I may be permitted to give the result of my experience by letter, and it is with this object that I now have the honour of addressing your Lordship.

I should mention, in the first instance, that during all my early life I was affected by the ordinary British prejudice against opium—a prejudice which was strengthened by the perusal of De Quincey's *Confessions*; my first contact with opium consumption did not weaken this feeling when, years ago in Guiana, I used to see on the public roads Chinese beggars who, with bodies as near an approach to skeletons as is possible to the living, were represented as examples of the miserable results of opium smoking. Further experience, however, quickly brought a modification of previous beliefs. The first shock which they received was from the discovery that a Chinese whom I had occasion to see frequently—a man some thirty-five years old—was then, and said he had been for years past, in the habit of smoking daily a quantity of opium such as would probably produce eternal sleep in the unaccustomed European. And yet he appeared thoroughly healthy, while he was certainly most intelligent, active in work and assiduous in his family duties. This put me on inquiry, and as the result I found that his case was by no means exceptional, and that other men who had good characters for work were confirmed—and what would be commonly called immoderate—opium smokers. Indeed such was the costliness of the drug in the West Indies that, except by occasional good fortune in begging or gambling, it was only by hard work that men in the position of Chinese immigrants could obtain the necessary money for its purchase. And I found further that some, if not most, of these miserable beggars above referred to used opium in order to alleviate the pain of some incurable disease or to soothe the pangs of hunger engendered of physical incapacity to work on the sugar plantations.

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After an interval of some twenty years, during which I had little contact with opium consumption, on becoming Governor of Hong Kong I had a still more favourable opportunity of forming a judgment on the subject. And here I may at once reply to an objection which I anticipate as likely to be urged against my evidence. As a large portion of the revenue of the Colony of Hong Kong is raised from the license to sell opium, it will be said that my judgment is warped by a natural interest in the prosperity of the colonial Exchequer. To the reply that I am now entirely divorced from official life, it would possibly be rejoined that that was not the case when my judgment was formed. So, happily, I have a better answer—viz. that if the anti-opium enthusiasts were to succeed in their object, and the export of opium from India were to be suppressed, such a measure, however vital in its importance to the India Empire, would have no effect at all on the consumption of opium in Hong Kong. The Indian product of the poppy, being regarded as superior in flavour, is used in China as a luxury of the comparatively rich. An enormously larger proportion of the opium consumed in that Empire is the product of its own soil, and, being considerably cheaper than the imported article, is already used largely by the poorer classes in Hong Kong. If the flow of the Indian drug were stopped altogether the home product would thus inevitably fill the void, and could not be prevented doing so by any practicable legislative or executive measures. As it is, all the vigilance prompted by the powerful self-interest of the wealthy opium farmers, and assisted by the Government, cannot prevent a large amount of smuggling from the mainland of China, though an unlimited quantity of the drug can be obtained at but slightly increased cost without any of the risk thus incurred. If opium importation were prohibited and the drug could be obtained in no other way, this smuggling would inevitably receive an enormous impetus, and with Chinese interest wholly in its favour would very rarely be detected. The mainland of China surrounds Hong Kong, and approaches it closely on three sides, while numerous Islands belonging to the same Empire stud the sea on the fourth side. It will thus be readily seen how impracticable it would be in the case of an article of such small bulk to prevent the surreptitious introduction of all, or nearly all, that is required for consumption; while the attempt at prevention would certainly cause intense bitterness against our rule on the part of a people now remarkably well affected to it, involving, as it would necessarily do, the personal examination of every one of the many thousand persons who land in Hong Kong daily, coming from the mainland.

For the above reason, even if I were still Governor of Hong Kong, I should really have no interest in the question whether the export of opium from India should be permitted or not, except that which must be felt on a matter of such grave importance by any British

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subject of ordinary intelligence. Having thus, I hope, cleared the ground, I proceed to say that my experience has led me to the deliberate belief that, apart from the specially evil effects which are alleged as likely to be produced in India, the suppression of opium consumption, even if it were practicable, would be an evil rather than a good; and I have been led to this conclusion not at all *per saltum*, but by a slow process of conviction from the accumulating evidence of years.

For the consideration of the opium question, the colony of Hong Kong furnishes an object lesson the value of which could hardly be surpassed. Of its 220,000 inhabitants, some 200,000 are Chinese, and wages as compared with those of the mainland being high, they are thus enabled to indulge more freely in the habit of opium smoking. And they certainly do not fail to avail themselves of this ability. The quantity of opium sold by the opium farmer to enable him to pay so highly for his privilege (in my time $37,000 per mensem) would alone provide for a very large consumption per caput. But to this has to be added the large quantity which is notoriously smuggled from the mainland. All things considered, it is probable that the population of Hong Kong smokes more opium than any other of equal number in the world,[1] and yet, relatively to the conditions of its existence, it is extraordinarily healthy, while for activity and industry it could scarcely be surpassed. I say relatively to the conditions of its existence, because these are such as would ordinarily be held to be exceptionally deadly. In a portion of the town of Victoria under two miles in length and averaging about a quarter of a mile in breadth—an area of less than half a square mile—there live some 150,000 people. Though a considerable portion of this space is occupied by European houses tenanted not more thickly than elsewhere, and by barracks, recreation grounds, Naval Yard, &c., the Chinese houses are so crowded together that a large, probably the greater, number of them have no open spaces behind them, and have their back-walls touching one another. Only the tenants of the front rooms get any light at all from outside. Eight to ten others on each of several stories are absolutely without daylight, and without any air except what comes from a narrow passage; and yet their occupants are often so numerous that when they are lying down the floor space could hardly contain more. When it is considered that cholera and small-pox are continually being introduced by the thousands arriving daily from the main-

[1] In saying that in all probability the population of Hong Kong smoke more opium than any other of equal number in the world, I do not ignore the fact that the opium farms of the Straits Settlements sell for a higher price than that of Hong Kong. My attention was attracted to this circumstance soon after my arrival in the East, and I made inquiries in consequence. I found the cause to be the large amount of smuggling into Hong Kong, the great distance of Singapore from China rendering it incomparably more difficult there to escape the vigilance of the farmers.

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land, and by the shipping of a port which surpasses in its tonnage any other in the world (London not excluded), and that during a considerable portion of the year the heat produced by radiation from the granite is more trying than that of even higher temperatures elsewhere—such conditions, it might be supposed, would be accompanied by a very high death-rate. And yet this is only twenty-eight in a thousand,[1] and thus compares favourably with that of other tropical cities. As regards the activity and industry of the people, no intelligent observer could fail to notice it as exceptional. Save on the few holidays, an idler during the hours of daylight is a rarity; and where work is by the piece it is done with a dogged continuousness that I have never seen surpassed or even equalled elsewhere. During the years 1887–90—when extensive building operations were going on at 'The Peak,' the hill on the spurs of which the town of Victoria is built—a stream of several hundred coolies might be seen any day carrying up on their backs great loads of bricks; and though the height they had to scale, on a gradient so steep as to be quite impracticable for carriages, is from 1,200 to 1,600 feet, yet by making several trips a day they were able to work at a price which rendered competition on the part of the steam tramway quite hopeless. Even more under my personal observation were the forty servants and coolies employed about Government House—all, or nearly all, of whom were opium smokers. The work of some of these was by no means light—indeed, that of chair-coolies in the hot season was very severe—and yet it was as a rule done with remarkable alacrity and with a complete absence of incapacitating fatigue. Our experience in respect of servants was very similar to that of others; and I, at all events, am able to say that after an exceedingly varied experience of native and other servants in different parts of the world, I have never known any who so largely combined good health, willingness, activity and intelligence as these Chinese opium smokers.

But apart altogether from my personal observation, it seems to me that the general sanitary condition of the people of Hong Kong under the circumstances above described is by itself strong evidence that the habit of opium smoking is not as injurious as it is represented to be. I even think that it lends support to the theory that this consumption saves more life and health than it destroys —sufficient support to throw the onus of proof on the other side. If it is not opium, it might fairly be asked what it is that renders normally healthy a population living in conditions which would ordinarily produce exceptional mortality. This, however, is a matter of comparatively little moment; for any practical purpose the only question to be considered is not whether there is a balance of good or

[1] Since writing the above, I find that this statement from memory is over the mark, and that the correct death-rate for the last two years is twenty-two in a thousand; so that to that extent my argument is made the stronger.

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evil in the effects of opium consumption, but whether the balance of evil, if any, is sufficiently great to compensate for the unquestionable evils and risks which must inevitably attend the attempt at its suppression. The serious consequences—financial, social, and political—of such a measure in India, many of which appear obvious to the outside observer, I leave to those who, unlike myself, have personal experience of that country. I will only touch on one point, with respect to which a somewhat varied experience may possibly attach a certain weight to my opinion. I hold that, even if the growth of the poppy were brought to an end, and even if the inevitable efforts of the Chinese and others to supply the place of the home product with imported opium were to be completely frustrated, the ground which had been occupied by opium would be quickly taken by some other intoxicant.

My service in different parts of the world has given me special opportunities of observing the general tendency of mankind, savage as well as civilised, to seek the pleasure and the freedom from care to be obtained in the process of intoxication. Though the use of ardent spirits by aboriginal races is no doubt due to contact with Europeans, it is certain that in many, if not in most, cases the stronger forms of alcohol have been preceded by a native production, requiring only greater excess to be equally sense-destroying. When travelling in the interior of Guiana, I found the natives, who had little or no contact with white men, using drinks of their own manufacture, the products of cassava and the sweet potato, with which they frequently became drunken, though the point of complete intoxication was reached only after disgusting debauches lasting from twenty-four to thirty-six hours. Similarly, in the Pacific I found that the natives of all, or nearly all, the islands had their kava or their cocoanut spirit, the making of which they had learned before the coming of white men; and, speaking generally, the use of these only declined from the increased consumption of gin. If, then, the proclivity to intoxication is so strong where the maintenance of life is so easy as it is in Guiana and the Southern Pacific, how much stronger is it likely to be with the people of India and China, to whom continued existence means a struggle of such extreme severity! This consideration seems to me to render the probability extremely strong that, if the products of the poppy were suppressed, the result would be only a proportionately increased use of the various forms of alcohol which are already known to the people of the East. Such a change, I have not the slightest doubt, would be greatly for the worst. Unless to the average man excess in opium is much more injurious than excess in alcohol, it is evident that the balance of good and evil is largely in favour of the former. For the consumer of opium at worst does harm only to himself: he is quiet and inoffensive towards his neighbours, and costs the community nothing for the maintenance of order. His habit gives rise to none

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of the offences against society—the brawling, fighting, brutality and murder—which are the common accompaniments of excess in alcohol. But even as regards the consumer himself, the great majority of Europeans with experience of the Far East would, I am certain, agree with me as to the comparative harmlessness of opium. (I say nothing of Europeans in India, whose testimony the Commission will have the opportunity of hearing from themselves.)

It is, no doubt, commonly asserted in England that European opinion in the East is prejudiced by self-interest, and that the only testimony worth regarding as impartial is that of the missionaries. But as regards China there could hardly be a greater mistake. For, as a matter of fact, exceedingly few Europeans in the Far East are now interested at all in opium. Trade in the article is now almost exclusively confined to Parsees, Armenians, Hebrews and others who have been brought up and educated in the East. If there is any preponderance of prejudice, therefore, I venture to think it is on the side of the missionaries. All, or nearly all, of them go out to the East with a strong partisan spirit on the subject, and, without in the smallest degree questioning their complete *bona fides*, I am satisfied that many of them from the first look at the matter through coloured spectacles, and I regard it as only natural that they should incline to a view which so conveniently accounts for, or averts attention from, the enormous disparity between the efforts and money expended upon missionary enterprise in China and the results obtained. But for the anti-opium agitation in England it can scarcely be doubted that funds for Chinese missions would cease to flow in equal profusion, and the missionaries would scarcely be human if a knowledge of this probability did not, however unconsciously, affect their judgment. But, giving them, as I am quite willing to do, the benefit of the doubt, and supposing them to be quite impartial, I am unable to understand why men, who in other respects so frequently show themselves to have ordinary human failings, should be solely regarded as against the great majority of Europeans of Chinese experience who, like myself, are at least equally disinterested, and at least equally capable of forming a trustworthy judgment. A great preponderance of such opinion would, I know, agree with me not only as to the comparison of advantages and disadvantages between opium and alcohol, but also in the general view of the subject above expressed. This may be briefly summarised as follows, viz: that opium no doubt does harm in some few cases of inordinate excess, but to the very great majority it is, to say the least, innocent. If this be correct, the feeling which prompted a distinguished Bishop to say that he preferred an England free to an England sober, becomes specially applicable to the question of opium suppression. It would, I hold, be an act of intolerable despotism to place the least restraint on freedom in such a matter; while it would be a monstrous wrong and injustice to deprive millions of men of one

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of the few, perhaps the principal, pleasure of their very cheerless existence.

In conclusion, I wish to say that I am painfully aware that the reasons given for my opinions are by no means as strong as they might have been if I were not so completely separated as I am from books of reference, statistics and memoranda on the subject of China, as well as from all persons acquainted with the Far East. I have been compelled to trust entirely to a memory for the moment weakened by ill-health; and my statement is thus unduly defective in facts. In any case, it would have been impossible within reasonable compass to present all the innumerable incidents, information, and admissions which in the course of years have contributed to produce my conviction. I trust, however, that some weight may be given to an opinion from the mere fact of its having been formed at all by one who has had special opportunities for observation, and who, far from being naturally inclined to take the ordinary European view of native questions, has always been known, and has at times incurred much odium, for his sympathy with, and his strenuous protection of, the various subject races committed to his care.—I have, &c.,

G. W. DES VŒUX.

To the Right Hon. Lord Brassey,
President of the Opium Commission.

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ITALIAN ART AT THE NEW GALLERY

It is but natural that a world dying of old age should profess an admiration for primitive art. Self-consciousness is fascinated at last by the wayward simplicity which long since it condemned to death. If childhood is curious in the search of things unseen, senility still hankers after the fresh and impossible. Thus it was that our own Pre-Raphaelites, neglecting the wisdom of the ages, embraced the vices, and mimicked the follies, of the quattro-centists. Thus it is that the Frenchman of to-day falls in adoration before M. Puvis de Chavannes or M. Aman Jean, and roundly asserts (being inevitably logical) that he learns to draw merely that he may forget so level an accomplishment. After the practical fashion of opening her money-bags, Britain began the revolution, whereto France gives so passionate an approval. Since the ancient days of the grand tour our countrymen have eagerly purchased the works of the Primitives. Indeed, a glance at the Catalogue of the National Gallery is proof enough of the extravagant importance we attach to the early art of Italy. For one Holbein (recently acquired) we have six Pinturrichios. We have spent upon one early Raphael the sum which purchased the whole Peel collection. Nor is the national wealth absorbed in Trafalgar square: the exhibition at the New Gallery is an earnest (so to say) of the treasures, priceless and innumerable, which are hidden in the private collections of England.

Greece crowded her all too brief career of art into two generations. Italy measured some three centuries between her cradle and her grave. And though the exhibition in Regent Street stops short of the age of supreme triumph, it is none the less an amazing record of energy and taste. Moreover, it affords a far more diverse illustration of Italian art than the National Gallery, because it does not separate painting from the other crafts. In the early days of the Renaissance the painter was a craftsman, not an artist. It was his business to fill a space with an appropriate trinket rather than to create a masterpiece, which would live by its own beauty wherever it was set. And it is impossible to enter the New Gallery without recognising the simultaneous variety and unity of Italian handiwork. Whatever be the craft, the decorative instinct is unmistaken.

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Whether it be painted canvas or chiselled bronze, brocaded cope or printed page, the result is always (within limits) sumptuous and impressive. The effect of the West Gallery is an effect of unparalleled splendour. The framed pictures weave themselves into a delightful pattern. You are not tempted to disengage them one from another. They fall involuntarily into a homogeneous scheme of decoration. The long, flat panels would doubtless have a nobler aspect in the *cassone* from which they have been ripped; the Madonnas had been more wisely left, maybe, in the churches for which they were destined. But they are handsome enough as they are if you do not examine them too rigorously. Their gilt frames are a perfect enrichment; each keeps its appointed place with that mellow restraint which only centuries can give; nor does the most strident clamour for separate notice. Contrast with this sober decoration the chastest wall that ever was seen within Burlington House! There the painters, with all their knowledge and accomplishment, fight furious and red-handed for the supremacy. Even if a rare masterpiece be found in so unaccustomed a place, its neighbour is not likely to permit a peaceful contemplation of its quality. And it is only the serenity of Italian art that reminds you, pleasantly enough, of our annual discord.

But when you examine the pictures, not as squares in a pattern, but as independent works, you are at once aware of certain limitations. The Primitives had the slenderest equipment of knowledge. Their work was the seed of art, not the flower. True, in after years it blossomed amazingly, but its inevitable unripeness has seemed to many its chiefest merit. When painting was reinvented after the night of the middle ages, its materials could but be imperfectly understood. The earliest craftsmen fumbled and experimented. Their colours were few and conventional. They treated their canvas as a plaque of metal—being also goldsmiths—and furrowed it over with lines until, in the elaboration of the parts, the whole was perforce forgotten. Now it is the fashion to exalt and imitate the very shortcomings of the Primitives—shortcomings which arose, not from malice but from ignorance—until you are asked to believe that a certain holiness lurks in the mistakes of Giotto. 'How noble to observe,' says the less prudent admirer of the ancients, 'an ardent soul striving after the unattainable!' Noble indeed, if we realise that failure is not of itself respectable. So many admirable qualities do the Primitives possess—such as a sense of line and ornament, and the intelligence to adapt that ornament to its place—that they stand in no need of false admiration. Indeed, a frank recognition of their faults is the most candid method of appreciation. Their works are frequently not pictures at all, in the more modern sense. Seldom do you find an attempt to translate landscape into decoration; rare, indeed, is direct observation visible. The secret of tone was yet undiscovered, and for a harmony of colour you must trust to luck or

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time. Gold and vermilion produce an excellent effect in a sombre church, but they are not all-sufficient in another environment. Take Giotto's 'Triptych, for instance, and how can you define it otherwise than as a *curio*? To be sure it is *naïve*; so *naïve*, indeed, that a child might have designed it; but quaintness is not always a merit, and the grammar of every art is worth mastery. Again, how can you look at Ambrogio Lorenzetti's 'Hermit Saints of the Desert,' save in a spirit of gibery? Not only are the figures most ingenuously ill-drawn, but the landscape of ice-cream and the sentry-boxes inhabited by the hermits are as little artistic as a Dutch doll. One may legitimately wonder that so strange an object was produced in the fourteenth century; one may legitimately 'place' it in the history of art, or prize it as a rare postage-stamp. But it is the merest fantasy to admire it for qualities of colour or composition, to which it makes no pretension. Even as you advance in the century, you find a like failure to compose, a like desire for superfluous definition. Piero di Cosimo's 'Hylas and the Naiads' has had all the beauty tortured out of it. So worried is the foreground with its grasses and flowers, that the eye can scarcely reach the figures; and, whatever interest lurk in its corners, you cannot think of it as a separate and consistent work. Then, what could be more ingenuously awkward than Filippo Lippi's 'Cupid and Psyche'? The trees recall the Noah's Ark of your childhood, while the personages are marvels of grotesquery. And yet it would be strange were it not so. Antiquity is not always meritorious, nor was art born fully equipped like Minerva from the head of Jupiter. The Primitives were the forerunners of Titian and Veronese. Their ceaseless experiments, their intrepid attempts to outrun their knowledge, led on to the glory of Venice, and that is honour sufficient, without the adulation of indiscreet partisans.

But despite their freshness, despite their eagerness to penetrate the unknown, their works are often marred by a strange timidity of style. The technique is so seldom characteristic. Whatever the school, the pupils agree in tickling their canvas into an indistinguishable smoothness. You look in vain for an individual handwriting. There is, of course, no lack of expression, but the expression is reached by emotional rather than by æsthetic means. Features are distorted, bodies are twisted, infinite symbols urge the spectator to be harrowed. But Botticelli and his contemporaries did not employ the resources of their art to produce pity or fear. They did not realise that colour and technique are the most eloquent interpreters of the emotions. For them it was enough to petrify pathos in an anxious face. Their style was still deliberately smooth and mannered, however poignant the motive. You will not detect a fury of expression in the painting of one of them, for they had not yet realised that they were employing a language which had symbols of its own, and which was remote

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indeed from the language of life. In brief, there is more emotion, more passion even, in a lace-frill painted by Velasquez, in a necklet or balustrade of Veronese, in Titian's famous glove, than in all the crucifixions and martyrdoms of the most tragical of the Primitives.

The limitations of the early Italians were, then, inevitable. They were rather the contrivers of great decoration than the painters of great pictures. We shall best understand their works if we regard them as *articles de luxe*, which have lost something of their effect by transplantation. But if we consider the paintings and bronzes, the coverlets and furniture, the printed books and the drawings, as the work of one nation and two centuries, how shall we sufficiently admire the achievement? As handicraftsmen the Pre-Raphaelites were supreme. The New Gallery is packed with little masterpieces. There is scarce a key or a metal plaque which does not show the benefit of a noble convention and a decorative sense. The printed books are a joy to the eye, while the brocades and embroideries might inspire a long-hoped-for revolution. And if in painting the fourteenth century was but a forerunner, it gave birth to the most serene and classic sculptor since the supremacy of Greece—to the incomparable Donatello, more than one of whose works may be found at the New Gallery. The 'Bronze Bust of a Boy' is as large and simple a sculpture as you could wish to see, and is a strange contrast to the pictures which hang in its neighbourhood. Again, if the early Italians were not masters of the art of painting, they had ever an exquisite touch with the point, and their drawings are completely satisfactory. True, many in the present exhibition are ascribed to Michelangelo, to Raphael, to Lionardo da Vinci, to artists, in fact, who had outgrown their childhood. But even the earliest show a purity of design, a sense of material, a perfect consonance of end and means, which we do not find in Italian painting until its culmination. The Italian genius (before the supremacy of Venice) was expressed in line rather than in colour, and it is in the sculpture of Donatello, in the drawings of the masters, that it reached its highest development. And yet the sterner beauties of marble and line do not always eclipse the softer harmonies of colour. If the most of the pictures are marred by a natural awkwardness, some there are which might live in the neighbourhood of the world's masterpieces. Such, for instance, is Filippo Lippi's 'Virgin and Child with St. Clare and St. Agatha.' This is one of the rare concords in the gallery. In colour it is as rich and sumptuous as if it were painted in Venice, while it would be hard indeed in any school to match its simple and exquisite drawing.

The modern enthusiasm for Italian art has led to not a little extravagant criticism. To the sober, balanced judgment of Sir Joshua there succeeded the moral indiscretions of Mr. Ruskin, who has made the Madonnas of Italy the text of many a semi-theological

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discourse. So much importance does he attach to the subject, to the pervasive spirit of reverent purity, that he might as well be criticising a sermon or a homily. There is much talk of 'conscience' and 'personal virtue.' This painter is 'doing good' to the Christian religion; that one is supporting the 'social order.' Raphael, you are told, 'defended the doctrines of theology with anatomical designs.' Botticelli, we read, 'is the only painter of Italy who understood the thoughts of heathens and Christians equally, and could in a measure paint both Aphrodite and the Madonna.' Would it not be juster to say that Botticelli was a Florentine, who gave such titles to his pictures as seemed him good, and who painted Aphrodite and the Madonna in one and the same spirit? That the painters of Italy sought their motives in the Christian legend was an accident, which had the slenderest influence upon their talent. It is absurd to argue, for instance, that Piero di Cosimo, who gave his pictures mythological titles, was either more or less moral than Raphael (say) who followed the fashion of theology. The artist does not work with his soul, nor is it his first duty to awaken the conscience. And how shall the choice of a religious subject be urged in defence of a painter's piety, when the choice of religious subjects was universal? Would the Ruskinite have us believe that in that most turbulent age the painters alone were spotless? And how should their spotlessness affect our judgment, when their works appeal directly to the eye? Convention ever lays a heavy hand upon the artist, who is great, not because he is fertile in literary resource, but because he interprets the commonplaces of his time in a personal and distinguished spirit. If you admire the piety of the Italian Primitives, why should you not also applaud the Greek tragedians for their choice of subject? And how then, as they were bidden by tradition to drink at the same well, would you distinguish Sophocles from Æschylus, or Euripides from either?

Then, by a whim of irony, came Morelli, and brushed away the Ruskinian heresy. No longer do we hear of reverence and praise. The critics have left the ancient idol for the new, and refrain from describing the works of the old masters as though they were so many pictures of their year gibbeted at Toynbee Hall. No: if you would be modern, you must measure ears, not souls; you must take the length of hands, not of intentions. The new connoisseur neglects the archives, and deems a general impression the unpardonable sin. He assumes that no painter ever drew more than one hand, than one ear. And thus he wanders Europe over, with foot-rule in hand, changing the names of pictures, and covering himself with glory. His assumption, to be sure, is monstrous. Doubtless certain forms are in a measure characteristic of certain painters. But the largest latitude must be allowed for the idiosyncrasies of models and for an infinite variety of other circumstances. A painter is not always a machine for the

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dissemination of *clichés*, and it is quite conceivable that he may imagine a round ear to-day, an elliptical to-morrow. Besides, does not the pupil of Morelli beg the whole question? Raphael, he argues, affected a round, fleshy ear. Wherefore if in a picture ascribed to Raphael you detect an ear which is neither round nor fleshy, you at once denounce it as spurious. But, on the other hand, suppose the picture to be genuine, it is apparent at once that Raphael did not always paint his ears 'round and fleshy.'

The dispute in fact resembles the ancient argument for, and against, the credibility of miracles. Miracles, said the one side, are contrary to experience and therefore incredible. Admit, objected the other, that miracles have taken place, and they at once become a part of experience, and therefore easy of belief. However, Morelli himself was not only a keen-sighted critic, but a man of excellent humour; so that his books are excellent reading, even if you neglect his conclusions. Seldom, indeed, does he descend into sentimentality, and his destructive criticism is wholesomely violent. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle (with the whole German race) are the villains of his piece, and right merrily does he belabour them. He has as little sympathy with the æsthete as with the art historian, whom he justly blames for reliance upon the printed word. Critics there are who cheerfully accept Pliny as an authority upon Greek Art, and place reliance in the chatter of Vasari. But Morelli is not of their school, and, having demolished his enemies, he returns cheerfully to his photographs and his measurements. His method is the anthropometry (so to say) of art criticism; he has applied the Bertillon system to pictures, and a child may practise it after his own fashion. Those to whom art makes no appeal can yet distinguish between a long and short hand, and thus become after the briefest training full-fledged connoisseurs. The results of Morelli's campaign have been indubitably brilliant. He has played havoc with the museums of Europe, and enjoyed the solid satisfaction of seeing the results of his own discovery. And yet did he not always proceed by that first impression which he so sternly condemns in others? And were his measurements of hand and ear anything better than a playful hobby? If indeed they served his purpose, it was because a sure eye and a witty brain controlled and corrected them. Whatever Morelli accomplished was due to himself, not to his method. And in vain will those disciples who lack his talent compare the features of innumerable Madonnas. But strangest of all is the readiness with which Ruskinism has yielded to the first assault. The theological criticism of art—the methodism which would condemn every work that was not obviously designed to do good—has been happily forced down to the lower-middle class; and is replaced by the least sentimental method that human ingenuity has yet invented. But is the new criticism more vital than the old? Is it of first and last importance that every masterpiece should be rightly

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ascribed to its author? Even Morelli, with the cynical frankness which was characteristic of him, acknowledged the fatuity of his pursuit. 'Taking the highest view,' he wrote, 'it is in fact completely immaterial whether a work of art gives me pleasure or instruction under one name or another; the point is, that it does give me pleasure, that is to say, that it appeals to my sense of enjoyment, or, as the Germans would put it, that it causes the tenderest chords and fibres of my soul to vibrate.' To be sure, that is the point. It matters not a jot, beyond a pleasant curiosity, whose name decorates a frame. The picture is good or bad in spite of its signature, and though it amused Signor Morelli to shuffle the ascriptions of many masterpieces, there is not the smallest reason to believe that his work is permanent. The names are changed only so long as none (with a louder voice) comes to put them back. But the pictures remain unalterable for good or evil, and the rest is a side issue. That the catalogue of the New Gallery would have afforded endless merriment to Morelli is obvious; but the quality of the exhibition is not impaired thereby. And if the committee, which has now shown us Italian Art in the seed, will next year show us Italian Art in the flower, and display the masterpieces of Titian, Veronese and Tintoret, how shall we measure our gratitude? One thing at least is certain: we shall leave our foot-rule at home with our text-books of theology, and give our eyes their full enjoyment.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

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THE GLACIAL THEORY

THE abstracts of 'Recent Science,' by Prince Kropotkin, which have appeared from time to time in this Review are full of interest, and I always read them with much pleasure. But I wish to enter some protest against his account, in the number for this month, of the present condition of Quaternary geology, in respect to what is called the Glacial period. I agree with him that the concentrated attention which is now bestowed on that mysterious epoch has already thrown new and unexpected light upon the complicated phenomena of our superficial surfaces and deposits. But I differ from him entirely when he implies that the extreme glacialists are *the observers*, whilst the objectors to that extreme theory are *only readers*. I have lived all my life in a glaciated country—have been observing its facts from day to day for at least forty years—and I remain convinced, and yearly more and more confirmed in my opinion, that no such thing as a great ice-cap ever existed here, in the sense in which that phrase is used by the extreme glacialists, and in the sense in which it is used by Prince Kropotkin. Nor do I think it is true that this extreme theory is gaining ground. On the contrary, I think that in recent years a larger and a larger number of observers have been expressing doubts, and have been advancing more and more convincing arguments against the notion of gigantic and massive sheets of ice having ever 'flowed' over all our surfaces, whether of plain or of mountain, and having ground them down under one gigantic machine which scooped out all our glens, rounded all our hills, and dug out all our lakes.

In the country in which I live the marks of glaciation are indeed abundant. But they all point to conditions of action entirely different from, and are, in my opinion, absolutely incompatible with, the supposed work which is assigned to 'the sheet' or 'the cap.' Prince Kropotkin is entirely mistaken when he assumes that our objections to such a theory have any connection with any doubt of James Forbes's discovery of the plasticity of ice. I have always believed in the truth of that discovery; and one of my principal objections to the universal ice-sheet theory is that an enormous moving mass of plastic ice must have produced effects which are non-existent—'conspicuous by their

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absence.' It is the plasticity of ice on which I rely mainly as a conclusive objection to the notion that such a body of plastic ice can possibly have passed over all the hills, and valleys, and glens of Argyllshire. Our rocks do indeed exhibit the marks of moving ice here and there, but not everywhere. There are no such marks on vast areas of rock, where they must have been retained if they had ever existed. For one of the grandest of modern discoveries in respect to this glacial age has been its great recency in point of date. There has been no time for other denuding agencies to break up the glaciated surface and obliterate ice-marks where they have been once impressed. Scratches and lines as fine as hairs, as well as great grooves and furrows, have been left as clear and sharp as the day after they were made wherever the slightest protection has been afforded by even a thin skin of turf; and very often, on rocks as naked now as they can ever have been, the same fine graving has been perfectly preserved. There is no pretext, therefore, for pleading that the marks of the ice-sheet are not now everywhere seen only because they have been subsequently obliterated by atmospheric action. The very same rock-surface may, and continually does, exhibit strong ice-graving and polishing on one of its sides, and remain as rough and angular as it ever was on another side only a few feet away. All this is absolutely inconsistent with the supposed action of a plastic planing-machine fitting into all the inequalities of the surface, and by the mere force of superincumbent weight pressing down, whilst in continuous motion, into every nook and crevice of rocky faces. There are, indeed, some spots where such planed surfaces do exist—spots where local sheets or masses of plastic ice have been passed steadily and continuously over subjacent rocks, and where, accordingly, they have left characteristic evidences of their appropriate work. These are the so-called 'roches moutonnées,' or, as I prefer to call them, 'whale-backed rocks,' which are abundant round our coasts in specially exposed localities. But these splendid examples of the work of a true local ice-sheet are not less striking disproofs of any similar agency having ever passed over the vast areas which exhibit no similar effects.

Again, there are other phenomena connected with our Highland glaciation which, in my opinion, are equally decisive. Not only are certain effects wholly wanting, but there are other effects present in abundance which the assumed agency could not, in my opinion, have by any possibility produced. The 'perched boulders' which lie on the very tops of our hill-ridges cannot have been placed and left by an ice-sheet. There is but one agency which can account for their position, and that agency is floating ice; not necessarily in the form of 'bergs,' but in the form of heavy floe ice, carrying on its surfaces blocks of stone which have fallen upon them in passing under naked precipices, stranding on shoals and reefs in a glacial sea, and therefore dropping on those shoals and reefs the burdens they bore when at last they came to melt.

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These perched boulders literally strew the tops of hills in Sutherland which are about from 1,500 to 2,000 feet high, and they are generally not rolled but rough and angular, and lie resting upon, or hitched against, each other in every conceivable attitude and position, just as they would be, and could only be, if they were dropped 'higgledy-piggledy' from rafts of ice which had melted where they had stranded.

Again, Prince Kropotkin falls into the common glacialist error of quoting the case of Greenland as the type of such an ice-sheet as that which the extreme glacialists demand. Surely there never was a more glaring fallacy. I am willing, on the contrary, to take the case of Greenland as almost by itself sufficient to disprove the theory. On Greenland there is an ice-cap, indeed—one formed under every conceivable condition to exhibit its operation at a maximum—accumulated on an enormous continental mass of land—that land of mountainous elevation—and lying high in Arctic regions. Yet that ice-sheet does nevertheless fail to do any work at all like the work which the extreme glacialists suppose to have been done in more southern and less elevated regions during the Glacial Age. The ice-cap or ice-sheet of Greenland, instead of 'flowing' out on all sides, over all adjacent seas and opposite shores, is not able even to reach its own coast-line except at the mouths of certain great glens or valleys. And even at these spots, one of them sixty miles long, it is arrested by the adjacent sea-bottom, which presents a less steep bottom surface—whilst the neighbouring channels and the opposite shores are not invaded by it at all.

As to boulders, I am wholly unable to conceive how an ice-sheet such as that of Greenland could possibly leave behind it blocks distributed over the subjacent mountains as the 'perched boulders' are actually distributed all over Northern Europe. Lieutenant Nansen, who ought to be a good authority, ridicules the idea. The vast glaciers of Greenland do, indeed, produce boulders in enormous quantities. They must, and they do, pick up and bear along with them loose fragments of the surfaces over which they pass. But how, and where, would they hold them? Not in the middle of these masses, but along the bottoms and margins of their moving body. Even those which become involved for a time in the middle of these masses would soon find their way to the bottom, because the Greenland ice-sheet is not, like Wordsworth's Cloud, a body which 'moveth altogether if it move at all.' On the contrary, it is subjected to such enormous strains from unequal movements at the top and bottom, that it is split up into crevasses and fissures of all kinds, and down these fissures all included blocks would speedily fall till they reached the bottom, along which they would be carried and ground and rolled until they were disgorged at the terminal precipices of ice. Such, accordingly, is the position in which vast numbers of rolled boulders are found in Greenland, and of these some striking descriptions are given by Nansen in his book.

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Prince Kropotkin pushes much too far the perfectly true idea of the plasticity or viscosity of ice. He seems to think that on a great scale it will 'flow' almost like water, or at least like such substances as treacle or pitch. But this is not the fact. The friction is enormous even along the sides of an Alpine glacier, and it must be still more enormous along the bottom. The result is the production of those broken and pinnacled forms of the upper masses which are conspicuous in all the icebergs cast off into the Western Greenland seas. It is not proved, and it is in the highest degree improbable, that the retarded movement of the bottom ice, even when moving down steep mountain slopes, would or could be prolonged over level surfaces where the effect of gravitation would be wholly different, and where the pressure from behind would be removed.

And on this point we have some striking evidence from the little we know of the Antarctic ice. The bergs shed from it are, as is well known, flat-topped and not pinnacled. This would seem to indicate an absence of differential motion between the top and bottom—or, perhaps, even no horizontal motion at all. An excessive precipitation of moisture over any area under Arctic conditions would of course accumulate into masses of great thickness, and these might 'squash' out under their own weight, and in this sense 'overflow' upon adjacent surfaces. But it does not follow that the whole mass would be carried forward in any one particular direction with a bottom motion such as is assumed. In the Antarctic seas the ice-masses seem to accumulate until they sit in water deep enough to float them off in vast undisturbed tabular forms which are indicative of the absence of strain derived from differentiated movement on the land.

But these objections, which seem to me to be insuperable when the ice-sheet theory is applied to our Highland surfaces, are fortified by the fact that such ice-markings as we do find here are better, and indeed almost perfectly, accounted for by another form of ice-work against which no similar objections can be taken. And of this form of ice-work we have also a perfect example in the Greenland seas. Our Arctic navigators who wintered in Smith's Channel have given such accounts of the heavy floe ice of the Palæocrystic Sea that to it we may attribute with confidence the grinding and smoothing of rocks to any extent, and in every variety of degree. Often carrying on their surface fallen stones and rocks, and as often armed on their lower surfaces with stones frozen into their substance at the bottom, the massive floes are driven hither and thither by tides and currents of all degrees of rapidity and violence. Any land surfaces exposed to such action would of necessity present all the varieties of ice-work which are actually seen upon our mountain tops and slopes.

But here we encounter a difficulty arising from certain invincible preconceptions. Prince Kropotkin accuses us of one of these in respect to the non-plasticity of ice. In this, as I have said, he is quite mistaken.

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But I suspect we have better reason to see in the extreme glacialists the effect of another preconception which they do really entertain. They believe too much, or assume too much without thought, as to the stability of our land surfaces as we see them now. To attribute to floating ice the phenomena exhibited in Northern Europe upon its hills and mountains, we must suppose some immense submergence and some corresponding re-elevation during and towards the close of the Glacial Age. A few years ago this assumption was scouted by most geologists. In nothing has there been a greater change in geological science. At first timidly suggested, it is now scientifically argued and adopted by some men of the very highest authority. Amongst these, *facile princeps* is Professor Prestwich. No man can doubt his competence, his long course of careful observation and reasoning on all our superficial deposits, or the soundness of his scientific judgment. In two recent papers or memoirs of the highest interest and importance, he marshals the evidences of a great submergence during or towards the close of the Glacial Age, and of a corresponding re-elevation, accomplished during a period comparatively short, and in times comparatively recent.

This would account for facts which it seems almost crazy to ascribe to glaciers or to ice-sheets—tumultuous assemblages of gravels with broken shells on the tops of high hills, at elevations above 1,000 feet, as at Moel Trefan and near Oswestry; rocks at the tops of hills scored, polished, and smoothed on one exposed side only, while other sides are left untouched or rough; surfaces similarly dealt with at all intermediate elevations, and boulders so nicely perched on pinnacles that even a slight push or shove would precipitate them into some glen or valley. The absence, also, of marine shells *in situ*, or in positions in which they could have lived and died a natural death, would thus be amply accounted for. The absence of such shells in deposits above some 500 feet is an objection much dwelt upon by the ice-sheet advocates, and it is a good objection if the submergence was so prolonged that marine faunæ could be accumulated in new localities. But it is no objection at all to a submergence which was sudden and comparatively transient.

How such a submergence can have been brought about, to what physical causes it may have been due—this is a question as bewildering as it is important. But that at some time very recent in the history of the globe there has been some great and sudden breaking up of pre-existing lands and seas, and an extensive redistribution of them effected, seems to me as certain as any older changes of the same kind which are always assumed to have been very slow and gradual. I do not see how the evidences accumulated by Professor Prestwich on this subject can be answered or rebutted. Sir William Howorth has also done excellent work in the same direction. For my own part, I have been convinced of it for more than thirty years—not

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from reading alone, but from daily and habitual observation of a typical area of glaciation. I never have believed in the glacial theory as to the origin of lakes. Glaciers do not dig even where they do overflow; on the contrary, they plane, press, and smooth down. In one way only can they have made lake basins. They have undoubtedly deepened glens and ravines; and these may again have been converted into water-basins, by deformation of the surfaces from earth movements. No doubt such hollows would tend to be filled up. But this is exactly what is happening, and Prince Kropotkin dwells upon the fact that it is so.

I have written this paper *currente calamo* without time to cite authorities except in general terms. But it may be enough to make the general reader of this Review pause before accepting the belief that geological science is tending to establish the theory of a Great Ice Sheet travelling about the northern hemisphere at its own sweet will—'filling' up all our adjacent seas, and 'flowing' over all our hills and mountains in virtue of its mere 'plasticity.'

January 2, 1894 ARGYLL.

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PROSPECTS OF FREE TRADE IN THE UNITED STATES

A STORMY winter passage on the North Atlantic from Liverpool to New York does not present ideal conditions for writing the article requested by the *Nineteenth Century*. The good ship pitches and rolls so in the rough seas that it is almost impossible to write, and the conditions are the reverse of the quiet and repose of the study. The case dignified by the name of library, with its ancient works of fiction and musty books of travel, does not give the statistics desired, so that I must state them in a rather broad way.

It is difficult for an American to understand the singular mixture of information and misinformation which has created in the mind of the British public their impressions of the results of the Presidential Election in the United States, and the causes and effects of the recent panic. This Congress will do nothing radical with the protective tariff policy. Silver was not the sole cause of our business troubles, nor is the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Silver Law the full remedy. For a clear comprehension of our situation, a review of our revenue legislation, and of its effects or tendencies, is necessary.

British statesmen of the Colonial period determined to confine the people of the North American colonies to agricultural pursuits, and have England furnish their manufactures. This was one of the causes which led to the Revolutionary War and the Independence of the United States. One of the earliest messages of George Washington, our first President, was to approve a report of the Secretary of the Treasury, Alexander Hamilton, embodying a scheme for developing the resources and promoting the industries of the country by a protective tariff. Hamilton was one of the most original and creative statesmen of any age or of any country. His report has formed the basis of all legislation and presented the gist of every argument on the subject from that day to this. Upon the modification but never upon the abandonment of this policy, upon the details of protection but never upon the principles of free trade, every political contest was fought down to our Civil War.

The requirements for revenue in that tremendous contest led to

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the enactment in 1861 of a higher and more general tariff than ever, which remained in force, practically unchanged, except to include other products, until the McKinley Bill. The McKinley legislation was really a codification of the many laws which had been enacted since 1861, with such alterations as changed conditions seemed to demand. It released wholly or in part articles which no longer needed protection, and took from the free list, or increased the tariff upon, articles hitherto imported which, being produced in the United States, would furnish employment in new industries to a population which was increasing by stimulated and unusually heavy immigration too rapidly to be readily absorbed.

The measure produced unusual excitement and alarm, because it was enacted on the eve of a general election, and when a large and comprehensive reduction of duties was expected. Its possible evils were magnified in prophecy, and there was no time for demonstrating its results. The country, frightened by the clamour, rushed madly from the imagined danger of its enforcement to the real perils of an industrial revolution.

The first election of Mr. Cleveland, in 1884, meant much but accomplished nothing. He was a sort of Prime Minister with a hostile parliament. He could lecture Congress, but could not lead it. Mr. Cleveland is a phenomenon in politics. When he came to the Presidency, he had never visited Washington, never met the national leaders, and never studied nor discussed the principles of his party or of the Opposition. He was an excellent lawyer, possessed of indomitable industry, honest and courageous. He applied himself earnestly to the study of the tariff questions, and came out, where everyone whose knowledge of that subject is from text-books rather than experience is bound to, on the side of free trade. His re-nomination and re-election were admitted on all sides. That sense of fairness which pre-eminently characterises our race determined that he ought to have a trial with a friendly Congress. But with the eagerness of his new-found faith, and carried away with enthusiasm by what seemed to him novel but impregnable principles, he disregarded warning and entreaty from his advisers and promulgated his famous Tariff Reform message. The country was unprepared for the drastic changes recommended, and the Republicans came again into power with General Harrison. The seed, however, sown by Mr. Cleveland bore abundant fruit. It gave vitality to the Democratic party, and placed in its moss-covered platform a new and attractive plank. The forces of opposition to existing policies, which had been gathering for a generation, had at last found a leader and a leading idea.

The central phalanx of the Opposition was the Southern States, which had seceded from the Union, and, after their unsuccessful revolt, had resumed their old position in the Republic. Their fear

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of the political power of their emancipated and citizenised slaves made them unquestioning supporters of the Democratic party, no matter what it professed, or promised, or did, or left undone. They controlled the party machinery within their States, and believed that while the Republican party might find means for the register and record of the negro votes, their own party would give them moral or material assistance for their suppression. The dread of the possible civic and social results of the black voters' numerical strength overrides with an otherwise patriotic and public-spirited community every other consideration. The law of self-preservation, they claim, is higher than either the common or statute law.

The South is both the strength and weakness of the Democratic party. In the thirteen Southern States the verdict is so well known before election that the leaders need expend neither time nor money. The electoral vote of these commonwealths is a fixed quantity which nothing can change. It is of almost incalculable value to the Democratic party in a Presidential contest that it can start in the race with this advantage, and a fearful handicap to the Republicans that they must gain by hard work an equal position before the contest is fair and even. But free discussion and public debate, contending parties and possible victories or defeats, are the elements of political education. The South is a tunnel through which the clashing principles of the great national organisations are carried, to fight their battles in the Northern and Middle, the Western and the Pacific States. Hence the Southern Democrats become wedded to opinions at variance with their party. They are inflexibly loyal at the polls to put Democratic candidates in office, and assert a fiery independence in Congress when ordered to support party measures. They failed Mr. Cleveland almost unanimously in his desperate effort to repeal the law authorising the purchase of silver, and on the tariff they are doubtful or hostile, because they find the interests of their constituents and almost the existence of the new industries of their States threatened by the revenue measures of the Administration.

The numerically small but very influential thinkers and writers of the free-trade school, through the magazines and daily newspapers, from the lecture-room of the college, and the public platform, by pamphlet and leaflet, pictured the national millennium which would follow the overthrow of protection. The opened markets of the world were to demand the surplus products of our factories and mills. To supply this happy drain upon our resources, capital was to find fresh and more profitable fields, and labour steadier employment and better remuneration.

In many of the States large masses, and in some of them the majority of the voters, had been captivated by the apostles of a new economic gospel. Its fantastic programme was in harmony with the eccentricities of its leading advocates. They calmly relegated to the

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rear the main issues of the impending battle, and especially revenue questions, and followed the flag of governmental paternalism. They preferred silver to gold as a basis for currency because there is more of the former. They would abolish the national banks, and at every railway station an agent of the Treasury would loan money to the people at nominal rates of interest upon the security of their crops and flocks. There should be free coinage of silver, which was to be legal tender for all dues, whether to the Government or between citizens, and debts and debtors were to be carried to the financial haven of credit and prosperity by a deluge of paper money. The Democratic leaders first coquetted and then formed a temporary alliance with these people, and they became a most valuable auxiliary to the army assaulting the Republican entrenchments.

Though civil-service reform has made notable and most beneficial progress within a few years past, the spoils system still possesses a hundred thousand offices which are the prizes of changing Administrations, and the rewards of the workers of the successful party. For every appointee who was angry because his own estimate of his merits did not materialise into a better place, there are hundreds who are more enraged because they get nothing. Mr. Blaine told me that he had, as Secretary of State in General Harrison's Cabinet, a hundred and fifty vacancies in the foreign service to fill, and that he was compelled to select from four thousand applicants. Every one of these embryo diplomats was earnestly supported by his senator and member of Congress and other local influences. When the prizes were all distributed, the disappointed office-seekers went home on what is known in America as the 'swearing train,' and sharpened their knives for the purpose of getting even at the next election with their unappreciative party.

The opposition against a party which has been long in power gathers in that always considerable and constantly increasing body of voters who, while really attached to the ruling organisation as the best, still feel that a stinging defeat may spur it to take up the pet measure of temperance, or labour, or social legislation, and give it a more advanced position in the legislative programme. These were the incongruous elements which, united in the common purpose of bringing about a change, with its possibilities of being anybody's or everybody's victory, flocked to Mr. Cleveland's standard of tariff for revenue only, and ultimately free trade.

The Republican party and its policy had been in power thirty-two years. It had come into existence upon the mighty moral issues growing out of the continuance or extension of the slave-owning system. It had stood solidly for the preservation of the national union during the Civil War, and had successfully worked out the difficult problems of the emancipation of the slaves, the reconstruction of the Union, the resumption of specie payments, the restora-

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tion of the credit of the Republic, and the funding of the enormous debt incurred in crushing the rebellion. We owed about fifty millions of dollars at the beginning, and over four thousand millions at the close of the struggle. The party was not only committed to the policy of a tariff, primarily for protection, and secondarily for revenue, but protection was the first article of its creed. The gigantic strides which the country has made during the quarter of a century following the War, in population and wealth, in the development of the western wilderness, in founding States and building cities, in opening mines and the enlargement of agricultural area, in the advance in the wages of the artisan and decrease in the cost of living, and particularly in expanding the output of manufactured products from about a thousand million of dollars a year in 1865 to over seven thousand million in 1890, were claimed and believed to be the fruits of the protection of American industries. The Republican party had not been infallible, nor free from the mistakes of parties. It relied too much upon its past, after a generation had come upon the stage who could neither be moved by eloquent presentations of the horrors or the victories of the Civil War, nor won by a recital of the glorious achievements of the party.

Political history does well enough, as a picture, to point at, but the political coach requires the latest improvements in motive power, or it comes to a standstill. Continued successes, and unequalled wisdom and patriotism in great crises had toned down the radicalism and stiffened the conservatism of the Republican party. Either its old and marvellous faculty of elasticity and adaptability was impaired, or its leaders saw no reason for its use. Without the sacrifice of principle, it might have prepared for the coming storm. But it stood stubbornly by the chart and compass, the machinery and steering-gear of the past, and met disaster with a courage which mitigated the criticisms upon its discretion. The thirty years' war ended in the total rout at the polls of the party which had won so many decisive victories and made for the Republic the most eventful and progressive period of its history.

Silver contributed nothing to this result, though it was an important factor in the business crisis which followed. In several of the newer States the mining of silver was the principal industry. No party could hope for its electoral votes in a Presidential election which was not favourable to the monetising of this metal in some form. There has been for many years a growing belief, particularly in the agricultural States, that a single gold standard favoured the creditor as against the debtor. The 'Gold Bug' of Wall Street was a bugaboo whose baneful power not only alarmed communities which needed money and had little security of commercial or bankable value to offer for it, but it sent shivers of fright through the grave and dignified Senate at Washington. A large majority of our people had

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always been favourable to the double standard, and are still anxious for and hopeful of such international agreements as will make it possible. The Bland Bill of 1878, providing for a limited monthly coinage of silver at the old ratio, not accomplishing all that was desired by the silver advocates, our legislation was rushing us headlong to free coinage and a debased currency, when the Sherman suggestion of the purchase at the market price of 4,500,000 ounces of silver a month to be represented by the issue of silver certificates, and to that extent increase the currency, was accepted by all parties as a tentative compromise. The operations of the Bill had accumulated in the Treasury vaults about 160,000,000 dollars' worth of silver at the time of the recent panic. Neither this sum nor what might be added for several years to come by the operation of the law would, under normal conditions, have materially affected the value or credit of our currency, which amounted to about 1,700,000,000 dollars.

The conditions, however, were abnormal. The Presidential election of 1892 was a surprise. Everybody thought Mr. Cleveland might go in, but very few believed that both the Senate and House of Representatives would also be carried by his friends. The country was paralysed by the plunge it had deliberately taken. Every industrial and business interest in the land was inextricably interwoven with and interdependent upon the protective system. A party had come into possession of the Government pledged to the uprooting of that system. It had declared in its platform that the principle of protection was condemned by the constitution, and that its practice was robbery and fraud. Not only was its platform the most daring and explicit utterance ever given by an American party or an American statesman for free trade, modified only by the necessities of the revenue, but the letters of acceptance of its candidates, the speeches of its orators, and the editorials of its press promised an immediate and thorough revision of the law, and the excision of every one of its protective features. Bonfires burned on the hilltops, and triumphal processions marched though the valleys, to celebrate the emancipation of the people from the tyranny of the tariff robber-barons and the inauguration of an era of cheaper goods.

What will you do with your victory? was the question eagerly asked from every mill and mine, from every factory and furnace, from every counting-room and banker's office, from every corporation and working-man. The answer was flat and frank: 'We will do what we promised if elected, and what you have specially commissioned and instructed us to carry out.' There never was so direct a mandate from a constituency to an Administration, nor an Administration which knew so well what was expected of it and what it intended to accomplish.

The business of the country at once began to adjust itself to the

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proposed change. It was in an unusually conservative and healthy condition. Credits had contracted within narrow limits. There were no great institutions or enterprises in danger to precipitate trouble by their fall. But a panic is as unreasoning in the commercial world as on a field of battle. When the cry rings out 'Let every man save himself who can,' all is lost. Mr. Cleveland was elected in November 1892, and inaugurated in March 1893, and the newly elected Congress was to meet in December. The belief became general that at its first session the body politic would be strapped on the operating-table, and merciless but untrained and unpracticed surgeons would explore with a knife its heart and brain, its liver and lungs, its kidneys and stomach, and its muscles and nerves, for protection parasites. It is customary for the mills and factories to lay up large stocks of raw material and gather equally large stocks of manufactured goods for the approaching season, and for their factors and commission houses to receive and carry the latter until they are absorbed by the usual demands of the markets. The banks practically assume the whole burden by loans upon commercial paper. The fear of losses if the tariff was removed from articles which were enjoying a protection of from five to twenty-five per cent. paralysed this whole process. The market and the mill alike stood still. The banks became alarmed and refused to grant the ordinary accommodations to their customers, and depositors in fright withdrew their deposits in currency or coin, and locked them up in their own vaults.

The familiar principle that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link had a rude illustration soon after Mr. Cleveland's inauguration. The weak link was silver, though its possible danger was far in the future. Imagination takes the seat of judgment at such times, and in the popular mind the Government was on the eve of meeting its obligations, the debtor his dues, and the labourer of receiving his wages, in silver worth only sixty-eight cents on the dollar. The result can hardly be conceived by those who were not in the midst of the revolution. Exchanges ceased to exist, and the elaborate machinery of credits devised in the middle ages, and infinitely improved and enlarged since, went to pieces. The internal commerce of the United States over its rivers and canals, its great lakes and one hundred and seventy thousand miles of railroads, is twenty times larger than its foreign trade. Ninety-five per cent. of it is done by bills of exchange of various kinds, and five per cent. with currency. At least eighty per cent. of the mills, factories, and furnaces locked their doors, and two millions of people were thrown out of employment. Collections between New York and Philadelphia, only ninety miles apart, were made through express companies and by messengers with carpet bags. The demand for the repeal of the Silver Purchase Law became so loud and threatening that the President was compelled to call

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Congress in extra session. Then occurred one of the most extraordinary spectacles in the history of parties. One half of the President's followers refused to follow his lead, and it required every resource known to power and authority to hold those who professed obedience to their elected chief. The wild horses of Mr. Gladstone obey every suggestion of the bit with the reins in the hand of that veteran able and accomplished whip; but the wild horses of Mr. Cleveland plunged and bolted at the start, nearly upsetting the national coach. If I may continue the figure, which was suggested by General Harrison, it was only by emptying the stalls of the Republican stables and putting their occupants in the traces that the first measure of the Administration, and one vital to its prestige and to the solvency and prosperity of the country, was pulled through at all.

Contrary to expectations, an immediate and full restoration of business and employment did not follow this anxiously desired repeal. A large proportion of industries resumed work, but it was either on half-time or with proportionate reduction in force, and wages were scaled down from ten to twenty per cent. It soon became apparent to the dullest intellect that no sane man or sensibly managed corporation would do more than meet the demands from day to day until it was known what the tariff legislation was to be. No one dared accumulate stocks of goods and have their value so reduced by Congress as to be sold at a loss. While business was waiting on politics, the elections came off in November in thirteen of the forty-four commonwealths of the Union for members of the Legislature and State officers. The constituencies were the same in part which had elected President Cleveland and the present Congress. Though they voted at these elections only for the local officers of their several States, the battle was fought on national issues, and upon the same lines as in the Presidential canvass the year before, in every State except New York. There the contest was complicated by local questions. The results were astounding. The educational campaign for free trade, which, after thirty years of earnest and ceaseless labour, had finally triumphed, was in less than twelve months turned into a disastrous rout. The people did not simply say, they shouted to the theorists and reformers, 'If the distant blast from your furnace dries up our resources, we will not be purified by its fire.' The State of Iowa, which, though formerly Republican, had become a Democratic State, gave an anti-Administration majority of twenty thousand; the State of Massachusetts did the same, and the State of Pennsylvania increased its Republican majorities of the Presidential Election from fifty to one hundred and twenty-five thousand.

But the State of Ohio was the accepted battle-ground. This commonwealth fairly represents our general American conditions. It is about third in rank in its output of wool, about the same in

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agriculture, and about fifth in manufactures, among the States. Its industries are varied, and in iron and coal, in wood and glass, in textile fabrics and other articles, cover nearly the whole range of American production. Mr. Cleveland had come within a few hundred of carrying Ohio in 1892, and succeeded in electing one of his electors. Mr. McKinley was a Republican nominee for Governor in 1893, and not only advocated protection, but said, 'I am protection.' Mr. O'Neal, his Democratic opponent, was the author of the free trade or revenue plank in the national Democratic platform, and the best possible representative of that idea. The contest ended in the election of McKinley by eighty thousand majority, and two-thirds of the Legislature were Republicans. The constituencies of one half of the Democratic members of Congress had reversed the figures which the year before had given them their seats. The results of these elections fell like a dynamite bomb in the midst of the Democratic Congressional Committee, which was busily at work preparing the Administration Tariff Bill. They are still engaged in a desperate effort to pull together themselves and their measure.

The President, while reaffirming his views, hastened to reassure the country in his recent message to Congress that any legislation would have due regard to existing business interests and the wages of labour, and the Committee threw its doors wide open for those who wished to be heard in defence of their protective duties. The Government said in effect, 'We are opposed on principle to the worship of Diana, but, out of regard for the business and employment of our people and the prosperity of our city, we will do nothing which can injure the trade of the silversmiths of Ephesus.' The reformers abandoned their free-trade principles, and have since been discussing the details of protection. The high debate, whose teachings were one year ago so emphatically approved by the people, has fallen into the slums of compromise and bargain upon the duties which shall be increased or lowered upon each article in controversy. Free trade is a myth, and tariff, for revenue only, a shadow. Most of our industries are stagnant, and the majority of our mills, factories, and furnaces in total or partial paralysis, while the victors are experimenting with the weapons of their protectionist enemies. This singular mixture of high protection for interests too powerful to be attacked, and low duties or none for weaker ones, would be laughable if the consequences were not so serious, resulting in idle capital and unemployed labour, in diminished incomes and unprecedented bankruptcies. Their Bill, now and before it has become still more absurd in the crucible of Senate and House discussions and amendments, is both a protecting and a revenue measure. It disturbs business without changing either the policy or principles of the past.

A tariff framed to protect certain products or manufactures, as well as to secure revenue, is either within the powers delegated by

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the constitution, or it is not. It is either right in theory and practice, or the reverse.

The Democratic party came into power declaring it to be unconstitutional and its enactment and enforcement robbery. Any departure from this position involves them in inextricable difficulties. The Democratic States of Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, and Tennessee say, 'Free coal from Canada bankrupts us, therefore we must be excepted.' The Democratic State of South Carolina says the same of rice from India; Louisiana of sugar from the West Indies; and Alabama and Missouri, of iron-ore from Cuba. Then the individual Democratic Congressman, whose district by its votes in the recent election has warned him that if the particular industry upon which that neighbourhood depends for its prosperity is disturbed he is doomed to defeat, demands that the exceptions be broadened sufficiently to shelter him. If, under these conditions, the much-heralded measure which was to repeal the alleged atrocities of the McKinley Bill and curb the reputed rapacity of the tariff robber-baron ever reaches President Cleveland for his signature, he will not recognise it. It will belong to that kind of legislative legerdemain where the ambitious politician is willing to sacrifice every section of his law if his name remains on the cover.

The tariff reformers, therefore, find themselves in a position where it is equally hazardous to advance or retreat. They must do something, or confess either the falsity of their promises or the fallacy of their teachings. Such a radical reform as was originally intended they cannot carry through, and anything less is simply an affirmation of the Republican policy. In the meantime, the people, harassed with doubts and fears, losing money, or out of employment, with the impatience of despair or of hunger, are clamouring for action. Every day's delay is regarded as further evidence of incapacity for government. Under these circumstances, a miracle can scarcely pass a measure which would materially alter the present law, and only a miracle can prevent the r e t u ı n e P o e ctionists to power.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

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THE

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THE IMPENDING REVOLUTION

POLITICAL ENGLAND REVISITED

A visitor to England in 1886 saw a victory of the Unionist and anti-revolutionary party. The fruits of that victory were lost. The leader was a great diplomatist without a home policy or a solution for the domestic problem. Instead of facing the urgent question and attempting by a reorganisation of the Upper House or by any other means to redress the balance of the constitution, he withdrew into the Foreign Office, his achievements in which, however glorious, will be of little value if through the progress of revolution the national force should fail at home.

On the morrow of the battle it was debated in the councils of the Liberal Unionists whether they should coalesce with the Conservatives, and the question was decided in the negative, it is believed, by fear of misconstruction. Fears of misconstruction need hardly be entertained by men who are standing in a breach. Mr. Goschen, who took office with the Conservatives, has not been misconstrued by the country. The position of Mr. Chamberlain, who had shown, and has since been showing, extraordinary force in keeping his district true to the Union, was, perhaps, a more serious difficulty. The Duke of Devonshire has responded so nobly to the call of public duty that it might be ungracious to ask whether weariness of the strife on his part and dislike of the burdens of office helped in any degree to turn the scale. Could the junction, which must come, have come at once, resistance to dismemberment and revolution might have been divested of the too

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aristocratic character which attaches to Lord Salisbury and his follow ing; it might have wrested the name 'Liberal' from the Gladstonia Radicals and Socialists, who have no title to that honoured appellation and it might have had, and almost certainly would have had, a hon policy and a solution of its own. No violent resistance on the part the Gladstonians to anti-revolutionary measures need have been feare The public force was sound. Not even a Roman Catholic policeman i Ireland had flinched from his duty. The loyalty and constancy show by policemen, soldiers, and all the minor functionaries of governmen have, indeed, formed a remarkable contrast to the behaviour of state men. The upshot, however, has been the conversion of a majority a hundred into a minority of thirty-four, the instalment of a revolu tionary government in power, and the passage through the House Commons of a Bill recognising Ireland as a separate nation, th moral effect of which is too likely never to be annulled. This Bi would have passed only by a nominal majority had not Ireland bee allowed to keep the twenty-two seats in the House of Commons t which she has no title, and the withdrawal of which would have bee plain justice to the rest of the United Kingdom.

Instead of acting in a conservative sense, the late Governmen itself went near to dallying with Socialism, and it gave not onl municipal but political demagogism a great stimulus and organ b the institution of the London Council. It is strange that statesme should not by this time have seen that genuine election by a hug district the inhabitants of which are strangers to each other is moral impossibility, and that the inevitable outcome is the war politician with his machinery for collecting votes. About the onl city on the American continent in the secure enjoyment of goo government is Washington, which, being in the Federal district, administered, not by an elective municipality, but by three commis sioners nominated by the President of the United States. The goo city government, it is believed, helps to attract residents to Wash ington. It will be strange if the London Council, with its 'better ment' and its tendency to raid on property, does not presently driv residents away from London. Its government is yet in the gree wood; men of mark are still candidates for seats in it, and the war politician has hardly yet appeared.

The Disunionist and revolutionary party is not so forbearing a the Conservative party was, or so neglectful of the future. It take measures, while it has power in its hands, to assure its own ascendency It will give effect to the principle 'One man, one vote,' severin thereby about the last thread of the connection between taxation an representation. By making registration automatic it will bring ou in its own favour the full proletarian vote. By introducing payment o members it will provide itself with a legion of candidates the bes suited for its purposes; though this last measure will probably b

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passed with a wry face by some of the wealthy Gladstonians, revolutionists only of the platform, who are sure to be supplanted in their seats by revolutionists of the genuine breed. To all who think themselves not so well off as they ought to be, which is naturally the case with the masses, revolution has much to offer, whether it is able to keep its promises or not; and Conservatism, if it attempts to bid against Socialism for popularity, is sure to be outbidden. Moreover, independent men, though they have hitherto fought gallantly in the elections, are manifestly growing tired of the repulsive and degrading strife, while the professional politician never grows weary of plying his trade. A demise of the revolutionary leadership, it is true, must be approaching, and the withdrawal of the magic name to which the allegiance of the masses has been paid can hardly fail to be followed by at least temporary disorganisation. Otherwise it is difficult to see on what the Conservative hope of a great change at the next election is founded, or how the Irish can fail to be left still masters of the situation.

Home Rule, no doubt, is shelved until it shall be again forced on the Radical party by the Irish brigade. Not a ripple of popular resentment has ensued upon its rejection by the Lords even in Ireland, where as all who know the country say, though the political adventurers may want a parliament and a treasury for themselves, what the people want is not a parliament, but the land. But Home Rule is now the least part of the matter. The appeals made to the hatred of the masses for the classes have been heard. The spirits called from the deep of social passion have come at the call. By the violence of one party and the weakness of the other, the nation is being visibly drawn towards the brink of social as well as political revolution. The sanctity of contract, jealously guarded against legislative violence by the American Constitution, has been not only disregarded but trampled on in agrarian legislation for Ireland, and the principle will be shaken through the whole of a great commercial nation. Confiscation, as might have been expected, has crossed from Ireland to Great Britain, and appears in the allotment clauses of the Parish Councils Bill; it will appear there at least when those clauses come to be applied under the auspices of a Radical Parliament. Beneath the name of Betterment is disguised the principle of confiscating unearned increment. The State—that is, the taxpayer—is being gradually saddled with the obligation of providing employment for the unemployed; for the unemployed, that is, of a particular class, not for the tradesman without custom or the lawyer without briefs; and it is easy to see how vast, when the claim is once established, will be the multitude of the unemployed. The taxpayer is to provide old age pensions, and what the number of claims for those pensions is likely to be when the corps of pension agents gets to work may be learned by

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looking to the United States, where a hundred and sixty millions dollars will be paid, it appears, in army pensions this year. Th hours of work are to be reduced from ten to eight, without reductio of wages; and unless the work of the eight hours is really equal to th of the ten, the taxpaying community will have in one form another to make up for the loss. Under the title of free education- that is, education at the expense of the taxpayer—it has be established as a principle that every man has a right to bring many children as he pleases into the world and to have them educat at his expense. 'Free' feeding as well as 'free' education has be proposed. The word has gone forth that property must pay 'ranson however honestly it has been earned and saved, and in assessing th ransom the thriftless are to have a vote. Of those which used to the two paramount and most acknowledged duties of government, th protection of life and the protection of property, the second, to s the least, is no longer deemed so binding or so self-evident as t first; while demagogism has discovered that by legislative largess of public rapine it can far transcend the limited corruption of form days. Socialism, communism, and anarchism are rife throughc Europe. It may be that a universal and inevitable change of t social frame is at hand. But that only enhances the gravity of t crisis in England, and makes it more necessary if possible to ha wisdom, not the reckless malignity of faction or revolutiona fanaticism at the helm.

The serious character of the situation in England will be specia felt by any one who can compare it with the situation in the Unit States, though even there the perils of democracy fill the minds thoughtful men.

The framers of the American constitution looked democracy in t face and provided against its liabilities, if not sufficiently, yet t great extent. The safeguards afforded by the constitution are i mense, and every American will say that if they were withdrawn co fusion would ensue. England having slid into democracy unconscious still fancying herself to be a monarchy and to have an aristocratic Upp Chamber, is provided with no such safeguards. Parliaments elect by peasants and mechanics, British and Irish, in a state of socialis agitation may in a night change fundamental institutions or the fis system, carry sweeping measures of agrarian confiscation, or dismemb the realm. Moreover, in an avowed and established democracy, su as the United States, the people identify themselves with governme and are disposed to support the exercise of an authority which th regard as their own. Here, in a country formally monarchical a aristocratic, the people have been used to regarding the governme as a power external to themselves, against which their rights a liberties were to be defended, and their general sympathy is wi resistance. A female agitator in New York inciting to public plun

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finds herself in the Penitentiary with the general acquiescence of the citizens. Popular feeling in America was opposed to secession as a rebellion against the sovereign people: here much of it is on the side of Irish insurrection.

Socialism and communism have made comparatively little progress in the United States, and what there is of them is mainly imported. The possession of property is still general, the hope of possessing property is almost universal. Property is linked with home, which is as dear to the American as to any one else, in spite of his migratory habits and whatever may be thought to the contrary. It is surprising how little feeling on the whole there is against the millionaires in the United States, though the wealth of some of them is portentous. Jay Gould was hated because he was believed to be a wrecker. Vanderbilt made himself unpopular for a time by an angry outburst of contempt for the public; but he was generally the object of wonder, not of hate. Success fairly attained, however colossal, rather kindles an American's emulation than his antipathy. In all the years which the writer has passed in the United States he has rarely heard anything very bitter said against the rich. It is true that wealth there as a rule is not so ostentatious as it is here, great establishments being out of the question, since one servant will not take orders from another. It is true also that the most selfish and odious section of American wealth, the colonies of rich Americans who desert their home duties to spend money earned by American labour in the pleasure cities of Europe, being out of sight is not much in mind. The sight of the American colony in Paris would be almost enough to make Adam Smith a Socialist.

There have been strikes not a few in the United States. There was a strike attended with serious bloodshed the other day in the Carnegie works at Pittsburgh, though there appears to have been nothing in the treatment of the men by their employer to provoke their violence. But industrial war, which so greatly enhances the political difficulties and perils here, is not so rife or so menacing on the other side of the Atlantic. The native American workman is self-reliant and independent; he does not form a good subject for the strict rule of the Trade Union. The country is so large that to embrace the whole of it in any trade combination is not easy. The organisation of the Knights of Labour, which aimed at the control of the whole continent, and at one time seemed most formidable, has apparently been sinking under its own weight, and no longer inspires much fear. Nor is the social line between employer and employed so sharply drawn there as it is in this country, where there is an aristocracy, and the rich millowner is drawn socially within its line

In America, moreover, there are no such masses of manufacturing population as there are in the North of England, nor does that population in the aggregate bear nearly so large a proportion to the

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agricultural and commercial elements. The prodigious and abnorma growth of manufactures in England has surely not been an unmixe blessing. Wealth it has brought without measure; though it woul be hard to say how much of this wealth has been a real addition t national happiness or civilisation. But the balance of nationa character has been deranged, and the commonwealth has been over loaded with a class which, though marvellously productive, coul hardly be the best material for a nation. The factory hand is littl more than a hammer or spindle in the machine; his labour i monotonous and dull; he can feel no interest in a work which h does not even see as a whole. He lives in a cottage, one of a dar and dreary row, which he can hardly love as a home, in a murk atmosphere, scarcely beholding the sky, much less the beauty an glory of England. His domestic relations even are impaired by th demands of the system. Can he be blamed if his patriotism is cold if he cares not much for the integrity or honour of the nation; if hi heart is chiefly set on an increase of wages, which will bring him mor meat, drink, and tobacco; if he listens eagerly to Socialism when i promises to make over to him a part of the gains of a master wit whom he has only commercial relations, of whom he sees nothin except at the office? Multitude makes discontent contagious, and i this case the multitude is unparalleled; never was there such a audience for those who live by preaching industrial war. The artisan of Ghent and Florence gave trouble in their day, but their numbe was trifling compared with that of the manufacturing population Great Britain; besides their life was brighter; they had the guilds, their festivals, their processions. Nor was the master the severed from the man; the guild included them both, whereas th Trade Union is a league formed against the master, and the labou agitators, instead of exhorting the artisan to raise himself by industry temperance, and frugality to a higher grade, assume that he wi never be anything but a wage-earner carrying on, in alliance wit his fellows, a perpetual war with the employer. We know whithe the teachings of the incendiary tend; we know that as capital canno be compelled to invest at a loss, or the community to give a highe price for articles than it can afford, the issue will be the ruin of trad and widespread destitution. But the blindness is natural; so is th desire; and these masses are getting—if they have not already go —the powers of government into their hands. It does not seem tha the temper of the British artisan has been much softened by all th concessions and caresses, or that his appetite for industrial chang has been appeased. He seems still to regard capital as his enemy and to be bent on extorting all that can be got by putting the scre on the community.

Over-population is another danger with which Great Britain i threatened and from which America is as yet free; though even i

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America within the last twenty years the rate has greatly changed, and instead of joyously welcoming to their shores the destitute of all nations, the Americans are now half closing the gate by the exclusion of pauper immigrants, while some of them would be glad to close it altogether. The world seems all at once to have awakened to the fact that it is possible for it to be over-peopled. England is manifestly becoming crowded, and social revolutionists, lest the steam should be let off from their engine, are dissuading the people from emigration. Not only is the surplus prevented from seeking an outlet, but no check is put on immigration, and London has been receiving and is still receiving a vast influx of refugee Jews. Socialist rhetoric may jauntily banish Malthus to Saturn, but it will not supply means of employment for superfluous hands or bread for supernumerary mouths. Nor will the production of food be increased by anything which disturbs the security of property, especially of property in land. The danger is aggravated by the monopoly of the Unions, which prevents the fair distribution of such employment as there is, and may some day force the community to make a desperate stand for freedom of labour. Meantime the educational machine is increasing the numbers of candidates for the more intellectual employments beyond the capacity of the market, and in that quarter too there will presently be a multitude, perhaps a dangerous multitude, of unemployed. It is not likely that any populace will ever play again the part of the Faubourg St.-Antoine. But the destitute or criminal masses of London are far larger and probably more dangerous than those of New York or Chicago. At New York or Chicago disorder has the community at large actively opposed to it and ready in extremity to unite against it. In London it has the active opposition only of the police, with a timid government behind, while it is countenanced in menacing assemblage by Radical politicians and even by members of the House of Commons.

American industry and prosperity rest on a basis entirely natural and solid, so that if they receive a shock, even a shock so severe as that which they are receiving at present or that which they received in the Civil War, their recovery is pretty sure. The continent produces almost everything of importance in itself, and the foreign trade is small compared with the trade among the States. British industry and prosperity rest on a foundation partly natural and solid—on the natural products of the islands, especially coal, on their commercial situation, on the qualities of their inhabitants, on their accumulation of plant and skill. But in part their basis is artificial, owing its existence to the depression or retardation by war or misgovernment of industries, especially manufacturing industries, in other countries. British cotton manufactures had to thank for their development slavery, which forbade the cotton to be worked up where it grew. A great shock in this case might be irreparable, and untold ruin might ensue.

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America is a land of freehold farmers, of whose political steadfastness and worth every one who has lived in a farming district is aware. Whoever saw the Pennsylvanian militia marching in the Inaugural procession at Washington the other day must have felt that he beheld a strong army of Order. Where the soil is so owned 'nationalisation' of the land is not to be feared. What has England to answer to these men? Her tenant farmers, worthy citizens no doubt and patriotic, but weak as a body compared with the American freeholders; and beneath these, far outnumbering the farmers at the poll, the farm labourers, voting in the blindest ignorance of all public questions, national, imperial, or diplomatic, and without an idea but of the three acres and the cow.

To proclaim Democracy is to renounce Empire. This will before very long appear. America has no empire and the democracy knows its unfitness for Imperial sway. It did not want even Alaska. Great Britain has an immense empire, with relations the most various and the most delicate, which is now given into the hands of electors who could hardly point out India on the map. Not Russian ambition, or native insurrection, is the great danger of the British Empire in India, but British democracy, which already is joining hands with Hindoo agitators who are taken by metropolitan electors for representatives of the people of India. It is now insisted that arrangements shall be made for flooding the Civil Service with natives; a measure the probable effect of which on the integrity of the service and the respect of the people generally for it, as well as in its imperial character, most Anglo-Indians regard with dread. Demagogism in India means abdication. It may be that England had better not have become mistress of India, but she has now immense investments and interests there, to say nothing of the murderous and devastating anarchy which would probably ensue upon her withdrawal, and in which the cultivated Baboo would be the first to perish.

America is in little danger of war. Great Britain has war always at her door. How would she face it now? Through the war with Napoleon she was carried by a strong and virtually autocratic government, supported by an aristocratic constituency, resolute, tenacious, and in its way intensely patriotic, which placed all the resources of the country at the command of its leader. Now she has no government but the ephemeral creature of the caucus, which upon the first reverse would fall. In the Crimean war the government did fall before the first gust of popular displeasure, though it had met with no actual defeat, but was labouring with the difficulties of a rusty machine. In former struggles the country was united; in the struggle with Napoleon Scotland in the hands of Dundas was a unit on the side of the government. Now the spirit of provincial jealousy and disunion has been set at work not in Ireland only, but

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in Scotland and Wales. How are the sinews of war to be provided? Government no longer dares to impose a new tax. Lowe tried it and was mobbed. The only resource is to raise the income tax; and can this be done sufficiently to meet the demands of war? Not only provincial antipathies, but class passions have been stirred by malignant ambition, with effects fatal to national unity and common effort. There is a call for an increase of the fleet, to ward off what is supposed to be imminent peril from the Empire and its trade. The Radical answer is that those who call for the ships may pay for them, if they please, by an addition to their own taxes, but the 'masses' are not going to be taxed, or even to forego a remission of their taxes, for the maritime safety of the nation.

The enemy of course sees all this, and those who have laboured to set class against class and kingdom against kingdom for their party purpose may have the satisfaction of feeling that they have at the same time been exposing the country to the danger of war, and possibly of invasion. The spirited diplomacy of the British Foreign Office and the policy of great armaments seem to be a survival and in the air. The constituency which supported them has ceased to exist.

America regards with anxiety her foreign element. But her foreign element is neither so anti-national nor so united for mischief as the Irish. It is not with the Irish in Ireland only, but with the Irish colonies in British cities that England has to reckon. The spirit of these colonies, as we are assured by those who know them best, is even more clannish and more rancorous than that of their compatriots across the Channel, while their votes turn not a few British elections, which are thus in the hands of the sworn enemies of the country.

At the bottom of all the agitation and unrest in England, as elsewhere, is the dissolution of fundamental beliefs. Society has in great measure lost its old religious basis, and as yet has found no other; whether it will find one in science remains yet to be seen. Ceasing to believe in the social form as a divine ordinance, the masses begin to suspect it as a cunning device of privileged classes for keeping the good things of life in the hands of a few. Ceasing to believe in any world to come, they desire at once to grasp as much as they can of the present world. Nothing can be more natural, and it must be owned that if the present world is really all, it is not the impatience of the unfortunate that is wonderful, but their patience. In this respect again the crisis in the United States is less acute than the crisis in England. Partly owing to the practical and commercial character of the people, partly perhaps owing to the absence of such an incentive to spiritual revolt as a State Church, scepticism there is less pronounced and less active than it is here. The American may have tacitly given up miracle and dogma, but he rests in a sort of Christian theism, with a belief in Providence and in moral account-

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ability, though not in Hell, which the humanitarianism of democracy has discarded. In England the most decided scepticism visibly gains ground, both among the highly educated classes and among the quick-witted though unlearned artisans. It appears in the very novels, being used to spice their love stories; it meets us on every side. Even beneath Ritualism itself misgiving perhaps sometimes lurks; at all events the need of pageantry and music as condiments to prayer and preaching is confessed. Among the governing classes religious doubt begets general weakness of conviction, loss of moral nerve, political fatalism, and readiness to surrender on the first summons, while a knot of violent men who know their own minds press and carry the community forward to revolution. Instead of training themselves for resistance, or even giving their minds to the great and perilous questions of the day, the governing classes seem to devote themselves to pleasure and excitement, the thirst for which is as strong as it was in France on the eve of the Revolution. The passion for sports and athletics amounts to mania, while there is a dearth of officers for the Volunteers.

It happens that with the political and social crisis comes an economical crisis also, itself fraught, as usual, with political and social change. The landed gentry having governed England, nationally and locally, for three centuries, have broken down under agricultural depression. At the same time they are attacked by their political enemies, who bring in the Parish Councils Bill to 'disestablish the squire.' The squire has too often been disestablishing himself by failure to reside on his estate. So long as the social duties of the manorial system are performed that system has not a little to say for itself against the troglodytism of *La Terre*, with the landscape of the Angelus, which is apparently the Radical ideal; though what the Radicals mean, when they have disestablished the squire and the parson, to make of rural England, or even of its large farm buildings, they have not said, and, perhaps, provided political antipathy is gratified, do not much care. Had the manorial system done no worse socially than it has economically, its defence would not be hard. The Radical member of the House of Commons who called the British system of land tenure the worst in the world did not think of its harvests or of what it has done for the soil. Food is beneath the consideration of the Jacobin, under whose happy reign in revolutionary France, besides the myriads politically murdered, a million of people, Taine reckons, died of want. We shall see whether larger harvests and more bread for the people will be produced by allotments with the spirit of confiscation at work. Mansions, however, are being everywhere deserted by their owners, who are going to economise in towns. It is hard to live economically where once you lived in style: yet the French aristocracy would have done better if they had not run away from the Revolution, and the landed gentry of England

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will probably show themselves wise as well as brave if they accept the Parish Councils Bill as a challenge to return to their posts and stand up for what is left to them both of property and social influence.

The last ingredient in the seething cauldron of change is the 'Revolt of Woman,' symbolised by the female forms in masculine attire which career on bicycles through the streets. This revolution extends to the family and imports the abrogation of its headship. Nor is it to stop there; for there is a movement, it seems, for the emancipation of daughters from the tyranny of their mothers as well as for the emancipation of wives. Let those who say that no harm has come of the experiment in Wyoming or New Zealand wait till they see women really made political, and party politics fairly introduced into the household. The spirit of radical change, however, is evidently at work in all quarters, and it is in this complication of movements, without a government, that the special danger lies.

In England there is still plenty of public virtue, of moral force, of organising and governing power. To see this one has but to mingle in her social life and to look round the vast machinery of her industry and trade. No doubt she has the man for whom in the hour of peril every one calls; only that unfortunately it is after, not before, the crash that the man comes to the front. But what governing power or authority has she to save her and her Empire from revolution? This surely in the presence of so much that tends to revolution is a practical and a serious question.

Recent events are enough to show that in the Crown no controlling power is left. If there were, Parliament could not have been abused as it has been. It is possible, on the other hand, that, with a female sovereign who could not be exposed to any sort of risk or annoyance on the throne, the Crown might, if an emergency calling for strong measures should arrive, be a source of fatal embarrassment. Power now centres in the House of Commons. What, then, is the House of Commons? Does it retain any feature of a national council or even of a deliberative assembly? Is it anything but a cockpit of faction? Are its debates anything but factious wrangles? Do not its manners too plainly bespeak its degradation? What is its character even as a machine for doing business? There is too much reason in its wretched plea for surrendering the unity of the nation that it is incompetent to legislate for Ireland: the time which should be spent in legislating for Ireland, and in legislation generally, is wasted in angry and barren talk. What is worst of all, it has totally lost its independence. While it arrogates to itself omnipotence it has itself become the slave of the Caucus and of the demagogue despot in whom the Caucus is incarnate. Members hardly keep up the pretence of voting according to their consciences. They openly avow their bondage. If one of them has the misfortune to change his conviction, instead of doing his duty to the country by changing

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his vote, he resigns his seat to the Caucus. Under the present leadership, with its absorbing and towering egotism, the application of the screw has been always growing more severe, and the degradation of its victims deeper, till at last the representative has been reduced to the level not only of a delegate, but of a political messenger. The Irish in British constituencies, it seems, are going to make every British candidate sign a written pledge that he will vote against his country. The chief of the Caucus rules the House of Commons with absolute sway, and is himself ruled not less absolutely by the Irish. A Bill passes the Commons to erect Ireland into a separate nation with a parliament of her own, and at the same time to give her eighty members in the British Parliament as a security that the pretended safeguards of Imperial Unity shall not operate, and as the means of keeping the party of surrender in power. No British member can possibly have voted for that Bill without knowing what he was doing to his country. No British member who had voted for that Bill would, if any spirit were left in the nation, continue long in public life. The handwriting surely never was plainer on the wall of any system or institution. Nor is there any prospect of a change for the better. The degradation of the franchise will be carried to the lowest point. Everything in the system of registration or polling which tempers the influence of ignorance, passion, and demagogic corruption on the elections will be swept away. The larger, the blinder, and the more incohesive the constituencies become, the greater will be the need of the caucus to combine the votes and the greater its power will grow. Payment of members will be introduced; a swarm of adventurers will come forth, while men who serve the country from duty, not for pay, will retire in disgust and weariness from the field.

For a moment new life is breathed into the House of Lords. That House now stands between the nation and dismemberment. Patriots do right in rallying to its defence against an assailant who entered public life as the nominee of one of its members and now seeks its destruction, not from desire of amending the constitution, but because it will not at his imperious bidding pass without deliberation or delay a measure which turns the constitution upside down, and is diametrically opposed in fundamental principles to the measure which he himself brought forward on the same subject a few years ago. If the Lords, as a member of the Cabinet tells us, are for the most part there only because they are the sons of their fathers, they are not there because they are the slaves of the Caucus. They have not sold their political souls to Mr. Schnadhorst or to the Irish. They are at liberty to do their duty to the country, and it happens that the great question before them is one with which privilege and rent, the sources of aristocratic bias, have not much connection. Many members of the House of Commons, it cannot be doubted, had sufficient respect for the House of Lords to look to it as a

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cover for their own breach of duty to the country and vote for the Home Rule Bill, in the assurance that the Lords would not allow it to become law. Among them we should perhaps not err in reckoning the Cabinet Minister who now proposes to resort to 'force,' and who might not be doing the worst of all things for the nation if he should transfer the issue to that field. A ledge which saves us from a fatal fall is welcome whatever its material. But no one supposes that the House of Lords on its present footing can permanently regain power or afford a lasting security against revolution. The omission to reorganise it while the national and anti-revolutionary party had a majority in the House of Commons is surely for ever to be deplored.

It is the system of government by faction, politely styled party, that has brought all these perils on the country. Nor does the blame rest on one party alone. This train of events began long ago. It began when, for the purpose of overthrowing the government of Sir Robert Peel, the Protectionists, under a sinister leadership, filed into the lobby with the Whigs and Radicals to vote against an Irish Coercion Bill for which they had voted at an earlier stage. From that moment the party left the paths of English honour for those of un-English intrigues and legerdemain, with results gratifying to the ambition of their leader but fatal to themselves and to the country. They allowed themselves to be drawn into playing the same trick for the purpose of turning out Palmerston on the Conspiracy Bill which had been played for the purpose of turning out Peel on the Coercion Bill. Their whole history for thirty years was one of equivocal combinations, not excluding flirtations with Home Rule. After throwing out, by a junction with the Adullamites, the Liberal Franchise Bill and vehemently applauding Lowe's arguments against the lowering of the suffrage, they, 'to dish the Whigs,' voted for a measure of the same kind, and while Lowe passionately appealed to their principles cowered in guilty silence. At last, their Elisha having inherited the mantle and the political morality of 'Elijah,' they by the help of the Irish threw out the Liberal Government which was contending with Irish Rebellion and let the Crimes Act drop in requital of the support which they had received. This crowning feat of political strategy was the immediate source of all the mischief, though it does not excuse what followed.

The fruits of the system of party government in all the countries which have adopted it are the same. Everywhere it is tending, through incessant faction fights, perpetual appeals to passion, and profligate bidding of the parties against each other for votes, to revolution, perhaps to anarchy. England it threatens not only with dissolution of government, but with dissolution of the nation and of the Empire. How she is to get out of it Heaven knows; but in some way she must get out of it if she would escape ruin.

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The necessity and duty of the hour, however, appear to be plain. A House of Commons manifestly demoralised, unable to despatch the business, docked of freedom of debate by the Clôture, in bondage at once to the Caucus and to Irish disaffection, is proclaimed the sole organ of the national will, the supreme and only power of the State. The Second Chamber is to be suppressed or silenced. This forms the present issue. The first care of anti-revolutionary statesmanship in future will be to reorganise the House of Lords on a rational basis and make it a real safeguard, like the Senate of the United States. To defend the existence of a Second Chamber against domineering and usurping violence is the duty of the present hour.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

London: February 1894.

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THE CHAMBERLAIN COALITION PROGRAMME

I HAVE often wondered whether Cassandra would or would not have been aggrieved at the non-fulfilment of her prophecies. Of course to any well-regulated mind it ought to have been a source of unmixed gratification to find that her apprehensions had been utterly unfounded, and that the Trojans, notwithstanding their disregard of her warnings, had held their own against the Greeks. But then prophets, and still more prophetesses, are, in so far as my observation goes, seldom possessors of well-regulated minds; and I cannot help suspecting that Cassandra's distress at the ruin of her country and her people by the fall of Troy, must have been slightly alleviated by the reflection that the catastrophe might have been averted if her kinsfolk and fellow-countrymen had not turned a deaf ear to her counsels. At any rate, I am conscious that this, in Cassandra's case, would have been my own sentiment, if I may judge from the feelings occasioned in my mind by discovering that my friends the Liberal Unionists, as represented by their leader, have at last come round to the advice I have for some seven years past tendered them in vain, both in these pages and elsewhere. make no pretence of any kind to prophetic powers. A certain deficiency of imagination of which I am conscious, and an innate preference for facts over theories and for things over names, would alone have always disqualified me from posing as a prophet. I admit most heartily that seven years ago I was as little able to foresee what would be the state of our political world to-day as I am unable to tell to-day what that state will be seven years hence. But though the gift of genius is required to foresee what will happen, only the use of common sense is requisite to foretell what will not happen, and all the little credit I claim for myself is that I foresaw and foretold what my Liberal Unionist friends were either unable to foresee or, at any rate, unwilling to foretell—namely, that a party with a purely negative policy could never become a positive power in English politics.

The one thing omnipotence is incapable of accomplishing is to

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undo the past; and it is about as idle to discuss what might have happened if the Liberal Unionists had formed an open coalition with the Conservatives seven years ago, as it would be to speculate on what might have been the condition of the human race if Eve had declined to eat the apple tendered her by the Tempter. In what, therefore, I have to say on the present relations of the two sections of the Unionist Party, I shall only allude to the past in as far as such allusion is required to illustrate the present.

Now, my own idea is that when the Liberal Unionists seceded from their party on the second reading of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill in 1886, they did so under a mistaken idea that the secession was only temporary. Their belief was that the withdrawal of so large a body of eminent Liberals, headed by such leaders as the then Marquis of Hartington, Mr. John Bright, Mr. Forster, Mr. Goschen, and Mr. Chamberlain, would either bring Mr. Gladstone to his senses, or, failing that, would cause such a wholesale desertion on the part of his English followers as to knock Home Rule on the head. The belief proved to be erroneous, but it was so plausible a one that I cannot wonder at those who entertained it. Personally I thought then, as I think still more now, that the decision to establish a separate organisation and to hold aloof from the Conservatives was a mistake. Still, there was much force in the argument that the Liberal Unionists in the constituencies were not prepared to vote for candidates who did not call themselves Liberals. On the other hand, the moral weight of the demonstration caused by the split in the Liberal camp was gravely weakened, in as far as the electorate were concerned, by the almost morbid anxiety of the representatives of the secession to prove that, though they coincided with the Conservatives on the question of Home Rule, they were in all other respects the real, true, and original Liberals. Still, the considerations for and against a coalition previous to the General Election of 1886 were so evenly balanced, that even now it is very difficult to say which view was right or which was wrong. The error—if error, as I hold, there was—was committed later.

The elections held on the defeat of the first Home Rule Bill in the Commons returned a decisive Unionist majority. But they also established three conclusions beyond the power of dispute. The first was that the great majority of the Liberal party were determined to follow Mr. Gladstone, Home Rule or no Home Rule; the second was that Mr. Gladstone was unwilling, or, if willing, unable, to drop Home Rule as a fundamental part of the Liberal programme; the third, and most important, was that the country at large had utterly failed to realise the paramount importance of the maintenance of the Union, as compared with all the other issues submitted to its decision. Given these conclusions, the time had clearly come for the Liberal Unionists to reconsider their position. My complaint against them is that they

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failed to reconsider it, and elected to do nothing but to remain as they were, waiting, like the rustic, till the river should run dry. From that moment they found themselves in a false position. They continued to sit on the Opposition benches; yet on all questions involving the possibility of a Ministerial defeat they voted steadily and solidly with the Ministry. They resented as a personal offence any imputation of having deserted the Liberal party; yet for all practical purposes they were part and parcel of the Conservative following. I should be the first to assert that in the tacit coalition thus established there was nothing discreditable to either party. On the contrary, I think there are few pages in modern English politics more creditable than those which record the loyal co-operation of the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists during the six years of Lord Salisbury's administration. Both parties showed the utmost consideration for each other's convictions and even prejudices. Both parties may claim with justice that they influenced each other for good; that, under the alliance, the Conservatives became more genuinely Liberal, and the Liberal Unionists more alive to the Conservative sentiments which form the backbone of our English institutions; and, above all, both parties may claim with equal truth that on every important occasion they vied with each other in their readiness to postpone all other considerations to the great common object of upholding the Union. Still, though these results are matters of history, they did not produce anything like their due effect on popular opinion. Somehow or other, as I have often said before, the British public never has understood the position of a party which sits on one side and votes with the other.

It is a common saying that an insurrection which fails to gain ground is foredoomed to defeat; and even the warmest partisans of the Liberal Unionists cannot contend that they gained ground during the last Parliament. They sustained defections one way and the other. Mr. Goschen left them to join the Government. Sir George Trevelyan deserted them to rejoin the Opposition. On the whole, the course of the bye-elections was unfavourable to them; they lost more seats than they gained. Both in and out of Parliament they acquired few new adherents, while many old ones fell away from their ranks. Whether from any fault of their own, or from causes entirely beyond their own control, they were unable to associate themselves with any policy distinct from that of their Conservative allies; and they were mainly known as Unionists, who were even more hostile to Home Rule than the Conservatives themselves. The shrewd, if somewhat narrow, common sense of the British public detected the flaw in their political position. If their sole duty was to uphold the Union, why on earth do they not join the one English party which is powerful and numerous enough to preserve the Union? This, put into plain words, was the question

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which presented itself to the minds of the British electorate; and to this question no clear reply was given, or, as I hold, could be given. As time went by, and as it became more and more probable that Mr. Gladstone would obtain a majority owing to the fact that the one broad, clear issue of the repeal or maintenance of the Union had become obscured and lost sight of amidst a variety of collateral issues, the general expectation was that the Liberal Unionists would bear the brunt of the defeat.

The expectation was only imperfectly realised. The Liberal Unionists lost considerably, but not disastrously. The fact, however, that their defeat was a repulse, and not a rout, was mainly due to an incident of the elections which has attracted much less attention than it deserved. What saved them was the extraordinary and unexpected success of Mr. Chamberlain's personal following in and around Birmingham. If my memory—writing as I do at a great distance from books of reference—serves me right, there were some twenty odd members returned in the Birmingham districts as Liberal Unionists who, one and all, owed their seats chiefly, if not entirely, to his active support. Of all the constituencies in the United Kingdom there are few more independent than those of which Birmingham may be said to be the centre. It is clear that Mr. Chamberlain's extraordinary personal influence, which has made him a sort of dictator in his own town, has extended to the adjacent districts, and that he exercises a political power in the Midlands such as no other public man of our day has attained elsewhere. I believe that without impugning in any way the independence of the members returned as Liberal Unionists in the above districts, they one and all recognise the importance of their leader's support, and could not well run counter to him on any important issue in Parliament without seriously endangering their chances of re-election. In other words, a large section of the Liberal Unionists were returned quite as much in the character of supporters of Mr. Chamberlain as of upholders of the Union. The limits of space preclude my discussing in any way the causes of Mr. Chamberlain's strength as the leader not only of the Liberal Unionists, but as the chief of a party of his own. I only call attention to the peculiar and indeed unique position he occupies in politics, as this position has, as I deem, a very material bearing on the course the Liberal Unionists as a body would do well to pursue.

In the present Parliament, their attitude as an independent party has become more difficult of maintenance than it was even in its predecessor. After all, so long as the Conservatives were in office the Liberal Unionists were not called upon to actively oppose measures of reform to which, as self-styled Liberals, they stood pledged by the programme of the party to which they still claimed to belong. But it is a very different thing when Liberal measures, not directly

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connected in any way with the question of Home Rule, are brought forward by a Liberal Ministry. The Liberal Unionists might indeed plead as an excuse for refusing to support the measures in question that thereby they are indirectly strengthening the Government, and increasing the risk of the Ministry's obtaining such a majority at the impending elections as would enable them to carry Home Rule over the head of the Lords. But this plea is questionable as a matter of logic, and is too subtle ever to recommend itself to popular approval. The difficulties of the Liberal Unionist position have also been augmented by the accidental elevation of their former leader to the Upper House. Mr. Chamberlain may be an abler politician than the Duke of Devonshire, but he has not—and cannot have at present—the paramount authority possessed by his predecessor. For the first time almost in their history there have been several instances of late of the Liberal Unionist vote being divided between the Ministry and the Opposition; and divisions of this kind are ominous for the future. The time is fast coming—if it has not already come—when the Liberal Unionists must make up their minds definitely under which party they intend to serve; and it is to the credit of Mr. Chamberlain's political sagacity and courage that he has been the first statesman to recognise openly the impossibility of sitting much longer on the fence, and has spoken out boldly what many of his party have long been thinking, but have hesitated to say.

The speech which Mr. Chamberlain delivered at the Edgbaston Conservative Club in Birmingham on the last day of January was—to adopt a phrase much in favour with the Gladstonian politicians—an 'epoch-marking' speech. Whenever I read, as I do most months of my life, that the Grand Old Man has made a speech which marks an epoch, I am always reminded of a story of Prince Bismarck. On some occasion a lady, on being presented to the Prince, remarked that as she had that morning been introduced to Count Beust, she had had the honour of speaking in one day to the two greatest statesmen of her time. 'Madam,' the Chancellor replied, 'you flatter me too much, calling me a great statesman as compared with my Austrian colleague. His Excellency has four-and-twenty great ideas every day of his life, and I in four-and-twenty years have only had one.' However, whether epoch-marking or not, the Edgbaston speech indicates a turning-point in English politics of the day. It possessed what for me is the special charm of all political oratory—of being brief, terse, and, above all, lucid. One may or may not agree with Mr. Chamberlain's meaning, but one never has any doubt as to what he means. The pith of this particular speech may be summarised in a very few sentences. The fact of his being welcomed as the guest of a Conservative Club in Birmingham was typical of the cordial understanding that has been the result of seven years' co-operation between the Conservatives and the old

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Liberal party which he represents. He went out of his way to declare that, in all bygone political controversies—to which he might fairly add, *Quorum pars magna fui*—he had always recognised that, though their policies might differ, Conservatives had equally at heart with Liberals the common interests and traditions of this great country. Upon all the leading questions of both foreign and home policy he stated that he was now more in accord with the Conservatives than with the coalition which, under the leadership of Mr. Gladstone, had appropriated the name of Liberals. Admitting this, he not only accepted but welcomed the idea suggested by the chairman of the meeting, of 'the formation of a new and united party that would be comprehensive and constructive, and that would be in the truest sense a national and an Imperial party.'

I do not think Mr. Chamberlain would take any exception to this summary of his speech. I feel confident it would be recognised as a fair version by any impartial critic, whether friendly or otherwise, of the ideas expressed therein. The significance of such utterances, made under such conditions, can hardly be over-estimated. Mr. Chamberlain is not an impetuous speaker, apt to be carried away by the passion of the moment. He had plenty of time to prepare his words, and he knew perfectly well that his words, speaking as he did to a Conservative audience as the leader of the Liberal Unionists, would be understood as representing the views of his own party. This being so, it seems to me there is only one possible interpretation of his language, and that is, that in his opinion the time has come when Unionists and Conservatives should sit together, vote together, and take office together, or—to express the same idea in fewer words—form a united party.

It may be said—and I have little doubt that Mr. Chamberlain would say himself—that he did not propose the Liberal Unionists should be absorbed by the Conservatives, but that both parties should abandon their mutual independence in order to form a new party. This, however, is a distinction without a difference. Mr. Chamberlain is far too long-headed and clear-minded a politician to believe that a mere change of name would remove the difficulties inherent in a fusion between the two sections of the Unionist party. A change of name might possibly be an advantage, but, after all, the new party, under whatever flag it sailed, would be popularly regarded as Conservative, and a Tory under any other name would smell as sour to Radical nostrils. Moreover, the popular prejudice against changes of name would, in this instance, be not unreasonable. After all, the Conservatives are the strongest party, numerically, in England, if not in the United Kingdom; they are the party whose steady, gradual increase is the most striking feature of modern English politics; they are the party, under whatever appellation they may describe themselves, who wish to uphold

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our present institutions and our existing social organisation; who are hostile to all violent and sudden changes; and who are, therefore, the real opponents of Radical ideas and Radical aspirations. The support of the Conservatives is infinitely more important, numerically speaking, to the maintenance of the Union than the support of the Liberal Unionists; and, even apart from the immense discrepancy between their respective numbers, I believe the former have a far greater relative strength than the latter in their respective holds on popular opinion. If a stream runs into a river, the stream is merged in the river, whatever name the united current may bear after the junction. So it is, and must be, in politics; and when Mr. Chamberlain, or anybody else with a head on his shoulders, talks of forming a new party by a coalition between Conservatives and Liberal Unionists, what the speaker really means is to strengthen the old Conservative party by the infusion of new blood. It follows, as a matter of course, that in any united party—be its name what you will—the dominant policy must be that of the great Conservative majority, though that policy may, and will, be modified to some extent by the ideas of the Liberal Unionist minority. If two persons are entering loyally and in good faith into a contract, it is better for both of them to realise clearly beforehand the obligations this contract respectively involves. I think, therefore, it is well the Liberal Unionists should understand that, though a coalition must entail a certain sacrifice of individual predilections and preferences on both sides, the sacrifice must of necessity be made on their side as well as on that of their allies.

Is there any reason why Liberal Unionists should object to such a compromise as that which I have indicated? For my own part I think not. There can be no doubt that Mr. Chamberlain described accurately the genesis of the Liberal Unionist party in the following words:—

> That is the reason why, when the [national] honour has been threatened, when our [national] interests have been betrayed, we [Liberal Unionists] find it possible to put aside willingly for a time any individual preferences or distinctive prejudices, and to stand shoulder to shoulder [with the Conservatives] in order to defend the greater interests which are attacked.[1]

The necessity for standing shoulder by shoulder in defence of the Union is more urgent than ever, now that a Bill for the Repeal of the Union has been actually passed—through whatever means—by the House of Commons. But even if this were otherwise, if the Home Rule question were definitely adjourned to the Greek Calends, I should still be in favour of the coalition recommended (or perhaps it would be more accurate to say contemplated) by Mr. Chamberlain.

The truth is that the Home Rule Bill of 1886 was the symptom,

[1] The words in brackets are simply inserted to render clear the paragraph quoted from Mr. Chamberlain's speech.

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quite as much as the cause, of a long-standing divergence of view between the new Liberals and the old. The Repeal of the Union, in obedience to the agitation set on foot by Mr. Parnell, whether wise or unwise in itself, was utterly out of harmony with all the principles on which the Liberals as a party had acted previously. Its acceptance signified the triumph of a new school of Liberalism, which looked with contempt on the old-fashioned doctrines of its predecessors. If the rupture between the old and the new Liberals had not taken place on Home Rule, it must infallibly have taken place on some similar issue, though possibly the secession might then have been less numerous and less simultaneous. Sooner or later the split had got to come. It is quite foreign to my purpose to discuss now whether the old or the new Liberals were in the right. All I wish to point out is that the divergence of opinion extended far beyond the narrow limits of Home Rule. We—if I may be allowed to speak as a pre-Gladstonian Liberal—had no wish whatever to change our Constitution; we were anxious that all the great reforms consistent with the maintenance of that Constitution had been already well-nigh accomplished. We believed in individual liberty, in the freedom of contracts, in the sanctity of property, in the superiority of private enterprise to State intervention, in the supremacy of the law, and in the right of everybody to do what he thought fit, so long as that supremacy was not assailed. We may have been a set of political dodos. That is not the question. All I assert is that such, rightly or wrongly, was our political creed; and it is not surprising that we should have been alarmed when we discovered that the whole policy of the new Liberalism was based on principles antagonistic to every article of our old faith. Even before Home Rule was proclaimed to be the dogma of latter-day Liberalism we had begun to doubt whether we would follow much further in the paths of Radicalism.

The events of the last seven years have only confirmed us in the suspicion that our secession must be permanent, not temporary. On the other hand, these events have borne in upon us the conviction that we cannot remain much longer an independent party, calling ourselves Liberals, but always doing our best to keep the Liberals out of office. What, then, are we to do? Of course we can retire from public life, on the ground that we are out of sympathy alike with Liberals and Conservatives. I can well understand the mental attitude of a Liberal Unionist who says that his conscience will not allow him to act with the Liberals of to-day, but that old ideas, old traditions, old prejudices, if you like, preclude him from identifying himself with the Conservatives. This way of thinking is not mine; but then, probably from some deficiency of the power of make-believe, I was never able to take our English party divisions very seriously. Sambo and Pompey, Tory and Liberal, were always to me very much alike. And I am convinced that a great number of the Liberal

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Unionists share my views, though those who are public men cannot confess the truth as freely as is allowable in the case of an outsider such as I am. I am still more convinced that the Liberal Unionists have not the slightest wish to retire from political life; yet—and this is the truth I would impress on them—they must before long be compelled to do so, unless they relinquish their position of political isolation, and either return to the Liberal fold or join company with the Conservatives.

The latter course is the one dictated, as I deem, alike by public duty and personal interest. I may possibly be told that if the Liberal Unionists join the Conservatives they will have to accept the general policy of the Conservative party in other matters besides Home Rule, and that there are various points of Conservative policy to which, unless they are to recant their Liberal principles, they cannot possibly assent. I fully admit the first of these propositions; I utterly deny the second. The points on which there could be any fundamental divergence of opinion between the Liberal Unionists and the Conservatives of to-day are, if I am right, some six in number. The first is our foreign policy. The 'Little England' theory, which of late has been taken up by a noisy section of Radicals, is not *as yet* adopted by the Gladstonian Liberals. Indeed, it would be difficult to establish any difference in principle, or even in tone, between the foreign policy of England as directed by Lord Salisbury or by Lord Rosebery. Conservatives and Liberal Unionists are absolutely at one in their desire to maintain peace abroad, to consolidate and develop the British Empire, to open up fresh markets to British industry, and, if necessary for this purpose, to extend our territories, either directly by annexation, or indirectly by the agency of chartered companies. A second and cognate point is that of the national armaments, on which there is absolutely no difference of opinion between the two parties to the proposed coalition. The third point is the position of the House of Lords. Probably the Liberal Unionists are more keenly alive than the Conservatives to the necessity of improving the character of the Upper Chamber as a representative body. But as they are both absolutely agreed as to the expediency of maintaining intact the authority of the Lords as an estate of the realm, there can be no real difficulty in arriving at an understanding as to the modifications which may be advisable in the constitution of the hereditary legislature. The fourth point is that of social reform. Now, on this point both parties have gradually arrived at identical conclusions, though these conclusions are based upon somewhat different premises. The Liberal Unionists believe firmly in freedom of contract, and in the expediency of allowing the relations of labour and capital to be settled between employers and workmen with as little State interference as possible. The Conservatives, while possibly not attaching the same value to the principle of

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freedom of contract, have come practically to the conviction that the rights of property are best protected by securing individual liberty to workmen and employers alike. Indeed, the accession of the Liberal Unionists would tend to weaken rather than strengthen the disposition to adopt Socalistic ideas of legislation, which has of late years been manifested by a section of the Conservatives. The fifth point is that of Free Trade. There, however, any difference of view that may exist is not of any practical importance. The Conservatives—or at any rate a good many of them—may not approve of Free Trade in principle, but they recognise that for England for the time being it is an absolute necessity. The Liberal Unionists approve of Free Trade as a general principle; but they have learnt by experience—in common with all the rest of the world, for that matter, with the exception of the Cobden Club—that it is not an infallible recipe which is good for all countries or for any country at all times. For the present we are all agreed that Free Trade is the best thing for England, but we are not prepared to accept as an indispensable article of political belief that under no possible circumstances could it be advisable for England to modify her present fiscal policy. The sixth and last point is that of the Established Church. Probably a good many Liberal Unionists agree with me in thinking that if a State Church did not exist in England we should not be in favour of its establishment; but we see that the State Church, as at present existing, works well, that it is popular with the great mass of the community, and that it does an immense amount of good. Whether we approve of it or not in the abstract, we are convinced that the institution will last out our time and probably a great deal longer. We have, therefore, no objection to accepting things as they are, and we are ready to support the Conservatives in resisting any attempt to overthrow the Established Church as a national institution. When all is said and done, we should find it very difficult—even if we had the power—to put anything better in its place; and we fully realise that the Establishment is a powerful agency in upholding the conservation of instinct, as distinguished from the conservation of party, which forms the backbone of our national greatness.

I have thought it worth while to express my opinion freely on the points on which Liberal Unionists and Conservatives might possibly be expected to differ, not because I think my own opinion is of any particular value, but because I fancy it expresses not unfairly the general view of commonplace people like myself who were formerly Liberals, and whom the tide of events has floated on to the shores of Conservatism. As a matter of argument, I think it would not be difficult to show that it is not we who have deserted Liberalism, but Liberalism that has deserted us. But, personally, I do not hold the matter worth arguing one way or the other. It may be true, for aught I know to the contrary, that Anglicans are right in their con-

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tention that our communion and not that of the Church of Rome has the truest claim to the name of Catholic. But when I, and the great majority of mankind, speak or read of Catholics, we mean Roman Catholics and not Anglicans. Just in the same way, when I hear or speak of Liberals I mean followers of Mr. Gladstone, partisans of Home Rule, and adherents of the Newcastle programme. It would be absolutely no satisfaction to me to prove that I, and those who are of my way of thinking, ought by rights to be called Liberals; and yet a sort of unreasoning dislike to forfeiting the name of Liberal seems to me the strongest argument against a coalition which, in my view, is called for urgently, not only in the interest of the special cause we Liberal Unionists have at heart, but in the general interests of the country.

I must ask any of my Liberal Unionist friends who demur at my conclusion to ask themselves what single measure of first-class importance they can recall on which they are seriously at variance with the Conservatives. I would ask them further to define, if they can, in what respect the Liberalism of the Duke of Devonshire differs substantially from the Conservatism of the Marquis of Salisbury, or in how far Mr. Chamberlain is nowadays more Radical than, say, Lord Randolph Churchill. If they cannot answer these questions to their own satisfaction, they must be forced to admit that the distinction between themselves and the Conservatives is one of name, not of principle.

Nobody who has studied political history can doubt that we shall soon have to deal with new political conditions. Even if Home Rule should receive its quietus at the next elections, the necessity for a coalition, though less urgent, would remain unchanged. I have been so maligned for once expressing a doubt as to Mr. Gladstone's immortality that I can only venture to say that the present condition of political affairs is necessarily transitional; and that before long we shall infallibly be confronted by a Radical party, differing in composition, in aspirations, and in modes of political warfare from any we have yet known.

The risks arising from the existence of such a party, arrogating to itself the title of the 'popular' party, can only be averted by the united resistance of all the elements in the State who desire to uphold law and order and to preserve individual liberty. Surely, at such a crisis, Englishmen who, whether they have hitherto styled themselves Liberals or Conservatives, are at one in their desire to maintain our political institutions and our existing social organisation, should not allow themselves to be kept apart by questions of party names and party traditions. It is on this account that I welcome Mr. Chamberlain's utterances in favour of a united national party. It is on this account that I have endeavoured to point out the only lines on which, in my opinion, such a party can at present be formed.

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I may be told—I rather expect to be told—that I have exaggerated the force of Mr. Chamberlain's language; that what he proposes is the creation of a totally new party, not an avowed coalition between the Conservatives and the Liberal Unionists. In other words, Mr. Chamberlain's desire for a national party may be represented as nothing more than a pious aspiration for the advent of the millennium when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together. It may be so; it may be that the speech in question was only delivered as a sort of *ballon d'essai*, to learn which way the wind is blowing; and that if the suggestion which this speech was clearly intended to convey does not, in vulgar parlance, 'catch on,' the speech itself may be represented as the mere expression of an abstract wish for an unattainable unity. Be this as it may, the coalition is bound to come sooner or later; and the sooner it comes, the better for the country in general and the Liberal Unionist party in particular. By a curious Nemesis of fate, Mr. Gladstone's acceptance of Home Rule will, I am convinced, have as its ultimate result the formation of a united party, strong enough to check for many a year to come the advance of the new Liberalism with which, in an evil hour for his own fame, our octogenarian Premier elected to identify his political fortunes.

EDWARD DICEY.

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WESTERN NATIONS AND EASTERN MARKETS

THE offensive and defensive alliance between France and Russia, which, according to general belief, was concluded last year, is as serious a menace and danger to our Indian Empire and our markets in the Far East as it is to the peace of Europe. The danger in the East has moreover been accentuated by the recent aggression of France in Indo-China, which has led to her absorption of Luang Prabang and Eastern Siam, and thus enlarged her base for further aggression on Siam and China, and made her frontier conterminous with that of our Indian Empire along the Eastern border of our Shan State of Kiang Hung.

India, having at immense expense put its north-western border in a satisfactory state of defence against the threatened advance of Russia, has now to face the possibility, if not the probability, of a joint attack by France and Russia on her dominions, such as was threatened in 1807, when Napoleon and Alexander the First endeavoured to make a league with Persia to drive us out of India.

China, Japan, and Siam are alive to the designs of these powers upon their territories. It is time that the United Kingdom should fully awake to the dangers threatening its Eastern Empire and its markets in the Far East, and consider the steps required for safeguarding and maintaining them. We should make up our mind as to what interests we have in those regions which are vital to the welfare of our nation, and, having fully considered the subject, should determine, whatever the cost may be, to defend them.

Great Britain is a comparatively small island, containing an enormous population, which has doubled itself in sixty years, and bids fair to repeat the feat by the middle of next century. Our present thirty-two millions are mainly dependent on our home and foreign markets for support. Supply, fostered by the hostile tariffs, cheap labour, and long work-hours of our rivals, has of late years increased faster than demand. Prices have fallen to such an extent that for twenty years the value of the yearly export of our home produce has been practically stationary, and for the last few years

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actually decreasing, instead of steadily increasing in the same ratio as our population. Elsewhere in the world the population has been increasing in a like fashion; and, particularly on the Continent, more and more people are every day being forced into manufacturing and distributing pursuits to gain their livelihood. Thus, as Mr. Chamberlain pointed out to the unemployed the other day:—

> We are pressed out of the old markets—out of the neutral markets which used to be supplied by Great Britain—by foreign competition. At the same time foreign Governments absolutely exclude our goods from their own markets, and unless we can increase the markets which are under our control, or find new ones, this question of want of employment, already a very serious one, will become one of the greatest possible magnitude, and I see the gravest reasons for anxiety as to the complications which may possibly ensue.

Competition has become a fierce fight for existence, and war in the future will be largely waged for the exclusive possession of the great markets of the world. Africa has been peacefully divided among European nations. Our part of that continent is mainly a market of the future, whose inhabitants have to be educated up to civilised wants; their requirements at present seldom going further than muskets, ammunition, spirits, and beads. North America, like Europe, has been developed into a manufacturing and highly protectionist region, where crushing tariffs tend more and more to restrict the profitable sale of our goods.

In South and Central America, where trade is paralysed by constantly recurring rebellions, our commerce is hampered and threatened with exclusion through favour being shown to our protectionist rivals, who have commenced using the weapon of their home tariffs as a bargaining power to enforce entrance on favourable terms to the markets of neutral countries which have merely a fiscal tariff. With many of their former markets closing and closed to their goods, our merchants and manufacturers are impelled to depend more and more on our great Eastern markets for the maintenance and furtherance of their trade. More than eight years ago the Commission on Depression of Trade, in dealing with the question of remedies, gave their opinion that

> Various causes contributed to give us a position, far in advance of other countries, which we were well able to hold for many years; but these causes could not have been expected to operate permanently, and our supremacy is now being assailed on all sides. But we see no reason why, with care, intelligence, enterprise, and thoroughness, we should not be able to continue to advance. In order to do so, however, it is obvious that we must display greater activity in the search for new markets.

In their evidence before the Commission, witness after witness pointed to our Eastern markets—India, Burmah, Siam, China, and Japan—as the most promising markets for the development of British trade. Cheap carriage annihilates the effect of distance. So far is this the case that cotton and cotton yarn are now carried from Bombay

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to Japan, a distance of 5,773 miles, for two rupees, or two shillings and sixpence, a ton. Every manufacturing country is brought into competition with us for the commerce of the free-trade markets of the East. Competition has become so vigorous that we cannot afford to let any advantage we at present possess or can gain slip from us; and we are bound, if we would maintain and increase our trade, to do the utmost in our power to increase our customers by diminishing the cost of carriage to their markets.

The seaboard and navigable rivers give access to only limited areas for commerce. To fully develop these great markets they must be covered with a network of railways. Lines are now being pushed forward from the coast into the interior, in all of these regions, and every day these countries become more valuable as they are opened up to trade. Unlike the barbarous natives of Africa, their inhabitants are civilised, clothes-wearing, tool-using, trade-loving people, with commerce uncramped at their ports by prohibitive tariffs, who gladly become our customers whenever and wherever we can place our machine-made goods at their doors at a less price than they can obtain local hand-made manufactures. India has become so valuable to us as a market, chiefly through the extension of its railway communication, that a late Viceroy, Lord Dufferin, when addressing the London Chamber of Commerce, shortly after his return from that country, in referring to its great trade, said:—

> These figures, I think, should be enough to convince the least receptive understanding what a fatal blow it would be to our commercial prosperity were circumstances ever to close, either completely or partially, the Indian ports to the trade of Great Britain, and how deeply the manufacturing population of Lancashire, and not only of Lancashire, but of every centre of industry in Great Britain and Ireland, is interested in the well-being and expanding prosperity of our Indian fellow-subjects. Indeed, it would not be too much to say that if any serious disaster ever overtook our Indian Empire, or if our political relations in the Peninsula of Hindostan were to be even partially disturbed, there is not a cottage in Great Britain—at all events in the manufacturing districts—which would not be made to feel the disastrous consequences of such an intolerable calamity. But, however satisfactory may be the present condition of our commercial relations with India, I am quite convinced that they will prove capable of indefinite expansion. . . . Were India only covered with a network of railways corresponding with its powers of production, and to the requirements of the population, the present volume both of our import and of our export trade, considerable as it is, would undoubtedly be greatly augmented. And not only is this true of India proper, but I believe that a similar commercial expansion is upon the eve of being developed in Burmah, and before no very distant date I prophesy that our chief means of communication with China will be either through the north or east of Burmah.

China, Japan, and Siam, together with our Asian possessions, contain more than half the population of the world—nine times more inhabitants than are contained in the whole of our non-Asian dominions. They are our largest, richest, and most promising markets. With the population of Great Britain increasing at the rate

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of a thousand souls a day, every day the trade of these countries becomes of greater importance to all engaged in, or dependent directly or indirectly on, manufacture and trade in this country. Their maintenance and development as British markets are of vital importance, a bread-and-butter interest, to our industrial and distributing classes, and to shopkeepers and professional men, whose prosperity is bound up with that of their customers and clients. It is a matter that touches every soul in the realm. All would suffer if these markets were lost to us. The loss would be so great that it is difficult to realise the extent of its disastrous effects. It would mean absence of employment for great masses of our population; ruin to our manufacturers and merchants; empty houses and reduction of rents, particularly in the manufacturing and distributing centres; loss of capital to all who have invested their savings in the East; and, owing to the impoverishment of the main body of the people, an enormous increase of taxation to the remainder. If we lose India and our markets in the Far East, the United Kingdom, deprived of its largest areas for commerce, would dwindle, as Spain and Portugal did under similar circumstances, into a second-rate power.

As early as 2698 B.C. there are indications of communication between China and the West, and from time immemorial the trade of the East has been the most lucrative branch of the world's commerce. European merchants have been directly competing for it from the close of the fifteenth century, when the Cape was first rounded. Early in the next century, Portuguese, French, and Dutch vessels visited China, and the Portuguese took possession of Ceylon and the Maldive Islands, and established factories on the Malabar and Malacca coasts. By 1537 the Portuguese had founded factories in China at Amoy, Macao, and in the neighbourhood of Canton, and established a practical monopoly of the Eastern trade.

The destruction, in 1588, of the Spanish Armada opened the Cape route to our trade. Three years later the first English adventure left this country for India. Quarrels ensued with the Portuguese, and it was not until the defeat of their fleet off Surat, in 1615, that the first English factory in India was established at that place. Four years later the first English East India Company had agents and factories in Burmah, at Syriam, Prome, and Ava—and there is reason to believe at Bhamo, close to the frontier of the Chinese Shan States. British merchants thus approached China on its landlocked side, through Burmah, several years before 1635, when English vessels first visited its coast. About 1677, factories were established by the East India Company at Amoy and Formosa, and seven years later at Canton. In 1834 the Company abandoned the monopoly of our China trade, and from that time to this China has been one of our most valuable markets.

From 1674, when their first factory in India was established, the

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Pondichery, the French have been our active rivals in the East. In 1687, when they were in high favour with the King of Siam, and were endeavouring under a friendly mask to gain possession of his country, English traders were dismissed from Bangkok, in all probability at French instigation. In 1746 they took Madras from us by force of arms, and from 1748 to 1761, when we completed their downfall in India by the capture of Pondichery, France and England, when not directly engaged in war, were partisans of rival claimants for sovereignty in Southern India.

The jealousy and unfriendly feelings of the French towards England and its Indian Empire gave rise to their first attempt to turn Annam into a French protectorate. This is evidenced by the memorandum laid before the ministers of Louis the Sixteenth, by the Bishop d'Adran, who negotiated the Franco-Annamite Treaty of 1787, and by the clauses of the treaty. The Bishop in his memorandum says:—

> The political scale in India appears so heavily inclined to the side of England that it must seem very difficult to reduce the balance. Perhaps an establishment in Cochin-China would be the most certain and efficacious method that could be employed. In effect, if you glance at the productions of Cochin-China and the position of its ports, it is easy to consider the great advantage that would arise from establishing ourselves there, both in peace and in war:—
>
> 1. We may assume that the most certain means of combating the English in Asia is to ruin or weaken their commerce. In time of peace we should much diminish the profit they draw from their trade with China, by carrying it at less cost and with greater facility than they.
>
> 2. In time of war it would be easy to interdict this commerce to any hostile nation, for by cruising about the exit from the Straits, or more surely still at the Bocca Tigris, which is at the entry of the Canton river, we should be sure of hindering all coming out or going in, whenever we chose. . . .
>
> 5. We might, in case of need, find there help in men, troops, seamen, &c.
>
> 6. We should be able easily to check the English in the projects they seem to entertain of spreading themselves towards the Eastern coast.'

By clause 7 of this treaty, which, owing to the outbreak of the French Revolution, was never ratified, it was ordained that,

> 'In case his Most Christian Majesty determine to make war in any part of India, it shall be permitted to the commander-in-chief of the French troops to make a levy of 14,000 men, whom he shall drill in the same manner as in France, and who shall be instructed according to French discipline.'

The mantle of the Bishop d'Adran appears to have fallen on French diplomatists and officials of the present day, particularly on those who are serving or have served in Indo-China, and on the Parisian press. In fact, there can be no doubt that, as Mr. Balfour stated in a recent speech at Manchester, 'at the present moment the French are, as a nation, hostile to us.' The dangers accompanying such hostility are greatly increased by the recent *rapprochement* of France and Russia.

Occupying Northern Europe and Asia, Russia, like a great octopus

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stretches out her arms to the south, seeking to strengthen herself, and to grow at the expense of her neighbours. In Asia she is as yet weak, having less than twenty million inhabitants in her vast Asian Empire. In Europe she is strong, with a population of over a hundred million in a region less than a fourth of the extent of her Asian dominions. To strengthen herself in Asia, she has rapidly pushed forward two great railways to serve as backbones whence other lines are to spring.

One of these main lines, the Trans-Caspian, neighbours Persia, Afghanistan, and Chinese Turkestan, and is already completed as far as Samarcand. It is being continued to Tashkend and Khokand. The other, the Siberian-Pacific Railway, had its first sod cut by the Csarewitch on the 24th of May, 1891, at Vladivostock, a Russian port on the Pacific coast, which is the Eastern terminus of the railway.

The Siberian-Pacific Railway commences at Tcheliabinsk, the eastern terminus of the line from Samara, Moscow, and St. Petersburg. Its total length is 4,785 miles, and its estimated cost 36,765,000*l.* When completed, the distance by rail from St. Petersburg to Vladivostock will be 6,500 miles, considerably more than double the length of the Canadian-Pacific railway. Aided by the Arctic and Pacific fluvial systems, it is being constructed from several points at the same time. Many thousand convicts, exiles, soldiers, Russian workmen, Chinese, and Coreans are employed on the work, and fully half of its total mileage is to be in running order by the close of the present century.

These main lines are to be connected by two branches, both starting from Samarcand, one proceeding viâ Tashkend to Tomsk; the other to Omsk. They will give Russia, like an iron hand, a firm grip upon the north-western and northern dominions of China, which are already conterminous with Russian territory, and which the railways will neighbour, and, for hundreds of miles of the most vulnerable part of their frontier, *i.e.* Manchuria, actually skirt.

Russia's encroachment upon Chinese territory commenced in 1641, when her subjects began to settle in the upper portion of the basin of the Amur. By the treaty of Nerchinsk, of the 27th of August, 1689, she was permitted to keep Nerchinsk and the Upper Shilka region, but had to retire from Albazin and North-West Manchuria, the boundary being defined along the Daourian mountains. This treaty was observed till the middle of the present century, when Russian subjects coming by sea planted settlements near the mouth of the Amur.

The subsequent cession by China of the provinces of Amur and Primorsk to Russia under the treaties of 1858 and 1860, extorted at the time of the Anglo-French war with China, and when that country was much weakened by the Taiping and other rebellions, placed Russia in a favourable position for carrying out its further designs

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on China, Corea, and Japan, which will probably be deferred until the completion of the Siberian-Pacific Railway.

The Kuldja scare in 1880, when China began preparing for war because Russia showed a determination to hold Ili and Kuldja, which she had occupied since 1871, at the time of the Mohammedan rebellion in Kashgar and North-West China, was not lost upon either party. This, together with the British occupation of Port Hamilton, 1885–87, when Russia was taking a menacing attitude towards Corea, made Russia pause before she commenced further encroachments until she had strengthened her position with the railways she is at present engaged upon.

While Russia was negotiating with China for the cession of the rich but sparsely populated provinces of Amur and Primorsk, France, taking advantage of China's weakness, laid the foundation of her Indo-Chinese empire by annexing the southern provinces of the kingdom of Annam, which owned allegiance to China, and had for centuries been tributary to it. Once commenced, this empire grew rapidly at the expense of its neighbours, and now is believed to contain over twenty million souls, a population greater than that of the whole of the Asian dominions of Russia. Cambodia was seized from Siam in 1863; three more provinces from Annam in 1866; Tongking was temporarily occupied in 1873; Annam and Tongking were made French protectorates in 1885; and Eastern Siam and Luang Prabang were annexed last year.

It is likewise well to bear in mind that the annexation of Upper Burmah, at the close of 1885, was forced upon our Government owing to the discovery of French intrigues in that country, which threatened to turn it into a French protectorate and thus block our overland trade routes to China. From that time until the negotiations over the Buffer State were concluded, France raised pretensions to the Mekong as the border of Tongking, and endeavoured to bluff our Government out of the nine provinces of our Shan State of Kiang Hung and the portion of the Kiang Kheng province of our Shan State of Kiang Tung, lying to the east of the Mekong, as with these provinces in her possession we should lose all chance of successfully competing with her for the trade of Southern and South-Western China.

The importance of preventing the available railway routes leading from our Burmese seaboard to Ssumao, the Chinese frontier town and trade emporium of South-West China, from being blocked was so evident, and has so frequently been impressed upon the Government and the public in my reports and addresses, that it appeared incredible to me that the India Office, or the Government of India, in order to erect a screen of Siamese territory between the French and British territory in Northern Indo-China—a screen which circumstances have shown would at once be torn down by France—should have handed

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over to Siam a large part of the Shan States which we had inherited from Burmah, and through which our railway routes to Ssumao must run, if the railways are ever to be made.

Our railway routes to China were thus left open to French aggression. It was only after much discussion and friction with the French Foreign Office and Minister that Lords Rosebery and Dufferin succeeded in so far retrieving the blunder of the India Office as to still keep a hold on our railway routes, which afford access for our goods to the great markets of South-West China. This was done by arranging for a Buffer State to the east of the Mekong, which should give path for railways to Ssumao from both the French and British territories.

These railway routes promise to be of enormous advantage to the future extension of both British and British-Indian trade. India's trade with China has rapidly increased of late years, and now runs neck to neck with that of Great Britain. The Burmah-Siam-China railway, and the direct Burmah-Karenni-China railway, when completed, will form iron bonds of union between China and India, the two largest and most populous empires in the world. The two empires are threatened by the same foes, and it is natural that they should be allies for mutual defence. These lines would largely develop both their trade and their friendship. Well might Sir Charles Dilke say:—

> The friendly development of China, a friendly trading ally in time of peace and a fighting ally in time of war, is, in my opinion, worth more to this country than a dozen Turkeys.

To understand how far the rights of China have been infringed by the French annexations, we must note that from 116 B.C. Tongking and Annam had been dependencies of China, and at times actually ruled by that power. Luang Prabang became tributary to China in 1730, and Siam paid tribute to her from 1350 to the time of the Taiping and Mohammedan rebellions, which for twenty-one years closed the path along which the tribute bearers had to proceed.

By the seizure of Tongking and Luang Prabang, France has secured a base for the further dismemberment of China. Her ultimate aims on that country are no secret. They have been avowed by her colonial officials in speeches and publications from 1858, when she first commenced operations by seizing and occupying Saigon. De Carné, the political officer who accompanied the French expedition up the Mekong in 1866–68, fully sets them forth. In his account of the journey he says:—

> The force of circumstances, and the weakness of the Chinese themselves (this was shortly after the close of the Taiping rebellion and when the Mohammedan rebellion was raging in Yunnan), enables us to foresee the dismemberment of that ancient Empire. In the presence of that eventuality France should be prepared. Her part is traced out by the position which she already holds on the Annamite Peninsula. It is absolutely necessary that she should exercise a paramount

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influence at Tongking, which is for her the key of China, and she should show her flag to the people whose protectorate may some day fall into her hands. Perspectives full of deepest interest and attraction open from Saigon, beyond the mountains of Tongking, over the fertile and healthy countries of Western China and Thibet. Fortune, which has so often made us pay for her favours of a day by lasting betrayal, appears to have become less cruel.

With such knowledge imparted to Chinese statesmen by Sir Haliday Macartney and other advisers, it is not strange that China determined to resist, by armed force, the acquisition by France of its feudatory Tongking, which was desired as a base for the further dismemberment of its empire; and the publication of such views by French officials cannot tend to amicable relations existing between France and the threatened country. Russian officials consider it wise to be more reticent than the French are as to their designs upon the territories of their neighbours; but Russian maps have been seen on which the Yellow river, or Hwang Ho, is delineated as the southern limit of the desired Russian aggression.

China has far more fear of Russia than she has of France. She is aware of the political aspect of the Trans-Caspian Railway, and is anxiously watching the rapid construction of the Siberian Railway, which skirts her northern frontier for many hundred miles along the border of Manchuria, and has its terminus close to Corea. She knows that the Russian seaports on the Pacific coast are icebound for several months in the year; that Russia desires above all things to acquire the ports in Southern Corea, which are open to navigation throughout the year; and that the completion of the Siberian line will open an era of aggression in which she will have to exert herself to the utmost to save Manchuria and Corea from being absorbed by Russia, and to prevent her capital from being laid open to future Russian attack.

Russia has a wonderful power of assimilating Asiatics, particularly Mongols and Tartars, into Russian subjects. Her population in Eastern Asia is sparse, and she desires to use every means in her power to increase it. According to Mr. Charles Marvin,—

If we strike inland into Siberia, 1,000 miles from any part of the Pacific coast, the whole population, from the Chinese frontier to the Arctic seas, will not reach three-quarters of a million. On the other hand, in the adjacent provinces of Manchuria alone, China possesses 12,000,000 of people.

Adding to these Chinese the 8,000,000 inhabitants of Corea, we have a population of 20,000,000, whose absorption would more than double Russia's subjects in Asia, and greatly strengthen her in carrying out her further designs on China.

Such being the designs of France and Russia upon our markets in the Far East, it will be well to consider the changes that have happened in China and Japan since the march of the allies on Peking, which have greatly increased the fighting power of those nations and tend to their safety. The events of 1857-60 proved to the Chinese

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that without modern ships, modern forts, modern artillery, modern arsenals, European drill and European science, they were utterly defenceless against a European power, and they straightway set about acquiring them. Their experience in the Franco-Chinese war completed the change in the attitude of their rulers towards Western knowledge and science. To show this conclusively, I cannot do better than quote the following passage from the subsequent memorial of Prince Kung to the Emperor of China, on 'The Establishment of a College for the Cultivation of Western Science.' He said:—

> It is high time that some plan should be devised for infusing new elements of strength into the Government of China. Those who understand the times are of opinion that the only way for effecting this is to introduce the learning and mechanical arts of Western nations. . . . As to the allegation that it is a shame to learn from the people of the West, this is the absurdest charge of all; for under the whole heaven the deepest disgrace is that of being content to lag in the rear of others. . . . Of the jealous rivalry among the nations of the Western Ocean it is unnecessary to speak; but when so small a country as Japan is putting forth all its energies, if China alone continues to tread indolently in the beaten track, without a single effort in the way of improvement, what can be more disgraceful than this? . . . In conclusion, we would say that the object of study is utility, and its value must be judged by its adaptation to the wants of the times.

After my visit to China at the time of the Franco-Chinese war of 1884–85, no doubt remained in my mind as to the awakenment of China to the fact that if she would keep her independence, she must arm as other nations arm, and progress as they progress. I found the strategical points on the rivers leading to Canton, Foochow, Shanghai, and other ports on the Yangtsze, and to Tientsin, strongly fortified with modern forts and artillery, and lines of torpedoes laid in the Canton river. On crossing from Chefoo to the Chinese arsenal and harbour of Port Arthur, in a Chinese gunboat under Chinese officers, to witness the then expected attempt of the French fleet upon that stronghold, I had an excellent chance of gaining esoteric knowledge of the advance China had then made in military matters.

I found the harbour defended by extensive fortifications, and others being rapidly pushed forward under the superintendence of a German military engineer. The entrance to the arm of the sea, which formed the harbour, was further protected by lines of torpedoes connected with electric batteries for firing from a distance. The troops were armed with breechloaders, drilled by an English instructor of musketry, and doing target practice. I dined with the Chinese admiral and general on board one of the war-vessels, and noticed how excellently Captain Lang—who was in command of the fleet until the outbreak of hostilities compelled him to resign—had trained the officers and men. Another day I lunched with a German naval officer, acting as admiral in charge of another part of the Northern Chinese fleet, on board of one of the powerful gunboats built on the designs of Sir William Armstrong, and watched with pleasure the Chinese sailors handle the great gun and go through their drill.

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The fighting power of Chinese militia, when armed with modern weapons, is evidenced by the frequent repulses and defeats which the French suffered during the campaign in Tongking, the last being that of General Négrier near Langson, nine days before the Franco-Chinese treaty of peace was signed, and when the French army of occupation in Tongking had been raised to 40,000 men. These Chinese troops were merely levies from Yunnan, Kuang-tung, and Kuang-si, and not part of the 150,000 who had been trained by European officers in Northern China. The total army of China at that time, including 600,000 militia, known as the Green Flag Army, scattered through the various provinces, was said to be about a million men. In time of necessity this force could be largely increased. The following quotation from an author who had experience with General Gordon's 'Ever Victorious Army' shows Chinamen are admirably suitable for soldiers:—

> The old notion is pretty well got rid of that they are at all a cowardly people, when properly paid and efficiently led; while the regularity and order of their habits, which dispose them to peace in ordinary times, gives place to a daring bordering upon recklessness in time of war. Their intelligence and capacity for remembering facts make them well fitted for use in modern warfare, as does also the coolness and calmness of their disposition. Physically they are, on the average, not so strong as Europeans, but considerably more so than most of the other races of the East; and on a cheap diet of rice, vegetables, salt-fish, and pork, they can go through a vast amount of fatigue, whether in a temperate climate or a tropical one, where Europeans are ill-fitted for exertion. Their wants are few; they have no caste prejudices, and hardly any appetite for intoxicating liquors.

However good the fighting material of an army may be, its efficiency may be crippled by a defective military organisation, and clogged by difficulties of transport. The Chinese dominions extend over nearly four and a half million square miles; over one and a half million being comprised in the eighteen provinces of China proper. From the Russo-Chinese frontier on the Amur southwards in a crow-line to the Franco-Chinese border of Tongking is over 2,100 miles in length. To march from one frontier to the other would take an army at least half a year. Without railways, an army in such a country, with its coast blockaded and an enemy able to land at any point, would be as helpless as a giant without legs.

Railways appeared to me an absolute necessity for the military defence of China, particularly in face of the probability of a future joint attack being made by France and Russia. I knew that the Kuldja scare had given the start to telegraphs in China, and had led the great Chinese statesmen Li Hung Chang, Tso, and Liu Ming Chuan, to believe in the need of railways, and I felt certain, and frequently expressed my belief in conversations with leading officials and merchants in the treaty ports, that the close of the Franco-Chinese war would see the era for railways commencing in China. I found the prevailing opinion was against my views. The European residents, with hardly an exception, considered that the passive

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obstructiveness of the Tsung-li-Yamen and Censors could not be overcome.

The war was hardly finished, however, before the Emperor's father, who had been the leading opponent of railways, became an earnest advocate for their construction, and in a strong memorial to the Empress Regent, this Prince pointed out the important advantages which railways afford 'in the facility and rapidity with which troops and material can be moved from place to place.' They were accordingly commenced in Formosa; and a line, 644 miles in length, was begun to connect Tientsin with Kirin in Manchuria, which, I understand, is to be carried on to the Russian frontier on the Amur.

This railway is being constructed leisurely at the rate of about fifty miles a year, but as our Consul at Tientsin says in his last report:—

> Being avowedly a strategical line circumstances might arise which would tend to hasten its completion, and it is the opinion of competent engineers that if needs be it could be finished in eighteen months.

As the ignorant and bigoted Censors objected to this line being carried northwards from Tientsin to Tungchow, and, indeed, altogether to the construction of railways, the Emperor, who sympathised with the advocates for railway construction, early in the spring of 1889 sent orders to a number of high provincial officials to report to him as soon as possible on the construction of railways in China. Among these were various viceroys, the governors of several of the provinces, and some high military officials. A great body of opinion from the leading men in the empire was thus gathered together, which largely preponderated in favour of railways. Liu Ming Chuan, the famous Governor of Formosa, who repulsed the French, pointed out that the sanctioning of the Russian railway across Asiatic Russia to the Amur showed that the mouths of the Russians were watering for the Manchurian provinces, and went on to say:—

> Let us then make ourselves strong against any possible aggression while we have time, and we cannot take a better means to that end than the extension of railways.'

Various schemes were proposed in different parts of the country, the chief being a line from Pekin to Shanghai, proposed by Liu Ming Chuan, and one from Pekin to Hankow, proposed by Chang Chih-tung, the Viceroy of Kuang-tung and Kuang-si. The latter railway, known to us as the Grand Trunk Railway of China, will be about 800 miles long, and was sanctioned by the Emperor in an imperial edict, dated the 27th of August 1889, in which it was ordered that the railway should be commenced at both ends at the same time. This edict after mentioning the officer selected for carrying the line into execution, makes the following notable statement: 'The Sovereign is of opinion that to make a country powerful railways are essential.'

Well might the *North China Daily News*, in remarking upon this

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edict, say: 'The issue of the decree marks a new era in the history of China, an era of renewed and extended prosperity to natives and foreigners alike.' The construction of the line has been delayed by the determination of Chang Chih-tung—who was moved to Hankow as Viceroy of Liang-Hu so as to be in a position to superintend the works—to carry it out with Chinese capital and Chinese material. With this end in view he has had large ironworks for the manufacture of steel rails, with blast furnaces for the Bessemer and Siemen-Martin processes, constructed at Hankow, the machinery being ordered from England. It is contemplated, in the first instance, to turn out 100 tons of steel rails per day, and ultimately to increase the output to 200 tons per day. A railway, seventeen miles long, has been made to connect the coal and iron mines with the river.

Turning to Japan, whose rapid progress, according to Prince Kung, serves as an example which it would be disgraceful for China not to follow. In 1868, the year before the Suez Canal was opened, the Tycoon was deposed from his hereditary office of Commander-in-Chief of the Forces, the feudal system was overthrown, and the Mikado, no longer invisible to his subjects, became *de facto* as well as *de jure* sovereign of the country. From that time Japan has marched rapidly and continuously forward on the path of progress. It has thrown its chief ports open to foreign commerce, adopted European manners and customs, and educated itself in Western knowledge and experience. Its army, numbering about 80,000 men on a peace footing, can be increased to 250,000 in time of war, and is equipped with European arms of precision, and mainly organised on the German system, though some of the cavalry regiments received their early training from French officers.

Its fleet comprises an ironclad; seventeen coast-defence, two despatch, and six gun vessels; twenty first-class torpedo boats; one sea-going torpedo boat; a few vedettes; eight unarmoured ships; and a few training vessels. It is manned by about 10,000 officers and men. Its navy and marines have been brought to their present high standard of efficiency principally by instruction from British officers. No smarter and better trained service can be found in any navy in the world.

The numerous islands forming the kingdom of Japan contain an area of 147,697 square miles, and a population of 42,000,000 souls, a population larger than that of the United Kingdom, and increasing at the same ratio. Its seagirt shores and fine harbours, its docks and large shipbuilding yards—where iron and steel ships of considerable size are constructed, repaired, engined, and equipped—its position in respect to China, Corea, and Indo-China resembling that of our isles towards the Continent of Europe, and like our isles facing America, together with its coal, copper, silver, and gold mines, its rapid development as both a consuming and manufacturing nation, its extending

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railway system, now comprising about 2,000 miles of line, and the energy, good sense, and artistic talents and tastes of its people, render it one of our best customers, and promise to make it the Great Britain of the East.

Japan, with a land force of a quarter of a million of men, might be considered sufficiently strong to repel European invaders if it were not for its division into numerous islands, which, in case of war, would be cut off from each other and devoured piecemeal, unless defended by a fleet stronger than that of the attacking nation. Russia's fleet in the Pacific is far stronger than that of Japan, and therefore, without a strong naval ally who could sweep the Russian fleet from the sea, Japan lies at the mercy of Russia. In the same way China, with its great armies now aggregating 1,200,000 men, largely armed and drilled according to the requirements of modern warfare, would likewise be safe from foreign attack if its finances permitted it so to strengthen its fleet as to prevent its coast from being blockaded, and its land forces—cut off from each other by sea and by the absence of rapid land communication—from being attacked and conquered in detachments, before relief could be brought from other regions in its immense empire.

It is this weakness on their seaboard that renders the continuance of the goodwill of non-aggressive foreign nations of the utmost importance to China and Japan. The rulers of both countries should be aware that the larger the commercial stake such nations have in their markets is, the more likely will they be to help diplomatically, or otherwise, in conserving their integrity and independence. The Mikado of Japan has shown his faith in this defensive policy by entering into treaties with, and opening his ports to, foreign nations; and the Chinese Government gave its adherence to it in the case of Corea, when it instigated that country to save itself from attack by entering into commercial treaties with the United Kingdom, Germany, and the United States, and throwing open its ports to foreign commerce.

The contemplated completion of the Siberian Railway early in the next century, and the recent French annexations in Indo-China, which have rendered the French frontier conterminous with that of China from the basin of the Mekong to the China Sea, have warned China that she has no time to lose in completing her preparations for defence against these two powers, who can threaten her by sea while invading her by land. With her ports blockaded, and a joint advance of Russia from the north and France from the south, and with the probability of revolt springing up in some of her provinces, her Government would be paralysed, and her empire might fall to pieces and become a prey to her enemies.

Such knowledge should, and in all likelihood will, lead her to further extend the European stake in her markets by increasing the number of treaty ports; reducing her provincial taxation on goods in transit,

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which at present throttles commerce, particularly in Southern and Western China; and by throwing open the whole of her navigable rivers to steam navigation. Thus trade would increase by leaps and bounds, and other manufacturing nations, besides our own, would look with angry eyes at the threatened encroachments of France and Russia upon the Celestial Empire, which, if carried out, would close its vast and highly promising markets to their commerce.

Our present minister at Pekin observed, in his report for the year 1885, on the foreign trade of China, dated June 12, 1886, that the progress of commerce in China

> would certainly be trebled or quadrupled by a more loyal fulfilment of the transit pass system and any reasonable development of communication. If this view hold good of the empire generally, it is signally true of the extreme southern provinces —the two Kuang, for example. Here, so far as inward transit passes are concerned, it is not merely that the system is not loyally fulfilled, but that it is completely and purposely frustrated by the Provincial Government of Canton, whose fiscal necessities are directly interested in nullifying the inward transit pass stipulations of the treaties, an object which they have most successfully carried out. . . . The result is that in very extensive regions, in the growth of commerce in which European and American manufacturers are interested, it is immensely checked and hampered.

The heavy duties levied at the numerous duty barriers and lekin stations in the provinces of Kuang-tung and Kuang-si, are so monstrous that Kuei-lin, the capital of Kuang-si, which is situated on an affluent of the West or Canton river, about 260 miles, as the crow flies, from Canton, is supplied preferentially from the Yangtsze port of Hankow, travelling an extra distance of nearly 2,000 miles, for the simple reason that taxation by that route is so much lighter. Thus we find our Consul at Canton pointing out in his last report that

> The heavy taxation of this province is driving foreign merchandise for inland markets to other ports. Last year, on a bale of Indian yarn worth 9*l.* 12*s.* (seventy dollars), taxes to the amount of 2*l.* 15*s.* (twenty dollars) were levied between Canton and Kuei-lin in Kuang-si. The taxation increases further inland until it becomes practically prohibitive.

Why should foreign powers, other than the United Kingdom, object to the projected aggression of France upon Southern China as long as that part of China is practically closed to their trade by prohibitive inland taxation, levied in infringement of their treaty rights? In French hands the taxation could hardly be greater or more oppressive in the interior than it is at present, and France would certainly cheapen the cost of carriage on the rivers by allowing steam navigation, and on land by the construction of railways. The present unwise policy of the Chinese Government not only cripples trade, but impoverishes its people; prevents the imperial customs revenue levied at its ports from trebling and quadrupling, as it otherwise would do; and alienates the good will of non-aggressive commercial nations, whose interest in maintaining the independence of China

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can be accurately measured by their stake in the commerce of the country.

By putting a stop to the burdensome inland taxation levied by the Provincial Government on goods in transit, and at the same time crediting the lekin dues levied at the ports to provincial revenue, instead of to imperial revenue as at present, the amount collected in imperial customs dues at the ports, which is exactly double the lekin dues, would increase with a rapidly developing trade, trade would be fostered instead of impeded, and both imperial and provincial revenues would be gainers by the transaction. If, in addition, the waterways now closed to steam navigation were thrown open, and foreign trade and foreign houses of business were freely permitted throughout the interior, instead of only in a few selected spots as at present, the general stake of foreign nations in the country would become so great as to make the preservation of the independence of China a matter of the greatest importance to them, well worth their serious consideration and their support.

Whatever the interests of other commercial nations may be in the maintenance of the Eastern markets against the aggression of rivals who would shut them in their faces, there can be no doubt that the present and future prosperity of our nation depends largely upon these markets being kept open to our trade. Two-thirds of the total tonnage plying at the Chinese treaty ports in 1892 was British, two-ninths Chinese, and only the remaining ninth was divided among other nationalities. More than half of the foreign trade of China falls to the share of the British Empire, and probably a full third of that of Japan. Both from the commercial and political aspect we are the chief foreign power concerned in the continuation of the independence of these countries. The great bulk of their trade lies with our dominions, and the alliance between Russia and France would, by the conquest of China, develop at once into a serious danger and continuous menace to our Eastern Empire.

The peace of Asia is threatened by the same aggressive nations, who have turned Europe into an armed camp. Whether a secret alliance has been formed between France and Russia or not, both have placed themselves in a position whence they can trouble our Indian Empire and its neighbours. Both powers have greatly strengthened their fleets in Eastern waters as well as in those of Europe. Whether at present contemplated or not, a mutual attack by these powers upon India or China might be resolved upon at any time, and we are bound to be prepared for such an eventuality. In either case British interests of enormous extent would be at stake. Markets, with a population greater than is contained in the whole of our dominions, would fall to the conquerors of China, and be closed to our goods by crushing tariffs or rendered so difficult of entrance as to seriously cripple our trade.

India, with the United Kingdom at its back, if attacked before its

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Eastern neighbours were absorbed, would probably, as long as our fleet was strong enough to hold command of the seas, be able not only to repulse them, but to drive France out of Indo-China. But should China, through want of foresight and precautions on our part, be first partitioned by our mutual enemies, the defence of India would, to say the least, strain our resources nearly to the breaking point. France and Russia would treat China as a recruiting ground, and, aided by its vast population, might use it as a base for the conquest and partition of India. Anyhow, failing an alliance with China, a joint attack of Russia and France upon either China or our Indian dominions would necessitate a vast increase to our Indian army, and an increase of taxation such as India alone could hardly be expected to bear. To ensure the continuance of peace, and the maintenance of our great markets in the East, we must be fully equipped and ready for war, and determined to take the necessary steps for protecting our weak neighbour Siam, and for forming a defensive alliance with China and Japan, the two great native powers of Eastern Asia.

It may be said that an Asiatic triple alliance would be a rather one-sided bargain for us; that while we should aid China and Japan, in their own interest, in the defence of their territory, their mutual jealousy would deter them from helping each other; that Japan, having no interest in the preservation of our Indian Empire, would leave us in the lurch in case it was attacked; and that even if China were willing to aid us in case of a Russian invasion of Afghanistan, it would take at least a year to reinforce its army in Kashgar and Ili before it could assume the offensive. Allowing this to be the case, it would still be our interest, both political and commercial, to aid these two countries in the preservation of their independence and integrity. With China as our active ally on its flank, the power of France for attack upon India would be paralysed. Besides which politically we cannot afford to have Russia and France further strengthened in Asia, and made more formidable to India at the expense of our neighbours, and commercially we cannot allow our valuable markets, containing a fourth of the population of the world, to be shut in our faces by our foreign rivals. Our great free trade markets in the Far East, whose customs tariffs are so light as in no case to exceed 5 per cent. *ad valorem*, are nearly the only extensive markets in the world that have not been brought under the dominion, or within the spheres of influence, of European nations or of nations of European descent. These markets, in which the bulk of the trade lies with our dominions, are open to, and threatened with, foreign aggression, and we are bound in our own interests to protect them.

Great Britain is a hive of industry, and it is by trade that we live. If we lose our markets, we lose our means of subsistence. With foreign competition hemming us in on every side; hostile tariffs barring us from our old markets; and the knowledge that every bit of the world's surface which is not under the British flag or British

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protection is liable to be closed to our trade, we are bound to do our utmost to safeguard and develop our commerce in the vast markets of the East. This is a life and death matter to our industrial classes, and should be the chief plank in the policy of our Government.

It has been powerfully urged that a League for Naval Defence should be formed to insist on the Government of this country maintaining our naval supremacy and control of the ocean highways, and thus the security of our empire and the safety of our floating commerce. A League for the Maintenance and Extension of British Commerce in the Far East is equally necessary. Until such a league is formed to educate the public and bring pressure to bear on the Government, we cannot expect our important interests in that part of the world to be duly attended to. With three Government Departments—the Foreign, Colonial, and India Offices—each with often conflicting policies, having a say in its affairs, we must expect the natural results to follow. Had Siam been solely under the jurisdiction of the Foreign Office, our Foreign Minister would have been ashamed to plead ignorance of the situation in Indo-China, as a reason for giving France a free hand to double its dominions in that region by annexing one-third of our market in Siam.

If such a league as I propose had been in existence at the time of the Franco-Chinese war, it would have made itself heard before France, pursuing a policy of deliberate insult and aggression towards China, was permitted to use our harbour of Hong Kong as a rendezvous, coaling station, and base of operations for harassing China and injuriously affecting our trade with that country. Had such a League been formed, our fleet in the Eastern waters would not be, as it is, inferior to the combined squadrons of France and Russia; and our Government would not have continued to be so apathetic as, notwithstanding the frequent complaints of our consuls and merchants, to take no steps to put a stop to the infringement of our transit-pass treaty-rights, which has for years stifled our trade in Southern and Western China.

Until the electorate takes an intelligent interest in the preservation and extension of our commerce, it is hopeless to expect the ordinary Member of Parliament to attend to a subject outside the curriculum of party politics, however important it may be for providing present work and future means of subsistence for our rapidly increasing population. Still more is it unlikely, without such a league, that the defence and extension of our commerce will become the chief plank in the platform of either political party. Our commerce is sick and threatened with dissolution, and our physicians are too busy with petty parochial work to attend to the mother of our industries, without whom they must die.

HOLT S. HALLETT.

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DEVIL-HUNTING IN ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND

In the fervour of the Catholic reaction in the latter half of the Sixteenth Century, Europe seemed ablaze with miracles. Saints, it is said, flew in the air, were in two places at once, uttered prophecies, and raised the dead. England, the theatre of a supreme papal effort hallowed with the blood of many martyrs, seemed alone to lie under the shadow of a supernatural eclipse. There were miracles, indeed, but as a rule they were insignificant or ineffective. The miraculous cross of St. Donats was extinguished by a commission of inquiry. The sudden deaths of unjust judges or jurymen by gaol fever; the tide ceasing to flow at London Bridge on the morning of Campion's execution; the voice from the Thames crying aloud on the death of the English Jezebel, 'Forty years of reign and an eternity of punishment!' and other like prodigies, either failed to attain notoriety or to impress the popular imagination.

To this apparent dearth of famous miracles in Elizabethan England there is on record one very notable exception. At a critical moment of the religious conflict (1585–1586) there was manifested a group of phenomena in connection with the casting out of devils which has been hailed by Catholic historians as shedding lustre upon the fame of their martyrs, and adding new glories to the Roman Church. The prodigies in question were performed in the light of day, in the neighbourhood of London, in the houses of noblemen and distinguished Catholics—at Lord Vaux's at Hackney, at the Earl of Lincoln's in Cannon Row, at Fulmer and Uxbridge, and above all in Sir George Peckham's house at Denham, in Bucks. The exorcists to whom the credit was given were a dozen or more of the best-known missionary priests, among whom were several who in virtue of the recent decree of Leo the Thirteenth are now honoured with the title of Venerable Martyrs. Their leader or conductor in the affair was Father William Weston, Superior of the Jesuits, or rather at that moment the only known Jesuit in England, and afterwards notorious for the part he played in the famous Wisbeach 'Stirs;' while the most active of his co-operators was the Venerable Robert Dibdale, who was hanged at

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Tyburn on the 8th of October, 1586. They were assisted by John Cornelius, a 'covert' or secret Jesuit, and Mr. Yaxley, both afterwards enrolled among the martyrs; by Ballard, a seminary priest, not a martyr, but executed for complicity in the Babington Plot; by Christopher Thules, who became prominent as one of the 'Appellant' priests; by Antony Tyrrell, who, after changing his religion two or three times, became for many years an Anglican clergyman, and by several others. The manifestations continued from first to last for about eighteen months, and from October 1585 to June 1586 were of almost daily occurrence. The witnesses were numerous and in high position. On one occasion there drove up to Denham House to see the miracles five coaches full of gentlemen, attracted thither by the influence of the priest Ballard, who brought with him for experiment a possessed person, Marwood, a servant of Babington. With Babington, a frequent visitor, came his friends, Gage, Donn, Tilney, Salisbury and Chidiock Titchburn; and it is said that the spectacle of the wonders there wrought and the enthusiasm there enkindled hurried on these unfortunate young men to the conspiracy which cost them their lives. Five hundred conversions were made—some said one hundred every week, or several thousand in all. The story of the miracles was in the mouth of every Catholic; narratives were drawn up and circulated by the priests. A young gentleman, an eye-witness, went boldly to Lord Burghley himself and swore that he had seen the devils like fishes swimming beneath the skins of the possessed. Lord Burghley laughed—he shut his eyes to the plain truth, said Father Weston—but for all that the Government had reason, as in the case of St. Donats' cross, to fear the contagion of enthusiasm. For the devils were not only, under compulsion of the exorcists, giving loud testimony to the doctrine of Transubstantiation, but were behaving towards the girdle of Father Campion and a bone of Father Briant as if they were the relics of saints.

The singular character of the phenomena, the interest of their historical surroundings, and their close connection with the acts of the Catholic martyrs demand more attention than has hitherto been given to them. Much of the local colouring and the circumstances which would enable us to picture the scene have long faded from Catholic tradition, and the bare miraculous result has alone been proclaimed in the Martyrologies. The first historian to publish it to the world in print was Yepez, the Bishop of Tarazona, the confessor of Philip II., in his *Historia particular de la Persecucion de Inglaterra y de los Martirios*, etc., printed at Madrid in 1599.

Wonderful (says Yepez) were the things that happened in the Exorcisms of certain persons possessed by the devil made by Mr. Dibdale, priest, who was since martyred, and by others in the house of a certain Catholic, where many persons of distinction met, with great profit to their souls. . . . The martyr Dibdale obliged the devil to bring up by the mouth of one of the possessed persons, balls of hair

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and pieces of iron, and other such like things which it was impossible could ever naturally have gone into, or afterwards come out of a human body. The devils all upon that occasion told what relics of the saints each one had privately brought with him, and obeyed the prayers and exorcisms of the Church, confessing and admitting to their own confusion the virtue which the sign of the cross, holy water and relics (as well of the ancient saints as of those that suffer in these days in England for the Catholic Faith) have against them.

Bishop Challoner, in his standard work, *Memoirs of Missionary Priests*, quotes this statement of Yepez, and confirms it with a contemporary relation, sent over to Douai College in 1626 by a Mr. Davies, which is as follows:—

I met him [Dibdale] once at Sir George Peckham's of Denham, beside Uxbridge, where he practised the office of exorcist, for there were three persons bewitched and possessed, two maids and one man. Out of one of the maids he brought forth a great needle at her cheek, and two rusty nails and pieces of lead. Her name was Anne Smith. The other was called Fid, who after the apprehension of Mr. Dibdale became concubine to Bancroft, called Archbishop of Canterbury, and had a child by him as I have heard.

Of Father Cornelius, Bishop Challoner relates, on the testimony of one who was familiarly acquainted with this martyr, that in the case of one woman—

He forced the devil to bring forth from her inward parts a piece of a rusty knife of an inch and a half in length, which he took out of her mouth, and a bag of sand of the fashion of a pincushion and bigness of a little penny purse.

In the *Menology of England and Wales* compiled by the Rev. Father Stanton of the London Oratory, by order of Cardinal Manning and the English Catholic Bishops in 1887, the miraculous gift is duly commemorated in the section devoted to the Venerable Dibdale, thus: 'Like a number of other missionaries of his time [he] was remarkable for the gift he possessed of exorcising evil spirits;' and, referring to the facts recorded by Bishop Yepez, Father Stanton adds, 'These wonderful occurrences were said to be the cause of numerous conversions to the faith.'

A natural and not irreverent curiosity asks how these things were done. The devout spectators in their simplicity questioned the devil himself as to his share in the transaction. The judge at Dibdale's trial and Her Majesty's Privy Council were anxious to get at the bottom of the mystery. Justice Young, indeed, gave out that Dibdale had admitted deception, but the friends of the martyr confidently reported that in the presence of death he had solemnly sworn that what he did was done honestly and by divine power. But the matter was not allowed to sleep. Twelve years later there was discovered in the house of a Catholic gentleman named Barnes a narrative in English (afterwards known as 'The Book of Miracles' and ascribed to Father Weston himself) which gave a detailed account of

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all the possessions and dispossessions. Upon this discovery Frideswode Williams, the woman popularly known as Fid, then in custody, was examined on her oath by the Bishop of London, and made certain disclosures. But it was not until 1602 that the presence was secured of three other possessed persons—Sara Williams, the sister of Fid, Ann Smith, and Richard Mainy, gentleman. All four, together with Antony Tyrrell, one of the exorcists, who declared that he had had a hand in the compilation of Weston's book, were now examined or re-examined by a commission consisting of the Bishop of London, Dr. Andrews, then Dean of Westminster, Dr. Stanhope, and others. The three maidservants were questioned upon every statement made regarding them in the Book of Miracles, while Mainy and Tyrrell handed in written confessions. The Privy Council ordered Dr. Samuel Harsnet, then the Bishop of London's Chaplain and afterwards Archbishop of York, to put into print the sworn depositions, which he did with a vigorous introduction of his own, in a volume entitled: *A Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures . . . under the pretence of casting out devils practised by Edmunds, alias Weston, a Jesuit, and divers Romish priests his wicked associates. Whereunto are annexed the Copies of the Confessions and Examinations of the parties themselves, which were pretended to be possessed, taken upon oath before Her Majesty's Commissioners for causes ecclesiastical. At London*, 1603. A reprint appeared in 1605.

In a literary point of view, Dr. Harsnet's writing is a masterpiece of invective. It so struck the fancy of Shakespeare that he borrowed from it for *King Lear*, not only the names of devils and the mad fancies of the demoniacs, but even the phraseology of the writer. It is now one of the rarest books of Elizabethan literature. The title is unfortunate, for though there was imposture on a large scale, there is no proof, apart from Tyrrell's belief or assertion, that the credulous and fanatical Weston was himself anything worse than a dupe. Harsnet, moreover, weakens a strong case by attaching too much weight to accusations of indecency and immorality brought against the priests by women smarting under a sense of injury, and perhaps eager for revenge. The evidence of the women, or rather of the two women Sara and Fid, must be received with more than the caution with which the exorcist received the utterances of their demons. It becomes of value when corroborated, as it frequently is, by its undesigned coincidences with information derived from independent sources. But the chief interest of Harsnet's volume lies in the series of extracts which he makes from the Book of Miracles, and from a similar treatise in Latin, also ascribed to Father Weston, the originals of which are now, it is feared, irrevocably lost. These give us the facts from the exorcist's own point of view; and it is but fair to listen to the explanations of the 'possessed' when confronted with these facts. The mere fragments of the priestly narrative alone introduce us to a view

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of the missionaries at home as realistic and painful as Dr. Bagshaw's picture of their prison life at Wisbeach.

For the first suggestion or motive of the strange comedy we must look abroad. The idea of converting England to Rome by exhibiting the power of her priesthood over Satan was not original. The priests were continually boasting of what had been done in this way across the seas. The fame of the victory obtained over Beelzebub at Laon in the year 1566 had been lately revived by the re-publication of all the narratives and documents concerning it by Jehan Boulæse in 1578.[1] More recently at Soissons (in 1582) similar wonders, which in like manner led to the conversion of innumerable Huguenots, were the talk of the whole country side. The Bishop, Charles de Roucy, was so impressed with the controversial value of what was going on in his own cathedral and under his own eye that he had notaries on the spot to take down the facts, and theologians to draw up a narrative in Latin and French,[2] which he himself dedicated to Gregory the Thirteenth, announcing the result as a notable triumph of the faith. Laon and Soissons were an easy day's journey from the seminary at Rheims, and there was constant intercourse between the places. Moreover, in the very midst of the excitement over the exorcisms at Soissons, on the 9th of June 1582, fifteen English seminarists visited the city for their ordinations.

Between the proceedings at Soissons and Denham there was much similarity, and yet some notable differences. At Soissons we read of the usual signs of possession, spectres, visions and fits. The remedies are the sacred host, relics, holy water and a moderate use of the herb rue. The devil is duly asked his name, which is written on a paper and burnt; he is asked the cause and object of the possession, the means or conditions under which he may best be expelled, and the sign he will give of his exit, commonly the blowing out of a candle, or treading on a foot. If he is obstinate, or there is reason for postponing the exorcism—by a custom which has come down from the days of the Akkadians, who were, perhaps, the most expert exorcists of antiquity—he is driven from a dangerous proximity to head or heart down to the extremities, generally the left toe of the left foot, there to wait for more convenient handling at another time. But at

[1] *Le Thresor et Entiere Histoire de la triomphante victoire du Corps de Dieu sur l'esprit maling Beelzebub, obtenue à Laon, l'an* 1566. . . . *Recueillie des œuvres et actes publiques*, etc. Paris, 1578. The interesting engraving representing the functions in the Cathedral is reproduced by Charcot and Richer in *Les Démoniaques dans l'Art*.

[2] *Cinq Histoires admirables tant en Latin qu'en François, ausquelles miraculeusement par la vertu et puissance du S. Sacrement de l'autel à esté chassé Beelzebub prince des diables avec plusieurs autres demons . . . hors des corps de quatre diverses personnes . . . en cet presente année* 1582 *en la ville de Soissons*, etc. I have seen only the Latin edition with the title, *Divina quatuor energumenorum liberatio facta apud Suessones . . . Eam scripsit Gervasius Tornacensis. Parisiis*, 1583. This book and the *Thresor* are historically more interesting than any of the narratives of the kind reprinted by Bourneville in his *Bibliothèque Diabolique*.

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Laon and Soissons all was done with a certain dignity and decorum, and with as little cruelty as the ritual of the time permitted. The bishop in each case presided, and when the crowd grew dangerous had a 'theatre' erected in front of the choir upon which he mounted with deacon and sub-deacon, the energumen, and his or her friends, in sight of many thousands. The people insisted that there should be no unfair dealing. When a young woman said to be possessed was taken for some weeks into the house of the Dominican Friars at Soissons, there was a popular outcry. She was at once removed, and placed under the care of discreet matrons, who shaved her, performed certain mystic rites, and pronounced her a virgin.

The most novel and striking feature of the phenomena both at Laon and Soissons was the outspoken avowal on the part of the demon that the motive of his action was the confusion or conversion of the Huguenots. This was repeated again and again. The devil who occupied the body of Laurence Boissonet at Soissons even declared that he was there because three of Laurence's relations had abandoned the faith; and he said, moreover, that he would only depart when the apostates had made their submission to the Church; and the devil was as good as his word. It is not surprising if so suggestive an idea should have taken root in the minds of the English missionaries.

Antony Tyrrell tells how, after his arrival in England in 1585, he was met one day in Cheapside by Martin Array, a great ally of the Jesuits, who whispered in his ear: 'Be of good cheer. The king of Spain is now almost ready. It standeth us, now, that be priests, to further the Catholic cause as much as in us lieth.' Then, referring to Weston's successes with Marwood, he added that the Jesuit would make the devils themselves confess their kingdom was near at an end. Tyrrell threw himself heartily into the business, but being of a weak and sceptical nature he after a time communicated some doubts as to the reality of the possessions to two prominent exorcists, Thomson and Stamp. Thomson urged upon him 'a holy credulity,' and Stamp at Lord Vaux's house insisted 'that they were things of such importance as would further the Catholic cause more than all the books that had been written of late years.'

The personal possessions had been preceded by devils infesting the house of Mr. Gardiner at Fulmer, near Denham. Certain seers or conjurers came there on the 22nd of October 1584, to seek for supposed treasures. Rumours arose that the house was haunted. The Book of Miracles has it that there was 'locking and unlocking of doors, tinkling among the fire-shovels and tongs, rattling upon the boards, scraping under the beds, and blowing out of the candles, *except they were hallowed.*' The first who was discovered to have the devil within him was Marwood, who, having lain out a night or two, half-starved, in a thunderstorm, was found scared and trembling,

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showing manifest signs of possession. Trayford, the servant of Sir George Peckham at Denham, followed. Unfortunately, these two men escaped examination, and we therefore know comparatively little of their antecedents. With the other four we are better acquainted.

Sara Williams was a smart Protestant girl of fifteen or sixteen years of age, who waited on Mrs. Edward Peckham, a daughter of Sir Thomas Gerard. She betrayed signs of possession in October 1585. A cat as big as a mastiff, so the priests relate, stared upon her with eyes as big as saucers. A dog of two colours, black and green, appeared to her, and she felt something entering through her eyes into her mouth, and burning her intolerably. She showed a strange reluctance, it is said, to go into Mr. Dibdale's room upon any errand. Her sister Fid, about seventeen years old, was washing Dibdale's shirt in the scullery. He came and tapped her upon the shoulder. Her foot slipped and she fell, hurting her hip badly. The injury was at once seen to have been inflicted by an evil spirit enraged at her godly occupation. But before she could be dispossessed she must be reconciled to the Church. She was accordingly baptised, together with her sister, under condition, but with all the ceremonies which she well describes, and was then exorcised.

The case of Ann Smith was peculiar. She was eighteen years of age, a timid, and apparently modest and truthful girl. No one charged her with seeing spectres or visions, but she suffered from 'the mother,' or hysteria, and was sent from her home in Lancashire to be taken care of by her sister, who was also a servant of Mrs. Peckham, then residing at Lord Stafford's house in London. This sister, after visiting Denham to witness the exorcisms, came to the conclusion that Ann was possessed. The unfortunate girl was accordingly, in spite of her earnest protestations, taken to Denham, and there before long, as might be expected, had an attack of her old illness. Thereupon, a priest named White despatched Alexander, an apothecary, for Father Cornelius, who was absent at Lord Arundel's in Clerkenwell. Alexander's horse reared and threw him. He accused Ann of bewitching him, and she laughed, and thus gave proof, if proof had been wanting before, of the devil within her. Her remonstrances were of no avail, and she was exorcised 'from morning till towards night.'

Richard Mainy had received minor orders at Rheims, and when about seventeen years of age (September 1584) had put on the habit of the *Bonshommes*, or Minims of St. Francis de Paula. But after a few months' probation he had grown weary of the life there, and returned to England. He was a sickly youth, and had also suffered from 'the mother,' or, as a Scottish physician at Paris called his ailment, *vertigo capitis*. His brother, who had married a daughter of Sir George Peckham, took him to Denham. Here the women filled his mind with their stories. He heard of nothing but devils. He was told that the horse he had ridden was a devil, and that devils had

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been seen attending him in livery coats. The priests did their best to assure him he was possessed. They took him to see Sara exorcised. He finally yielded to pressure and was given to understand that an insignificant and nameless devil had been expelled. Meanwhile Sara, who had been taken to Hackney, had a famous fit there on the 10th of January. Her inquisitive exorcist, contrary to all the rules, said, 'There is one here that hath the Mother, what sayest thou?' 'That is a *Mother*, indeed!' sneered the devil. 'Was there any devil cast out of him?' 'Yea, a little one, but to no purpose.' The devil then betrayed the fact that Mainy was possessed by a demon of high rank, Prince Modu. 'Came the Prince Modu to him to bring him from the house of St. Francis de Paula?' 'Yea, in troth.' The fatal news was brought to the young man by Mrs. Anne More 'with weeping eyes.'

The process of exorcism was truly a terrible ordeal. The patient was made fast to a chair—tied so tightly, says Ann Smith, that she bore the marks for years—and was compelled to swallow 'the holy potion,' a pint of sack, salad oil, rue, and other ingredients. The demoniac's head was then forcibly held over a dish of burning brimstone, asafœtida, and 'other stinking gear.' Under the effects of the sickening draught, the stifling fumigation, the loud adjurations of the officiating priests, and the cries of the excited bystanders, the patient struggled and screamed, talked nonsense, and frequently swooned away. The ritual used was most probably that of the *Flagellum Dæmonum*, published by the Franciscan Menghi in 1582. Mr. Stamp one day cried out to Sara's devil, 'Ah, Sirra! . . . I have a *whip* in my pocket that will bridle thee,' and he drew out a book of exorcisms. In this book, and others of the kind gathered together in the famous *Malleus Maleficarum*, will be found recipes for the concoction of a number of suitable potions and fumigations, with rubrics for their administration. 'If the devil will not obey,' says Menghi, 'take fire and sulphur, and let the demoniac be fumigated, whether he will or no, until he tells the truth about all that you may be pleased to ask.' It is particularly directed that the fumigation should be maintained 'for a long time,' and the exorcisms for two or three hours together.

The statements of the victims to the effect that, prostrated by sickness and fear, they were at times driven to attempt flight or suicide, and finally to seek indulgence and relief by yielding to the over-mastering wills of the priests, is at least not incredible. There was something suspicious in the death of Eliza Calthorpe, who, whether by accident or design, broke her neck down a pair of stairs. The bitter complaints of others were only received as promptings of the devil. Sara affirms that she held out against the temptation to deceive for six weeks. It is more probable that her compliance dates from an earlier period. Early in November, at least, her devils, as well as those of Marwood and Tray-

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ford, were in full activity. Before Christmas she was joined by Fid and Mainy; and these three confess that they vied with each other in the extravagances of their tricks and pretences. They imitated, so they say, all they had heard said or done by the demoniacs over the seas. They applauded Queen Elizabeth and her parsons, blasphemed the Mass, and gave absurd nicknames to the Mother of God. With diabolical inconsistency they had visions of the Infant Jesus in the host, and saw rays of light beaming from the anointed fingers of the priest. At the touch of a relic, a cross, or a priest's hand they feigned torture, and cried, 'I burn, I burn!' An exorcism of Marwood is well described in detail by Father Weston himself in his Latin tract. The Jesuit placed his hand on the man's head. The demoniac fell in a fury, and made all to ring with crying, swearing and blaspheming: 'Take away that dreadful hand, in the name of all the devils in hell.' But the Father would not quit his hold. He pursued the demon down the man's back, his reins, his legs *usque ad talos*, and then fetching him back along the same route, finally grasped him round the neck. '*Deus immortalis!*' cries Weston, 'into what a passion was he then cast!' A combat of this sort between an exorcist and Sara—or rather Maho, a powerful demon who had been in England since Henry the Eighth's reign and now possessed Sara—is said to have lasted seven hours.

The most secular garment of the priest had the same supernatural effect as his amice or stole. A devil was removed from Sara's hand by her putting on a priest's glove. At another time, when the exorcist was hunting one of her devils downwards, he failed to make the restless demon lie still in her foot: it was discovered that she was wearing a pair of stockings lent her by Father Dibdale. This is the explanation of the Book of Miracles, though the ingenious Sara admits that it may have been her own suggestion. One night in November the same Dibdale, in accordance with the exorcists' strange habit of conveying the demoniacs as if for public exhibition from house to house, was riding on horseback with Sara on a pillion behind him, from Denham to Fulmer, when the devil was so tormented by the contact that the girl could scarcely keep her seat; while, it is said, Trayford riding some way behind felt so keenly in his head the same radiating heat that he cried out in pain, 'Water, water!'

It is impossible here to give anything like an adequate idea of the numerous ghostly apparitions, demoniacal utterances, and miraculous dispossessions recorded, with exact dates affixed, in the Book of Miracles. A pretty full calendar of such events might be compiled for the greater part of the year. There is, for example, something of note set down to the account of Sara alone for each of the first ten days of January.

One specimen of what Mr. Mainy called the 'instructive ques-

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tions' of the exorcists, with the answers of the Evil One—a catechism for the benefit of the heretics—may be quoted:

Dibdale. What sayest thou to the Virgin Mary?

Devil. Oh! she hath no original sin. I had not a bit of her neither within nor without.

Dibdale. What sayest thou to Brian [a priest hanged in 1581]? Came he into Purgatory?

Devil. Oh, no! He is a saint indeed. He is in heaven.

Dibdale. What sayest thou to the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar?

Devil. It is the very body of Christ. *Cut it and thou shalt see it bleed.*

The words of the demon carried with them conviction. Mr. Robert Bedell of Denham, who had been a zealous Protestant, was being borne to his grave during one of Mr. Mainy's exhibitions. The devil within the young man cried out, 'Now they are about to bury Bedell, and because he served me all his lifetime I am sending him into Hell.' All the hearers wept for pity. The speech was reported to the widow, who, in terror of meeting her husband's fate, became, and died, a Catholic.

Improving discourses of this kind are not as a rule elicited from the demon until he can be adjured by name. When his true name is wrung from him the victory is almost gained. The names of the Buckinghamshire devils are curious, if not original, and their number is unusually large. The abundance of the supply, it will be observed, was a distinct advantage to the missionaries, for as fast as one devil was expelled there was another to take his place, and thus give occasion for new triumphs.

On November 21, we read in the Book of Miracles, 'Frateretto, Fliberdigibet, Hoberdicat, Cocabatto with forty assistants' were expelled from Sara. On January 5 it is recorded that 'being exorcised she prated, scoffed, and sang, called for a piper, and when the priest bade her tell him his name, made answer Pudding of Thame.' But in the interval, or subsequently, she was possessed by Hobberdidance, Lusty Dick, Kellico, Hob, Cornercap, Puff, Purr, Kellicocum, Wilkin, Lusty Jolly Jenkin, Bonjour, Pourdieu, Motubizanto, and several others. Marwood was possessed by a Captain Pippin; Trayford by Captain Philpot, Hilco, Hiaclito, Smolkin, and Lusty Huff Cap. A Colonel Portericchio, accompanied by two captains and one hundred assistants, seems to have been unattached. At their expulsion the demons, many of whom had distinguished themselves by some characteristic devices, gave the expected signs. Hobberdidance was seen to vanish as a whirlwind, Philpot went out as a puff of smoke, Lusty Dick as a stench, the demon of pride as a peacock, and Smolkin escaped from Trayford's ear in the shape of a mouse. Mainy had within him, besides Prince Modu, the representatives of the seven deadly sins, who were cast out with much appropriate acting on his part by Father Weston on St. George's Day, in the presence of one hundred persons. The description of this scene, occupying nearly four pages

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is quoted by Harsnet from the Priests' Book, and it suggested to Shakespeare some features in the feigned madness of Edgar.

But whence came the names? Sara, who, after Mainy, seems to have been the inventive genius of the party, says she found the most of them written under the hangings upon the walls of Sir George Peckham's house, but she thought that the priests in their book put them in better order than she did utter them. Hobberdidance was the hero of a merry tale told her by her mistress. Maho was taken from a story read to her by her uncle. Pudding of Thame she remembered from her childhood. It is noteworthy that from the simple Ann, who saw no visions and uttered no oracles, a name could not be extracted. Father Weston, baffled by the taciturn obstinacy of her devil, turned for help to the more communicative demon of Mainy, who mischievously announced that Ann was possessed by a 'dumb devil,' and that his name was Soforce.

Mainy, who in the intervals of his devilry posed as a saint, had his revenge upon Father Weston. At the beginning of Lent, which this 'dissembling hypocrite' spent in Cannon Row, he pretended to fall into a trance. The Madonna and the angels appeared to him; and it was his amusement, so he says, to make Father Weston and others kneel and worship the invisible presences. It was then revealed to him that on every Sunday he would have similar ecstasies and visit Purgatory, until on Good Friday he would in a trance depart this life and be carried to Paradise. On Good Friday accordingly the Jesuit summoned a large company to witness the dormition of the holy youth. Mainy made them a devout little speech, recited with them the Litany, and fell into a slumber. 'All present,' wrote Father Weston, 'did verily believe he would never have awakened again.' But after two hours, heaving a great sigh, he awoke saying, 'Our Blessed Lady appeared to me and told me I must live longer yet,' etc. At this there was 'great muttering,' and no wonder; but Father Weston fell to exorcising the young man to decide if it were all true, or whether 'the enemy' had sought to delude them.

A word must now be said on the miracles made famous by Bishops Yepez and Challoner. How did the demons recognise the several relics which each priest 'had privately brought with him'? Fid explains that the exorcists had a custom of thrusting relics, such as a piece of a martyr's thumb or finger, into her mouth. Oppressed by drink and brimstone, she would cry out at the filthy objects. 'Hark,' said they, 'how the devil cannot endure these holy things!' So when she and others *named* the relics, the priests bade those present note how the devil knew them:

> Whereas this deponent sayeth she and the rest . . . did know all these relics having the sight of them almost every day, and hearing the priests tell of whom they were. So that as soon as this examinate saw any of them she could name them very readily and say, 'This is such a piece of Father Campion, this of Ma. Sherwin, this of Ma. Brian, this of Ma. Cottam, this of Mistress Clithero.'

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But what of the miraculous removal of knives, nails, or lumps of lead from the bodies of the demoniacs? The discovery of such indigestible substances in the human body, or their ejectment by vomit or otherwise, is according to the Manuals one of the most indubitable signs of possession. It is also well known that the swallowing of things unfit for food is a not uncommon symptom of some forms of nervous or hystero-epileptic disease. Thus Jeanne Fery, a religious of the 'Black Sisters' of Mons, who under the kindly exorcisms of the Archbishop of Cambrai had been made to drink a quantity of Gregorian water (March 21, 1585)—

jettant des cris fort grands et lamentables vomit en un bassin d'argent, le Seigneur Archevesque tenant ses doigts sacrez en la bouche, une balle d'arquebouze appellée mousquette, accompagné d'un crachat sanglant.

The Archbishop, of course, imagined that the disgorged bullet was an *instrumentum maleficiatum*. The circumstances of the Denham maidservants do not, however, suggest, as in the case of Sœur Jeanne, any acute natural disease of this kind; and on the other hand the Bishops Yepez and Challoner claim both a miraculous insertion and a miraculous removal of the objects. In any case, should there still remain some uncertainty in regard to the actual facts and their explanation, a comparison of the impressions of the possessed with the stories of their exorcists cannot fail to be instructive.

Fid is, as usual, very explicit:

She well remembereth that the priests filling her mouth with relics, conveyed in with them a big rusty nail, as she is verily persuaded in her conscience, so as when they pulled out the relics she was almost choked with the nail and much ado they had to get it out. They made her mouth therewith to bleed, and affirmed to the people that it came out of her stomach by virtue of the said relics.

Fid again tells, in some detail, the story of a discovery of needles in which there is little trace of the supernatural. It is briefly this. On recovering from a fit into which she had been thrown by the holy potion and brimstone, she found two needles thrust into her leg, as she believed, by the priests. Distressed by the pain, she stooped to remove its cause, but was promptly hindered by the exorcists, who bound the limb with relics and bade her on no account disturb the bandage. Next morning after a sermon she was brought into the gallery, where Dibdale and Stamp 'very reverently and with divers ceremonies' untied the relics, and then crying out to the assembled company 'See what the devil had done!' produced the needles.

With the testimony of Fid should be compared the belief of Ann Smith, who was possessed by the 'dumb devil.' The rusty knife, or piece of knife, which, as we have heard, was extracted from her cheek by Father Cornelius, is said in the Priests' Book to have come from her mouth 'in one of her fits.' Ann can only protest upon her oath that she was

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fully persuaded that they said untruly, although at that time being wholly addicted to popery she did reverence them very much and *durst not contradict them.*

Antony Tyrrell, on the other hand, in an emotional narrative which he wrote when under the influence of Father Parsons—a narrative which the Jesuit had prepared for publication, but subsequently found reason to suppress [3]—gives an account of a miracle of this kind in which he himself had some part:

The wench [Fid] being cast into a slumber and the exorcist [Dibdale] being departed out of her chamber for giving the maid repose, the maiden suddenly awakened, crying out that a thing came running up her side and pricking her. I, being then present there, came presently to assist her, and besought Almighty God to help her, . . . forthwith the devil came up into her tongue blaspheming, etc.

The devil, in fact, called for Dibdale: 'A plague on him, let him come and take his needle that he commanded me to give him.' 'Why, where is the needle?' cried Tyrrell, and he presently saw it come 'peering out of her cheek.' For some time he could not by any force pluck it out, the devil all the while urging him to tear the wench's cheek. 'No,' said Tyrrell, 'I command thee to let it come forth without the maiden's hurt;' and, lo! the needle was extracted with the greatest ease.

It is this same Tyrrell who, in his confession to Parsons, declares that he *saw* the aforesaid rusty knife taken from Ann Smith. His reports are, perhaps, the main source of the traditional narratives. He took an interest in these instruments, preserving them in his trunk, and he complained, or pretended to complain, bitterly when they were taken from him to be produced in court. The testimony of this experienced exorcist would carry more weight if he had not retracted it. In his careful and comparatively moderate statement before the Commissioners he contemptuously refers to his own miraculous exploits and those of his brethren as 'things in themselves so ridiculous as I think no man will take upon himself to defend them,' and adds:

For although both myself . . . and so I think of the rest, did know that all was but counterfeit, yet for as much as we perceived that thereby great credit did grow to the Catholic cause and great discredit to the Protestants we held it lawful to do as we did.

It is curious to observe for how long a time a dozen Papal missionaries, occupying Denham as a centre and travelling to and fro between several other well-known Catholic houses, associating with suspected traitors and attracting crowds of Protestants as well as Catholics to witness these grotesque rites, remained undisturbed. But one day a Mr. Edward Ashfield incautiously invited Hampden of Hampden

[3] 'The Fall of Anthony Tyrrell,' edited by F. Morris, in *Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers.* Second series, p. 328.

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(i.e. Griffith, the grandfather of the patriot) to be present at the manifestations. Hampden, once Sheriff of Bucks, in 1585 represented his county in Parliament, and was not a man to be trifled with.

'Cousin Ned (he exclaimed), I had thought you would have brought me where I should have seen some godliness and not to have heard the devil, but this dealing is I see abominable, and I marvel that the house sinketh not for such wickedness in it,' and so he departed.

With these speeches, if we may trust Fid, 'the priests were greatly amazed, and fearing the worst got them away for that night.' Tyrrell, moreover, declares that divers ancient priests, Heywood, Dolman, and others, shook their heads; and those of the graver sort who were then confined at Wisbeach were greatly grieved at this introduction of 'foreign devices' by their younger brethren, saying that 'however they might be admired for the moment they would in the end mar all, and utterly discredit both themselves and their calling.' The end came, about the middle of June, when a raid was made by the pursuivants on Denham House. They captured Driland, a priest, Alexander the apothecary, Mr. Swithun Wells (some time afterwards executed), and one of the manservants. Some other priests had taken warning and made their escape with Fid and Sara. Ballard and Dibdale were seized a little later. The former was hanged with Babington and his friends on the 22nd of September, and the latter, as has been said, in the following month.

The subsequent adventures of the women, as given in their evidence, are very interesting, but they do not concern us here. Fid's account of her relations with the martyr Harrington are absolutely incredible—the hallucinations perhaps of a corrupt mind. But, if only in fairness to Dr. Harsnet, some reference must be made to the apparently rash insinuations which, in no measured language, he makes against the conduct of the exorcists. Even if all that Fid not very delicately describes were true, the priests might claim some precedent or justification in the rubric of the 'Exorcismus vocatus Luciferina, pulchra conjuratio,' &c., printed in the *Institutio Baptizandi juxta ritum S. Rom. Eccles.* (Paris, 1575), which runs 'Hic signet omnia membra tam honesta quam inhonesta,' &c. On the other hand Dr. Harsnet's insinuations or suspicions are hardly more coarse in character or expression than those of Father Brognolo, who, in his standard work *Manuale Exorcistarum*,[4] pointing out with unnecessary and untranslatable plainness the well-nigh inevitable consequences of the objectionable practice in question, relates regarding certain exorcists in Lombardy facts which, if they had not come under his own knowledge, we might fancy had been borrowed from the tales of Boccaccio.

The late Father Morris is perhaps the only Catholic writer who

[4] Compare, in the Venice edition of 1720, pages 121 and 127.

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for the last three centuries has ventured to re-open the question of honesty. He pleads that the martyrs were 'not the men to be deceivers,' and that 'if there was imposture [*i.e.* by the possessed] it was most likely suggested by reality, and no end would be gained by any attempt on our part to judge of details.'[5] But where is there any reality, if by reality be meant something preternatural? The witnesses—the three girls, Mainy, and Tyrrell himself—are agreed, and appearances are with them, in declaring that the impostures were provoked not by any real deeds of the devil, but by the manifest wishes, the suggestive questions, the tempting tales, and, they dare to add, the fraudulent practices of the priests themselves.

As to the 'details,' the writers of the Book of Miracles, by the words which they place at the head of their treatise, challenge investigation. They exclaim, apparently in the name of the dispossessed, 'Venite et videte quanta fecit Deus animæ meæ,' and the challenge is virtually repeated by the modern Menologist. Let pass, however, as unessential, the mere material wonders—the phenomena of knives, needles, and nails—and regard exclusively the moral or spiritual side of the miracle, the casting out of the evil spirit—it matters not whether his name be Cocabattu, Fliberdigibet or Pudding of Thame. Quanta fecit Deus animæ meæ! There is, for example, Fid Williams, who, whatever her virtue as a maiden of sixteen, left the hands of the priests according to their own account an abandoned woman, the concubine of an Anglican archbishop, and, according to her own confession or boast, the mistress of one seminary priest, if not of two. There is Sara, who in the matter of modesty was no better, perhaps worse, than her sister. Ann Smith may have preserved her chastity, but she has come to accuse her supposed benefactors of cruelty and falsehood. As to Richard Mainy, the more devils that were cast out from him the more accomplished impostor he became.

If we are to judge of the result by any ethical standard, the martyrologist has little indeed to boast of in this affair of the Demoniacs. The very processes of exorcism were irregularly conducted, and were barbarous even for their age; while theologians of a century later condemn them as absurd, superstitious, injurious to the Divine Majesty, and dangerous to morals. There were among the seminary priests many heroic men, preaching fearlessly an unpopular creed and laying down their lives for the liberty to so preach. Some of these may have possessed high spiritual gifts, but in view of all the circumstances it were wiser for their panegyrists to be silent regarding the particular gift of Casting out Devils.

T. G. Law.

[5] *Troubles.* Second series 'Life of F. Weston,' p. 99.

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ELEMENTARY EDUCATION AND THE DECAY OF LITERATURE

SPEAKING as Chairman of the Anniversary Dinner of the Royal Literary Fund in April last, the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., said, as reported in the newspapers,

> the names which had rendered illustrious the early years of the great Victorian epoch were one by one dropping away, and who could say that he could see springing up the men who were to occupy the thrones left vacant? Yet he did not think that we lived in a barren age, or in one that bore on it the marks of decadence. . . It only required the rise of some great man of genius to mould the forces which existed in plenty around them, to utilise the instruction which they had almost in superabundance, to make the coming age of literature perhaps more glorious than any that had preceded it;

and at the Booksellers' Provident Fund Annual Dinner, Sir Herbert Maxwell, M.P., in proposing the toast 'Literature,' said

> he thought he might say that literature was never more prosperous, whether judged by the quality or the quantity turned out. . . . There was one thing from which they might all draw satisfaction: viz. that that essential quality which was necessary for the prosperity of any business was not absent from literature—viz. that the demand for good produce was fully equal to the supply.

Are these correct estimates of the position and prospects of literature? Does the age bear no marks of decadence? Are there indications of an approaching epoch more glorious than any which have preceded it? Is it true that literature was never more prosperous either in quantity or quality? Is either the demand for or the supply of good literature at a satisfactory level?

To arrive at a just conclusion the enquiry must embrace a sufficiently wide range of years. Two circumstances determine the starting-point. The year 1870 opened a new era in education, and also in the tabulation of literary production. The passing of the Elementary Education Act in that year was a national confession of ignorance, and a vigorous effort to bring the population of the country to an equality, at least, with other peoples in knowledge. The enthusiasm of the supporters of the measure raised many glowing anticipations of the benefits that would accrue. It was with reason expected that multitudes who hitherto had occupied their leisure with degrading excitements would find in reading a more agreeable and more elevating amusement. Beyond this it was hoped that technical knowledge would discover and develop scientific and artistic aptitudes

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which would give an impetus to the manufacturing activities of the country, and repel the charge that our mechanics were not, in many departments, equal, either in design or in finish, to foreigners. There were other expectations more closely allied to literature: one was that genius would be discovered and trained, swelling the ranks of writers; and another that there would arise a greatly increased demand for books, not merely of an entertaining nature, but also of a solid and instructive character; so that, if we did not become a nation of students, at the least a considerable proportion of the population would develop studious habits.

It is usual to refer to the signatures of marriage registers as evidence of the increase of education, and without doubt some credit is due to the Act of 1870 for accelerating the rate of improvement. The numbers of those unable to sign the registers, and therefore obliged to use a mark, were, for England and Wales, for every hundred marriages—

—	Males	Reduction per cent.	Females	Reduction per cent.
1843	32·7	—	49·0	—
1853	30·4	7·03 ten years	43·9	10·41 ten years
1863	23·8	21·71 „	33 1	24·60 „
1877	15·3	35·71 fourteen years	20·9	36·86 fourteen years
1891	6·4	58·16 „	7·3	60·28 „

These figures are remarkable evidence that rudimentary education was increasing at a rapid and an accelerating pace before the 1870 Act commenced to operate; but taking the year 1877 as probably the first in which the Act would be operative in this direction they also suggest that it has very considerably quickened the movement, and incidentally illustrate how rapidly girls are coming abreast of boys in education.

In a paper published in the *Penny Magazine* more than fifty years since reference was made to a complete catalogue of books published during the first half of the eighteenth century, and an endeavour was also made to enumerate those of later periods. The figures are interesting as a starting-point for our present inquiry.

—	New books published	Years	Annual Average.
1700–1756	5,286	57	93
1792–1802	4,090	11	372
1800–1827	Total not stated	28	588
1828	842	1	842
1836	1,332	1	1,332
1868 (Including new editions)	4,581	1	4,581
1869 „ „ „	4,572	1	4,572

The intellectual awakening of the nation during the first thirty years of Queen Victoria's reign not only enriched English literature with imperishable creations, but to a marvellous extent, as illustrated by these figures, enlarged the numbers of readers.

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Fortunately, it is possible to measure with sufficient accuracy the growth or decay of literature from this time forward, both in quantity and quality. Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co. have presented in their *Publishers' Circular* an annual classified analysis of the new books and new editions published since 1869. Criticisms have been made that these lists have not been perfect; the publishers, however, claim that they are, for all practical purposes, complete, subject only to such defects as those to which the most jealously protected catalogues—say that of the British Museum—are equally liable. In any case, abstracts and analyses prepared under the same system and management during the whole period supply data of sufficient accuracy for purposes of illustration and argument.

The growth during the last twenty-five years has not been anything approaching that of the first thirty years of the Queen's reign; the force of the intellectual wave seems to have been almost exhausted by the vigorous movement of the earlier period.

Comparing the number of new books published in 1836 with the number in 1868, the growth of the annual output in the twenty-three years was 244 per cent.

Making the same comparison between the years 1869 and 1891, the growth of the annual output in twenty-three years was 36 per cent.; and the new editions decreased 3 per cent.

This is more remarkable if compared with the rapid fall in the low-water mark of ignorance, which was at just about double the pace of the increase of publications.

Those unable to sign the marriage registers were:

	1868	1891	Decline
Males	20·1 per cent.	6·4 per cent.	65·02 per cent.
Females	27·8 „	7·3 „	73·74 „

It will be interesting to examine somewhat closely the movement from the passing of the Elementary Education Act until the present time. To avoid too great prolixity, it will be convenient to take periods of five years and compare their averages; and to ascertain the movement as to quality it will be necessary to group the publications. Three groups will be convenient and sufficiently accurate.

1. *The Learned Group*

Theology, Sermons in Volumes, Biblical, &c.
Law, Jurisprudence, &c.
Political and Social Economy, Trade and Commerce.
Medicine, Surgery, &c.

2. *The Educational Group*[1]

Arts, Sciences, and Finely-illustrated Works.
History, Biography, &c.
Voyages, Travel, and Geographical Research.
Educational, Classical, and Philological.
Belles Lettres, Essays, and Monographs.

[1] See note on next page.

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3. *The Fiction, &c., Group*[2]

Juvenile Works and Tales.	Year-books and Serials in Volumes.
Novels, Tales, and other Fiction.	Miscellaneous, including Pamphlets, *not* Sermons.
Poetry and the Drama.	

In making a comparison of the supply at different periods, it will be necessary to make allowance for the increased demand arising from the growth of the population. For this purpose the population of Great Britain only is taken; the demands for Ireland and for the Colonies are both more uncertain, the first being more sluggish than that from Great Britain, but the second increasing rapidly during the period of enquiry; so that if they are set off one against the other, and Great Britain alone regarded, the result will be sufficiently accurate. From the total population 12 per cent. are deducted as below school age, and therefore making no demand. Beyond the growth of the population, addition must be also made for the increase of the children attending schools; but, as the demand from this cause is not immediately effective, it is calculated that the increased attendance of every five-year period should operate in the next period.

—	Population over School Age	Increase per cent.	Average Attendance at Primary Schools at Inspection[3]	Percentage of Population at School	Increase per cent.
1869	22,275,400	—	1,332,736	5.98	—
1870–1874	average 23,282,200	4·52	1,684,255	7·23	1·25
1875–1879	„ 24,738,700	6·25	2,557,891	10 34	3·11
1880–1884	„ 26,454,200	6 93	3,429,434	12 96	2·62
1885–1889	„ 27,935,400	5·69	4,011,668	14·36	1·40
1890–1891	—	—	4,266,088	—	—
1890–1892	„ 29,142,500	4·32	—	14·72	0·36

The publications for the year 1870 were:

1870	New Books			New Editions		
	Group 1. Learned	Group 2. Educational	Group 3. Fiction, &c.	Group 1. Learned	Group 2. Educational	Group 3. Fiction, &c.
—	795	1,246	1,336	322	454	503
Add for average increase of population 1870–1874—4·52 p.c.	36	56	60	15	21	23
Average annual totals for 1870–1874 should be . .	821	1,302	1,396	337	475	526
Actual average annual totals 1870–1874 . . .	820	1,270	1,341	298	435	451
Growth . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—
Decline . . .	1	32	55	39	40	75

[2] The terms Educational and Fiction are used as most convenient to represent the groups, although also used to represent subdivisions; the context will always indicate which is intended.

[3] There is a slight variation in these returns, but not sufficient to materially affect the results.

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The details of these figures fairly follow throughout the results of the groupings, with two exceptions only, which are worthy of note. It might have been anticipated that under the two heads Educational, &c., and Juvenile Works considerable growth would have immediately followed the passing of the Elementary Education Act; the opposite was the case.

1870	Educational, &c.		Juvenile, &c.	
	New Books	New Editions	New Books	New Editions
—	406	142	486	171
1870–1874, average .	366	112	319	94

The next five years, 1875–9, were the first in which the school attendance could be supposed to be effectually operative, and the figures to be expected were:

—	New Books			New Editions		
	Group 1. Learned	Group 2. Educational	Group 3. Fiction, &c.	Group 1. Learned	Group 2. Educational	Group 3. Fiction, &c.
Average annual totals 1870–74 . . .	820	1,270	1,341	298	435	451
Add for average increase of population 6·25 p.c., and for average increased percentage of population at school 1·25 p.c. (total 7·50 p.c.) . . .	61	95	101	22	33	34
Average annual totals should be for 1875–79 .	881	1,365	1,442	320	468	485
Actual average annual totals 1875–79 . .	917	1,266	1,335	403	531	757
Growth	36	—	—	—	63	272
Decline	—	99	107	83	—	—

The educational subdivision responds to the increased school attendance by increase of new editions. Juvenile books show a further falling away. Arts and sciences also decline; while fiction largely increases.

—	Educational		Juvenile		Science and Art		Fiction	
	New Books	New Editions	New Books	New Editions	New Books	New Editions	New Books	New Editions
1870–74	366	112	319	94	321	112	369	228
1875–79	383	167	238	126	220	93	519	396

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For the five years 1880–4 the figures to be expected were:

—	New Books			New Editions		
	Group 1. Learned	Group 2. Educational	Group 3. Fiction, &c.	Group 1. Learned	Group 2. Educational	Group 3. Fiction, &c.
Average annual totals 1875–79 . . .	917	1,266	1,335	403	531	757
Add for average increase of population 6·93 p.c. and for average increased percentage of population at school 3·11 p.c. (total 10·04 p.c) . . .	92	127	134	40	53	76
Average annual totals should be for 1880–84 .	1,009	1,393	1,469	443	584	833
Actual average annual totals 1880–84 . .	1,112	1,603	1,668	379	496	488
Growth	103	215	199	—	—	—
Decline	—	—	—	64	88	345

This is the first period which shows a satisfactory growth; and as the gain is in new books, while new editions fall away, it indicates some real awakening of new life. The more detailed analysis gives a remarkable recovery, in arts and sciences, of the loss in the previous period, and an astonishing growth in juvenile works; while fiction, poetry, and belles lettres fall away. Taking new books only, the figures are:

—	Arts and Sciences	Juvenile	Fiction	Poetry	Belles Lettres
1875–79	220	238	519	183	207
1880–84	351	605	378	145	147

For the years 1885–9 the figures to be expected were:

—	New Books			New Editions		
	Group 1. Learned	Group 2. Educational	Group 3. Fiction, &c.	Group 1. Learned	Group 2. Educational	Group 3. Fiction, &c
Average annual totals 1880–4 . . .	1,112	1,608	1,668	379	496	488
Add for average increase of population 5·69 p.c., and for average increased percentage of population at school 2·62 p.c. (total 8·31 p.c.) . .	92	133	138	31	41	41
Average annual totals should be for 1885–9 .	1,204	1,741	1,806	410	537	529
Actual average annual totals	1,007	1,407	2,055	293	555	520
Growth	—	—	249	—	17	—
Decline	197	334	—	117	—	9

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The hopes stimulated by the previous figures were crushed by these results; the falling-away is remarkable, and commenced abruptly with the first year of the period, affecting ten of the fourteen subdivisions—unfortunately those in which an opposite movement was most to be desired. Arts and sciences lost more than all the gain of the previous period, and sank to the lowest ebb hitherto recorded. Fiction not merely regained the loss of the previous period, but made a startling advance on any earlier record. The only satisfactory feature is the continued growth of the subdivision 'Educational and Classical,' showing a genuine response to the demands of scholastic work. The figures of the subdivisions are, taking new books only:

—	Arts and Sciences	Educational	Fiction
1880–84 . . .	351	516	378
1885–89 . . .	161	552	788

For the three years 1890–2, the figures to be expected were:—

—	New Books			New Editions		
	Group 1. Learned	Group 2. Educational	Group 3. Fiction, &c.	Group 1. Learned	Group 2. Educational	Group 3. Fiction, &c.
Average annual totals 1885–89 . . .	1,007	1,407	2,055	293	555	520
Add for average increase of population 4·32 p.c., and for average increased percentage of population at school 1·40 p.c. (total 5·72 p.c.)	57	80	118	17	32	30
Average annual totals 1890–92 should be .	1,064	1,487	2,173	310	587	550
Actual average annual totals were . . .	824	1,344	2,417	252	415	644
Growth	—	—	244	—	—	94
Decline	240	143	—	58	172	—

The continued decline affects seven of the fourteen subdivisions, three others only escaping with slight increases; arts and sciences show a further deplorable falling away; juvenile books continue to drop, notwithstanding continually increasing school attendances; educational works still respond to the spread of schools; while fiction goes up again with leaps and bounds. The figures for these subdivisions are, for new books only:

—	Arts and Sciences	Educational	Juvenile	Fiction
1885–89 . . .	161	552	455	788
1890–92 . . .	95	594	361	975

Before leaving this analysis it is of interest to notice the remark-

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able advance, during the whole period, in the subdivision 'Miscellaneous and Pamphlets, not Sermons;' the averages for the five periods are 149, 218, 224, 382, 604, and harmonise remarkably with the general drift away from solid, and in the direction of more scrappy and discursive literature.

Summarising these results, the growth or decline of the periods tested may be shown in percentages; the comparison being made with the figures of the previous period, with addition for increases of population and school attendances.

—		New Books			New Editions		
		Group 1	Group 2	Group 3	Group 1	Group 2	Group 3
1870–74	Increase	—	—	—	—	—	—
	Decrease	—	2·45	3·94	11·57	8·42	14·25
1875–79	Increase	4·09	—	—	2·59	13·46	56·08
	Decrease	—	7·25	7·42	—	—	—
1880–84	Increase	10·21	15·43	13·55	—	—	—
	Decrease	—	—	—	14·45	15·07	41·41
1885–89	Increase	—	—	13·78	—	3·16	—
	Decrease	16·36	19·18	—	28·53	—	1·70
1890–92	Increase	—	—	11·23	—	—	17·09
	Decrease	22·55	9·62	—	18·71	29·30	—

On comparing the actual figures of 1870 and 1892, remembering that the increase of the population over school age during the period was 29·77 per cent., the results are:

—	New Books			New Editions		
	Group 1. Learned	Group 2. Educational	Group 3. Fiction, &c.	Group 1. Learned	Group 2. Educational	Group 3. Fiction, &c.
1870	795	1,246	1,336	322	454	503
1892	842	1,376	2,697	248	370	721
Growth	47	130	1,361	—	—	218
Decline	—	—	—	74	84	—
Percentage	5·91	10·43	101·87	22·98	18·50	43·34

These figures appear to afford unanswerable evidence that the sanguine expectations as to the results that would accrue from the Elementary Education Act have not yet been justified: the latent literary genius has not been discovered, the demand for literature has not increased. The drift has been away from solid and instructive works, and towards fiction; this drift has been most marked during the last eight years. Sir Herbert Maxwell's opinion—that literature, whether judged by quantity or quality, was never more prosperous—seems to be singularly contrary to the evidence of facts; while Mr. Balfour's glowing forecast of a coming age of literature more glorious than any that has preceded it appears to be doomed to melancholy

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disappointment; the opinion which he challenged and deprecated seems to be confirmed—that we live in a barren age which bears on it the marks of decadence.

The questions arise, What has been the cause of this decline in the quantity of the best books? and this growth of the demand for fiction?

It might be suggested that free libraries have diminished the number of book buyers; although it, perhaps, is a more sound argument that so far as free libraries increase the number of readers, they will increase the number of buyers. That free libraries do not explain the problem is capable of almost conclusive argument. The movement was fairly satisfactory up to the close of the 1880–4 period; from then the decadence has taken place. The Free Libraries Act was passed in 1850, and was amended in 1855, 1865, and 1871. Before 1850 a few special Acts were passed for particular boroughs. Before 1880 eighty-five boroughs established free libraries. Omitting eight, the dates of which are not generally known, Warrington in 1848, and Salford in 1849, led the movement. Between 1850 and 1860 sixteen boroughs followed, including Liverpool and Manchester, Westminster and Canterbury, Oxford and Cambridge. Between 1860 and 1870 fifteen boroughs followed, including Birmingham, Leeds, Nottingham, Wolverhampton, Cardiff, and Dundee. Between 1870 and 1880 the pace accelerated, and thirty-four boroughs joined the movement, including Bradford, Bristol, Chester, Derby, Leicester, Newcastle, Plymouth, Preston, Shields, Wigan, and Worcester; so that the country was, before 1880, studded with free libraries, and yet the period 1880–4 is the only one that shows a really satisfactory growth in literature. It cannot be argued that free libraries caused the decadence.

It is sometimes said that the discussion of all the interesting problems of knowledge and conduct in the monthly reviews has withdrawn attention from the more solid forms of literature. That this, however, is not the explanation can be easily proved. The reviews referred to were in existence, and for many years were widely circulated while the growth of literature was rapid and satisfactory. The decadence commenced in 1885. The dates of the commencement of the chief monthlies were:

1830. Longman's Magazine
1832. Chambers's Journal
1859. Macmillan's Magazine
1860. Cornhill Magazine
Good Words
1864. Sunday Magazine
1865. Fortnightly Review
1866. Contemporary Review
1877. Nineteenth Century
1880. Harper's Magazine
1883. National Review
English Illustrated Magazine
1889. New Review
1890. Review of Reviews
1891. Strand Magazine

Of these fifteen, eleven were in existence while the growth of literature was satisfactory both as to quantity and quality; and

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although it may not be asserted that, because concurrent with, they were contributory to that growth, such an inference is possible, perhaps even probable; in any case, it affords strong evidence that they were not responsible for the decline which set in at a later period. The commencement of the *English Illustrated Magazine* and the *National Review*, in 1883, would have no appreciable effect on general literature. The *Review of Reviews*, in 1890, and the *Strand Magazine*, in 1891, were departures of more consequence; but the decadence set in five years before they were started. That their general tendency is to stimulate superficial, cursory, and scrappy reading can scarcely be questioned, and it is reasonable to fear that they have done something to swell the force of the current which appears to be undermining the growth of solid literature. Some other explanation of the origin of this decadence must, however, be sought.

The most remarkable phenomenon of literature, if the word may be applied to these lower grades, during the last fifteen years, has been the rise and extraordinary growth of weekly papers of a scrappy character and of very various degrees of merit or demerit. While some have endeavoured to supply useful and elevating reading matter, a considerable number of those most widely circulated have been fostered by appeals to the love of gambling and sensationalism inherent in human nature.

Taking good and bad together, some of the most prominent of these were commenced at the dates prefixed to their names:

1878. Illustrated Family Novelist
1880. Modern Society
1881. Tit-Bits
1883. Cassell's Saturday Journal
1884. Illustrated Bits
Scraps
Great Thoughts
1888. Answers
Pick-Me-Up
1890. Comic Cuts
Funny Cuts
Illustrated Chips
Pearson's Weekly
1892. Pearson's Society News

Most of these publications have been pushed to circulations counted by hundreds of thousands, and concurrent with their growth has been the establishment of newspapers combining with the ordinary news the same scrappy and sensational elements; notably *The People* has attained a large circulation. Such papers as *The Family Herald*, depending entirely on fiction, and *The Christian Herald* and *The Christian World*, appealing to the religious sentiment, but combining the element of fiction with their more serious matter, seem to have largely extended their circulation. Of one of these it was said, a few years since, by a member of the editorial staff, that if the chapter of the novel was left out for a week or two the circulation went down by thousands.

Has the growth of this class of reading matter anything to do with the decadence of literature of a more solid and useful character? If it has, is the connection that of cause or of effect? It is curious,

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at the least, that these periodicals commenced their great movement in 1881 and following years, and the decay of literature commenced in 1885; and concurrently the one has steadily increased while the other has steadily declined.

Happily no opportunity has arisen during the period under notice to compare the effect of war on the output of literature; the effect of political or electoral movements could only be traced by an examination of the figures at greater length than is now possible. Two or three special movements indicated are, however, worthy of notice. There is reason to fear that the increase in fiction has been accompanied by a deteriorating movement within itself. New editions may be taken to indicate appreciation of works which have taken their place among the classics. Unfortunately, under the subdivision 'Fiction' there has been a considerable falling-away of new editions; for the five periods the percentage of new editions to the entire output of fiction has been:

1870–4	38·19	1885–9	26·63
1875–9	43·28	1890–2	26·02
1880–4	36·11		

Under the subdivision 'Belles Lettres' there appears to be a satisfactory tendency in the direction of the classics; the percentage of new editions to the whole output has been:

1870–4	28·91	1885–9	59·17
1875–9	28·12	1890–2	45·82
1880–4	30·66		

In educational works, during the earlier years of School Boards new editions of old works seemed to be in favour; now the old order is giving place to the new. Taking the three subdivisions 'Educational,' 'History,' and 'Geography,' the averages are:

—	New Books	New Editions
1870-4	799	262
1875-9	839	357
1880-4	1,110	311
1885-0	1,099	278
1890-2	1,113	263

Unfortunately, it appears that the efforts made to spread technical education have been anything but successful, if the figures of the Science and Art subdivision are a fair test; they are:

—	New Books	New Editions
1870–74	321	112
1875–79	220	93
1880–84	351	120
1885–89	161	64
1890–92	95	37

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As a result of the entire examination are we to say that the Elementary Education Act has failed to accomplish what was expected of it? The answer to that question must be emphatically in the negative; it has caused life and movement in some directions, and, if those directions are not precisely what might be desired, efforts must be made to divert the newly-awakened energies to worthier pursuits. The intellectual faculties of the bulk of the nation were too long in bondage; it should not cause any wonder that when the shackles of ignorance were struck off there was a rush to the Elysian fields of fancy and pleasure; it will require time to learn the lesson that the truest liberty and the purest delight are to be found only in the voluntary acceptance of the nobler servitude to knowledge and reason. The imagination which craves for fiction must be trained to find in the marvels of science and the deductions of philosophy the only fascinations which will yield abiding satisfaction. With this object some national effort to advance secondary and technical education, and to make the connection between elementary schools and the Universities a reality, ought to be vigorously undertaken.

JOSEPH ACKLAND.

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THE REVOLT OF THE DAUGHTERS

I

A LAST WORD ON 'THE REVOLT'

NOT so long ago, in the course of a Special Enquiry of national interest, one of our most distinguished judges found great difficulty in giving expression to his own views owing to the too frequent interruptions of the learned counsel in front of him. With a dignity all his own he put down his pen and remarked in the mildest of tones, 'I am well aware, Sir —— ——, that someone must have the last word. It is perhaps most fitting that it should remain with me.' This friendly passage of arms is only referred to by way of preface to the confession that the title at the head of this article is a paradox. For on the all-important question with which it deals neither the present writer nor anyone else can claim the right to have the last word. That must be left for the ages.

If the 'Revolt of the Daughters,' which has raised hurricanes and called down thunderbolts, to say nothing of the minor diversions of 'wigs all over the green,' had to undergo another christening, its author would stoutly insist on re-naming it. For revolts are generally ugly, and always wild and unmannered exhibitions of human passion. Revolution is here the fitter term. Revolutions are inevitable. More often than not they are effected silently, noiselessly, and it is only after the work is completed and their underlying wisdom acknowledged of all men that they are recognised as *faits accomplis*. And if the portents, or rather the tendencies, previously insisted on are interpreted aright, it is a revolution and nothing else that we all have to face, and in the end to accept, on whichever side we may choose to range ourselves at starting.

For long centuries, down to the time of Disraeli's Reform Bill, social government in England has been maintained by tradition—tradition rooted in a caste feeling to the full as strong and determining, though seldom openly announced, as any that obtains amongst Eastern races. All that is now changed, and for ever. It no longer avails a man to belong to any 'House,' either for forgiveness of his own sins or for the chance of governing his country. Caste, so far

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as men are concerned, is dead and buried. The representation of the individual reigns in its stead. Ancestral coat-tails no longer furnish sound climbing ropes. It is discovered to be safer to hold on to the man planted on the rung just above. Grandfathers, like godfathers, are *vieux jeu*. It would be hard even for a duke at the present day to explain away by his dukedom certain amiable peccadilloes which his forbears would have lightly whistled down the wind to join the snows of yester year.

One stronghold, however, of caste tradition still remains in our midst, and it is to be found in the accepted handling and treatment of upper and upper middle-class girls. Deny it who may, the governing ideal still is, as it always has been, that marriage in her own class, or, better still, in the class above it, is the 'being's end and aim' of every well-brought-up young woman, as directed and approved of by her parents, constrained in their turn by the influence of unwritten law. Before this ideal every other has had to give way, and the mother with many daughters who performs this duty most successfully is swiftly crowned of her own sex. In proof of this assertion, consider the ordinary curriculum of the ordinary girl. She passes through the hands of masters and mistresses. She has, perhaps, a pretty talent for this or for that. It is cultivated up to a point—not beyond it. At a prearranged signal she 'comes out,' and with the arrival of this mysterious moment is inaugurated a sudden change of everything about her. The hours she keeps, the clothes she wears, the very way her hair is dressed—all are altered. Then follows, in many cases, her presentation or her 'first ball,' and the 'going into society' begins in deadly earnest. Why, we ask, this *volte-face*—and we ask it again and again—unless it be to proclaim to all the world that the bell is rung and the race is about to begin? What fools mortals are?

Let us not be misunderstood. We have no wish to decry these methods which often spring from the earnest and conscientious desire of the guardian to secure for her charge an advantageous settlement in life. All we wish to do is to state them. They have served their turn, and, on the whole, not badly. But *autres temps autres mœurs*.

We are now face to face in England with the gravest economic and social changes. No class will escape from the inevitable cataclysm, the well-to-do least of all. Who can affirm that fifty years hence the producers will be permitted to consume even their own productions, and as for the consumers who produce nothing what is their portion likely to be? When that day arrives who will venture to marry the luxurious daughters of the folded hands? who to grow hothouse grapes for his own dinner table, or orchids for his own button-hole? Why not be prepared for the evil time? Why not be forearmed as well as forewarned, ready not only to accept, but to enjoy, the new order of things?

The upper working classes would here seem to furnish the best

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and wisest guide. Their daughters do not sit at home eating the bread of idleness, with occasional visits to the watch-tower, too often only to descend its steps to the weary refrain of 'He cometh not.' Early in life they take their share both of work and of play. Full knowledge, too, of pitfalls by the roadside is given them beforehand. The present writer was lately discussing with a friend of hers, a working-class mother, the eternal question as to whether knowledge or ignorance is the better part for young women. 'Do my daughters know the dangers of life? Why, of course they do. How else could they go harmlessly about their business? How else could I be easy about them? What liberty do they have? Why, whatever they please to take. I brought them up as well as I knew how, and when the time came for them to go out and earn their own living, I told them exactly what I know myself, and then I trusted them. And well I've been repaid. You see,' she added after a pause, 'our girls when they earn good money, as mine do, set a pretty high value on themselves. I think that is where working-class girls are better off than upper-class ones. No; I would trust my girls anywhere, for they would not want to go to places I would not go to myself, and neither of them is yet thirty.'

Again, we would ask, are the mothers who think themselves injured by the mere ventilation of the subject quite fair? They paint enchanting pictures of the beauty of the modest maiden waiting like the violet in the sweet seclusion of home until the casual passer-by, man, shall cull her and transplant her to his own sunny bank. But do these ladies ever pause to reflect that they themselves are the prime authors of the pother, if pother there be? Why do they write books?—why do they write plays? Why do they sit on committees here and committees there, slumming in the East, drinking tea and promoting 'causes' in the West? *Their* mothers did none of these things. They were content with flannel-petticoat-making for the chilly Hottentot, or at most with the sight of his counterpart, the converted Jew, on tour with a travelling mission. What about School Boards, Boards of Guardians, political work of all sorts, to say nothing of 'Rescue Homes,' 'Happy Evenings,' and 'Girls' Clubs?' What about exhibitions of Women's work, Women's trades-union organisations, and a host of other public and semi-public occupations too long to enumerate here? Do they for one moment imagine, these happy, well-employed, and resourceful women, that their adoring, little daughters (for daughters do adore until 'Thou shalt not' checks the ardour of their devotion) are not taking notes by the way, and saying silently in their loving little hearts, 'My mammy does so and so; when I am grown up I mean to do just the same; *I* shall write plays and go "behind;" *I* shall make speeches; *I* shall run about too, just like her?'

Naturalists have lately informed us that the ostrich is not, after

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all, a bird, but only a grown-up lizard; and more, that he never did hide his head in the sand. This, if correct, is a great pity, for whilst in that ungraceful attitude he furnished us with an admirable illustration that we can ill afford to lose. At any rate, until a substitute for him is provided he must be kept to his old duty. If the mothers think that the strength of their daughters lies in sitting still, let them lead the way. Let them take their stools and proceed to plant themselves firmly (and cheerfully) at the chimney corner with knitting of socks *pour tout potage*. (To claim absolute freedom for oneself and to deny it to full-grown, able-bodied, and able-minded young women surely savours somewhat of the tyrannical.) If their lives have been lived alongside their mother's, within its inner circle, the daughters are in no sort of danger of thinking, saying, or doing what they ought not. These same daughters are not barrels of gunpowder only to be safely stored between layers of the sand of convention. It is when mothers have not lived in full confidence with their girls that they become so terribly afraid of them.

At a meeting of mothers lately held to discuss the situation, two points struck the casual observer. The first was the manifestation of unreasoning fear. If these ladies had assembled for the purpose of considering how best to meet the danger of an Anarchist plot in their midst, the note of alarm could hardly have been more plainly sounded. In amusing contrast were the means suggested for quelling the insurrection. One lady assured the company that half an hour's daily reading with her daughters had placed her in safety out of the reach of the flowing tide. Another propounded the original theory that the root of the mischief lay in the modern practice of giving to little girls dressed, instead of undressed, dolls in the nursery; the making of doll's clothes being, she said, essential to the growth of the domestic virtues. Surely at last Mrs. Partington should look to her honours. She is in danger of being out-mopped.

'Trust the people,' cried one of our statesmen, and the cry is now as popular as 'God save the Queen.' It is high time that our daughters were trusted too; were allowed light and air for their full development on whatever lines Nature, that wisest of teachers, has planned for them. No, as the *St. James's Budget* somewhat severely expressed it, 'to disregard her children in youth and to command them in adolescence, the course often adopted by the average mother does not tend to promote that friendship which alone is of the essence.' Let the frantic pursuit of so-called pleasure—that ugly cloak for the still uglier matrimonial hunt—be abandoned as the unclean thing. In what other class do society-seeking and 'going about' form the staple employment of its young women of eighteen years of age and upwards? What sort of aspect is this scheme of existence likely to wear in the eyes of that other girl, to the full as young and as attractive, who spends her days in earning her bread either as governess, clerk, or

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shopwoman? There are those whose avowed object it is to grow hatred, to set class against class. Let them but turn their attention this way and they would find a rich field for their unholy labours. If ancient customs are to be retained, might not wooing before winning again come into fashion? The man who desired to get him a wife would then find it a trifle more difficult of accomplishment than he does in this present year of grace. This would be an all-round gain, for the revival would invest life with a fresh beauty and with a fresh dramatic interest both for actors and spectators.

What is most needed in the way of reform is the revaluation of our conventional idols. Let life be simplified all round. When our sons and daughters come and tell us that they desire to 'make their own experiment' in the shape of marriage upon what to our world would appear a minute income, let us be aiders and abettors of their midsummer madness. Why insist to them on the necessity of those heavy and dismal trappings which the more enlightened of the elder generation already feel to be a grievous burden in their meaningless routine? Fictitious standards of living once abandoned, dull monotony of existence will be replaced by intensity and richness of colour. When men, instead of 'leading a man's life,' as Mr. Pinero phrases it, right down to the moment when they are in a position to provide the orthodox establishment exacted by the social code, shall have the courage to go straight to the girl they would wed and say to her, 'I have at present so much and no more; will you share it with me?' and when the girl in her turn shall give glad answer of acceptance, reckoning the luxuries, nay even the comforts, she renounces as nothing in the scale against the deeper happiness she gains, what a sweeping-away will there be of immorality, often justified now by an appeal to natural laws, on the one side, and of grievous disturbances of the nervous system, due to impaired vitality, on the other. Should this last description be thought exaggerated, let inquiry be made of those who have devoted themselves to this special branch of pathological study.

But there is another side to the question, which here can only be very lightly touched. Such of us as live in crowded cities cannot shut our eyes to what goes on in our midst, and to the daily and nightly dangers to which our sons are exposed. As long as our daughters are so brought up as to be helpless as working partners, as long as their parents demand for them ample settlements, this evil will continue to confront us and to meet with cynical toleration as if it sprang from the necessities of the case. For this there is but one remedy to our hand. Let early marriages on modest incomes become the rule and not the exception. We shall then hear less of these imaginary 'rights of man,' since the foundation for them will be clean cut away.

It is to Emerson that we owe the saying that there are three master-keys to life—self-respect, self-control, and self-reliance. The

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elder women have not been slow to possess themselves of all three, and noble use have they made of them. Who can read the record of what women have achieved almost single-handed in England during the last twenty years—the label *dames seules* is here both true and distinguished—without feeling proud both of their disinterestedness and of their capacity for work of all descriptions. The daughters are justly entitled to a share in that work and in the satisfaction that it brings. They, as full-grown women, whether married or unmarried, have equal rights to the possession of these master-keys, equal rights to the power they confer, and to the responsibility that waits upon such power.

The office of the 'Plea for the Daughters' was to do for certain social strata what the agricultural steam digger does for the soil. Penetrating below to a considerable depth, this latest invention is found to produce a much more beneficial effect than all the top dressings and surface scratchings that have gone before. An analogous process of mental 'deep digging' applied from time to time to our customs and institutions should help us to get at their roots. If the inquiry into the new development—call it strike, revolt, revolution, or what you will—shall have succeeded ever so little in accomplishing this, it too will have had its fertilising effect, and the ground thus prepared will bring forth its fruit in due season.

B. A. CRACKANTHORPE.

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THE REVOLT OF THE DAUGHTERS

II

DAUGHTERS AND MOTHERS

SOME years ago I was urged to write a book on the upbringing of children, as I had written one on house-management. I am thankful that I refrained. Apparently a mother is the last person who knows anything about children; and for my part, though the blood-tie seems to me chiefly precious to cement affection arising from better causes—and though I do not think relations get on the better for being boxed up together—yet my ideas are far too old-fashioned for such a book to have helped others, or paid me. I object to both 'Dodo' and 'Barbara.' I see no moral object in a *Wanderjahr*[1] to girls, nor boys either, whose whole school-life has been over-easy; nor indeed to anyone, unless, perhaps, the wearied and startled mother, when, after twenty years of doing her bad best, she is suddenly flown at by the young dove and told she 'combines the intemperance of youth with the tediousness of age!'

Now, I am urged by wearied mothers to inquire of 'those who know.' Suppose (say they) you have done all the things which mothers are said never to do. Suppose you have been a 'friend' to your girl, taught and helped her all you can, encouraged any gifts, music, literature, district-visiting, taken her out, tried to dress her well, let her do pretty well as she liked, deprecated, but not fiercely prohibited, the unwholesome book, the music-hall and songs that sail near the wind, is the 'fair *frondeuse*' *then* safe to turn out a tender, loving daughter, or will she still devise complaints? I wish some one would quote the example of a mother who *had* tried this experiment with one of the 'nice, well-disposed girls'—there must be some who have. Even then I have my doubts!

That daughters are 'revolting' all over the place, some for one reason, some for another, and that it is no new thing, is clear—

[1] I use the term in its present popular sense, but do many who misuse this term *Wanderjahr* know that the *Wanderjahr* is not 'having one's fling,' but the footsore tramp after work?

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clearest from the creeping murmur of a corresponding revolt amongst mothers, if one can use such a term in such a relation. Being old-fashioned, I am sorry—sorriest that such charges can be brought against women, and by women, in the position of all others most grave and sacred. Charges, too, which seem shocking and indefensible to a large proportion of good, pure-minded women, daughters as well as mothers, in our mighty middle-classes, as yet untainted. If daughters realised what motherhood means, how much suffering and self-denial go to make even the most imperfect mother, they would not dare to treat them, to speak of them, as they sometimes do and are encouraged to do. And why, at such a crisis as the present, contribute a further discouragement to matrimony?

Why cannot mothers and daughters, like any two other women, enjoy themselves alongside, without driving each other crazy? If people's brains are not of a size, their tastes not of a kind, they can live their separate lives without evil-speaking, lying, and slandering, can't they? No, history says, not in one house. 'Two in a house' must entirely sympathise, or one must rule. And the head of the house cannot be the daughter.

Funny enough, and most inconclusive, are the explanations given in the recent racy discussion—a most useful discussion, too, for if it has put revolt into the heads of a few unrevolting daughters who were still benightedly honouring and obeying, it has been a ray of comfort to many a puzzled parent, and a glorious illumination to many an innocent young eligible. Some people say the mothers are too strict, and Barbara with her latch-key and her Zola have their full sympathy. Others say the mothers are too lax, and try to drive into hideous marriage the shy, refined Virginia, who only asks, as she has a right to ask, whether the man she is expected to love has 'a past to bury.'

In my opinion the mothers have very little to do with the matter at all. Many girls at a certain age seem to like a grievance, and when they feel bored at home hunt around for an excuse and mistake it for a reason. They are sure to find something that will serve, and most likely in the handiest target—mamma. She is usually most innocent. But when this unfortunate parent really *does* enter into the question of revolting daughterhood, Mrs. Fitzroy Stewart hits the right nail on the head—it is the pretty parent. She actually is, in a manner, in her daughter's way, though not knowing it and not wishing it. There is not the slightest doubt that the daughter is oftener jealous of the mother than the mother of the daughter; I know scores of cases. 'Give us back,' cries one kind of jealous daughter, 'the portly, dowdy mother of old. She was not very wide-awake. She noticed nothing but the key-basket, and that is how it ought to be—*she has had her day.*' That is the note of jealousy, the tocsin of war, 'she has had her day.'

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'We are going to get rid of mother,' whispers another kind of jealous daughter in an injudicious burst. 'I and father and X.' (naming a brother) 'are going to keep house together then.' This was actually said by a maiden of sweet seventeen, having long posed as her mother's devoted 'chum,' to one who later thought some warning due to the mother. What does it all mean? Mothers are not quick enough to abdicate, no doubt; even the American mother, who is very subservient, is not *quite* a figure-head; but if the 'new girlhood' is not wholly vile, there must be some underlying impulse worthier attention than the foolish efflorescence of vanity that finds such unseemly expression.

As concerns the pretty parent, a mere chemical result of the improved conditions of existence, she has got to be reckoned with any way. In a country where the climate is moist, living comparatively cheap, where chloroform abbreviates pain, dress is graceful and facile, and good servants minimise the wear and tear that tells on American mothers, a woman does not age as she used to do, inside or out, and you can't make her. The pretty parent not only looks young, she *is* young. She cannot help it. The girls have got to put up with her as an accomplished (and increasing) fact. Common sense asks what is to be done? what is to become of her? She must not be killed. With all that hair she won't wear a cap and front. She can't help being merry whilst her constitution is sound and her complexion provokingly clear. Mrs. Ruppert and all the foes of mere youth are giving even the sexagenarian an Indian summer, and the young men themselves are proposing for fair-and-forty in preference to half-baked eighteen. Life is doubled in vitality and possibilities owing to those detestable doctors, and the census shows a depressing predominance of female births. Under these sad circumstances (which will not appear so sad when *she* is fair-and-forty), the girl naturally tries to emulate her mother's successes, and be as married as possible if she wishes to marry. If she does *not* wish to marry, and one of the oddest results of the 'higher education' is a secret hostility to men as well as mothers in the young girl of to-day, then what does the question of family disintegration resolve itself into? Something the daughter wants—something the mother wants? *What?*

The answer is plain and rather pathetic. Freedom is what they want. Freedom which involves *separateness*, another word for individualism, the 'note' of to-day. To be free to live one's own life, make one's own successes and mistakes ('since such must be made,' says Mrs. Crackanthorpe), to take the responsibilities of one's own actions, keep one's own counsel, and be no longer in subjection, no longer in debt—this is what the movement apart means. It is a natural movement, and reaction gives it increased strength. That is what the girl wants when she is 'tiresome at home;' exercises her growing muscles of self-reliance and authority by setting ajar brother

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and sister, father and mother, cook and housemaid, Tom and Harry; by 'helping mother' so that mother would rather be helped by a mad bull; posing as 'father's right hand' by keeping him in a continual ferment of irritation against somebody. A well-known lawyer recently told me that many a pretty, selfish young daughter has made herself a regular young cuckoo, and ended by kicking everybody else out of the nest.

The internal force, the superfluous energy thus manifested in making everybody miserable is the right thing in the wrong place. It *wants its proper outlet.* I am far from agreeing with Mrs. Crackanthorpe and others that marriage is the 'best,' but it is doubtless a very thorough outlet for both sexes. Failing this, a girl with any good feeling will try to strike out a line for herself, and, if possible, to help those who have done a great deal for her. The bitterness imported into the question is unnecessary; the secret of it is very curious and is connected with the general want of religious training and discipline, the loss of the old ethical standards, now dying fast if dying hard. The solution is WORK.

When I was in America I was touched by the sacrificial life of the mother. Girls do not always marry early there. They like a good time, and their mothers cannot bear to part from them, say from fifteen to twenty-five. But when they marry they put on heavier chains than any English mother does, whose love expresses itself differently. American devotion to the children is a religion. The husband never dreams of demurring to wife and family quitting him for months at a time, and sending him to live at his club, if the babies' health or entertainment seem to call for it. The mother nurses them in sickness, gives up her likes and dislikes, her accomplishments, her amusements, her husband, keeps up or drops a circle, at the bidding of the irresponsible small things; she is never divided from her young ones, sometimes not night or day till they are well on in their teens; she is nursemaid, governess, sister, all in one, and it wears her out—sometimes injures them—this long subjection. In England we used to have a similar subjection, but it was of the child to the mother. English mothers do not think they ought to rank second in their own house, except to their husbands, and husbands are not always aware how much of self-abnegation even *that* involves; the wife herself hardly knows. She writes for him, intrigues for him, gives up her music, gives up her painting, her reading; she cannot do all, and husband and house must come first. When she has brought up all the children, she thinks her toil may be lightened. The girls can take some of the housekeeping, the boys can lift the strain on the family purse. Do they see it, these young *espiègles*? Not much. Harry is in no hurry to shackle himself. Florry does not want to do housekeeping; she wants to amuse herself all day long. If she undertakes any duty she does it as badly as she can, and mother does

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not say anything for fear of 'making her discontented.' No thought of 'duty to one's neighbour' occurs to them; how can it? They have never been taught the old dull lessons. The word 'dutiful' is obsolete, just as long credit is obsolete; our independence imposes a statute of limitations in the sacredest relations. Ask the antiquary what means 'obedience to parents,' 'filial respect;' the words are senseless to young people, whose very kindergartens have been hotbeds of selfishness, vying with home to relax the old bonds and please rather than discipline. The sacrificial life of the parent is not shared, scarcely observed, by the child. There is no give-and-take at all. I have known wealthy people left for days without a brougham to go out in, because the sons and daughters had ordered all the carriages for their own engagements. And the result, is it affection? It is contempt, it is bitterness. At last both sides revolt. Something is wrong with that rose-leaf. They must separate. It is a relief to both parties.

This is an unnatural condition. Self-sacrifice ought never to overpass the bounds of reason and of self-respect. Life is too serious, too dignified even in the children we love, for us to permit them to disgrace it, or to waste it, in their youthful myopism. Every human being has to justify his existence, and to women, whether within or without matrimony, we look for all helpful, all compassionate, all holy deeds and influences. Lady Jeune spoke with a true mother's heart when she vindicated the mother's eagerness to put all that she considers happiness (even to a good match) in her daughter's way. But happiness can only last when it is *earned*: vacuous, desultory pursuits do not bring it, mere 'happy' marriage does not bring it, it only comes from work—and work for others.

If girls were brought up to earn their own living, which involves that work; to feel that they not only might, but must, share their brothers' responsibilities; if parents trained them lovingly, firmly, for this natural duty, they would be happier, and the problem of revolt would be solved. The girl who has a real place in life seeks no false avenues of authority. There are plenty of openings. *Properly equipped*, young women can travel alone, lodge alone, cultivate bachelor quiet or bachelor conviviality. They learn self-respect in independence, which they do not learn at dances and theatres, and men respect and marry what they otherwise only flirt with. But here, no doubt, parents are 'kittle cattle.' The mother knows the risks and shrinks; the father, who has denounced for years the idleness of girls, turns round when it comes to the point, and tells the girl there is no hunting-ground for husbands like the ball-room. A score of obstacles are thrown out by the parents' own love, for they remember the hard work of the struggle, and forget the delight of it. But the young citizen asks to be recognised as such: there should not be one law for the woman and another for the man. Make the best

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of Mr. Grant Allen's comfortable words, that the 'exogamic instinct' is the saving of the old country, a sign of the highest civilisation. To be happy and healthy the 'discrepant units' must fly apart, and no blame attaches to them. If we all lived together and got on, what would become of colonisation? how should we find change of food, and what would happen to our digestions? Let the old traditions go; things would be no better could we go back to the old ways, churchgoing and chaperons. Give the child its birthright; liberty—it is our only birthright: but equip the child. There is no need for these savage struggles, no need to wound and crucify what makes liberty and slavery alike sweet and healthy—love, itself no birthright, but only to be earned.

Equipped! Is the girl—I had almost said is the boy—ever equipped for this privilege of liberty which they clamour for? What do they know about it, what will they do with it? Has the boy been taught any broad principles of life, the meaning and results of his impulses and actions? Is the girl aware that any dangers exist for her? Has their costly education fitted them for the responsibilities of human existence? No, in England certainly not. The average English girl is absolutely unready for this liberty, and almost any clergyman, doctor, lawyer, will endorse what I say.

An English girl travelling without her mother or old friend *may* be safe, but she is looked at a little askance by well-bred people, as I have constantly noticed. Why? because it is assumed that, having had the usual English education, she is either not fit to take entire charge of herself, or—it is too late to matter.

An American girl travelling alone is *not* looked at askance: people may not quite know why, but they recognise the custom of the country. The truth is, in America, where education, like most other things, is ahead of us, girls are capable of taking care of themselves, and they habitually do so take care. In most girls' schools, so I am informed, there are physiological classes held for the wise and decent instruction of the girls in the main responsibilities pertaining to physical life. When the girl is about fourteen or fifteen, the parent is applied to. 'Do you wish your daughter to attend these classes this term?' The mother replies 'Yes,' or she replies 'No; my daughter is young for her age, I prefer to put it off for a year or two years.' I do not say that these classes are always adequate, but I say they are a safeguard and a preparation; the principle is wholesome and reasonable, and the girl receives at least a certain amount of knowledge of the world in a grave, decent, open, and honourable manner, which enables her to recognise a pitfall when it comes, and saves her from at any rate *blundering* into ruin.

I sorrowfully agree with those who urge that, under existing conditions, should the concession of the *Wanderjahr* be made to girls, it will be a little superfluous if they expect a very high standard of

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morality in men. Even now mothers are not infrequently purer than their daughters and certainly shyer, for corrupt literature is very accessible to young people; the utmost courage prevails in conversation and the advertising world. The religious antidote is gone, whilst the scientific one, proper medical instruction, has not come in.

Is the change regretable? 'Old-fashioned' people think so. Freedom means exposure to soil and use, however we may admire robustness. There is nothing like the texture, nothing like the aroma, of the shielded flower, and the extinction of a beautiful thing is melancholy. But every act in life is decisive and marks growth, and we seldom wish to recall it.

Meantime the girls will not wait. Disaffected, with fancied injuries and no conception of real oppression and pain, there is this strong pressure for independence. The mother must yield, for the instinct is healthy though the way in which it is exhibited is often hideous, and parents and relations ought to co-operate in guiding and aiding the launch in a sensible spirit, instead of too often making the crisis in the child's life subserve their own small ends and private grudges.

And the mother—even the 'inappropriately young' and pretty mother—what is she to do? Her authority is laughed at, her occupation is gone. What does Nature answer? When the young bird becomes too big for the nest it takes flight. But the mother-bird builds a new nest. Child-bearing, child-rearing, and child-serving are *not* the whole duty of woman: it is a part of her life, often her strongest instinct, her tenderest remembrance. But the forces which the young bird obeys are not dead in the mother-bird after the fledging of the first brood. Take up new work. There are other duties in life, at home or outside home, and the energies running to waste in one worn-out direction are sorely needed elsewhere. A woman's home may be and ought to be wider than the four walls of the little house she inhabits, and a woman's heart may be bigger than a husband and a few children can wholly fill. Her own individuality, her own character, was not intended to be too far subordinated. Relics of her own earlier education, old beautiful gifts, old joys in books, flowers, science or art rise up in the moment of her own new freedom, and cry, 'Take us up again and give us life. *We* are not ungrateful, *we* do not sting, we are as much *you* as the children of your body, we children of your mind and of your soul.

Be like the bird that halting in its flight
Awhile on boughs too slight,
Feels them give way beneath her, and yet sings,
Knowing that she hath wings.

M. E. Hawees.

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A REPLY FROM THE DAUGHTERS

I

As a daughter, but, I trust, not in any sense a 'revolting' one, may I take up a brief in defence of the much abused girl of the present day? I have read with attention the interesting and instructive mass of information contributed of late to English periodicals about her, and the equally instructive comments made thereon by critics, wise and otherwise.

Whether we owe most to friend or enemy it is indeed hard to say. According to one view, the modern maiden sits wringing her hands all day at home, exhausting herself in querulous laments over her inability to indulge in *Wanderjahre*, even in one mild *Wanderjahr*, and filling the surrounding air in general, and her unfortunate family's ears in particular, with irritating iterations of the things she would do if she was let.

According to another, her sole occupation consists in reading Ibsen's works, *Dodo*, and *The Heavenly Twins*, and learning by heart quotations from *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, arranged in a text-book for morning and evening use.

As to aspirations, our desires to develop our Personality (with a very big P), satisfy the cravings of our souls for something beyond the commonplace (the commonplace of home duties and making the best of our natural surroundings), are inseparable from an equally intense longing to frequent music-halls and possess latchkeys, and a vehement appeal to poor, much taxed Providence to remove the lingering prejudice against women smoking in public.

To criticise one's elders may seem to savour somewhat of impertinence; but is it wrong for me as a girl of the period (in the literal, not the Mrs. Lynn Linton, sense of the phrase) to try and disentangle the things we do want from the things we are supposed to want? The latter, thanks to the masterly way many persons have wielded their pens of late, no one can pretend to be totally in ignorance of. But the former are considerably less well known, and I am beginning to be afraid that the likes and dislikes of the *fin-de-siècle* maiden may be destined to share the fate of Mr. Gladstone's intentions, and

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be only known by the guesswork of their admirers or detractors. Young people's opinions are seldom asked, perhaps because on most subjects they are given without that trifling formality; still, it strikes me as strange that, amid the 'all sorts and conditions of men' and women who have taken part in this discussion, not a single girl has come to the front in explanation or defence of her views, real and supposed.

Surely the modern damsel ought to be sufficiently mistress of her pen and her grammar to be able to break a lance in her own cause. It is a cruel fate that has caused us to be painted in glaring colours, and held up to the ridicule of the cynical and the horror of the 'unco guid:' so will you allow me to put the subject before you as *we* look upon it?

When I say 'we,' I do not mean the highly educated, examination-passing Girton girl, with her vast schemes for regenerating mankind, or ousting our lords and masters from the paths where women are at present not allowed to follow. Nor do I mean the happy few whose talents for music, drawing, or any other art open out to them vistas of endless occupation and happiness. I want to speak in the name of the average more or less unemployed, tea-drinking, lawn-tennis playing, ball-going damsel, whose desire for greater emancipation does not run in the same lines as those of the independent shop-girl, or of the young woman with a mission.

I should not like to assert that, were we given the free use of latchkeys and the entrée of music-halls, we should not avail ourselves of, and at the moment enjoy, these prerogatives keenly. But we do not adopt as our highest ideals these very frivolous and evanescent pleasures of the average hobbledehoy; nor do we imagine that by so doing we should be most likely to gain that freedom and emancipation so many of us long for, though we do consider ourselves bound by many senseless prejudices, meaningless restrictions, and annoying trammels.

The most entrancing of possibilities fade into insignificance before the very smallest of realities. Parental prejudices, doubtless born of affection, but still prejudices, have existed, do exist, and will continue to exist; and, so long as they do thus exist, we don't see any chance of the much-talked-of *Wanderjahr* having a place in the education of our young womanhood. But while we are ready to admit that this belongs to the eternal fitness of things, we do not see why we must therefore give up all our other aspirations, supposed or admitted. How many girls are there not at this moment whose position in life is best described by the old simile of a round peg in a square hole? There is hardly a single large family—or small one either, for the matter of that—which cannot show some member whose tastes, ideas, and ambitions differ radically from those of their enforced surroundings.

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If this member be a boy, it matters but little. School and college keep him occupied and interested until the time when he can choose his career, all trades and all careers being, at any rate to a certain extent, open to him; and after that it lies in his own power to determine whether his life be a failure or a success.

But not so the girl.

If only the great mass of parents and guardians who, despite their many assertions to the contrary, do of course guide the destinies of England's coming womanhood, would agree to cast off to a small extent the fear of Mrs. Grundy and the dread of malicious and spiteful gossip, I am sure they would never have cause to regret their decision, and they would gain their daughters' deep and lasting gratitude.

Naturally, I do not wish to deny that there will always be a certain number who will look on the acquisition of the inch of liberty we ask for as the stepping-stone for the ell of complete emancipation and the shaking-off of all conventional rules and regulations whatsoever; and whose greater freedom in pursuit of amusements would only lead to the committal of follies of every description. But no one could ever succeed in doing good to the many if they reflected on the evil they might be doing to the few, and in our case it is just these few who are the obstacles to our attaining the freedom we crave.

Far be it from me to say that it is essential to every young woman's welfare or happiness that she should be pursuing some vague ideal—whether amusing or instructive—at the greatest possible distance from her home. I only think that there are many cases in which a girl might, at the expense merely of a few malicious words, and that only in the first instances, be allowed to do a lot of things which she is not permitted to do now, which would make all the difference in the world to her and could harm no one. At least in my eyes and those of my contemporary friends they do not appear capable of harming anyone, and we do think there is harm in the present system.

For example, it has always struck me that there is an increase in the number of unhappy marriages; and I cannot resist the conclusion that they arise often from girls plunging into matrimony simply and solely to escape from a home life whose restrictions they imagine less endurable than a loveless marriage of convenience. The novelty of the situation for a time makes things go smoothly, but the awakening comes all too surely, and two wrecked lives are the result.

Now we say that if a girl were, whilst at home, of course within reasonable bounds, permitted to follow the natural bent of her mind, she would not be impelled by her boredom and discontent into marrying the first person, whether congenial or not, who appeared on her limited horizon.

Set down in plain black and white, her requirements may appear very trifling; but, as the philosopher said, the world is made up of

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trifles. And these are trifles that cause an incredible amount of discontent, grumbling and irritation.

What she wants, first of all, is the abolition of chaperons on all possible occasions. This at once results in a deadlock between the modern mother and her yet more modern daughter: the difference of opinion as to which are possible occasions, and which are not. I will quote a few that appear very possible.

She considers it hard that she cannot walk the length of two or three—even five or six—streets to visit a friend, without having first provided herself with an unhappy maid or attendant of some description, presumably to prevent her from losing her way or getting run over. Or, if the friend she wishes to visit reside at a greater distance, she is not considered capable, without the aforesaid chaperon, of driving quietly in a hansom as far as that abode.

So it is in everything. No early morning stroll in the Park, or afternoon tea-party, may be undertaken without the same faithful domestic walking gloomily by her side, or waiting drearily for her in alien front halls.

A young married woman does not wear her wedding ring in her nose or other prominent spot to assure the passer-by of her social status; and, owing to prevailing fashions, her clothes do little to distinguish her from her unwedded sister. Yet she can walk through the streets alone, and drive in hansoms alone. Why cannot the girl?

Is it that her parents do not trust her for one second when out of their sight to behave in a rational and lady-like manner? Or is it that they do not think she has common sense and presence of mind enough to find her way about the streets, to avoid being run over by omnibuses in their wild career, or to pay her cabby the necessary shilling? If so, there is little to be said and much to be deplored. But is it not rather that the real reason is to be found in the constantly repeated formula, 'People would talk so if . . .'

Surely the mothers might enter into a treaty to allow their respective daughters the privilege of walking a mile or so, or driving that distance—alone—in the most civilised capital in Europe. They do not rebel against chaperons from a wanton desire to be aggressively independent, or always to go about alone. But, in the nature of things, there are so many harmless pleasures they enjoy which to their parents and guardians are mere weariness and vexation of spirit. Under existing circumstances, either the latter must endure long periods of boredom or the former give up an equal amount of innocent enjoyment. Why cannot something be arranged to prevent this constant necessity for sacrifices on both sides, sacrifices irritating because they are so small and useless?

Without going to see either *Mrs. Tanqueray* or Ibsen, there are many matinées and concerts which girls might attend but for the

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ever necessary satellite who cannot be spared to go with them. They even must have one to accompany them to church.

Talking of church reminds me of another thing. If, spurred on to sudden charitable energy by a rousing sermon of a favourite parson, they are seized with an earnest wish to go and 'do good' in the East End, their inspirations are nipped in the bud by the usual formula, and the subject, and any good they might possibly do, are alike abandoned. For who has ever heard of anyone 'slumming' under the protecting care of a chaperon?

There is another point to mention: the question of friendship between men and girls, as distinguished from flirtation. It does indeed seem a mistaken system which prevents a man and a girl knowing anything in reality of each other's characters until they are engaged, when, unless they be people unusually indifferent to gossip and kindred annoyances, it is too late to make any alterations or repair mistaken impressions.

Inter-feminine conversation has never been famed for its depth of ideas or intellect: why may not the girls enjoy a little of the superior article from masculine lips without being suspected of ulterior designs on their hearts, if the men be poor, or on their fortunes, if they be rich? They never get a chance of finding out what a man thinks; and the married woman in the ball-room routs them with ignominy, simply because with her the unmarried man can chat at his ease, secure of not being angled for if he be rich, or warned off the premises if he be poor.

The so-called revolting maiden only asks for a small amount of liberty. The average girl, as Mr. Besant might call her, does not want it for any of the weird and wild purposes set forth to the world of late. She does not want to read the books forbidden by her parents, or to see the plays they prefer she should not see. She only wishes to enjoy the minor pleasures and duties of life without the now inevitable bored and wearied chaperon. She does not want anything very startling or very important. And, as things are now, if she wanted to be great, how could she? What heroine of antiquity could have achieved renown on such terms?

Can we picture to ourselves Una, in the days of yore, wandering through the desert with her lion and her lady's-maid? If it be urged that the lion acted as chaperon, I can only say that if properly tamed lions, warranted not to roar or bite, be provided, they would be gladly accepted in lieu of the maids and governesses and duennas of the present time.

The refusal of parents and guardians to grant these desires, or even to sympathise with them, probably arises from the fact that in their young days—those times to modern minds so terribly dull and unenterprising—such sentiments were as unknown as the electric light. But they have admitted the practicability of the latter, and it

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is to be trusted that they may eventually acknowledge the advisability of the former.

Rome was not built in a day: and girls cannot expect to prove in that space of time their fitness for either liberty or latchkeys. But many littles make a mickle, and perhaps the time may not be very far off when it will occur to the elders that, if the juniors were allowed by degrees a modicum of freedom in everyday life, they would not be so liable, on the unavoidable occasions when they suddenly get a comparatively large amount, to be carried away by the novelty of the situation, and commit such an infinitude of follies.

Perhaps we may even see the day when a chaperon will be as little known as a great auk or other creature of a past era.

KATHLEEN CUFFE

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A REPLY FROM THE DAUGHTERS

II.

Now that the mothers have been heard upon this subject, it seems only fair that the daughters should be heard also. If it is true that there is any wide-spread revolt of a race of beings so proverbially dutiful as daughters, it can only be because there is at bottom a sufficient reason and a crying need. And who so fitted to tell of this need and explain this reason as the daughters themselves?

In a conversation not long ago with a witty but rather ill-natured friend, we happened to speak of a large family of daughters whom we both knew.

'They are charming girls,' she said, 'but I wonder why they have been left to wither on the parent stem?'

The expression struck me unpleasantly. 'Withering,' I said to myself, 'are unmarried girls at home in danger of withering?' And I was forced to acknowledge that it was only too true. I could recall to my mind at once at least a dozen instances of girls I knew who were, it seemed to me, slowly but surely withering in ideas and interests, and whose lives were becoming less and less fruitful and more and more limited day by day.

Then came the question why this was, and the answer seemed to me a revelation of the whole difficulty in regard to this revolt of the daughters—the underlying cause of all the trouble. These girls are withering because they are not allowed to live their own lives, but are always compelled to live the lives of other people. They have no chance of self-development, no work or pursuits of their own; their especial talents are left to lie dormant, and their best powers are allowed no sphere of action. They must continually crush back the aspirations of their own natures, and must stifle the cry of their own individuality. And I said to myself, 'No wonder they wither, and no wonder they revolt.'

The time of unmarried daughters at home is often entirely spent in domestic and social duties or pleasures, agreeable or distasteful as the case may be, imposed upon them by the authority of those around them. Their individuality is absorbed in the family life, and

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they are not allowed to develop their own interests and pursuits. It is thought quite enough for them to be carried along in the current of the family pursuits, and to be interested only in the family interests. And then in later years, when the family life ceases, as it inevitably must sooner or later, these girls, perhaps by this time middle-aged women, will be left quite forlorn, with narrowed ideas and circumscribed faculties, and with no resources of their own upon which to depend. Their 'withered' lives, cut off from the parent stem, become mere cumberers of the ground, a weariness to themselves and a care to their friends.

In a novel lately I came across the following pathetic story of two such withered lives.

'It's a wonder to me,' Aunt Jane was saying, 'where this child has got all her notions from. Our poor dear father brought us up so wisely, he never let us have any new-fangled notions; what was good enough for him was good enough for us, he said, as you know quite well, Emma. And if any of us wanted to do anything out of the way, which I am thankful to say I, for one, never did, he used to say, if we *must* make ourselves the laughing-stock of our neighbours we must wait until he was gone, for as long as he lived he meant to be master in his own house.' As Aunt Jane paused for breath, and glanced triumphantly around the room, as if a once rebellious-minded but now crushed audience were seated there, Aunt Emma gave a gentle sigh, and her knitting fell into her lap. These reminiscences, which Aunt Jane was never tired of repeating, were full of pain to Aunt Emma, for she had thirsted after many forbidden things in her youth. And though the state of constant repression in which she had lived had not embittered her and made her intolerant, as had been the case with Aunt Jane, it had nevertheless worn away her courage and her faith; so that, when twenty years ago their father had died, and with his death freedom had come, Aunt Emma found herself a middle-aged woman, with a mind unable to grasp any definite purpose. Even her visions seemed to have faded away, leaving only a vague yearning after some misty glow of unattainable sunlight. Her life was simply withered, and old age had come upon her, bearing no fruit.

This extract only states the case of thousands of young women, whose loving parents really desire to make their daughters happy, and who provide for them every luxury, but who expect them to be satisfied with these luxuries, and to have no outside interests of their own.

They must arrange the flowers, help with the housekeeping, pay the family calls, entertain the family visitors, always be at hand, well-dressed, cheerful and smiling, like household angels, as they are often called, without any personal preferences or pursuits, ready to meet every call, and to contribute to everyone's pleasure but their own. All this, it is true, is a part, and a very essential part, of the duty belonging to an unmarried daughter at home; but it is only a part. The tyranny of it comes in when it is considered to be all. It is the fact that she must always be 'on tap,' if we may use the expression, that makes this life so hard and dull in its effects. Under such circumstances the girl can never sit down to read or write without fear

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of being disturbed; she can never undertake any definite work or pursuit, lest it might interfere with some of these unceasing claims She never, in fact, has an hour that she can call absolutely her own, free from the danger of interruption. There is always something wanted by somebody, and a girl of average conscientiousness would feel very selfish should she refuse to meet these unceasing claims, even though most of them may be very unimportant, and although she herself may have on hand at that very moment some important work of her own. Her brother, who is reading at home in his vacation, is never to be disturbed; but that, of course, is because he is reading for his examinations, and expects to do something afterwards. But are the girls who are not going in for examinations, and who never expect to do any great things, not to be allowed some definite time for study and self-improvement, or for some outside philanthropic work?

Among all the girls I know there is scarcely one who is not especially interested in something outside the family life, and who is not longing to be allowed a little time to devote to it. One would like to study botany, another wants to do literary work, another longs to be allowed to paint, while still another is secretly preparing for the higher local examinations, and, to do her work, is obliged to get up at five every morning. From the fear of seeming selfish, or in dread of the opposition they will be sure to meet, none of these girls have as yet dared to insist on their own personal rights; and I doubt if their parents even so much as suspect that their daughters have any real interests or pursuits of their own at all.

A lady said lately, in speaking of her career in life, that when a girl she had an insatiable desire for study, but that after her schoolroom days were over, her family strongly objected to her taking time from the family life for this purpose, and she was therefore compelled to adopt the plan of secretly rising several hours before the rest of the household that she might secure the necessary time for her work. She said that, as a consequence, by afternoon she was utterly worn out, not being very strong, and was obliged to take a regular afternoon nap. Not knowing the cause, no one objected to this. It was considered in the family that she was delicate, and must on no account be disturbed in this daily nap. Whereas had she wished to take the hours devoted to this nap for her study, and had so been able to sleep until the usual time in the morning, she would have been indignantly reproved for her selfishness. For her surface need of a nap she found sympathy and consideration, for her vital need of study she found only reproof. And her case is only a sample of thousands.

Some years ago a friend of mine was among a company of girls who were studying in one of the earliest colleges for women, and it occurred to her to ask them whether they had had the sympathy of

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their families and friends in their college career. Almost without exception each girl present said that she had had to fight for her liberty to go to college every inch of the way, and that all her family and friends had looked upon her as a monster of selfishness for persisting in carrying out her purpose. And I know at this moment any number of girls who have failed in a similar fight, from want of courage to resist the opposition by which they were confronted, and who have lived disheartened lives ever since.

In the matter of marriage every girl has an acknowledged right to determine her own life. Why not, then, let her have some little right to arrange her life when she does not marry? Some day her parents must leave her, and if they do not leave her with a husband and children to fill her life, is it not important that they should be able to leave her with some pursuits and interests of her own to occupy her and make her happy?

Grown-up sons are started off in an independent career of their own, with the good wishes and kindly help of all their family and friends, and are afforded every facility for the development of any especial talents they may possess, or for the pursuit of any career they may choose. Grown-up daughters, on the other hand, often with equal and perhaps greater talents, and with at least as high purposes as their brothers, are condemned to a life of dependence at home, their energies limited to the social and domestic duties of the household, all their talents cramped and thwarted, and every impulse to do something for the world outside treated as unwomanly and revolutionary.

The suffering endured by many a young woman under these circumstances has never yet been told. Possessing no money in her own right, and obliged to beg, too often from an unwilling father, for all she gets, a girl of character, as she grows into maturity and lives on as a woman in her father's house, suffers from a sense of bitter humiliation that no one who has not experienced it can understand. Many young women under these circumstances would gladly engage in any honourable labour, however menial, that would enable them to be independent and to own themselves. But this, of course, 'is not to be thought of for a moment.' Could the parents of these daughters, who have never thought of them as independent beings, but only as appendages to themselves, created for the purpose of ministering to their pleasures, and waiting upon their fancies—could they for one single moment get a glimpse into the hearts of their quiet, uncomplaining daughters, they would be astonished and perhaps horrified. 'What can our daughters want more than they have now?' they would ask. 'They have a good home and every comfort, and the society of their parents' friends; perhaps a carriage to drive in and horses to ride. What more can they possibly desire? To such parents I would reply: Your daughter wants herself. She

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belongs to you now, and can walk only in your paths, and enjoy your pleasures, and live your life. She wants to belong to herself. She has paths of her own she longs to walk in, and purposes of her own she is eager to carry out. She is an independent being, created by God for the development of her own talents, and for the use of her own time. Her capacities were not given to her parents, but to herself; her life is not their possession, but her own; and to herself God looks for an account of it. Put yourselves in her place, and ask yourselves how you would like to have no independence, but be obliged to live always someone else's life, and carry out only someone else's purposes. You have had aims and purposes in your lives, and have been free, perhaps, to carry them out. Can you dare, as mere human beings like themselves, to lay hands upon the mature lives of your daughters and say, 'It shall be as we please, not as they please'? If they yield to your demands it can only be at the expense of a grievous waste of energies and capabilities that were meant by God to accomplish, through their instrumentality, some personal and instrumental work for Him. But this is an aspect of the question that very few adequately realise. There is no sadder sight in the world than that of a wasted life. And when this waste is the result of carelessness or selfishness on the part of the strong towards the weak, it becomes no less a tragedy even although it is done under the name of parental love. Such tragedies are no fiction, but the very common occurrence of everyday life around us. How wanton is the waste continually going on in the lives of thousands of women, whose powers, by a long course of trivialities and mental starvation, deteriorate year after year, until they themselves and all their friends suffer incalculable loss.

It is, indeed, in the name of unselfishness that women are urged to this sacrifice. But is it a true unselfishness to suffer one's life to be wasted in passing trivialities that leave one unfit for higher duties? Is it not rather a form of weak selfishness that, from a desire to win the approbation of those around one, or to avoid their censure, will consent to sacrifice the truest and deepest impulses and capacities of one's nature in order to minister to passing and trivial demands? And is it not likely to end in a far worse selfishness, when the day comes in which those to whom they have sacrificed themselves must inevitably suffer from the cramped and starved natures that such sacrifices produce? They have become unfitted for struggling with life and with the wider needs that come with increasing age, and are a burden and a drag where they were meant to be a prop and a comfort.

A great deal is said about the duty and the beauty of 'self-sacrifice,' and as it is mostly said to the female part of creation, it is not to be wondered at that a conscientious girl feels herself to be a monster of selfishness if she ventures for a moment to assert her right

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to live her own life in her own way, should that way differ in the least from the ways of those around her.

Now the expression 'self-sacrifice' possesses two widely different meanings, and the trouble is that the emphasis is generally put upon the wrong one. The difference is shown by the two little words 'to' and 'for.' Self-sacrifice *to* is very different from self-sacrifice *for*. When a man throws himself before the Juggernaut car and is crushed to death, he has sacrificed himself 'to' an idol; when he loses his life to save the life of another, he has sacrificed himself 'for' that other. The wrong self-sacrifice is where we sacrifice ourselves 'to' the whims or fancies or passing pleasure of those around us. The right self-sacrifice is where we find it necessary, for the best good of ourselves and others, to sacrifice ourselves 'for' their and our highest good. The wrong self-sacrifice is often easier at the passing moment than the right, but in the long run it is sure to become a yoke of dreadful bondage. It is often easier for a sister to sacrifice herself 'to' her selfish brother, by giving way to his selfishness, than it would be to sacrifice herself 'for' him by withstanding it. But by choosing the easier way she increases his selfishness, until it destroys all respect and affection. To help those we love, we must sacrifice ourselves not 'to' but 'for.' Present attentions or services are not always the test of the truest devotion. There is a self-abnegation that is only a magnified selfishness, and there is an apparent selfish regard to one's own character and development that is in reality the truest unselfishness. The girl who insists upon an opportunity for self-development and training at, perhaps, the cost to her parents of some present passing pleasure, will in the end bring far more interest and satisfaction into their lives than the one who has wasted her days of development in sacrificing all her highest powers 'to' the petty occupations and amiabilities demanded from her, often so unthinkingly, by the home circle.

A woman with a definite purpose in life creates an atmosphere about her that cannot fail to impart a higher moral tone to those with whom she comes in contact, while without such a purpose she is liable to become a dead weight upon them, paralysing their energies and hindering their work. Girls need to realise this, and to be awakened to the sense of their responsibilities. For, after all, every woman, whether married or unmarried, is a human being, distinct from every other human being, and, as such, has her own individual and distinct duties and responsibilities, which she cannot and ought not to shift from her own shoulders. She cannot lay them on her parents, nor her husband, nor her friends, even should they desire and demand it. It must rest at last between her own soul and God alone. He has made her, not a puppet nor an idiot, but a rational free agent; and no false ideal of self-sacrifice can release her from this sacred responsibility. Any unnecessary suppression of her God-given powers, any

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stinting of her highest development, is nothing less than sacrilege against the Creator who took pleasure in endowing her with powers to work for Him.

The Bishop of Winchester, in an address to some young men and women, lately said some memorable words on this subject. After speaking of their opportunities and their capabilities, he urged upon them their responsibilities in the following words:

> Find out your work, your own personal work, and then set yourself to do it. But you may ask 'What is your work?' I reply that it is that which you think of and feel after most frequently and most lovingly, the work that you are conscious of being best fitted to do. It is, however, almost better to choose the wrong work than not to begin any. To lounge and loiter through life has not only an unspeakable baseness with it, but it is environed with the subtlest dangers.

What these dangers are anyone can divine who will carefully study the wasted and withered lives around them.

But there is another aspect, apart from that which affects merely the home or the individual life, in which we must consider this question. No one of us can live to herself nor die to herself, nor even to her family. We are each a part of the society around us, of the nation to which we belong, of the world in which we live. And we must consider the claims that these have upon us, when we are trying to decide what our duty really is. Women must be taught to realise the solidarity of the human race, and to recognise the fact that we are all members one of another, and that if one member suffers all must necessarily suffer with it. No woman can permit her life to be dwarfed and thwarted without inflicting an injury not only upon herself and upon her family, but also upon the community in which she lives; and no woman can develop herself and make the most of all her powers without bestowing a positive benefit upon her friends and neighbours, and also upon the world.

Let every girl then claim her right to individual development, not merely for her own welfare and enjoyment or for that of her family, but chiefly that she may become a more perfect instrument to perform her allotted part in the world's work. It must be a matter of principle, not a matter of self-indulgence. She must be able to say not merely, 'I want to do this or that,' but 'I believe I ought to do it.' It is as fatal to a woman to live her life merely for her own enjoyment as it is for her to sacrifice her own life to other people's enjoyment. She must sacrifice herself, not *to* people, but *for* principles. She must ask herself frankly and honestly, 'Have I any worthy purpose in my life? Am I doing the best with such powers as God has given me, or am I allowing them to be unused and wasted? Am I growing stronger and better with each year, or am I narrowing and deteriorating? Shall I be able rightly to fulfil my duties to the world in which I live if I allow myself to be frittered away in little nothings, and fail to strengthen and develop all my powers? Is it not my duty,

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even for the sake of others, to realise my best and highest self, and to make the most of all my capacities?'

If the community were only alive to its own highest interests, it would hail with heartiest welcome the advent of girls such as these, and all true lovers of humanity would reach out a hand to help them break through the trammels of prejudice or conventionality that have hitherto held them in check.

Hundreds of avenues are opening for the girls of to-day in which they can get the development and find the work they need. It ought, therefore, to be a matter of principle for every girl who has reached maturity to consider what is her own especial gift or capability; and, having discovered it, she ought to be as conscientious in trying to carry it out as she would be conscientious in carrying out any of the domestic duties which hitherto may have seemed to her to have been the only career allowed her.

The revolt of the daughter is not, if I understand it, a revolt against any merely surface conventionalities, that are after all of not much account one way or another, but it is a revolt against a bondage that enslaves her whole life. In the past she has belonged to other people, now she demands to belong to herself. In the past other people have decided her duties for her, now she asks that she may decide them for herself. She asks simply and only for freedom to make out of her own life the highest that can be made, and to develop her own individuality as seems to her the wisest and the best. She claims only the ordinary human rights of a human being, and humbly begs that no one will hinder her.

ALYS W. PEARSALL SMITH.

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THE SHAH OF PERSIA IN ENGLAND

WHATEVER may be said of the personal qualities and of the rule of the present King of Persia, there can be no question about certain favourable features by which he is advantageously distinguished from the rest of Oriental princes. He not only made an exception to the rule and etiquette of Mohammedan Asia by visiting Europe three times, but he has always taken the trouble to note down carefully all that he saw and experienced, and to publish it afterwards for the instruction of his subjects, with the avowed intention to impart the knowledge of the West and to enlighten his readers about modern civilisation. During his last visit to Budapest I had the honour of being his interpreter for several days, and I was quite astonished to find that after the toilsome work of many hours, when we were all exhausted and worn out by continual visits and calls, I was asked in his private room, sometimes after ten o'clock in the evening, to give accurate information about things, persons, and places he had seen during the day. These he used to put down in Persian writing, but the proper names he gave in European characters, in order to avoid misspelling, having been taught by experience that the Arabic letters are insufficient for the transcription of European names.

I suppose he has acted in the same manner everywhere else, for the copy of his diary before me, written in a fluent Persian style and published by his command in Teheran, hardly contains any proper name to which the European, mostly French, transcription is not added. The Shah presents himself in his new literary work as an extremely painstaking writer, who strives to be accurate in the description of the sites, towns, palaces, gardens, and museums he had seen, and who in the meantime shows great tact in speaking of personalities he had met with. There is not even the shadow of pronounced criticism so far as regards disapproval. What displeases him is but lightly touched, whereas his praises are more outspoken, and it is only by reading between the lines that one might guess the real meaning of his words. Thus the account of his sojourn in Russia is extremely meagre, and the somewhat cool reception he met with at

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St. Petersburg is reflected in the rather cool but civil words in which he records his stay at the Russian capital.

In the portion of his book devoted to England we notice quite the contrary. Whilst approaching London on board of the 'Osborne' he was met by the Prince of Wales, of whom he says: 'He looks just as he was sixteen years ago, when I first saw him, only he has grown somewhat stouter.' After joining the Prince on board of the 'Duke of Edinburgh,' the Shah is quite enraptured by the luxury exhibited in the great saloon of that vessel, and his admiration is boundless when he witnessed the extraordinary reception accorded to him by the people of London. He says the crowd was such an intense and enthusiastic one that the carriages could hardly pass. The demonstration of friendship and joy he found without a parallel, and bearing testimony to the genuineness of this outburst of public opinion, he quotes the following remark of the Prince of Wales:

> We have not got the means to force the people to give you such a warm reception, they have come here from their own good will and out of sympathy.

It need hardly be said that the Shah is highly pleased at the splendidly furnished apartments in Buckingham Palace, of which he gives a minute account, not forgetting to mention, as usual, all the princes and princesses, as well as the members of the aristocracy and the ambassadors of the foreign countries who were introduced to him. His first meeting with Her Majesty at Windsor he describes as follows:

> Her Majesty the Queen, surrounded by her daughters and by the ladies in waiting, received me at the bottom of the staircase. She wore a black dress, and had a black stick in her hand and had also put jewels on. After alighting from the carriage I approached and tendered her my hand, which she seized, and leading me upstairs, we passed through a gallery and a large hall adorned with fine pictures to a room which I had seen sixteen years before. Here we took a seat and conversed for some time. After the introduction of Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Beatrice and Prince Battenberg, and Lord Salisbury, I noticed in the retinue two or three Hindustanis, dressed after the fashion of India and speaking Persian. Her Majesty remarked, 'I have ordered them from India, they are teaching me the Urdu language.' On rising the Queen gave me a nosegay, and leading me again to the staircase, I took leave of Her Majesty.

Returning to London, the Shah has to go through an endless series of receptions and invitations which dazzle even his Oriental eye. The minute account of all these festivities, dinner and garden parties, may be tiresome to the English reader, and it has been apparently written in order to impress his Persian subjects with the great honour and consideration paid to their sovereign in the countries of Frenghistan. The Shah is by no means indifferent to the honours bestowed upon him, and he was particularly struck by the ovation given to him in the Guildhall. He mentions the speech he made here after the dinner, as well as the answer given by Lord Salisbury, of which latter he says that the allusion of the Prime Minister

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to the friendly relations between England and the foreign countries raised the spirits of the society. He has a particularly high opinion of Lord Salisbury and of Lady Salisbury, and of the latter he says literally: 'She is a lady of middle size, highly respectable, up in politics, exceedingly wise and clever.' The Shah anxiously avoids politics. He only occasionally alludes to the leading parties of England, and having accepted an invitation to dine with Lord Rosebery, he says:

> This nobleman is a Liberal, and belongs to the Ministry of Mr. Gladstone, which is the Opposition to the present men in government. Lord Rosebery is a comparatively young man, of middle size and of a handsome face; he has neither beard nor mustachios.

On mentioning the guests of Lord Rosebery, the Shah quotes *Duke of Chamberlain*, a *lapsus calami* which but rarely occurs to him. It is really astonishing how this Eastern potentate has taken the care to note down everything most minutely, and in reading the description of his visit to the Crystal Palace one can imagine how his subjects will admire the wonders of Frenghistan, and how proud they will be on reading that nearly two thousand unbelievers desperately fought to catch one leaf or flower thrown down from the balcony by the Shah to the crowd assembled to see him.

In order to appreciate fully the importance of the Shah's last visit to England, one has only to compare the report written by him of his journey made in 1873, of which an English translation, by the late Sir James W. Redhouse, was published in 1874 (London: John Murray). This last-mentioned diary contains chiefly general remarks upon England, social, political, military, and otherwise; whilst his present book, which deserves to be translated likewise, gives a rather detailed and lengthy account of various towns of England and Scotland and of many mansions and country houses of English and Scotch noblemen; nay, it affords a clear insight into the public and private life of the United Kingdom such as no other Oriental publication can boast of. After a full picture of London amusements and festivities, the royal author enumerates his excursions to the country, and gives us the narrative of his visits to the various towns and country seats. He begins by his call at Hatfield, and full justice is done to this splendid mansion of Lord Salisbury. The garden particularly attracted his attention, and he finds the grounds so extensive and varied that one unacquainted with the place might easily lose his way. We are favoured even with the history of Hatfield, reading that this castle was built three hundred years ago, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and that it has come down to the present owner from generation to generation. From Hatfield the seat of Lord Brownlow is visited, and next day the park and castle of Waddesdon. The wealth exhibited by the Barons Ferdinand and Alfred Rothschild very naturally called forth the admiration

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of the King of Kings, who, with his ready cash of four million pounds, is rather poor in comparison with our modern Crœsuses, and in grateful remembrance of their hospitality the Shah tells us that he offered them a golden box with an old enamel. The next country seat visited is that of Lord Windsor, and on passing Rugby the Shah relates the following episode: 'I noticed here a very handsome child in the arms of a woman, to whom I beckoned. She came near, I seized the hand of the child, upon which the crowd rushed towards the railway carriage anxious to shake hands with me. I shook hands with everybody, and such was the throng and bustle that many people nearly got under the carriage.' On the way to Sheffield a good deal of attention is devoted to the manufacturing district. The Shah fully appreciates the importance of this great industrial centre, and very often remarks that the whole world is provided from here with this or with that material. He enters into details in describing parts of the machinery; he is enraptured by the agency of steam-power, and if many more Oriental princes would bestow such minute care upon the wonders of English mills as does Nasreddin Shah, there is no doubt the introduction of Western culture into Asia would be much facilitated.

It would be an idle undertaking to report at full length the account the Shah gives in his diary of all the places visited and of the leading men of Great Britain he came in contact with. I dare to say he has hardly omitted a single one of the worthies of the day, and not only does he mention every man of note, but he gives us also the family relations of most, and from this point of view the Shah's diary is decidedly the most comprehensive guide-book to English aristocratic, social, and industrial life. Scotland particularly attracted his attention. Glasgow, Perth, Aberdeen, Invercauld, Braemar, Dundee, and Edinburgh are separately sketched, together with the curiosities seen and the eminent men he met with or from whom he received hospitality. Sir Algernon Borthwick, the Earl of Hopetoun, and Lord Armstrong are particularly mentioned as hosts in whose splendid houses he enjoyed unparalleled hospitality. On his return from Scotland he visits Bradford, and he remarks that, in spite of the great ovations he has received hitherto in various parts of the United Kingdom, it was nevertheless here that he met with the most extraordinary reception. I shall try to give a literal translation of what the Shah says:

> The town council, notwithstanding the long and strange dress they wore, went on foot before my carriage and slowly, slowly they moved on through the streets. The multitude of men and women was such an excessive one that nothing could be seen but heads and skulls, and the Hurrah! they raised was nearly deafening. The women waved their handkerchiefs and clapped with their hands. As it happened to rain, I opened my umbrella. The inhabitants of this place, being chiefly working men, together with their families, had not seen up to this time any Padishah, for their own Queen had not as yet visited this place, and the

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Prince of Wales was only there seven years ago. This might be the reason for their great anxiety to catch a glimpse of royalty and to gaze at me. The governor of Bradford was aware of this fact, and it is for this reason that the street was barred and that police was posted round the town-hall, where I took up my lodging. . . . Briefly the reception I met with in Bradford was unique. The inhabitants have a distinguished look, they have handsome faces and beautiful hair.

In Leeds he meets with a similar reception. Here he is also lodged in the town-hall, which he declares to be the largest in England, and this splendid building, erected thirty years ago, he adds, was opened personally by the Queen.

Brighton seems to have greatly pleased the royal visitor, for he speaks in full detail of all he had seen there. The Aquarium is a great wonder in his eyes, as well as the swimming feat performed by Professor Reddish, and in mentioning the inhabitants of this place he finds that all are well dressed, and that the ladies, conspicuously handsome, walk about with loose hair. In going through the diary of Nasreddin Shah we are struck by the sometimes naïve manner in which he mixes serious and trivial matters. In one place he explains complicated machineries, historical events, and in another he dwells at great length upon the performance of a conjurer, whose tricks are fully described and admired, perhaps more even than the great naval review he witnessed.

My intention was to give a short extract of the Shah's diary referring to England, but I find the task more difficult than I believed. The text is incoherent and exceedingly tiresome to the European reader. In order to give an idea of the style and conception of the royal traveller, I shall conclude with a translation of the passage relating his farewell visit to Osborne:

Cowes is a small lovely place, and before reaching Osborne we passed an avenue. A large crowd hemmed both sides of the road. We arrived at the gate of Her Majesty's park, which is a very private one; we did not see anybody in it. The grounds are spacious and beautiful, with fine trees, which have been brought from America and Canada, and the leaves of which resemble the leaves of the orange-tree. Very pretty are the elms, whose foliage reaches to the ground. The whole park is one delicious *parterre*. We had to go a long distance before arriving at the palace, around which we saw many tents. I asked for what purpose they had been erected. They answered for the Emperor of Germany, whose visit is expected, as the palace itself is not large enough. I found Her Majesty the Queen at the door next to the staircase, and after shaking hands we walked arm in arm to a room where besides us Emin-es-Sultan, Nazim-ed-Dowle (Malkum Khan the ambassador at that time), Prince Battenberg, Princess Beatrice, and the Chief Master of Ceremonies were present. Her Majesty was particularly kind and gracious, and we had a long conversation. After a while Princess Beatrice came in with a tray on which was an *étui*, which Her Majesty opened, and taking out from it an order with brilliants, in the centre of which was her likeness, exceedingly well done, she handed it over to me, saying, 'I give you this as a keepsake.' I manifested a great joy and satisfaction at this highly valuable and precious *souvenir*, upon which Her Majesty suspended the order with her own hand on my neck. In

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a similar way the first class of the Bath was given to Emin-es-Sultan (the Grand-vezir), and orders of St. George and St. Michael were given to the leading men of my retinue. I remained for some time in the company of Her Majesty, and I took afterwards my evening meal with Prince Battenberg, and went to the terrace, from which there is a splendid view of the flower-beds of the garden and the sea.

With the description of the Isle of Wight closes the English portion of the Shah's diary, which is at all events remarkable, partly from the personal views and opinions expressed therein, partly in considering the unmistakable good impression which his warm reception in England has left upon the mind of this Oriental prince, whose political destinies are strictly allied with the interests of Great Britain in Central Asia. The contents of his diary relating to the Paris Exhibition and to his visit in France give a dry account of the official receptions, of the curiosities of arts and industry, but not the slightest allusion to cordiality and friendship. The Shah is by no means in love with the republican form of government. He does not betray his aversion in the course of his remarks, for he is exceedingly cautious, but he cannot conceal his astonishment on seeing a large community without a crowned head, and the expression 'Head of the Republic,' as the President is styled, is far less in his eyes than an emperor, king, or duke. What conquered the sympathies of the Shah in England was private hospitality and the signs of real friendship shown to him by all classes of society, and as such manifestations were utterly absent in France, his coolness is to be found quite natural. French being the only European language he mastered to a certain extent—for his desire to appear as a French scholar is much greater than his knowledge of that language—he might naturally have felt more sympathy for France than for any other European country. But in reality this is not the case, though as a shrewd Oriental he abstains from showing colour. On entering France he put down in his diary the following remark:

It is rather strange that France and England, in spite of being neighbouring countries, for they are only separated by a thin streak of water, should be still so different from each other. On arriving on French soil, we find that all habits and manners, the customs, the language, the exterior of men and women, of peasants, of soldiers, of mountains, plains, and trees, all is different from that in England.

It seems that political necessity and later experience have somewhat obliterated his earlier predilection for France, which he nourished in the first decades after his accession to the throne. He is evidently not indifferent to the old saying that Persia is '*la France de l'Orient*,' for the following passage occurs in his diary:

The Parisians are, as far as regards character, bearing, and colour (?), very much like the Persians. The strong and solid buildings I noticed in England and in Russia are not to be found here. It has been previously asserted that Persia is the France of the East. Formerly I could not realise the correctness of this sentence, but this time having had a deeper insight I can approve of it, for everything strikingly resembles Persia.

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Happily, however, Nasreddin Shah is not a man of emotional impressions. He may still feel a good amount of sympathy for the elegance, liveliness, and easy-going mind of the French nation, but in weighing the chances of the future of his dynasty and of his country he must look for a solid support and for an alliance with a country and with a nation which will offer him the best guarantee for his existence in the future. From the short intercourse I had with the King of Persia, I firmly believe that he had made the only salutary and happy choice, for although strictly *boutonné*, his prevalently English sympathies are beyond all doubt.

The portion of his diary relating to his return from Paris to Persia is comparatively very meagre, and contains only details of such places as he had not visited in his previous journeys. The Shah was evidently tired, his memory was encumbered by the vast experience gained, and the bulky journal comprising his notes might have produced several volumes of the size in which his book before us (411 pages) has appeared. In viewing the general impression the reiterated visits have left upon the mind of the royal traveller, we are well justified in putting the question: what is and what may be the effect of these experiences upon the country under his rule, and will Persia benefit by them? Without being too sanguine, I believe the reforms introduced in Persia during the last decade are mainly the outcome of the enlightened mind of Nasreddin Shah, and the results would certainly be more apparent if the leading portion of Persian society would be only half as much penetrated by the necessity of introducing modern reforms as their royal master himself. The light of the rising sun falls at first at the top of the mountains, and it is only afterwards that the lower parts and the valleys are illuminated. In the East the principle is still in vigour, that the people follow the religion of their ruler, and if we show forbearance, the experience gained by Nasreddin Shah will ultimately not be lost upon his subjects, justly known as the most gifted people in Mohammedan Asia.

It is for this reason that the somewhat boisterous reception accorded to the Shah during his last visit to England must be fully approved in spite of the contrary views which pretend that it was overdone. Official England is altogether lacking in means, resources, and comprehension adequate to the importance and position of the British Empire in Asia. London ought to have special allurements for Asiatic princes. Palaces for Mohammedans and Hindus, provided with mosques and temples, with basins and baths, ought to be at the disposal of royal visitors anxious to visit the British capital without infringement of their religious and customary life, and the lesson in European culture imparted to them at a distance would have a much greater effect if supported by studies made on the spot. One hardly believes how Orientals are flattered by the slightest attention

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paid to their national habits and customs. In my correspondence with Mohammedan Indians I have found that the efforts of Her Majesty the Queen to learn Hindustani and the esteem in which the Munshi is kept at the Court are highly appreciated in the respective circles of your Indian possessions. Russia has long ago followed such a policy with her Asiatic vassals, and Tartar chiefs, who might as well be located in a stable, are lodged in imperial palaces and treated with civilities far above their rank. The Rajas and Maharajas of India must be quite differently looked upon. With them rules of court etiquette are a much more important matter, and the slightest neglect may deeply offend their susceptibilities. One thing is certain; the more frequently Oriental princes will come to London, and the greater the facilities offered them to see England's power, wealth, and culture on the spot, the stronger will become the ties by which her outlying possessions are united to the mother-country.

A. VAMBÉRY.

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THE MYSTERY OF MONSIEUR REGNIER

In these modern days men live fast and forget fast; yet, since it was barely twenty-four years ago, numbers among us must still vividly remember the lurid autumn of 1870. Eastern and Northern France had been deluged with French and German blood. During the month of battles from the 2nd of August to the 1st of September, the regular armies of France had suffered defeat on defeat, and were now blockaded in Metz, or tramping from the catastrophe of Sedan to captivity in Germany. The Empire in France had fallen like a house of cards; Napoleon the Third was a prisoner of war in Cassel; the Empress and the ill-fated Prince Imperial were forlorn exiles in England. To the Empire had succeeded, at not even a day's notice —for in France a revolution is ever a summary operation—the Government of National Defence, with the watchword of 'War to the bitter end' rather than cede a foot of territory or one stone of a fortress. The Germans made no delay. The blood-tint had scarcely faded out of the waters of the Meuse, the unburied dead of Sedan yet festered in the sun-heat, and the blackened ruins of Bazeilles still smoked and stank, when their heads of columns set forth on the march to Paris. The troops were full of ardour; but in the Royal headquarters there was not a little disquietude. The old King made a long stay in the old cathedral city of Rheims, while men all over Europe were asking each other whether the catastrophe of Sedan had not virtually ended the war, and were hoping for the white dove of peace to alight on the blood-stained land. But that happy consummation was not yet to be. When King Wilhelm crossed the frontier, he had proclaimed that he warred not with the French nation, but with its ruler. That ruler was now his prisoner; but Wilhelm had for adversary now the French nation, because it had taken up the quarrel which might have gone with the *Déchéance*, and in effect had made it its own. In the absence of overtures there was no alternative but to march on Paris.

But Bismarck, although he carried a blithe front, was far from comfortable. He would fain have had peace—always on his own terms; but the question with him was, with whom could he negotiate,

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capable, in the existing confusion, of furnishing adequate guarantees for the fulfilment of conditions? That requisite he could not discern in the self-constituted body which styled itself the Government of National Defence, but which he spoke of as 'the gentlemen of the pavement.' He had all the monarchical dislike and distrust of a republic, and before the German army had invested Paris he already had begun to ponder as to the possibility of reinstating the dethroned dynasty. Possibly, indeed, he had already felt the pulse of Marshal Bazaine on this subject.

It was on the 23rd of September, when the Royal headquarters was at Ferrières, Baron Rothschild's château on the east of Paris, that there either presented himself to Bismarck an intriguant, or that the Chancellor evoked for himself an instrument, for whom the way was made open to penetrate the beleaguerment of Metz and submit to Bazaine certain considerations. In connection with this mission we heard a good deal at the time of a mysterious 'Mons. M.,' and an equally mysterious 'Mons. N.' Both were myths: 'M.' and 'N.' were alike pseudonyms of the real go-between, a certain EDMOND REGNIER, who died in Paris on the 23rd of January last, after a strange and varied career, of which the episode to be detailed in this article is the most remarkable. In a now very rare pamphlet, published by Regnier in November 1870, he describes himself as a French landed proprietor, with financial interests in England yielding him an income of 800*l.* per annum, and as having come to England with his family in the end of August of that year, in consequence of the proximity of German troops to his French residence. The painstaking compilers of the indictment against Bazaine give rather a different account of the character and antecedents of M. Reguier. Their information is that he received an imperfect education, sufficiently proven by his extraordinary style and vicious orthography. He studied, with little progress, law and medicine; later, he took up magnetism. He was curiously mixed up in the events of the revolution of 1848. He had some employment in Algeria as an assistant surgeon. Returning to France, he developed a quarry of paving-stone, and afterwards married in England a wife who brought him a certain competence. 'Regnier,' continues the Report, 'is a sharp, audacious fellow; his manners are vulgar—vain to excess, he considers himself a profound politician. Was he induced to throw himself into the midst of events by one of the monomanias which are engendered by periods of storm and revolution? Was he simply an intriguer, plying his trade? It is difficult to tell. But however that may be, the established fact is that we find him in England in September 1870, besieging with his projects the entourage of the Empress.'

Regnier's siege of the forlorn colony at Hastings took the form of a bombardment of letters, his principal victim being Madame Le Breton, the lady-in-waiting of the Empress, and the sister of the un-

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fortunate General Bourbaki, then in command of the Imperial Guard at Metz. He was about to have his passport viséd by the German Ambassador in London, rather an equivocal proceeding for a French subject; and on the 12th of September he wrote thus to Madame Le Breton, desiring that the letter should be communicated to Her Majesty:

> The Ambassador in London of the North German Confederation may possibly say, 'I think the King of Prussia would prefer treating for peace with the Imperial Government rather than with the Republic.' If so, I shall start to-morrow for Wilhelmshöhe, after having paid a visit to the Empress. The following are the propositions I intend to submit to the Emperor: (1) That the Empress-Regent ought not to quit French territory; (2) That the Imperial fleet *is* French territory; (3) That the fleet which greeted Her Majesty so enthusiastically on its departure for the Baltic, or at least a portion of it, however small, be taken by the Regent for her seat of government, thus enabling her to go from one to another of the French ports where she can count upon the largest number of adherents, and so prove that her government exists both *de facto* and *de jure*. Further, that the Empress-Regent issue from the fleet four proclamations—viz., to foreign governments, to the fleet, to the army, and to the French people.

It will suffice to quote two of those suggested proclamations:—

> To foreign governments! To firmly insist upon the fact that the Imperial Government is the *actual* government, as it is the government by right. To the fleet! That just as the Emperor remained to the last in the midst of his army, sharing the chances of war, so also does the Regent, the only executive power legally existing, come with gladness to trust her political fortune to the Imperial fleet.

There followed a voluminous screed of irrelevant dissertation.

Regnier confessedly made no way with the Empress. He saw, indeed, Madame Le Breton on the 14th, but only to be told, in language worthy of a patriot-sovereign, that 'Her Majesty's feeling was that the interests of France should take precedence of those of the dynasty; that she would rather do nothing than incur the suspicion of having acted from an undue regard for dynastic interests, and that she has the greatest horror of any step likely to bring about a civil war.' Those high-souled expressions ought to have given definite pause to Regnier's importunity; but that busybody was indefatigable. A second letter to Madame Le Breton for the Empress simply elicited from the gentlemen of her suite the information that Her Majesty, having read his communications, had expressed the greatest horror of anything approaching a civil war. A final letter from him, containing the following significant passage:

> I myself, or some other person, ought already to have been secretly and confidentially in communication with M. de Bismarck; our conditions for peace must be more acceptable than those to which the *soi-disant* Republican Government may have agreed; every action of theirs ought to be turned to our advantage—we ourselves must *act*,

evoked the ultimatum that 'the Empress would not stir in the matter.' Regnier then said that, as he found no encouragement at Hastings,

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he would probably go to Wilhelmshöhe, where he would perhaps be better understood; and he produced a photographic view of Hastings, on which he begged that the Prince Imperial would write a line to his father. On the following morning (17th), the Prince's equerry returned him the photographic view, at the foot of which were the simple and affectionate words: 'Mon cher Papa, je vous envoie ces vues d'Hastings; j'espère qu'elles vous plairont. Louis-Napoléon.' I am personally familiar with the late Prince Imperial's handwriting, and readily recognise it in this brief sentence. Regnier avers that it was with Her Majesty's consent this paper was given him; but admits that he was told she added: 'Tell M. Regnier that there must be great danger in carrying out his project, and that I beg him not to attempt its execution.' In other words, the Empress was willing that he should visit the Emperor at Cassel, authenticating him thus far by the Prince Imperial's little note; but she put her veto on his undertaking intrigues detrimental to the interests of France.

Regnier by no means took the road for Wilhelmshöhe. At 7 P.M. of Sunday the 18th, he read in the special *Observer* that Jules Favre was next day to have an interview with Bismarck at Meaux. Eager to anticipate the republican Foreign Minister, he promptly took the night train for Paris. No trains were running beyond Amiens, and he did not reach Meaux until midnight of the 19th, to learn that Bismarck and the headquarters had that day gone to Ferrières. At 10 A.M. of the 20th he reached that château, and appealed to Count Hatzfeld, now German Ambassador in London, for an immediate interview with Bismarck, stating that he had come direct from Hastings. He was informed that the Chancellor had an appointment with Jules Favre at eleven, and that it was improbable he could be received in advance. But Bismarck having been apprised of his arrival, the fortunate Regnier was immediately ushered into his presence. Regnier congratulates himself on having anticipated the French Minister, ignorant of the circumstance that on the previous day the latter had two interviews with Bismarck, and that their then impending interview was simply for the purpose of communicating to Favre the German King's final answer to the French proposals.

Regnier says that he drew from his portfolio the photograph of Hastings with the Prince Imperial's little note to his father at its foot, and handed the paper in silence to Bismarck; and that after the latter had looked at it for some moments, he (Regnier) said 'I come, Count, to ask you to grant me a pass which will permit me to go to Wilhelmshöhe and give this autograph into the Emperor's hands.' Why he should have applied to Bismarck for this is not apparent, since he might have gone direct from Hastings to Wilhelmshöhe without any necessity for invoking the Chancellor's offices. It seems extremely probable that the request for a pass was a mere pretext to

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gain an interview, and the more so since Bismarck made no allusion to the subject, but after a few moments, according to Regnier, addressed that person as follows:

Sir, our position is before you; what can you offer us? with whom can we treat? Our determination is fixed so to profit by our present position as to render impossible for the future any war against us on the part of France. To effect this object, an alteration of the French frontier is indispensable. In the presence of two governments—the one *de facto*, the other *de jure*—it is difficult, if not impossible, to treat with either. The Empress-Regent has quitted French territory, and since then has given no sign. The Provisional Government in Paris refuses to accept this condition of diminution of territory, but proposes an armistice in order to consult the French nation on the subject. We can afford to wait. When we find ourselves face to face with a government *de facto* and *de jure*, able to treat on the basis we require, then we will treat.

Regnier suggested that Bazaine in Metz and Uhrich in Strasburg, if they should capitulate, might do so in the name of the Imperial Government. Bismarck replied that Jules Favre was assured that the garrisons of those fortresses were staunchly Republican, but that Bazaine's army of the Rhine was probably Imperialist. Then Regnier offered to go at once to Metz. 'If you had come a week earlier,' said Bismarck, 'it was yet time; now, I fear, it is too late.' With this, the Chancellor went away to meet Jules Favre, with the parting words to Regnier, 'Be so good as to present my respectful homage to his Imperial Majesty when you reach Wilhelmshöhe.' At a subsequent meeting the same evening, Regnier repeated his anxiety to go at once to Metz and Strasburg, and make an agreement that these places should be surrendered only in the Emperor's name. Bismarck was clearly not sanguine, but he said, 'Do what you can to bring us someone with power to treat with us, and you will have rendered great service to your country. I will give orders for a "general safe-conduct" to be given you. A telegram shall precede you to Metz, which will facilitate your entrance there. You should have come sooner.' So these two parted; Regnier received his 'safe-conduct,' and started from Ferrières early on the morning of the 21st. But this indefatigable letter-writer could not depart without a farewell letter:

I shall leave (he wrote to Bismarck) your advanced posts near Metz, giving orders for the carriage to await my return. I shall wrap myself in a shawl, which will hide a portion of my face. In the event of Marshal Bazaine acceding to my conditions, either Marshal Canrobert or General Bourbaki, acquainted with all that will be requisite for the success of my plans, may go out with my papers, dressed in my clothes, wrapped in my shawl, and depart for Hastings, after giving me his word of honour that for everyone, except the Empress, he was to be simply Mons. Regnier. If everything succeeded according to my anticipation, he might then establish his identity, and place himself at the head of the army, with orders to defend the Chamber assembled, if possible, at a seaport town, where a loyal portion of the fleet should also be present. If the project should miscarry, the Marshal or the General would return and resume his post.

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Bismarck must have smiled grimly as he read this strange farrago; yet, whatever may have been his motives, he furthered the errand on which Regnier was going to Metz.

That person reached the headquarters of Prince Frederick Charles at Corny, outside of Metz, on the afternoon of September the 23rd, and was promptly presented to the Prince, who said that Count Bismarck had informed him of his wish to enter Metz, and had left it to him to decide as to the expediency of complying with it. This, said the Prince, he was prepared to do, and he gave Regnier the requisite pass. The same evening that active individual presented himself at the French forepost line, and having stated that he had a mission to Marshal Bazaine and desired to see him immediately, he was driven to Ban-Saint-Martin, where the Marshal was residing. Bazaine at once received him in his study. At the outset, a discrepancy manifests itself in the subsequent testimony of the interlocutors. The Marshal states that Regnier said he came on the part of the Empress, with the consent of Bismarck; while Regnier declares that he did not state to the Marshal that he had any mission from the Empress. On other points, with one important exception, the versions given of the interview by the two participants fairly agree, and Bazaine's account of it may be summarised. After Regnier had stated that his commission was purely verbal, he went on to observe that it was to be regretted that a treaty of peace had not put an end to the war after Sedan; that the maintenance of the German armies on French territory was ruinous to the country; and that it would be doing France a great service to obtain an armistice preparatory to the conclusion of peace. That, as regarded this, the French army under the walls of Metz—the only army remaining organised—would be in a position to give guarantees to the Germans if it were allowed its liberty of action; but that, without doubt, they would exact as a pledge the surrender of the fortress of Metz.

> I replied (says Bazaine) that certainly if we—the 'Army of the Rhine'—could extricate ourselves from the *impasse* in which we now were, with the honours of war—that is to say, with arms and baggage—in a word, completely constituted as an army, we would be in a position to maintain order in the interior, and would cause the provisions of the convention to be respected; but a difficulty would occur as to the fortress of Metz, the governor of which, appointed by the Emperor, could not be relieved except by His Majesty himself.

One of Regnier's stated objects, continues the Marshal, was to bring it about that either Marshal Canrobert or General Bourbaki should go to England, inform the Empress of the situation at Metz, and place himself at her disposition. The departure of whichever of the two high officers should undertake this duty was to be surreptitious; and for this Regnier had provided, with Prussian assistance. Seven Luxembourg surgeons who had been in Metz ever since the battle of Gravelotte had written to Marshal Bazaine for leave to go home

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through the Prussian lines. This letter, sent to the Prussian headquarters, was replied to in a letter carried into Metz by Regnier, and by him given to Bazaine, to the effect that the *nine* surgeons were free to depart. As there were but seven surgeons, the implication is obvious that the safe-conduct was expanded to cover the incognito exit, along with the surgeons, of Regnier and the French officer bound for Hastings.

> Regnier gave me (writes Bazaine) so many details of his *soi-disant* relations with the Empress and her entourage that, notwithstanding the strangeness of the apparition, I put faith in his mission, and believed that I ought not, in the general interest, to neglect the opportunity opened to me of putting myself in communication with the outside world. I consequently told him that he would be duly brought into relations with Marshal Canrobert and General Bourbaki, whom I would inform in regard to his proposals, and whom I would place at liberty to act as each may choose in the matter.

Finally, Regnier produced the photograph of Hastings with the Prince Imperial's signature at the foot, and begged the Marshal to add his, which he did—'as a souvenir of the interview,' explained Regnier, according to the Marshal; according to Regnier, that he could exhibit the signature to Bismarck in proof that he had the Marshal's assent to his proposals. Diplomacy conducted by chance signatures on casual photographs has a certain innocent simplicity, but is not in accordance with modern methods. Perhaps, however, the strangest thing in connection with this strange interview is Bazaine's final comment:

> All this which I have narrated was only a simple conversation to which I attached a merely secondary importance, since M. Regnier had no written authority from the Empress nor from M. de Bismarck. . . . This personage, therefore, appeared to act without the knowledge of the German military authorities, and it was not until considerably later that I became convinced of their cognisance, and of their mutual understanding as regards M. Regnier's visit to Metz.

And this in the face of General Stiehle's letter to him in his hand, brought in by Regnier, sanctioning the exit of the *nine* surgeons, and the Marshal's promise to Regnier that he and the officer who should accept the mission to Hastings should quit the camp incognito along with the Luxembourg surgeons

Reference has been made to a discordance between the testimony of Marshal Bazaine and of Regnier on a very important point in regard to this interview. In his notes taken at the time the latter writes:

> The Marshal tells me of his excellent position, of the long period for which he can hold out; that he considers himself as the Palladium of the Empire. He speaks of the very healthy condition of the troops; and, if I may judge by his own rosy face, he is quite right. He tells of all the successful sallies he had made, and of the facility with which he can break through the besieging lines whenever he chooses to do so.

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Later, he contradicts all this, explaining that, finding himself in the Prussian lines, and his papers liable to be read, he had written just the reverse of what he was told by the Marshal. He says that what Bazaine actually informed him was, that the bread ration had been already diminished, and would be necessarily further reduced in a few days: that the horses lacked forage and had to be used for food; and that in such conditions, and taking into account the necessity of carrying four or five days' rations for the army, and keeping a certain number of horses in condition to drag the guns and supplies, there would be great difficulty in holding out until the 18th of October. Bazaine, for his part, vehemently denied having given Regnier any such information, and it seems utterly improbable that he should have done so. It is nevertheless the fact that the 18th of October was the last day on which rations were issued to the army outside Metz. Regnier must have been a wizard; or Bazaine must have leaked atrociously; or there must have been lying on the Marshal's table, during the interview with Regnier, the most recent state furnished by the French intendance, that of the 21st of September, which specified the 18th of October as the precise date of the final exhaustion of the army's supplies.

At midnight of the 23rd Regnier went to the outposts and next morning to Corny, where he found a telegram from Bismarck authorising the departure for Hastings of a general from the army of Metz. He was back again at Ban-Saint-Martin that same afternoon, when Marshal Canrobert and General Bourbaki were summoned to head-quarters to meet him, and the Luxembourg surgeons were assembled. Canrobert declined the proposed mission, on the plea of ill-health. Bourbaki had to be searched for, and was ultimately found at St. Julien with Marshal Lebœuf. As he dismounted at the headquarters he asked Colonel Boyer—they had both been of the intimate circle of the Empire—whether he knew the person walking in the garden with the Marshal?

'No,' replied Boyer.

'What?' rejoined Bourbaki; 'have you never seen him at the Tuileries?'

'No,' said Boyer. 'I forget names, but not faces—I never saw this fellow. He is neither a familiar of the Tuileries, nor an employé.' Whereupon the two aristocrats despised the bourgeois Regnier. But Bourbaki, nevertheless, had to endure the presentation to him of the 'fellow,' who promptly entered on a political discourse to the effect that the German Government was reluctant to treat with the Paris Government, which it did not consider so lawful as that of the Empress, and that if it treated with her, the conditions would be less burdensome; that the intervention of the army of Metz was indispensable; that it was all-important that one of its chiefs should repair to the side of the Empress to represent the army with her; and that

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he, Bourbaki, was the fittest person to occupy that position on the declinature of Marshal Canrobert. Bourbaki turned from the man of verbiage to Bazaine and asked, 'Marshal, what do you wish me to do?'

The Marshal answered that he desired him to repair to the Empress.

'I am ready,' answered Bourbaki, 'but on certain conditions: you will have the goodness to give me a written order; to announce my departure in army orders; not to place a substitute in my command; and to promise that, pending my return, you will not engage the Guard.' His terms were accepted; he was told that he was to leave immediately, and he went to his quarters to make his preparations.

It was understood that the general's departure was to be by way of being incognito, so that it should not get wind. He had no civilian clothes, and Bazaine fitted him out in his; Regnier had obtained from one of the Luxembourger surgeons a cap with the Geneva Cross, which completed the costume. At the Prussian headquarters General Stiehle, Prince Frederick Charles's chief of staff, desired to pay his respects to a man whose brilliant courage he admired. Bourbaki's bitter answer to Regnier, who communicated to him Stiehle's wish, was that he would see 'none of them, nor even eat a morsel of their bread,' which, he said, would choke him. He presently started with the surgeons, travelling in Regnier's name and on Regnier's passport, on an enterprise which was to lead to the wreck of a fine career. At the same time Regnier quitted Corny on his return to Ferrières, to report to Bismarck, having promised Bazaine that he would return to Metz within six days. His bolt was about shot. But he had not realised this fact. He maintains in his curious pamphlet that, to quote his own words, 'the Minister had given me to understand that if I were backed by Bazaine and his army, he would treat with me as if I were the representative of the Emperor or the Regent. I had obtained from the Marshal a capitulation with the honours of war, which the Minister—for the furtherance of our political ends—had consented to accord to him.' He hurried expectant to Ferrières; there to be summarily disillusioned. Bismarck gave him an interview on the 28th, and crushed him in a few trenchant sentences:

> I am surprised and sorry (said the Chancellor) that you, who appeared to be a practical man, after having been permitted to enter Metz with the certainty of being able to leave it, a favour never before accorded, should have left it without some more formal recognition of your right to treat than merely a photograph with the Marshal's signature on it. But I, Sir, am a diplomatist of many years' standing, and this is not enough for me. I regret it; but I find myself compelled to relinquish all further communication with you till your powers are better defined.

Regnier expressed his regret at having been so cruelly deceived, but thanked Bismarck for his kindness, whereupon the latter offered to give him a last chance. 'I would certainly,' he said, 'have treated

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with you as to peace conditions, had you been able to treat in the name of a Marshal at the head of 80,000 men; as it is, I will send this telegram to the Marshal: "Does Marshal Bazaine authorise M. Regnier to treat for the surrender of the army before Metz, in accordance with the conditions agreed upon with the last named?"' On the 29th came Bazaine's somewhat diffuse reply:

I cannot reply definitely in the affirmative to the question. Regnier announced himself the emissary of the Empress without written credentials. He asked the conditions on which I could enter into negotiations with Prince Frederick Charles. My answer was that I could only accept a convention with the honours of war, not to include the fortress of Metz. These are the only conditions which military honour permits me to accept.

Regnier bombarded the Chancellor with letters until the 30th, when Count Hatzfeld informed him that the Minister would listen to nothing more until Regnier could show full powers, without evasion; that the matter must imperatively be conducted openly and above board; and that his Excellency hoped Regnier would be able to get clear of it with honour, and that soon.

So Regnier quitted Ferrières in great dejection. He gives vent ruefully to the belief that Bismarck regarded him as an unaccredited agent of the Empress, while, curiously enough, the partisans of the Empress took him for an emissary of Bismarck. Reaching Hastings on the 3rd of October, he found that the Empress was now at Chislehurst. He had telegraphed in advance to 'M. Regnier,' the name which he had instructed General Bourbaki to pass under until the true Regnier should reach England. But Bourbaki had cast away the false name, at the instigation of a brother officer, while passing through Belgium. On arriving at Chislehurst, he learned from the Empress that he had been made the victim of a mystification on the part of Regnier, and that she had never expressed the desire to have with her either Marshal Canrobert or himself. This intelligence, of which the newspapers had given him a presentiment, struck him to the heart. Although covered by his chief's order, he found himself in a false position: and he wrote to the late Lord Granville, then Foreign Secretary, begging his good offices to obtain for him an authorisation to return to his post. An assurance was given that this would be accorded, and he hurried to Luxembourg, there to await intimation of permission to re-enter Metz. Some delay occurred in the transmission of the Royal order to this effect, and although Bourbaki was assured that the decision would shortly reach him, he became impatient, went into France, and placed himself at the disposition of the Provisional Government. But thenceforth he was a soured and dispirited man. The *ci-devant* aide-de-camp of an Emperor writhed under the harrow of Gambetta and Freycinet.

As for Regnier, on his return to England, he seems to have haunted Chislehurst. Once, so he frankly writes, after waiting a full

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hour in expectation of an audience of the Empress, Madame Le Breton came to tell him that Her Majesty was sorry to have kept him waiting so long, but that she had now definitely resolved not to receive him. Yet he hung on, and the same evening he tells that he was called somewhat abruptly into a room in which stood several gentlemen, when a lady suddenly rose from a couch and addressed him standing. At last he was face to face with the Empress. 'Sir,' said Her Majesty, 'you have been persistent in wishing to speak with me personally; here I am; what have you to say?' Then Regnier, by his own account, harangued that august and unfortunate lady in a manner which, in print, seems extremely trenchant and dictatorial. It was all in vain, he confesses; he could not alter the convictions of the Empress. He says that 'she feared that posterity, if she yielded, would only see in the act a proof of dynastic selfishness; and that dishonour would be attached to the name of whoever should sign a treaty based on a cession of territory.' Probably Her Majesty spoke from a more lofty standpoint than Regnier was able to comprehend or appreciate.

Regnier's subsequent career during that troublous period was both curious and dubious. General Boyer states that on the 28th of October he found Regnier *tête-à-tête* with Prince Napoleon (Plon-Plon). Later he went to Cassel, where he busied himself in trying to implicate in political machinations sundry French officers who were prisoners there. Presently we find him at Versailles, figuring among the conductors of the *Moniteur Prussien*, Bismarck's organ during the German occupation of that city, in which journal he published a series of articles under the title of *Jean Bonhomme*. During the armistice after the surrender of Paris he betook himself to Brussels, where he told General Boyer that he had gone to Versailles to attempt a renewal of negotiations tending towards an Imperial restoration. He showed the General the original safe-conduct which Bismarck had given him at Ferrières, and a letter of Count Hatzfeld authorising him to visit Versailles. The last item during this period recorded of this strange personage—and that item one so significant as to justify Mrs. Crawford's shrewd suspicion 'that Regnier played a double game, and that Prince Bismarck, if he chose, could clear up the mystery which hangs over Regnier's curious negotiations'—is found in a page of the *Procès Bazaine*. This is the gem: 'On the 18th of February, 1871, he was in Versailles, where he met a person of his acquaintance, to whom he uttered the characteristic words—"I do not know whether M. de Bismarck will allow me to leave him this evening."' He is said to have later been connected with the Paris police under the late M. Lagrange. Whether Regnier was more knave or fool—enthusiast, impostor, or 'crank'—will probably be never known.

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

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IMPROVEMENT OF IRISH HUNTERS

A FEW weeks ago the writer of the following article was rash enough to address two letters to the Press on the subject of the Improvement of Irish Hunters, and to invite criticisms upon the proposals he then briefly outlined.

Criticism he certainly received, but not more than he bargained for; and so much of it was to the point, and so many urgent requests were subsequently pressed upon him from breeders in the country who 'do not like to appear in print' not to let the matter drop, that, in spite of the cold water from the 'know-alls' and 'do-nothings,' he is encouraged to develop a little more fully a subject which is not only one of interest to many, but, at the present juncture, of importance to Ireland at large.

In Ireland, at any rate, it is not necessary to bespeak interest upon the subject, for the Irish are naturally a horse-loving people: from men like Lord Waterford, whose stabling for about a hundred horses is one of the features of Curraghmore, down to the Connemara peasant, whose pony constantly shares the same living apartment as himself, or as might be seen in the Island of Achill last summer, where the famous stallion of the district was stabled at the foot of the family bed.

In these days of severe foreign competition, the full effect of which has perhaps hardly yet been realised, it behoves every country to consider in what special direction it has the best chance of competing successfully in the markets of the world. Ireland naturally turns to her horses as one of her specialities, not to enquire how the favoured few can best produce an animal of superlative excellence, but rather that the many may have held out to them some means of escape from the depression which has overtaken them in other branches of agricultural industry.

The contentions put forward with respect to Irish horse-breeding were:

That the use of third and fourth rate thoroughbred sires has been much too widely resorted to, and that in consequence the country is full of useless weeds only saleable at small prices;

That the majority of the best mares have been sold and exported;

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That to remedy this, inducements must be held out to breeders to keep their good mares;

That in hunter sires we must look for animals themselves capable of carrying a heavy weight across country;

That, if such sires are not forthcoming, breeders of the ordinary farming class will use coarsely-bred horses in order to produce saleable stock, with the result that Irish horses will become still further deteriorated;

And that an attempt should be made, by registration, to place hunter-breeding on a more systematic basis.

The importance of the question in Ireland is manifested by the following comparisons, taken from Thom's Directory, viz.: that in Ireland, where the population, according to the last census, is 4,704,750, there were last year 545,180 horses, or one horse to every 8·63 people. In England, Wales, and Scotland the population is 33,028,172, and the number of horses in 1893 was 1,524,527, or one horse for every 21·66 members of the population.

But, apart from this altogether, it could hardly be contested that Ireland, from its mild climate and wide extent of limestone soil, is certainly the most favourable breeding-ground for horses in the United Kingdom, if not in Europe, and that it is largely owing to these natural advantages, combined with the excellence of the old native breed, that Irish horses in the past obtained the reputation they now enjoy.

The Irish horse has been famous as far back as any historical record of it can be traced, but of late years it has been the Irish hunter that has given the country its name for horse-breeding. In producing other breeds, such as the Thoroughbred, Clydesdale, Shire, Cleveland Bay, and Hackney, Ireland can never hope to compete with England and Scotland, but in her own speciality of the Irish hunter under an improved system she need fear no competition. It is therefore to the development of the weight-carrying hunter with plenty of quality—that most perfect type of horse for general utility and endurance—that her chief aim should be directed.

Years ago, before the introduction of various English breeds into the country, a type existed of the old Irish hunter which stamped itself on its progeny, and by its excellence in the hunting field acquired its reputation. This type is unfortunately rare at the present time, owing to the numberless experiments in breeding that have been tried, and the hunter of to-day is more or less a chance animal, the result of mating a thoroughbred stallion with a farmer's mare; in fact, the breeding of hunters is now too much a lottery, with too many blanks and too few prizes. It is admitted at once that there are probably as many of the very highest class of hunters bred in Ireland now as at any former time, but the class that produces these animals is limited, and to a large extent their value is only realised

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by the dealers, into whose hands they chiefly find their way. We must endeavour to reproduce the type for which Ireland was formerly so famous throughout the country generally if we wish to attain success in Irish horse-breeding; and the possibility of establishing a type and developing a distinct breed is consistently advocated by some of the highest authorities on the subject.

It is obvious the broad question is not so much how those who already have every facility for breeding good horses can be assisted, as how an ordinary farmer can be encouraged in the production of the best class of animal within his reach, while preserving the character of the horses for which Ireland has become famous.

The trade in Irish horses is now confined to hunters, harness horses, troopers, useful van and hack horses, polo ponies, and the various items in horseflesh that come below these, while there is absolutely no trade in entire horses except for a few thoroughbreds that are reared in the country.

On the other hand, if we take one county alone in England, famous for its horses, viz. Yorkshire, we find that they have three distinct breeds—the Hackney, the Cleveland Bay, and the Yorkshire Coach Horse, all with their stud books, and by the sale and export of which to foreign countries as breeding animals the Yorkshire farmers have kept themselves above water during the recent periods of depression.

As has been already shown, the question at the present time is one of almost vital importance to Ireland, having regard to the fact that the depression which prevails in the price of live stock is particularly marked there, from its being to so large an extent a pastoral country, and so many of the small farmers largely depending for their support on the breeding and rearing of horses and cattle. If, then, any system can be discovered by which the poor and middle-class landholders would be enabled to produce in a more perfect type that class of horse for which the country was formerly noted, undoubtedly a source of wealth would be developed which would go some way to relieve the distress resulting from other causes; our object being not so much to turn the small holders more into horse-breeders than they are at present, as to ensure that the horses they already breed should be saleable animals.

To ascertain the description of mares in all the various districts in Ireland would be a task of some difficulty, and it is therefore easier to form an opinion as to the probable character of its horses by referring to returns which give the number of the different breeds of stallions which stood in Ireland in the season of 1893. From these returns it would appear that, excluding the stallions belonging to the Congested Districts Board, out of a total of 2,500 there were 442 thoroughbred stallions entered in Weatherby's Stud Book, 385 returned as thoroughbred but not appearing in the Book, 855 half-bred stallions with one or more thoroughbred crosses, 29 registered

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hackneys, 94 pony sires, and the balance made up of draught and nondescript horses, with the small number of 12 Arab or Eastern stallions. It will be seen from these figures how large a part the thoroughbred plays in the history of Irish horse-breeding.

Practically speaking, very trifling State assistance is given in Ireland to agriculture generally, and consequently there is no proper supervision or attempt to educate into a proper system of breeding. Too many farmers think that any old mare will do for the stud, and often the last thing they consider in the choice of a stallion is whether he is especially suited to cross with the mare that is sent to him; the one idea being to get a foal with the least possible outlay.

It is natural that these conditions should prevail among people who are either too poor or who possess too little knowledge to strive after better methods, and it is a matter which is now attracting widespread interest whether the Government, which is rapidly under the Purchase Acts acquiring a vast property peopled with peasant occupiers, may not be called upon to step in and play the part of a good landlord in assisting its tenants to improve their material condition.

In all the most progressive countries in the world a leading feature in the programme of the State is the attention bestowed on the development of agricultural resources; while in Ireland, where agriculture is the one great industry, party politics seem to have absorbed the attention of the country, to the exclusion of this more practical question. Is it too much to hope that the attention of all parties may now be directed to a question which ought to be so absolutely free from controversy?

One has only to glance at the enormous increase in the production of grain in the Argentine Republic to see how hopeless it is for Ireland to think of competing as a corn-growing country. Soil, climate, and position have made her the nursery for live stock and the dairy-ground for England, if only her resources are properly developed.

Irish farmers have suffered considerably by the spread of free-trade principles, which have found so much favour with the English manufacturing classes, and, although no direct return could be expected to the Exchequer from State aid to agriculture, the nation would benefit by the increased prosperity of the agricultural community, with whose welfare every class in the country is concerned.

In England a limited effort has been put forward by the creation of the Board of Agriculture, but in Ireland a wider scheme is essential.

In England the system of land tenure and the practice as to the making of improvements by the landlords are so entirely different, the independence of the farming classes is so great, and the wealth of the country is so vast, that it would be more or less derogatory to interfere with private enterprise.

In Ireland the case is different. Nothing can now be fairly

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expected from the landlords; the State is slowly stepping into their shoes; the farming classes have often little beyond the means of subsistence, and require help and guidance if the country is to attain the growth of which she is capable.

Indirectly the State assists to a small extent through the medium of the Royal Dublin Society, who have the administration of a grant of 5,000*l.* for the improvement of horses and cattle, unfettered in conditions, save that the scheme recommended by the Society has to be submitted each year to the Lord-Lieutenant for his approval. Under this grant the sum of 3,200*l.* allocated to horse-breeding was applied for the first two or three years in direct subsidies to thoroughbred stallions, and more recently has been expended in giving nominations to the owners of selected mares to thoroughbred stallions registered for the purposes of the scheme.

The unsurpassed shows of the Dublin Society have certainly done much to stimulate the interest in hunter-breeding, and to maintain the character of the country for its hunters. But, judging from the correspondence evoked, the opinion appears to be almost general that in future, instead of subsidising stallions, the grant should be expended in giving prizes for brood mares and young stock.

It should not be hard to give shape to some practical scheme. The Society have already established county committees to work with them, and either in each county, or, perhaps better still, each group of counties, shows could be held, at which prizes should be distributed for mares with foal at foot, and for young stock by stallions passed as free from hereditary disease. This would leave a freedom of choice among registered stallions, and the young stock would prove the best test of all as to the merit of the sires, and an excellent advertisement to their owners, while an interest would be evoked in the districts by the utmost publicity being given to the proceedings.

Several Irish breeders have written stating that, although they have occasionally bred first-rate hunters, they do not know how to do it systematically; and, much as their tastes and inclinations are with the thoroughbred, they have learnt by experience that the half-bred sire properly selected pays best, breeds a larger number of useful horses, and is much more suitable to the run of mares in this country. They further state that some of the best hunters exhibited in the Dublin shows with fashionable pedigrees are to their own knowledge the produce of half-bred sires, and that the highest priced hunter sold for 500*l.* at the last horse show was bred in this manner.

Reasons such as these have suggested the attempt to formulate a stud book for Irish hunters, or at any rate to register the mares, properly selected, that still remain of the old Irish type, and about whose pedigrees and history some information can be obtained; and instead of perpetually breeding from indifferent thoroughbreds, only fit to carry feather-weights in short races, to admit into the

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register weight-carrying stallions with a stain in their pedigree, on conditions somewhat similar to those adopted by the Hunters' Improvement Society.

It is not contended that where it can be had any horse is as good for the purpose as the *first-class* thoroughbred sire with strength, substance, and action, but these must always be limited in number, and it is obvious that far more selection is required in the use of thoroughbreds than is exercised at present. In a poor country such as Ireland, unassisted by State aid, it is natural that many of the thoroughbreds that find their way over here are practically only the casts-off of the racing stables, too often purchased at a low price because they are useless and unsound, and thus calculated in every way to do harm. Surely so-called half-bred sires, with four or five good thoroughbred crosses on a foundation of old Irish blood, of substance and strength, and proved capacity to beget stock, would be infinitely preferable?

Whether such animals now exist in any quantity is quite another question. From the figures already quoted it will be seen that the number of so-called half-bred sires in Ireland that have one or more thoroughbred crosses in them exceeds the number of thoroughbreds; but, so much has the old hunter sire dropped out of use that it is doubtful if there are more than a very few in the whole country that ought to be registered. It is, however, believed that there is still plenty of material from which high-class hunter sires could be produced.

These are no new ideas, and have been constantly put forward during the last few years by different writers. Sir Walter Gilbey has dealt with the subject most concisely in an article in the 'Live Stock Journal Almanac' for 1893. The following extracts are from an essay by Mr. W. C. Spooner, published in the *Royal Agricultural Society's Journal* as long ago as 1865; and although it only attracted the writer's attention the other day, there was also a most interesting article on the subject of a stud book for Irish hunters, by Mr. Thomas Dykes, in the *Horse Breeder* of the 12th of September, 1891.

Mr. Spooner's remarks are as follows:

> Next to the very first-class racehorses—the twenty prizes to a thousand blanks—there is no kind of horse which this country has such reason to be proud of as the half-bred, three-parts, and seven-eighths bred hunters, the highest combination in nature of strength and speed. Deriving speed and courage from their Eastern progenitors, bone and substance from their Northern ancestors, and action in all their paces from the blending of the two races, they are nearly perfect, and decidedly most generally useful.
>
> When a breed of sheep or bullocks has reached this point, we seek to perpetuate their excellences by consorting parents who on both sides possess them, avoiding, of course, too great consanguinity. We do not resort, as a rule, again and again to the original breeds from whence the improvement has been built up. Why, then, should horses be an exception to this rule? Why, although the mares of this stamp are considered well adapted for breeding, are the males condemned as unfit for that purpose? . . . It is hard to compete with the constant supply of

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ready-made stallions—good, bad, and indifferent—from racing stables so long as their friends and owners can persuade breeders of horses and agricultural authorities that the goodness of the fore-legs is of little account, or that a bad thoroughbred stallion is better than a good half-bred. . . .

Having duly recognised the claims of thoroughbred horses of the first and second class, we can only advise, with regard to the third and inferior classes, that their services be altogether dispensed with, their place being taken by three-fourths or half-bred stallions possessing bone, substance, and good hunting qualifications. And it is such animals as these that deserve encouragement from our great agricultural societies.

In the letters referred to at the commencement of this article were quoted some methods that are practised in Hungary, where horse breeding is conducted on a very perfect system, and certain critics scoffed at the idea of Hungarians being able to teach Irishmen, and doubted that anything could be learnt from the customs that prevail in other countries. At the risk of hurting their susceptibilities, Hungary must be again referred to; and in doing so it should not be overlooked that, however good, as far as it goes, may be the experience of some man in this country who perhaps keeps a dozen hunters, or, better still, a dozen brood mares, it cannot compare, in opportunities of forming an opinion, with that of men in charge of three or four hundred brood mares and hundreds of stallions, stationed in different districts, all managed with such forethought as to results and attention to details as are quite unknown except in some of our best English racing studs.

The writer has seen many Irish mares both in Austria and Hungary, and the remarks have always been the same:

We know nothing about this mare except that she came from Ireland; she may breed well or she may not, but she would be worth a great deal more if we could trace her breeding. Why you in Ireland do not keep some record of your half-bred stock we can never understand. You produce some of the best horses in the world, and you cannot tell us how you do it.

It will not be contested that the foreign demand, as an addition to the demand from England and Scotland, is of immense importance to Ireland, and that if we can do anything to increase it at really remunerative prices we shall be doing good work.

There is an increasing foreign demand for all the best pure breeds of English horses, for improving the native stock, which has recently extended to South Africa. If the first-class Irish weight-carrying hunter could be produced with any likelihood of reproducing its own type, it is doubtful if any sire would be more popular or in such keen demand, greatly to the benefit of the Irish breeders, to whom it would open a new field of profit.

On a visit to one Hungarian horse-breeder last October who had about two hundred mares, it was found that he had a contract with the Government to take his half-bred stallions from him, at two and a half years old, for eight hundred gulden, or about sixty-seven

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pounds apiece, and he was selling other horses privately at much higher prices.

The history of this stud was somewhat peculiar. It was founded about a hundred years ago, and since maintained by Hungarian mares selected on account of their performances and staying powers which have been crossed with thoroughbreds, and now a type of horses has been produced possessing very similar shapes and action. These mares are never put to the stud until they have given actual proof of their endurance, either by a good performance in the long-distance riding and driving races that are constantly held in Hungary, or after the young mares have gone through a preparation of several years' hard work without breaking down. So that it may be said that the breed is entirely founded on performances, though, of course, shape is not overlooked, and the consequence is that horses from this stud are famous all over the country. The notes taken of them at the time were as follows:

These mares are long and low, from 15.1 to 15.3, with legs as hard as steel, the bone below the knee flat but inclined to be light; keen, intelligent heads, with beautiful eyes; good quarters, possibly a little light in the second thighs and slack behind the saddle; long shoulders, rather too straight, and low withers. When standing still they do not really show what they are, but once set them going and you could not see better hind-action or such graceful fore-action for getting over the ground, and no matter what their shoulders may look like, the way in which they use them is superb. It is all the same; every animal bred by Mr. —— from his own stock is exactly of the same type, and goes in the same form.

It has also been urged as an argument against any attempt at line breeding in hunters that sometimes an excellent hunter is produced out of a Connemara pony by a thoroughbred horse. There is nothing extraordinary in this, because genuine ponies are hardly to be found in Ireland outside Cushendall.

Over the greater part of the country all the truest bred Irish horses are probably descended from the 'hobbie,' fully described nearly three hundred years ago in 1608 by Blundeville, and again in 1617 by Gervase Markham, and varying in size, according to the conditions under which they and their forefathers have existed.

It is a well-known axiom in breeding that it never pays as a rule to cross two extremes, but that to produce good results there should be a certain degree of affinity, and that is why the English thoroughbred has been so successful in Ireland and Hungary—in the former case because the native horses were o a light saddle-horse, clean-legged type, with perhaps occasional crosses of Spanish blood, and the introduction of several sires of Eastern lineage, commencing from the middle of the eighteenth century; and in the latter because of the constant infusion of Eastern blood that was brought about by the Turkish invasions of Hungary.

A Connemara mare of the present day may be a fairly true type

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of the old Irish horse dwarfed by starvation, and with an odd thoroughbred cross in her from a stallion kept by some of the sporting squires of the West; therefore it is not unnatural that she should occasionally breed well with a thoroughbred. Certainly nothing could be worse than the opposite extreme, the cross of the Clydesdale or English cart-horse with the little Western mare; the result is the most ungainly, ill-shaped animal imaginable. Some districts have been nearly ruined by it, as unfortunately many of the stallions kept by the people have been bred in this way, so great is the anxiety for a sizeable foal, no matter how coarse.

Another argument put forward against any attempt at registration is that if thoroughbred sires were perpetually used the animals would breed too fine. There is undoubtedly much force in this, when it is considered what too many of the thoroughbreds in Ireland are, and that is why it has been suggested that thoroughbreds with more bone and substance and weight-carrying powers should be looked for; and that when they cannot be found, under certain conditions limited at present as strictly as you please, sires with a stain in their pedigrees, which have proved themselves good stock-getters of saleable stock, should be admitted to register. If this is not done, and perpetual breeding with second-rate thoroughbred sires is encouraged, either a race of weeds will be propagated, or the mares must be made stronger by the introduction of cart-horse blood.

In addition to the grant to the Royal Dublin Society, so far the only attempt at public intervention in horse-breeding in the United Kingdom is the stud that has been formed by the Congested Districts Board for Ireland. Here the method is, shortly, in the first place to visit the districts and inspect the mares which form the breeding stock of the small farmers; then to select sires specially suited to them; to station these sires at almost nominal fees during the breeding season in the districts under the charge of the Royal Irish Constabulary, here substituted for the military who have control in Hungary; to keep all these stallions in a central station during the rest of the year, where they can be seen by the public; to encourage the breeders by local shows, at which prizes and premiums are given for mares and foals, and inducements held out to the peasants to keep their best mares and fillies for breeding, and to try to assist the people in obtaining better markets for the young stock they have to sell, by calling attention to its probable value.

In these districts the largest number of foals are sold as foals, and therefore it is essential to try to find stallions that will produce from the too often miserable-looking little mares, with every outline an acute angle, foals that have a good appearance, and that will probably turn out so well as to induce the buyers to return, and purchase again at better prices; while in those cases where the small farmers

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keep their foals, they should be able to earn their living at an early age.

The sires chiefly selected have been Yorkshire hackneys, as the most likely, in addition to the other requisites, to give shapes and action, both valuable attributes at selling time.

In two or three places where the mares are specially suitable polo pony sires have been stationed; but the market for polo ponies is too uncertain for small farmers to embark in breeding them to any extent, and the foals are small.

The question of hunter-breeding in the congested districts is not to be seriously considered, and, even apart from the West coast, different parts of the country naturally require different treatment.

The chief consideration of the Board has been how to put most money into the farmer's pocket; an object which is apparently too often ignored by their critics, who have not taken all the trouble taken by members of the Board to investigate personally the conditions under which horse-breeding is carried on in the West of Ireland.

In the formation of any registry, at the start there will undoubtedly be difficulty, both on account of the prejudices which always exist against any new undertaking, and also of the actual trouble it will involve; and it might be well in the first instance if it were proceeded with tentatively, so as to ascertain in one or two of the special horse-breeding counties what material exists for building up a line of horses of the weight-carrying hunter type.

Any individual can do little but launch opinions, which may obtain some attention in Ireland, and create a fresh interest in a subject which is of so much importance to many Irishmen. One feature is, however, encouraging—that there does not appear to be any instance of a stud book or register having been once started that has been abandoned, or where it has not increased the value of the breed dealt with.

A register or Irish branch of the Hunters' Improvement Society would provide an index of the breeders of the best stock, and where such a record has existed in England it has greatly facilitated the direct intercourse which has taken place between English breeders and foreign buyers during the last few years, greatly to the advantage of the former.

Why should not similar advantages be held out to Irish breeders, where there are special facilities, from the small size and isolated position of the country, of ascertaining all the particulars of the horses that are bred in it, and which, with its natural advantages for growing horses—the remnant of its excellent hunting stock—and the name it has already acquired, should have no difficulty in adopting methods which in other countries have proved successful?

In what may be regarded as a somewhat discursive article the writer has tried to keep two ideas prominently before him:

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(1) That, if full advantage is to be reaped of Ireland's position and capabilities as a veritable nursery for hunters, some steps should be taken to record all that can be ascertained of the best Irish hunting mares, and in time to build up a distinct breed of the weight-carrying hunter type, for which there would be a demand for the studs of foreign countries outside the demands now existing.

(2) That, to accomplish this, encouragement must be given to breeders to retain their best mares, and recourse must be had to stouter and stronger horses than are now to be found among third and fourth rate thoroughbreds; the ridiculous idea that appears to prevail to some extent at present being abandoned that a thoroughbred horse, simply because his name appears in Weatherby's Stud Book, and without the necessary make and shapes, has any special value as a sire.

Pending the introduction of Government aid, for which it is not unlikely there will be an urgent appeal, let breeders turn their attention seriously more to what will pay and less to what is fashionable. If they find, as so many have stated, that breeding hunters on present lines is unprofitable, and no change to a better state of things seems probable, why sacrifice everything to hunter-breeding? For harness horses with size and action the market is much more certain, the demand in the United Kingdom far exceeding the supply.

If, on the other hand, the type of horse for which Ireland acquired her name can, as so many think, be built up into a distinct breed, great benefit might result to the country.

Once let the foreigner have confidence in the article he is buying, and the demand will quickly come. Whether the supply can be as quickly produced is another question.

That much improvement is needed in an industry which is to Ireland of national importance, and for which she has special facilities, few, it is believed, will be found to dispute.

FREDERICK WRENCH.

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SOME GREAT CHURCHES OF FRANCE

I. NOTRE-DAME D'AMIENS

THE greatest and purest of Gothic churches, Notre-Dame d'Amiens, illustrates, by its fine qualities, a characteristic secular movement of the beginning of the thirteenth century. Philosophic writers of French history have explained how, in that and in the two preceding centuries, a great number of the more important towns in eastern and northern France rose against the feudal establishment, and developed severally the local and municipal life of the commune. To guarantee their independence therein they obtained charters from their formal superiors. The Charter of Amiens served as the model for many other communes. Notre-Dame d'Amiens is the church of a commune. In that century of Saint Francis, of Saint Louis, they were still religious. But over against monastic interests, as identified with a central authority—king, emperor, or pope—they pushed forward the local, and, so to call it, secular authority of their bishops, the flower of the 'secular clergy' in all its mundane astuteness, ready enough to make their way as the natural protectors of such townships. The people of Amiens, for instance, under a powerful episcopal patron, invested their civic pride in a vast cathedral, outrivalling neighbours, as being in effect their parochial church, and promoted there the new, revolutionary, Gothic manner, at the expense of the derivative and traditional, Roman or Romanesque, style, the imperial style, of the great monastic churches. Nay, those grand and beautiful *people's* churches of the thirteenth century, churches preeminently of 'Our Lady,' concurred also with certain novel humanistic movements of religion itself at that period, above all with the expansion of what is reassuring and popular in the worship of Mary, as a tender and accessible, though almost irresistible, intercessor with her severe and awful Son.

Hence the splendour, the space, the novelty, of the great French cathedrals in the first Pointed style, monuments for the most part of the artistic genius of laymen, significant pre-eminently of that Queen of Gothic churches at Amiens. In most cases those early Pointed churches are entangled, here or there, by the constructions of the old round-arched style, the heavy, Norman or other, Romanesque

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chapel or aisle, side by side, though in strong contrast with, the soaring new Gothic of nave or transept. But of that older manner of the round arch, the *plein-cintre*, Amiens has nowhere, or almost nowhere, a trace. The Pointed style, fully pronounced, but in all the purity of its first period, found here its completest expression. And while those venerable, Romanesque, profoundly characteristic, monastic churches, the gregarious product of long centuries, are for the most part anonymous, as if to illustrate from the first a certain personal tendency which came in with the Gothic manner, we know the name of the architect under whom, in the year A.D. 1220, the building of the church of Amiens began—a layman, Robert de Luzarches.

Light and space—floods of light, space for a vast congregation, for all the people of Amiens, for their movements, with something like the height and width of heaven itself enclosed above them to breathe in:—you see at a glance that this is what the ingenuity of the Pointed method of building has here secured. For breadth, for the easy flow of a processional torrent, there is nothing like the 'ambulatory,' the aisle of the choir and transepts. And the entire area is on one level. There are here no flights of steps upward, as at Canterbury, no descending to dark crypts, as in so many Italian churches—a few low, broad steps to gain the choir, two or three to the high altar. To a large extent the old pavement remains, though almost worn-out by the footsteps of centuries. Priceless, though not composed of precious material, it gains its effect by ingenuity and variety in the patterning, zigzags, chequers, mazes, prevailing respectively, in white and grey, in great square, alternate spaces—the original floor of a mediæval church for once untouched. The massive square bases of the pillars of a Romanesque church, harshly angular, obstruct, sometimes cruelly, the standing, the movements, of a multitude of persons. To carry such a multitude conveniently round them is the matter-of-fact motive of the gradual chiselling away, the softening of the angles, the graceful compassing, of the Gothic base, till in our own Perpendicular period it all but disappears. You may study that tendency appropriately in the one church of Amiens; for such in effect Notre-Dame has always been. That circumstance is illustrated by the great font, the oldest thing here, an oblong trough, perhaps an ancient saintly coffin, with four quaint prophetic figures at the angles, carved from a single block of stone. To it, as to the baptistery of an Italian town, not so long since all the babes of Amiens used to come for christening.

Strange as it may seem, in this 'queen' of Gothic churches, *l'église ogivale par excellence*, there is nothing of mystery in the vision, which yet surprises, over and over again, the eye of the visitor who enters at the western doorway. From the flagstone at one's foot to the distant keystone of the *chevet*, noblest of its species—reminding you of how many largely graceful things, sails of a ship in the wind, and the like!—

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at one view the whole is visible, intelligible:—the integrity of the first design; how later additions affixed themselves thereto; how the rich ornament gathered upon it; the increasing richness of the choir; its glazed triforium; the realms of light which expand in the chapels beyond; the astonishing boldness of the vault, the astonishing lightness of what keeps it above one; the unity, yet the variety of perspective. There is no mystery here, and, indeed, no repose. Like the age which projected it, like the impulsive communal movement which was here its motive, the Pointed style at Amiens is full of excitement. Go, for repose, to classic work, with the simple vertical law of pressure downwards, or to its Lombard, Rhenish, or Norman derivatives. Here, rather, you are conscious restlessly of that sustained equilibrium of oblique pressure on all sides, which is the essence of the hazardous Gothic construction, a construction of which the 'flying buttress' is the most significant feature. Across the clear glass of the great windows of the triforium you see it, feel it, at its Atlas-work audaciously. 'A pleasant thing it is to behold the sun,' those first Gothic builders would seem to have said to themselves; and at Amiens, for instance, the walls have disappeared; the entire building is composed of its windows. Those who built it might have had for their one and only purpose to enclose as large a space as possible with the given material.

No; the peculiar Gothic buttress, with its double, triple, fourfold flights, while it makes such marvels possible, securing light and space and graceful effect, relieving the pillars within of their massiveness, is not a restful architectural feature. Consolidation of matter naturally on the move, security for settlement in a very complex system of construction—that is avowedly a part of the Gothic situation, the Gothic problem. With the genius which contended, though not quite always successfully, with this difficult problem, came also novel æsthetic effect, a whole volume of delightful æsthetic effects. For the mere *melody* of Greek architecture, for the sense as it were of music in the opposition of successive sounds, you got *harmony*, the richer music generated by opposition of sounds in one and the same moment; and were gainers. And then, in contrast with the classic manner, and the Romanesque survivals from it, the vast complexity of the Gothic style seemed, as if consciously, to correspond to the richness, the expressiveness, the thousandfold influence of the Catholic religion, in the thirteenth century still in natural movement in every direction. The later Gothic of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries tended to conceal, as it now took for granted, the structural use of the buttress, for example; seemed to turn it into a mere occasion for ornament, not always pleasantly:—while the ornament was out of place, the structure failed. Such falsity is far enough away from what at Amiens is really of the thirteenth century. In this pre-eminently 'secular' church, the execution, in all the

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defiance of its method, is direct, frank, clearly apparent, with the result not only of reassuring the intelligence, but of keeping one's curiosity also continually on the alert, as we linger in these restless aisles.

The integrity of the edifice, together with its volume of light, has, indeed, been diminished by the addition of a range of chapels, beyond the proper limits of the aisles, north and south. Not a part of the original design, these chapels were formed for private uses in the fourteenth century, by the device of walling in and vaulting the open spaces between the great buttresses of the nave. Under the broad but subdued sunshine which falls through range upon range of windows, reflected from white wall and roof and gallery, soothing to the eye, while it allows you to see the delicate carved work in all its refinement of touch, it is only as an after-thought, an artificial after-thought, that you regret the lost stained glass, or the vanished mural colour, if such to any large extent there ever were. The best stained glass is often that stained by weather, by centuries of weather, and we may well be grateful for the amazing cheerfulness of the interior of Amiens, as we actually find it. Windows of the richest remain, indeed, in the apsidal chapels; and the rose-windows of the transepts are known, from the prevailing tones of their stained glass, as Fire and Water, the western rose symbolising in like manner Earth and Air, as respectively green and blue. But there is no reason to suppose that the interior was ever so darkened as to prevent one's seeing, really and clearly, the dainty ornament, which from the first abounded here: the floriated architectural detail; the broad band of flowers and foliage, thick and deep and purely sculptured, above the arches of nave and choir and transepts, and wreathing itself continuously round the embedded piers which support the roof; with the woodwork, the illuminated metal, the magnificent tombs, the jewellers' work in the chapels. One precious, early thirteenth-century window of *grisaille* remains, exquisite in itself, interesting as evidence of the sort of decoration which originally filled the larger number of the windows. *Grisaille*, with its lace-work of transparent grey, set here and there with a ruby, a sapphire, a gemmed medallion, interrupts the clear light on things hardly more than the plain glass, of which, indeed, such windows are mainly composed. The finely designed frames of iron for the support of the glass, in the windows from which even this decoration is gone, still remain, to the delight of those who are knowing in the matter.

Very ancient light, this seems, at any rate, as if it had been lying imprisoned thus for long centuries; were, in fact, the light over which the great vault originally closed, now become almost substance of thought, one might fancy,—a mental object or medium. We are reminded that after all we must of necessity look on the great churches of the Middle Age with other eyes than those who built

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or first worshipped in them; that there is something verily worth having, and a just equivalent for something else lost, in the mere effect of time, and that the salt of all æsthetic study is in the question,—What, precisely what, is this to *me*? You and I, perhaps, should not care much for the mural colouring of a mediæval church, could we see it as it was; might think it crude, and in the way. What little remains of it at Amiens has parted, indeed, in the course of ages, with its shrillness and its coarse grain. And in this matter certainly, in view of Gothic polychrome, our difference from the people of the thirteenth century is radical. We have, as it was very unlikely they should have, a curiosity, a very pleasurable curiosity, in the mere working of the stone they built with, and in the minute facts of their construction, which their colouring, and the layer of plaster it involved, disguised or hid. We may think that in architecture stone is the most beautiful of all things. Modern hands have replaced the colour on some of the tombs here—the effigies, the tabernacles above—skilfully as may be, and have but deprived them of their dignity. Mediæval colouring, in fact, must have improved steadily, as it decayed, almost till there came to be no question of colour at all. In architecture, close as it is to men's lives and their history, the visible result of time is a large factor in the realised æsthetic value, and what a true architect will in due measure always trust to. A false restoration only frustrates the proper ripening of his work.

If we may credit our modern eyes, then, those old, very secular builders aimed at, they achieved, an immense cheerfulness in their great church, with a purpose which still pursued them into their minuter decoration. The conventional vegetation of the Romanesque, its blendings of human or animal with vegetable form, in cornice or capital, have given way here, in the first Pointed style, to a pleasanter, because more natural, mode of fancy: to veritable forms of vegetable life, flower or leaf, from meadow and woodside, though still, indeed, with a certain survival of the grotesque in a confusion of the leaf with the flower, which the subsequent Decorated period will wholly purge away in its perfect garden-borders. It was not with monastic artists and artisans that the sheds and workshops around Amiens Cathedral were filled, as it rose from its foundations through fifty years; and those lay schools of art, with their communistic sentiment, to which in the thirteenth century the great episcopal builders must needs resort, in the natural course of things would tend towards naturalism. The subordinate arts also were no longer at the monastic stage, borrowing inspiration exclusively from the experiences of the cloister, but belonged to guilds of laymen—smiths, painters, sculptors. The great confederation of the 'city,' the commune, subdivided itself into confederations of citizens. In the natural objects of the first Pointed style there is the freshness as of nature itself, seen and felt

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for the first time; as if, in contrast, those older cloistral workmen had but fed their imagination in an embarrassed, imprisoned, and really decadent manner, on mere reminiscence of, or prescriptions about, things visible.

Congruous again with the popularity of the builders of Amiens, of their motives, is the wealth, the freedom, and abundance of popular, almost secular, teaching, here afforded, in the carving especially, within and without; an open Bible, in place of later legend, as at monastic Vézelay,—the Bible treated as a book about men and women, and other persons equally real, but blent with lessons, with the liveliest observations, on the lives of men as they were then and now, what they do, and how they do it, or did it then, and on the doings of nature which so greatly influence what man does; together with certain impressive metaphysical and moral ideas, a sort of popular scholastic philosophy, or as if it were the virtues and vices Aristotle defines, or the characters of Theophrastus, translated into stone. Above all, it is to be observed that as a result of this spirit, this 'free' spirit, in it, art has at last become personal. The artist, as such, appears at Amiens, as elsewhere, in the thirteenth century; and, by making his personal way of conception and execution prevail there, renders his own work vivid and organic, and apt to catch the interest of other people. He is no longer a Byzantine, but a Greek—an unconscious Greek. Proof of this is in the famous *Beau-Dieu* of Amiens, as they call that benign, almost classically proportioned figure, on the central pillar of the great west doorway; though, in fact, neither that, nor anything else on the west front of Amiens, is quite the best work here. For that we must look rather to the sculpture of the portal of the south transept, called, from a certain image there, *Portail de la Vierge dorée*, gilded at the expense of some unknown devout person at the beginning of the last century. A presentation of the mystic, the delicately miraculous, story of Saint Honoré, eighth Bishop of Amiens, and his companions, with its voices, its intuitions, and celestial intimations, it has evoked a correspondent method of work at once *naïve* and nicely expressive. The *rose*, or *roue*, above it, carries on the outer rim seventeen personages, ascending and descending—another piece of popular philosophy—the wheel of fortune, or of human life.

And they were great brass-founders, surely, who at that early day modelled and cast the tombs of the Bishops Evrard and Geoffrey, vast plates of massive black bronze in half-relief, like abstract thoughts of those grand old prelatic persons. The tomb of Evrard, who laid the foundations (*qui fundamenta hujus basilicæ locavit*), is not quite as it was. Formerly it was sunk in the pavement, while the tomb of Bishop Geoffrey opposite (it was he closed in the mighty vault of the nave: *hanc basilicam culmen usque perduxit*), itself vaulted-over the space of the grave beneath. The supreme excellence of those original work-

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men, the journeymen of Robert de Luzarches and his successor, would seem, indeed, to have inspired others, who have been at their best here, down to the days of Louis the Fourteenth. It prompted, we may think, a high level of execution, through many revolutions of taste in such matters: in the marvellous furniture of the choir, for instance, like a whole wood, say a thicket of old hawthorn, with its curved topmost branches spared, slowly transformed by the labour of a whole family of artists, during fourteen years, into the stalls, in number one hundred and ten, with nearly four thousand figures. Yet they are but on a level with the Flamboyant carved and coloured enclosures of the choir, with the histories of John the Baptist, whose face-bones are here preserved, and of Saint Firmin—popular saint, who protects the houses of Amiens from fire. Even the screens of forged iron around the sanctuary, work of the seventeenth century, appear actually to soar, in their way, in concert with the airy Gothic structure; to let the daylight pass as it will; to have come, they too, from smiths, odd as it may seem at just that time, with some touch of inspiration in them. In the beginning of the fifteenth century they had reared against a certain bald space of wall, between the great portal and the western 'rose,' an organ, a lofty, many-chambered, veritable house of church-music, rich in azure and gold, finished above at a later day, not incongruously, in the quaint, pretty manner of Henri-Deux. And those who are interested in the curiosities of ritual, of the old provincial Gallican 'uses,' will be surprised to find one where they might least have expected it. The reserved Eucharist still *hangs* suspended in a pyx, formed like a dove, in the midst of that lamentable 'glory' of the eighteenth century in the central bay of the sanctuary, all the poor, gaudy, gilt rays converging towards it. There are days in the year in which the great church is still literally filled with reverent worshippers, and if you come late to service you push the doors in vain against the closely serried shoulders of the good people of Amiens, one and all in black for church-holiday attire. Then, one and all, they intone the *Tantum ergo* (did it ever sound so in the Middle Ages?) as the Eucharist, after a long procession, rises once more into its resting-place.

If the Greeks, as at least one of them says, really believed there could be no true beauty without bigness, that thought certainly is most specious in regard to architecture; and the thirteenth-century Church of Amiens is one of the three or four largest buildings in the world, out of all proportion to any Greek building, both in that and in the multitude of its external sculpture. The chapels of the nave are embellished without by a double range of single figures, or groups, commemorative of the persons, the mysteries, to which they are respectively dedicated—the gigantic form of Christopher, the Mystery of the Annunciation.

The builders of the church seem to have projected no very

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noticeable towers; though it is conventional to regret their absence, especially with visitors from England, where, indeed, cathedral and other towers are apt to be good, and really make their mark. Robert de Luzarches and his successors aimed rather at the domical outline, with its central point at the centre of the church, in the spire or *flèche*. The existing spire is a wonderful mass of carpentry of the beginning of the sixteenth century, at which time the lead that carefully wraps every part of it was heavily gilt. The great western towers are lost in the west front, the grandest, perhaps the earliest, example of its species—three profound, sculptured portals; a double gallery above, the upper gallery carrying colossal images of twenty-two kings of the House of Judah, ancestors of Our Lady; then, the great rose; above it the ringers' gallery, half masking the gable of the nave, and uniting at their topmost storeys the twin, but not exactly equal or similar, towers, oddly oblong in plan, as if never intended to carry pyramids or spires. They overlook an immense distance in those flat, peat-digging, black and green regions, with rather cheerless rivers, and are the centre of an architectural region wider still —of a group to which Soissons, far beyond the woods of Compiègne, belongs, with St. Quentin, and, towards the west, a too ambitious rival, Beauvais, which has stood, however—what we now see of it—for six centuries.

It is a spare, rather sad world at most times that Notre-Dame d'Amiens thus broods over; a country with little else to be proud of; the sort of world, in fact, which makes the range of conceptions embodied in these cliffs of quarried and carved stone all the more welcome as a hopeful complement to the meagreness of most people's present existence, and its apparent ending in a sparely built coffin under the flinty soil, and grey, driving sea-winds. In Notre-Dame, therefore, and her sisters, there is not only a common method of construction, a single definable type, different from that of other French latitudes, but a correspondent common sentiment also; something which speaks, amid an immense achievement just here of what is beautiful and great, of the necessity of an immense effort in the natural course of things, of what you may see quaintly designed in one of those hieroglyphic carvings—*radix de terra sitienti*, 'a root out of a dry ground.'

WALTER PATER.

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WOMEN AS OFFICIAL INSPECTORS

THE demand that is being made in various quarters at the present time for the appointment of women as inspectors in institutions where those of their own sex are largely employed and maintained, is no new one, nor can it be said to be unreasonable, as it will be my endeavour in this article to prove.

When we remember that the history of our present poor-law dates its beginning barely more than fifty years ago, we are justified in saying that the desire for women to be employed in the oversight of women and girls, is no recent demand, for we find it was urged in the same words that may be used to-day, as long ago as 1861, when a committee of the House of Commons sat on a commission of inquiry as to matters and management concerning the poor-law. It may be useful, and not without interest, to give some of the statements then made, for blue-books are not accessible, nor attractive, to many, and are studied probably but by few, even of those who may be interested in the subject under investigation. So numerous indeed are these inquiries at the present time, and so voluminous the records of them, that we can hardly wonder if they do not receive the attention which they often deserve.

At the committee already referred to, after evidence had been taken as to the condition of the sick, and more especially incurables, in workhouses, the question was asked, 'Can you suggest to us any remedy for what you consider to be the inadequate consideration for the wants and necessities of women in workhouses generally'? To which it was replied, 'I consider that a greater supervision by women would be the only remedy for it. Women should be allowed to take a greater part in the management of workhouses, and in the *inspection* of them. If there could be a woman inspector, whether from a central body, or locally, or if there could be somebody to share the responsibility of the matron, that would be the only plan to improve either the household details, or the management of the women and children.' Again the question was asked, 'Would you prefer, if you could get it, to have a paid woman as an inspector, who should be responsible in the same way as a male inspector is responsible'? To which I replied, that 'a paid inspector, a woman

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with the authority of the Central Board, in the same way as there are inspectors at present, was compatible with the other suggestion of a Committee of Ladies appointed by the Guardians.'[1] I was then asked if I had ever taken the opinion of any officials on the subject of lady inspectors, and I replied that 'several gentlemen had said they considered it would be very desirable that there should be women inspectors.'

The subject of women guardians was then introduced, and the question was asked by Lord Salisbury (then Lord Robert Cecil) if ratepayers would be willing to elect ladies. Fourteen years afterwards the first woman guardian was elected by the Kensington ratepayers, and now that thirty-two years have elapsed, we are able thankfully to record that the advance of public opinion has placed no fewer than 180 women upon the Boards of England, Wales and Scotland.

But we must return to our present subject of women as inspectors. In 1888 there was appointed another committee of the House of Lords, to consider the working of the Poor Law, when the subject of inspectors was again brought forward, and, in reply to Lord Aberdeen, I again urged that a woman should be appointed to perform the duties of inspector of workhouse infirmaries, the special subject of consideration being the care of the sick. I may be allowed again to repeat the words then spoken. 'Nurses would have greater courage in explaining their wants and grievances to her than to a man; besides which, there were many matters connected with a hospital which a woman who was a trained nurse, and at the same time acting as inspector, would be able to understand and inquire into.'

And, once more, the same evidence was given, and the same opinion urged, at the committee of the House of Lords on hospitals, in 1891; this opinion, it may be added, being endorsed by the report of the members, subsequently issued.

When the matter was afterwards named in the House of Commons, the only objection raised to the suggestion was the usual one and, as we believe, the only one that has been made, that of cost; and the President of the Local Government Board added that he considered the further extension of lady guardians would answer the same purpose.

But let us look for a moment at the validity of this last argument. Valuable indeed as is the work and influence of women as guardians, the need which is now being urged for them as inspectors is more particularly for the care of the sick, and how can we expect the average woman guardian to be specially competent to perform this duty? The objection as to the present staff of inspectors, admirable as they may be for some of their general duties, is that they are not

[1] This suggestion and hope was fulfilled last year, by order of the Local Government Board, thirty-two years after.

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qualified by education or training for a knowledge of what is required for sick wards and infirmaries, none (with the exception of the last and recent appointment), being of the medical profession. How should such persons be capable judges of the needs of the sick, or of the manner in which the nurses perform their duties towards them? It is, indeed, a strange anomaly that for the Metropolitan District alone, where the infirmaries are separate, and, in most instances, admirably worked hospitals, under the care of resident doctors and trained and educated women, there is a medical inspector of high ability, whose whole time is devoted to the frequent inspection of these twenty-four institutions; while in the country districts of all England only one such medical inspector is appointed! Can any other facts or arguments be needed to emphasise and enforce our demand for an addition to this limited amount of inspection of the more than six hundred unions in which the sick are to be found?

But we have not yet given all the reasons which demand this change and addition, the chief one being the recent and rapid growth of the reform as regards nursing which has taken place in our workhouse infirmaries, trained nurses being now demanded by a large proportion of the unions, which have at last been aroused to a conviction of the cruelty, to say nothing of the false economy, of the previous system of nursing by ignorant and degraded pauper women. I have said that nurses are now being demanded by more Boards of Guardians than can well be supplied with them; but let us ask (for it is an important question upon which our whole argument turns), under what conditions and circumstances do these women work in the country unions to which they are sent? In many cases, one is required to work alone, the numbers being too small for a second nurse, but the work may be hard and trying, and if any duties arise in the night, she has to perform them also, and she can rarely be spared from her duties; she is probably the first trained nurse who has been employed, and she finds that pretty nearly everything that she has been accustomed to consider essential for the care of the sick is lacking in her wards. But it may be asked, is she not acting under the matron of the workhouse, who will superintend her work, encourage her in it, and supply all her wants? We may indeed wish to believe that it were so, for then would her trying and difficult task be cheered at least by sympathy. But if we look at the facts, as they are daily being brought before us, we find too often the very reverse of this happy picture, though we willingly allow there are exceptions here and there. In the country unions there are to be found no matrons who have any knowledge of trained nursing, or who have the capacity for even judging of, or appreciating, a nurse's work. Too often, therefore, she is met with jealousy, and her efforts thwarted and misunderstood; orders are given which cannot be carried out, and the interference becomes intolerable; at the best, intelligent supervision

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is lacking, and how can the nurse's work fail to degenerate, and herself to become demoralised, under such a system and such circumstances as these? So deeply were these results felt to be inevitable that in the case of one association for providing trained nurses, a lady who is herself a trained nurse has been appointed as visitor of the nurses in the different unions to which they are sent, and her visits are looked forward to with the utmost hope and gratification. Her remarks and observations on the state of the wards she visits are most valuable, and confirm the conviction as to what a woman's eye and judgment would be capable of effecting if the plan were to be extended under official authority. It is impossible that gentlemen (at any rate those who are not medically trained) should have a knowledge or perception of all that is wanted for the sick, or that nurses should be able to tell them of their various needs, and it is not surprising that they do not do so: otherwise, how is it that we find still so many deficiencies, and even an entire absence of so much that is required in these wards? A high standard of nursing and efficiency can only be maintained by the inspection of qualified and competent persons, an inspection that is at present not given.

And here let me name one drawback to the successful results of the inspector's visits—viz. that they are, I believe, invariably accompanied by the master or matron of the workhouse, frequently the former; and how, I would ask, can there be any freedom of speech or communication from the nurse when this is the case? It must be indeed a brave and independent spirit in a young woman thus to speak in the presence of her superior, when complaints of deficiencies would probably be her theme. I would suggest that all inspectors should be at liberty to see the officers they visit, alone, without the presence of their superiors to check their freedom of speech. And again, can we expect that the condition of the patients and their beds can with propriety be examined by gentlemen who have never undertaken these duties in hospitals? Yet only too frequently the urgent need of such an inspection comes before us, in communications and revelations which could not possibly be given in these pages.

But again it may be asked, do not the nurses work with and under the authority of the doctor appointed by the guardians for the care of the sick? It is true that there is such an officer in every union, but for various reasons they do not, and cannot, perform the duties of which we are urging the importance. The remuneration is small (the salary too often including the cost of medicines and all appliances), and it is not easy or popular for him to demand reforms of any kind from the authorities under whom he works. Those medical men who most value the trained nurses who carry out their orders would be the most willing to admit the desirability of a woman's inspection of their work.

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I have spoken only of the needs of the sick, but there are other classes also that urgently call for inspection by women. The domestic arrangements of all classes and households, whether great or small, demand it. This truth was acted upon twenty years ago when the appointment of a lady for the inspection of Poor Law schools was first made, and again resumed, for a special class (of boarded-out children) a few years since. We cannot refrain from asking why has the conviction of the need been so sparingly acted upon? and how can one woman inspect the condition of these 5,000 children scattered throughout the country, all urgently needing the inspection which women alone can give?

In alluding to the appointment of the late Mrs. Nassau Senior, more than twenty years ago, I would refer to a fact, probably now remembered by few of my readers, that when her year of most devoted and admirable work was ended (a work that cost her her life) the additional duties of a permanent appointment were then laid upon her as 'Inspector of Workhouses' as well as schools, the fulfilment of which was only stopped by her untimely death. I cannot help asking now, twenty years after, why so important a post was never filled up, either for workhouses or schools, when so many qualified women could have been found for it, and when so complete a success had been attained by the first experiment?

Those who are now urging the importance of women inspectors for the factories and workshops in which their own sex is employed, are fully competent to enforce their own claims and desires. We can only add our hopes and wishes to theirs for a speedy and complete success in their efforts—a success which has, indeed, been partially granted by the appointment, during the last year, of ladies as inspectors of factories, and as sanitary inspectors also; the honour of which latter result is due to the same parish which had the courage to elect the first woman guardian, viz.—Kensington. We have reason to believe that their work, in both departments, is highly and unanimously appreciated.

We have already named some institutions which call most loudly for these appointments, but we cannot conclude without adding two more important classes, our prisons and lunatic asylums, where, indeed, the need may be said to be even more urgent than elsewhere. Women guardians, whose duty it is to visit these sad abodes where their suffering and helpless sisters are confined, have been the first to point out the need of visiting inspectors of their own sex, and we can only marvel that this conviction has been so long ignored, or denied. Abundant testimony, from long experience, could be given on this point, with regard to both classes of institutions, but we cannot enter further upon it now.

In conclusion, we cannot help asking, will the District and County Councils of the future help us in these demands? Will the work of

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women be strengthened or swept away by the new order of things? All experience leads us to believe the former hope will be realised, for the world does not move backwards.

With the help of educated women more largely organised and utilised as matrons, inspectors and guardians, with workhouses (no longer so misnamed) separated and arranged for all the different classes of inmates, what need would remain for sweeping away our existing machinery, and creating a new and untried organisation for providing help for the needy? Why should not even the 'aged poor,' now attracting so much sympathy and attention, as well as the sick and all other classes, find their fitting place in our national institutions, which, as was said two hundred years ago, 'will answer all the ends of charity to the poor, in regard to their souls and bodies; they may be made, properly speaking, nurseries for religion, virtue and industry.'

LOUISA TWINING.

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IN THE MOUNTAINS OF EGYPT

Of course, politically speaking, Egypt has no backbone—so they say—except such as is furnished by five thousand British bayonets. Physically that land is provided with a remarkable chain of granite vertebræ, lofty and jagged like any frost-bitten Alps. Few people trouble themselves about the existence of these peaks, for they are separated from the great highway of the Nile by a belt of waterless desert, and they are nowhere visible from it. They, however, daily serve as landmarks to the procession of great ships which ply between East and West, and many an Anglo-Indian must have watched the sun set in purple and gold behind their serried edges.

Years ago I found in Messrs. Stanford's shop a maritime chart of the Gulf of Suez, on the margin of which is depicted the elevation of these mountains, as seen by navigators at a distance of fifty miles, and these inspiring outlines, the mystery of which is enhanced by the waterless solitude from which they spring, fed my strong desire to visit them. These jagged teeth do not form a continuous chain, but are separated from one another by intervals, more or less wide, of elevated desert. I think they have never been accurately measured. They attain a probable height of 6,000 feet, and I drew the conclusion that, being so near the sea, they must precipitate much moisture, and that animal and vegetable life must exist to some extent upon their flanks. Pursuing my investigations, I learnt that Wilkinson, Schweinfurth, Floyer, and at most one or two others, had visited these districts, which support an extremely sparse population of nomadic Bedawin, who own a few camels and sheep; that there are here and there natural reservoirs in the ravines where the storm waters are retained, and occasional shallow wells dug in the gravel where these ravines open on to the plain; that the Romans quarried certain precious marbles in these mountains, and that a wild goat—the Caper Sinaiticus, an ibex with long, well-knobbed horns, which curl backwards over his haunches—exists there. It was this latter fact which interested me the most. If the result proved that the district did not altogether fulfil my expectations as a hunting-ground, that was due rather to lack of time than want of foresight.

Arrived in Cairo in January 1893, with my two daughters, my purpose was to cross the belt of desert which intervenes between the

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Nile and the granite range; but first I desired to ascertain whether these goats were not to be found nearer to the Nile valley.

From the inscribed records of the tombs and monuments, it is obvious that these animals were familiar to the ancient inhabitants of the cultivated land. They are depicted along with the oryx antelopes and gazelles, and appear to have been hunted by enclosing their passes with nets. They were frequently brought as offerings to the gods, and there is reason to think that they were kept alive for this purpose in enclosed parks, as the captured kids are shown, carried in baskets and fed by hand. Their bodies were mummied when they died, like other favoured animals. At least, there is one in the Ghizeh Museum, which was perhaps a royal pet. It is described as 'a gazelle,' but the leg and hoof which are exposed have the characteristic shape and marking of this ibex. I was not, therefore, surprised to hear that, at the present day, they occasionally appear on the high bluffs which at certain points overhang the Nile, and are even seen, though rarely, in the neighbourhood of Cairo, on such cliffs as those in which the quarries of Toura are situated.

It is strange that, of all the thousands of sportsmen who have followed the great historical waterway bent on washing their spears, so few seem to have been aware of the existence of this interesting game. That most inquisitive of travellers, Herodotus, does not include it in his list of the wild animals of Egypt, and, coming down to our own day, the only trained naturalist I know of, who has written of the fauna of the Nile, also omits it. Yet it must have frequently looked down on the decks of dahabiehs flying British colours, and counted its natural enemies. All wild goats and sheep, with well-judged confidence in their power of self-concealment, will thus at times approach the haunts of men. I have heard of only one successful hunt on these Nile terraces. An English engineer, while engaged in his irrigation duties, surprised and killed two within a few yards of the river.

Leaving Siout on the 4th of February, we pulled up an hour after sunset right under Gebel Hareedee. This rock forms one of the most conspicuous cliffs on the Nile. In great part it is quite sheer and rises perhaps 1,000 feet above the river. As soon as we had fastened up to the bank, we went ashore for a little stretch. We had not gone many yards before a native rose up out of the darkness. The Fellaheen always do appear like that from unexpected holes. He constituted himself our guide, and we strolled through the narrow grove of palms, not twenty yards wide, between the base of the cliff and the river. Then I drew a picture of an ibex and showed it to him by the light of the lantern, and asked if there were any *Bedan* about. The word *Taytal* is used for the old males. He pointed to the cliff and said there were. Whether true or not, this was the answer I expected. But I had got to the bottom of my Arabic, and returned

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to the boat for an interpreter. My next question was how long their horns were. He showed a full yard on his stick. It was quite clear that this could not mean gazelle, and other things indicated that ibex were meant, but whether their presence was frequent or only occasional remained doubtful.

The next morning we started early to climb the cliff while it was still in shadow. A fair track led up into a ravine hidden from below, where was the tomb of the Sheik El Hareedee, a holy recluse who once lived in one of the numerous rock excavations and gave his name to the mountain. These rock-dwelling worthies were very numerous in the early centuries of our era. They felt towards other religions an intolerance the like of which lingers in few places in these days, except in the slums of some Eastern cities and a few cathedral towns. Unfortunately the images in many a stately temple carry marks of their pious zeal. We inherit the same instinct, but content ourselves with blackening the characters of our political opponents. What an advance we have made!

The cliff is honeycombed both with tombs and quarries. The latter are huge square galleries driven far into the rock, in which a battalion might shelter. At each angle commanding a new view we scanned every corner, and wherever sand or small débris had collected we sought for tracks, but for a long time without any result. At length I did find some sign, but it appeared to be very old and had been washed into a ravine. As rain is so rare here this was evidence that the animal we sought had not been there recently. The top of the cliff was flat. It was, in fact, the edge of the elevated limestone plateau which extends from Cairo to Keneh. There was not a scrap of vegetation, not so much as a lichen, to tempt any live animal, and whatever fourfooted beast shelters here must go down to the cultivation to feed. This would not make it attractive to wild goats, who, though they do most of their feeding early and late, require a bite in the middle of the day, and the cultivated land in the Nile valley is so flat that it would be difficult to them to accomplish this unobserved. Thus it would probably be vain to seek for them in such places unless they had been driven there by drought.

The view from the edge of the cliff was striking and suggestive. Far below was the sluggish current of the famous river, dotted with native boats like the wings of a tern at the point of lighting on the water. The green ribbon of cultivated ground spread widest, now on the right and now on the left of the river, and shaded away into grey haze far to the north and south of us. In the course of our search, which was continued for several hours, we saw two foxes, but no other live thing. Some large dog-like tracks may have been those of hyenas, and in various places we came across the bones of large animals which had been brought up here by birds or beasts of prey. Although I had seen enough to be sure that the goats occasionally

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visited the spot, the chance did not seem good enough for us to dwell on it. Following the river upwards, we tried in the same way Gebel Touhk and Gebel Tarif, smelling out a cold scent, but found no more evidence of the actual presence of the animal than at the first attempt. Even from English officers, long resident in the neighbourhood, I could get no certain evidence, and there was nothing for us left but to go eastwards to the higher mountains, which I hoped would prove a sure find.

From Keneh, where the Nile takes a considerable bend to the eastwards, there is a well-known caravan route to Kosseir, on the Red Sea. At one time the Indian mail was taken by this line, and if the railway which is talked of is realised, it doubtless would be so again. We proposed to start from the same point, but to keep much more to the northwards. Running down with the current from Thebes, we four—for my cousin G. had joined us—landed at Keneh on the 15th of February. Here our camel train had been got ready. The Mudir of the province, to whom we had letters, lives here. His leave was necessary before we could penetrate into those inhospitable regions. He asked us to dine with him, and told us that he has 150 miles of Nile valley under his control, nearly half a million of Fellaheen, and 20,000 Bedawin. He said the latter are much the best behaved of his people, but as they are exempt from taxation, and seldom visit the *Rif*, or cultivated valley, this is not surprising. Some of them are partially giving up their nomadic habits and settling on the borders of cultivation. There is some difficulty in determining at what stage an individual savage becomes a taxable citizen.

In the early morning our camels assembled on the river bank. We were startled to find that there were nearly thirty of them, but that was Mr. Cook's affair. The loading up was naturally a long business, but it is much easier to balance a heavy load on a camel's hump than on the round barrel of a packhorse. Besides which his skin is tougher; but he knows how to complain, and the chorus of groans and gurgles can be heard for miles on a still day. In spite of the barrenness of the country we were entering, it did not look as if we should starve. One camel was surmounted by four turkeys, another by a crate full of chickens and pigeons, and a third by two sheep. Indeed, we had to carry a month's supply of food of all kinds, and water for five days. Our black Soudanese cook, Moojan, had donned an enormous pith hat, which gave him the appearance of a mushroom with a black stalk. Every now and then a camel kicked. The action is a sweep sideways as far as a hind leg can reach. The effect is like that of a scythe, and the crowd of screaming Bedawin are mown down and scattered as grass. Baby camels gambolled about. An adult camel never sees a joke, but these woolly infants, with attenuated legs and heads like birds, are very lighthearted. The cameleers argued forcibly against the overloading of their beasts, with some reason as it seemed to me. At last the

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loads were duly apportioned, and as each camel was packed he rose and joined the group forming upon the roadway. The riding camels were brought up and made to kneel.

To mount a camel for the first time is, for a *Howadji*, until he gets the hang of it, a complicated and anxious process. The first risk is that the animal will rise while the rider is climbing into the saddle. This he will inevitably do if the attendant has forgotten to place his foot on the camel's knee. The novice having settled in the saddle, which is like a flat wooden tea tray on the top of the hump, and taken a tight grip of the 'horns,' of which there is one in front and one behind,[1] waits in suspense, wondering which end of the animal means to get up first. The action, when it does begin, is a violent see-saw in three jerks, which impel him alternately in the direction of the head and tail, until, if he is lucky, he finds himself ten feet from the ground. The fifteenth-century pilgrim, Felix Fabri, so exactly expresses my sentiments about camels, that I will quote his remarks. He says:

A camel has a small head and is without horns. It has big and terrible eyes, and always seems a sorrowful and troubled animal. Its eyes are like fire-beacons, and big reflections shine in them; for whatever a camel looks at seems great and huge to it, wherefore it seems to view everything with wonder and alarm. When, therefore, a man goes up to it, the beast begins to tremble, so that the man perceives that the beast trembles because the man coming towards it seems to it to be four times bigger than he really is.

Had not God so ordered it, this animal would not be as tame and disciplined as it is. When it screams, being in trouble, it opens its mouth, shakes its head, and raises up its long neck, wagging it to and fro, so that a man who is not accustomed to it is disturbed and frightened.

Passing through the narrow streets of the town, with its numerous gooleh factories, we quickly left behind the cultivated area, and found ourselves on the desert. A few encampments of Bedawin were the last dwellings we saw, and there was nothing but a boundless stony flat in front of us. Quite on the outskirts, on a low rise, we saw what we mistook for a small flock of turkeys, but which proved to be seven or eight enormous vultures, gorged with some attractive morsel. They let us come within forty yards, then, with three or four preliminary hops, took flight.

A short distance from the last palm-trees we began to be amused by unmistakable mirages in two or three directions. The thin stratum of vapour, shuddering in the heat, which affords a reflecting surface, is, I think, more frequent within reach of the dampness of the Nile than further into the desert. Sometimes the phantom water seemed to wash the base of the distant hills and accurately reflected each light and shadow. Elsewhere it looked like a still shallow lake in the middle of the plain, while here and there its smooth surface

[1] As Fabri says, the animal has no horns. The term applies to the upright struts of the saddle.

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appeared to be touched by a soft breeze. Slight inequalities in the surface of the desert gave the appearance of bays, islands, and promontories, while low-growing plants simulated the vegetation appropriate to the margin of water. When examined through a field-glass, the illusion, instead of dissolving itself into hard fact, was still more emphasised.

Our way lay up the broad Wadi Keneh, flanked on the right by low hills, and on the left, at several miles' distance, by a terraced limestone cliff which rose to 1,000 feet. The gravel composing the floor of the valley was made up of fragments of a variety of granites and porphyries, washed down by the occasional floods from the mountains whither we were bound. Though the watercourse may be dry for many years in succession, such is the weight of water precipitated now and again on the high peaks, that a tremendous torrent is poured across a hundred miles of desert into the Nile. Here was clear demonstration of its volume and power. Near our first camp was a series of mounds, twelve or fourteen feet high, formed apparently by tamarisk bushes, round the roots of which soil had in the course of ages accumulated. These mounds had been worn and undermined by the last flood to a height of five or six feet, and the stream at this point must have been two or three miles broad.

Our course was indicated by the old camel tracks—twenty or thirty in number—close together and in parallel lines. The flat pads of their feet have smoothed and consolidated the stones and sand to a surface like that of a well-rolled gravel path, and walking was an exhilarating exercise. As the camels do not make more than three miles an hour, I found that I could keep ahead of them with ease. Personally I never got hardened to their swinging gait, and I covered about half the distance on foot. The ladies, on the other hand, quickly accommodated themselves to the conditions, and though I had provided a donkey as a change, the camels were generally preferred, partly perhaps because, from the elevation of their backs, the glare was less. In the long marches I often speculated on the origin of the animal. There are no wild types to afford a clue. We know him only as the servant of man. Like the palm-tree, without man the race would disappear in a single generation. The camel of Egypt would seem to be unadapted to any but a flat sandy country. Yet the earliest dynasties do not appear to have known him. It is impossible to believe that his peculiar qualities have been developed in five thousand years.

On this, our first day, we made a short march and camped early under a low rocky bluff. Though apparently travelling on a dead level, we found that we had already risen three hundred feet. To those who are new to it the first camp in the desert is a delightful experience. As soon as their loads are unhitched the camels wander off dreamily to browse on the scant desert plants, which are devoured by them as if they were most delicate herbage. The greater part of

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the desert is bare of vegetation, even of this flinty quality, but camps are never pitched except where there is some growth for the camels. Ours had a feed of beans in addition.

Moojan, who had been literally lolling on his camel all the way, the picture of idle content, was galvanised into activity. His shining black legs twinkled with energy as he prized open wooden cases, or blew up his charcoal fire. All hands were quickly at work pitching the tents, and the rocks behind us echoed with the blows of the mallets on the tent-pegs. In ten minutes our little village of canvas was complete. It was more extensive than I thought necessary. In fact, our whole equipage was too gorgeous according to my ideas. It is true we were placed on short allowance of water for washing, but it is surprising how much swabbing can be accomplished with half a pint of the precious liquid. The worst of it is that, in this thirsty air, the end first operated upon dries up before the other extremity is finished.

The donkey rolled himself in the sand. At first he seemed to wonder there were not more donkeys about, and would now and then yell out an inquiring bray, but, after the second day, he gave that up. He was an excellent traveller; but it seemed hard on the camels to have to carry water for him when they got none themselves. The heat had been great and our turkeys had suffered the most. Like their betters, the poor things had a difficulty in keeping their balance, and had been travelling most of the way with heads downwards. They were consequently at the last gasp. The baby camel was still the freshest of the party. He walked about among the loads, and after examining and nibbling each one would turn round and kick it, all with the air of a custom-house officer. Now and then he would take to playing practical jokes on the donkey, or pretend to get his legs entangled in the neck of some recumbent member of his own species. If seized by the tail he uttered a human squeak, which quickly brought his mother around. He was not so difficult to catch as Timsah ('the crocodile'), a rough, long-legged dog belonging to the Bedawin, half greyhound, half pariah. Nothing would induce him to come to one's hand, though he greedily devoured whatever was thrown to him. The only approach to amity he ever made was when, in the heat of the day, he would try and walk in the shadow of my camel.

But the most interesting animals in our following were the Bedawin cameleers. These were of the Maazeh tribe, and have probably changed as little in the last five or six millenniums as any people on the face of the earth, owing mainly to the inhospitable nature of their country, which has tempted few invaders. It was a pleasure to watch their spare and active figures as they led their animals without a murmur in the hottest hours, or clambered to the top of the load, swarming up by the neck. They were always good-tempered except at loading-up time. Any little service—particularly to the 'sitt,' whom they regarded with special veneration—was performed with a childish grin of pleasure. If any of us left the camp, he was

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always followed by one of these willing protectors—an attention which we considered superfluous. The word 'backsheesh' was not in their vocabulary, and their independent air contrasted well with the demeanour of the Fellaheen, who always remind me of a dog which has been overmuch beaten. I may here mention a little incident which happened a few days later, and which fairly illustrates the faithfulness of their service to us. I had taken my daughters with me on a hunting expedition, and having reached the watershed by midday, allowed them to return by themselves along a ravine, which I knew would conduct them in two hours to the neighbourhood of the camp. My Bedawin attendant did not seem happy about this arrangement, and perching on a pinnacle of rock, declined to move for over an hour, and until he had seen them pass a certain bend in the ravine visible from this point. Nor was he content till, on our return in the evening, he had made a détour to satisfy himself by the footsteps in the sand that they had safely emerged from the mountain.

The Bedawin are generally of the hatchet-faced breed, and their eyes have that intent and steady look which men have who are watching for something at a distance. Their whole wealth is in their camels, which they breed in the desert and trade in the 'Rif.' When their camels had been attended to, they sat in groups round the fire of dry brush or camel's dung, in the hot ashes of which they baked their flat cake of doura. The camels, having fed, were brought up and made to kneel in a circle, the head of one against the tail of the next, as a sort of rampart or wind-break round each little camp.

The early morning is the cream of the day in the desert, but it is often painfully cold, for at the elevation that we reached there was a difference of 50° or 60° Fahrenheit between the day and the night temperature. The expanse of the desert acquires a delicate dove colour, and the distant hills grow pink by the reflected light which precedes the dawn. The ante-glow spreads a brilliant orange in the East, about three quarters of an hour before the sunrise, but dies out, and gives way to a clear green and saffron before the final glory. While we take our breakfast the tents are rapidly laid prostrate and packed. The camp is noisy on these occasions, not to say wrathful, so we generally left the confusion behind and walked on for two hours.

The silence of the desert is absolute and almost startling. It is an experience to be felt nowhere else. Here is a little sample such as the world was before the pulse of life began. There is no sound of water, no rustle of leaves, no hum of insects; even the thud of the soft pads of the camels can scarcely be called a noise. It is to visit a dead planet. The only exceptions to this rule of lifelessness which we observed were a sand-coloured lizard, and some spiders; but desert creatures assimilate so closely to their surroundings that we may have passed many other kinds unnoticed. Such small deer, no doubt, derive sufficient moisture from the nightly dews.

About midday we halted for luncheon in the shade of a rock, if

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obtainable, or inside some ancient tank half full of sand. While so engaged the baggage train, which we had left far behind, would pass us, and we so timed our halt as to overtake them about camping time. Shortly before this our head cameleer, Gharnim, who was a bit of a dandy in his way, and rode a tall white *Hageen*, as the thoroughbred swift camels are called, would shoot ahead at ten miles an hour to overtake the caravan, floundering and flopping on the top of the animal's hump, and his pure white abayeh, floating behind, would be quickly reduced to a speck in the distance.

In a few days our camps assumed a homely air. The poultry, released from durance, would strut and crow and search for impossible insects, as if each rock was their native dungheap. The turkeys, too, soon got their sea legs. The principal one—that is he who, being the toughest, thought he had the best chance of surviving to the end—would stretch his neck and gobble on the back of his camel, as if he was in command of the expedition. Even the sheep, driven by the inhospitality of nature to an unnatural affection for man, walked round our dinner table begging for scraps, and sometimes, when nobody was looking, would enter my tent and recline on the mattress, just like any pasha. They would have learnt many things before they got back to Keneh if they had not all been eaten first.

The second night we halted at Kasre el Jin—'the Castle of the Spirit'—the first of a series of *hydreumata*, established for the maintenance of the supply of water on the route to the quarries. These wells and tanks are one and all in ruins, or filled with sand. They are fortified posts, not, I imagine, for protection against the aborigines, who must always have been a feeble folk, but to prevent the escape of the slaves or convicts who worked the quarries. It is clear that no man could, unassisted, cross the desert without access to these wells.

From the top of the little hill on which the fort of sun-dried bricks stands we had our first view of the distant mountains for which we were bound, rising above the foot-hills in four or five separate groups of peaks, of striking outline. This sight sent us happy to bed. The third night we camped at the entrance to the foot-hills, and the next morning followed tortuous wadis with flat sandy bottoms 400 or 500 yards wide, and low granite hills on either side. Now we found the first beginning of life, due to the moisture in the gravel beneath our feet—thistly shrubs, and low-growing plants with a strong smell of lavender. Here and there were trailing patches of the desert melon, with its green and yellow fruit, beautiful to look at, but most acrid to the taste. Those plants which the camels ate most greedily appeared as dead and parched as old brooms. They swayed their snaky heads about and snatched mouthfuls as they stalked along, till it seemed to the rider that they must tread on their own necks. Under many of the shrubs were the burrows of the jerboa—a desert rat with long hind legs, like a miniature kangaroo. Insects became frequent, and the small birds that prey upon them,

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and the hawks that prey on the birds. Henceforth, at every camp, four or five small white vultures watched operations from the neighbouring rocks. All this life served to show that we were approaching water. There were tracks of gazelle which Timsah winded, and he kept ahead of us. At last he found two and had a fine course in view. But they quickly distanced him. We also saw a larger track which our followers said was that of a *Taytal*, but it was in loose sand and not distinct.

At last we approached the base of the higher mountains where I knew was a watering-place. I asked where it was, and our Arabs pointed at what appeared to be an unbroken cliff. After the camp was pitched we went to explore. The cliff was about a mile off. Here we found a deep narrow ravine choked with blocks of granite. A rough and difficult path led up to it. At last we came to a small and very foul pool of water, under a rock; but the Bedawi pointed higher. Presently we found another pool, but still he beckoned us on. A large smooth ridge of granite barred the ravine from side to side, and, surmounting this, we found a splendid pool thirty yards long, with green depths. No wonder that the camels, even with a four days' thirst upon them, had to wait till they were fresh before they could attempt such a scramble. But the men brought down some skins full. Refreshing and beautiful by contrast with their arid surroundings as these pools are, I was not extremely confident of their wholesome quality, and henceforth required that all drinking water should be boiled and filtered before use. Such drinking places have been the resort of countless animals, wild and tame, for ages, and the surrounding gravel is necessarily foul, except after a 'freshet.'

We were camped in the broad, flat valley of Mediseh, at the southern end of the Kittar Mountains—the largest *massif* hereabouts, the cliffs of which rise abruptly from the level sand. They are high enough to be covered, not unfrequently in winter, by an evanescent mantle of snow. A variety of desert plants indicated more moisture below, but the acacia and tamarisk trees which used to be so conspicuous a feature of these wadis have to some extent disappeared. Blackened pits show where the Bedawin have converted them into charcoal. The food in these valleys is at best exceedingly scanty, and if these mountains were to sink again into the hot bosom of the earth, whence they came, the world would not be appreciably poorer.

I had a fancy that the *Bedan* fed in these wider valleys, and the next morning commenced my hunting by following one of them for a long distance, examining the level surface for traces, which are visible in such places, though not on the rocks, but was rewarded by only one doubtful track. This is the best method, where it is practicable, of determining the plentifulness or scarcity of game. Careful spying also failed to reveal any sign of the animal on the neighbouring fastnesses. Returning across the cliffs, I found several ibex couches, which the animal had scraped among the stones or on

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ledges. But the surface seemed to have been beaten by rain since they were used, from which I inferred that they were old, and I saw no other sign recent enough to raise hopes.

Coming down I found among the rocks a single horn, which I recognised as having belonged to a Barbary or maned wild sheep, the *Aroui* of the Atlas Mountains. The Bedawin knew nothing of the existence of this animal at the present time, but in such a conservative climate it might have lain there unaltered for centuries. It was quite perfect, except that the exposed part was worn by drifting sand.

In the evening I learnt that there was a small camp of Maazeh, half a mile distant, and that they had several dogs which were used in hunting, and this would be quite enough to account for the absence of ibex in that range, as nothing terrifies wild animals so much as being chased by dogs. The Bedawin method of hunting is to seek for the animals when on the feed. The dog then pursues them by sight or scent, and the goats take refuge on some ledge or cliff which the dog cannot climb, till the hunter, guided by the barking, approaches at his leisure to such close quarters that even his antiquated matchlock can scarcely fail. I was not anxious to try this method, and on our arrival had ordered Timsah to be tied in camp.

For our second attempt I determined to penetrate as far as possible into the main chain, and, with that end in view, followed the ravine which opened opposite our tents. My daughters accompanied me, and one of our Bedawin acted as guide—too large a party for hunting, but, from the first day's experience, I had little expectation of a successful stalk. At first we ascended rather steeply a rough ravine, till we reached two lovely pools, at the foot of what would be a fine waterfall when the torrent is running. Most of the natural watering places in this country are holes, such as these, in torrent beds. But their utility depends on the approach to them being practicable for camels. They must be deep reservoirs and sheltered by cliffs from the sun, or they would quickly dry up by evaporation. Gradually rising, we kept on up the ravine till it was closed in by fine broken peaks rising all round us to a height of 5,000 or 6,000 feet. Granite mountains do not generally form aiguilles, which in limestone ranges shape like a bell-tent, *i.e.* steep at the top and curving off into the plain. These peaks, on the other hand, are steepest where they rise from the plain. They form parabolic curves, and their tops are dome-shaped. Scattered vegetation, consisting of coarse grasses, an occasional dwarf palm, and a kind of smooth-barked fig, lined the ravine, but not a trace of growth could be seen on the mountain-sides.

The gorge was cumbered with huge rounded blocks which testified to the resistless force of the torrent at times. If the conditions are realised, the sudden and tremendous precipitation of water will be understood. Given a south-east wind, carrying vapour-laden air from the surface of the Red Sea, these mountains, rising so abruptly from the level, will cause the hot layer to bound upwards to

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a height of 6,000 feet, and the sudden chill pulls the string of the shower-bath.

Here, again, we sought in vain for fresh tracks, and each sign, of the kind which hunters seek for, was very stale. We passed several smaller pools which had shrunk, leaving a space, five or six feet wide, of slime. Here was a sure test of the presence of game, because if any animals had visited them during the weeks which had elapsed since these pools stood full, they must have left impressions, as sharp as in plaster of Paris, in the smooth damp surface. Finding none, we turned our attention to simple exploration.

We determined to try and get up one of the seductive peaks which surrounded us, hoping to see the sea, and Sinai, from the top. The rocks were very steep, but our rubber soles gave great clinging power. Salami, who accompanied us, was an active climber, but soon began to show signs of foot-soreness and discouragement. We were bothered by certain ravines invisible from below, but one after the other we turned or conquered them, until we had subdued most of the other peaks, and were within fifty feet of the top of this one. Then another gap with sheer sides cut right across the ridge we were upon, and at right angles to it. We tried it a long way down the mountain, so far down that, when we did get across, our poor Arab with his bare feet protested piteously, pointing at the sun. These people are as ignorant as it is possible to be, without books or priests, and almost without contact with others like themselves, but their imaginations are active, and people the air with *jins* and *afreets*. Thus Salami had a particular dread of being out after dark, and, yielding to his fears, we turned campwards.

As G. had been no more fortunate, we moved the next day to Kittar, at the other end of these peaks. Here we found ourselves among rocks still more bizarre and fantastic. What are the agencies which grind these mountains to pieces? Water does its share, though its action is only intermittent. It has scooped extraordinary ravines near the Kittar camp. Frost can do nothing, as, though it is not unfrequent in the winter, the rocks are dry. Appearances would justify the belief that lightning and earthquakes are responsible for much of the ruin. The great differences of temperature by day and by night, and the consequent expansion and contraction, have also told on the fibre of the rock. But here are signs not to be accounted for by any of these agencies—the hardest granite scooped and honeycombed and undermined as if by water, and yet not by water. These rounded hollows follow no determinate level of coast, nor any probable lines of falling water. There is another tool at work, practically unknown in our climate. It is sand blown before the wind. The hardest rock cannot stand against the bombardment of these million tiny fragments. Just above camp was a huge rock, whose base had been thus rasped away till it looked like a mere stalk or neck supporting a giant head.

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To come nearer home, the neck of the Sphynx and the base of the Step Pyramid are obvious examples of this erosive power.

More than once we had practical experience of the phenomenon of sand-storms. On the first occasion my tent was blown over upon me as I slept, and I was left crawling about under the flopping canvas, trying to find my shoes. When I had emerged I found this new kind of hailstorm rather trying to the exposed parts, and I rather prided myself on my success in re-erecting my house, unaided. The other tents held, and their occupants did not know of my mishap, but every other upright thing was cast down, and a number of loose properties went off into the desert. They were all recovered except G.'s sponge, which, being light and elastic, hopped off, miles beyond recovery, and by the next morning might have arrived in the Mahdi's country. The next visitation was in the daytime, when we were on the march. I saw it coming in the distance, a wall of sand-cloud, sweeping towards us, though the atmosphere, where we were, was still. I stopped the caravan and began pitching camp immediately. But before the operation was complete we were struck by a storm of sand through which we could not see twenty yards. After half an hour of this a person feels like a fried sole covered with bread crumbs. We dare not open our luggage, lest it should get filled with sand, and the wonder was how Moojan succeeded in cooking a tolerable dinner.

The Kittar camp was very beautiful. Our tents were pitched near the junction of two ravines. The southerly one led by steep and darksome ways to Floyer's waterfall—so called after the enterprising traveller now at the head of the Telegraph Department in Egypt, who discovered it. This was a sheer wall, 80 feet high, covered with maidenhair fern. The side walls of the ravine were far higher, and one was led to speculate how long the torrent, which may on an average run during a few hours only in each year, has taken to cut back through a mile of solid granite to this waterfall. Above and below it were several lovely palm-fringed pools, and near some of them were little stone huts where ibex-hunters are wont to lie in wait for the animals who come to drink. On an upright face of rock near the camp, I found several grotesque representations of ibex, loaded camels, &c. I believe there are many similarly decorated rocks on the Sinaitic side of the Gulf.

Here we were more hopeful of success, as, in the ravines, we found plants nibbled by the goats, and actually saw two of the animals, but they did not give a fair chance. An Arab produced from among the rocks the horns of a fine *Taytal* which he had shot not long before. But that only showed that this district also had been recently harried with dogs. Notwithstanding this, we worked away from morning to night, spying each rugged corrie with extreme care, and afterwards purposely giving it the wind, or showing ourselves conspicuously. It was not easy ground to cover satisfactorily with the glass, owing to the number of hollows and embrasures, scooped by sand or water; but if

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anything had moved, we must have heard if not seen it in the prevailing silence. Despairing at last of these vain quests, I again abandoned the hunting for a climb, determined to get my first view of the sea. It was hot work, but I was well repaid. My only fear was that other peaks would overtop the one I had selected, but as I neared the summit there was nothing but two toppling crags between me and the horizon. A few steps further, and I saw, between them, the thin line of bluest blue of the Red Sea, and all the range of Sinai beyond, a view which suggested many thoughts.

Along and across this famous waterway the civilisation of Egypt drew its earliest inspiration from the East. It landed at the little coral-locked harbour of Myos Hermos, which lay there almost in the foreground, though it was 5,000 feet below me, and twenty miles away. Thence it crossed the thirsty belt, here at its narrowest, and in the fat Nile pastures it throve amazingly, till some of its drift wood, floating down the benign river, stranded on barbarous shores, and struck and spread again. The plain lay pale in the quivering heat, and from it sprang, on either side of the Gulf, gaunt peaks like the sun-bleached ribs of some derelict monster, half buried in the desert sand. Of what old-world histories had they not been witnesses, of which Moses and his unruly horde is the tale of yesterday!

Our next move was to Badia, an important well of the Romans at the base of Gebel Dukhan, the range in which their famous porphyry quarries, which it was our object to visit, were situated. Here the ground was strewn with fragments of amphoræ and of the blue pottery which the Romans used; also with the remains of shellfish, the only fresh food which these poor exiles could obtain nearer than the Nile. Among the débris of what appeared to be a sort of garden, I picked up a pretty little bunch of crystals which it pleased me to think some Roman centurion had treasured for his child.

Gebel Dukhan is a mountain shaped like a horseshoe, on the ridges of which are the porphyry quarries, and in the valley which they enclose is the little Roman town and temple which sheltered the quarrymen. The stone was brought down this valley by a road which made a wide détour of the mountain, and then across the desert to the Nile by the route we had followed—a course of 100 miles. The transit of the blocks was doubtless accomplished on wooden rollers. We did not care to follow the circuitous route, but, travelling with light equipment, crossed the ridge itself—a climb of 2,000 feet—by an old Roman path which made a short cut from Badia. For a long distance it was carried across a fan-shaped talus of loose stones and rock, many miles in extent, washed down from a ravine. The path in this part had been made by simply removing the stones and piling them on either side. The fact that it had remained in this condition suggested a curious observation. This talus must have been the work of a series of tremendous floods, but

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for 2,000 years since the path was abandoned, no flood on the same scale could have occurred, or it must have washed the stones, with which the surrounding surface was covered, on to the road.

When we reached the steep sides of the ravine we followed a series of zigzags splendidly engineered, and always, whatever the obstacles, following exactly the same gradient, from which I assumed that it was used by beasts of burden. Descending into the valley on the other side our Bedawin's dogs left us, following up the scent of something. Presently we heard them barking among some cliffs to our right. Taking out my glass, I made out an ibex climbing the cliff and another on the face of a rock, at the base of which the dogs were vehemently baying it. It was only a female, and G., who got up to it first, declined to shoot, but climbed 2,000 feet higher in the vain hope of catching sight of the other, which was a young male. When I approached the dogs, the goat had placed herself where it seemed impossible for anything but a fly to cling, and where she might have safely remained, as I had no desire to annex this poor little sad-coloured desert nanny. I tried to stalk near enough to Kodak the group, but, getting a glimpse of me, she sprang down, and the dogs, after a short course of 200 yards, caught her, strange to say, with very little injury to skin or bone. She was heavy in kid, or she would have quickly shown them her heels. Our Bedawi was close up, and in a trice had tied her legs, while I fastened a handkerchief over her eyes to prevent her struggling. The females of this species are much smaller than the rams, and we had no difficulty in carrying our prisoner down the valley to the spot where we proposed to camp. We proceeded to sit upon her fate. I should have liked to carry a live female of the species as an offering to the Zoological Society. On the other hand, the creature would have to spend ten days in a bag, on the back of a camel, an ordeal which might be attended with inconvenience to us, and certainly would be, under the circumstances, to the lady in question. Our Luxor attendant, who had not hitherto come out as a linguist, remarked: 'Next week him make little boy.' That settled the point. We elected to give her her liberty, but not without protests from the Arabs, the lawful prey of whose bow and spear she was, and who strongly objected to allowing good meat to run away. We waited till it was too dark for the dogs to follow her, and then released her. She skipped off into the darkness without sign of hurt.

This camp was an al fresco one under the lee of a large *Yessar* bush. Free from the awe-inspiring presence of our dragoman, our ragged company of nomads did the honours gracefully, and initiated us into the mysteries of their cuisine. They would have liked to tell us many things, but we had no interpreter. Round an angle of rock we found a sand-strewn chamber for the ladies. Under the stars we lay wondering whether this death-like stillness would ever again be broken with the ring of hammer and chisel. Near us were the

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remains of a little Roman town and its temple and tank, shaken to pieces by earthquakes; at least I assumed that to be the cause of the ruins, as all motive for depredation of the usual kind seemed wanting. If the quarry men lived here, they must have had a stiff daily climb of 2,000 feet to their work. G. had stumbled on one quarry in the eastern wing of the mountain in the course of his solitary hunt of the night before. The principal quarry is in the western wing. It took us nearly three hours to reach it, not following the ancient and well-defined paths, but a ridge which terminated near our camp. We followed this unusual course, hoping to make some fresh discovery; and on the ridge, at a great height, we came on some workmen's huts not before observed, and found a block of black diorite which they had used to sharpen their tools upon.

On all the mountain-side I saw no scrap of vegetation except one small fleshy-leaved plant, right in the quarry itself, but that was so full of sap that to pluck it was like washing the hands in cool water. The side of the mountain is scored by finely executed zigzag paths, which the ibex, now the only inhabitants, had found very convenient for bedding-down places; and wide slides for lowering the blocks of porphyry were carried straight down the mountain-side. This operation was effected by the aid of solid stone platforms which served as fulcra. The quarried faces showed the lines of wedge-holes by which the blocks were broken off. From the number of these in preparation I inferred that the quarries must have been abandoned suddenly.

This world-renowned rock consists of small white crystals imbedded in a reddish paste. The perquisite of emperors, it was fetched at enormous cost of life and treasure for their own glorification, and the decoration of heathen temples. It was this porphyry which originated the saying 'Born in the purple.' A Byzantine Empress lined a chamber with it for her accouchement, the material having been brought from Rome. Being thus rare and of matchless quality and everlasting hardness, it was always accounted precious, and when new religions supplanted the old, the temples were plundered for the churches and mosques. Even Westminster Abbey and Canterbury Cathedral have thus drawn some plaques of pavement from this small quarry, 4,000 feet above the Red Sea. It is a curious fact that, with all their love of fine stones, the ancient inhabitants of Egypt do not appear to have discovered the porphyry.

As the Gulf of Suez was not more than twenty miles distant, it was difficult to understand why the stone was not removed that way; but it must be remembered that though, at a much earlier age, there was water communication from the head of the Gulf of Suez to the Nile, it had ceased to be available long before Roman times, and, on the other hand, the blocks, once barged at Koptos, on the Nile, would reach the coasts of Italy without change of bottom.

Under one of the quarry faces we sat, admiring the splendid

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view of the mountains of Sinai. Brother Felix Fabri ascended the loftiest of them, Gebel Katarina, four hundred and fifty years ago, and thus describes the reverse view of the range upon which we were, and what he was told of its inhabitants:

> Beyond the gulf of the sea toward the south, we saw, as we looked down toward the west, an exceeding high mountain, which they call Olympus of Æthiopia. At sunrise this mountain pours forth flames in a terrible fashion for five hours. From this mountain Æthiopia begins, which country was of old named Atlanta, and is bounded by the river Nile. It is a very wide land, and brings forth strange men and wondrous beasts in its wildernesses. Some of these men look upon the sun when he rises and sets with dreadful curses, and always angrily abuse the sun, because of their sufferings from the heat. There satyrs run about, who are so like men that they are reckoned to be men indeed, though they are not so, and there many wonders in that country.

His remark about the flaming mountain doubtless relates to the Porphyry Mountain. It would be about the most southerly peak visible to him, and is called Gebel Dukhan, or the 'Mountain of Smoke.' Is it not probable that both the name and the tradition of which the pilgrim speaks had their origin in the smoke made by the quarry men, many of whose huts were placed on the actual crest of the ridge, easily visible from Sinai, and over an immense area of country?

We had to leave our shelter before the sun had moderated, for to reach our main camp it was necessary to descend into the valley and recross the chain. Henceforth our caravan journeyed southward, but to the east of the main chain. We hoped to get some hunting on the Munfia Mountains, but we were not more successful than before. Gebel Sheyib is perhaps the finest peak of the range, and I was anxious to make acquaintance with it; but foot-hills, and a pass said to be impassable for loaded camels, drove us out towards the coast, and we had no time to come to close quarters with it. The wonderful sea sunrises were some compensation. We commonly left camp on foot by early twilight, and having proceeded for some distance climbed some low hill to watch the marvellous display. The moon, just then at its full, set about the same time behind the jagged mountains to the westward. A faint twinkle of a distant lighthouse on one of the islands slowly paled before the growing light. To the eastward the foot-hills formed a sharply cut pattern of purple against the horizon, but with wide gaps, which showed the sea, reflecting the radiance on its heaving surface.

Once and again on this side we encountered a few Arabs pasturing small herds of sheep. Some of them were of the Ababdeh tribe, quite a different race to our Maazeh, and much nearer to the negroid type. They come from further south, and have, in fact, no right to be here; but for the moment their feuds are composed, and our people were friendly with them.

They live in tents made of mats of woven palm leaves. The Maazeh use goat-hair cloth. They have only one fault, which

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comes of a desire to please. According to them, the next place is always crowded with *Taytal*. From their language and demeanour you would think that there would not be room enough for so many on the rocks.

We sought, and found, the Roman quarry of the famous 'Starling-winged' granite, and thence cruised southward along the watershed, till we arrived at Jiddama, and penetrated its noble gorge, which has a grand supply of water. It might be useful if ever this route is required for military purposes. In this valley were stone circles, similar, I imagine, to those described by visitors to Sinai, but I hope to go and see the latter for myself about the time that this paper sees the light. Now it was time to turn eastwards, and we once more faced the waterless plain. At last the thin dark line of the palms of Keneh appeared, and gradually took individual shape as we approached. Then the most beautiful mirage appeared. The palm-trees seemed to be growing on islands and to fringe the wide lagoon with luxuriance. The witchcraft was broken in upon by a prosaic chimney and puffing steam, in connection with a gooleh factory, all reflected on the burnished surface.

Soon we left the patient stillness of the desert and heard the hum of life. The sun flashed on the bronzy wings of doves and steel-blue of pigeons. The rustle of palm-leaves was broken by the creaking and groaning of shadoufs, and the splash of water raised by them. How different the people, too, from the nomads behind us! These last have little to do but watch their starveling flocks; little, too, to eat. No ripple from the storms of the outside world reaches this backwater. The Fellaheen, on the other hand, are busy all day long. The generous Nile mud, in which they sow their seeds, smiles back upon them with green blades. They have no care or anxiety, unless the Nile rises a foot higher or a foot lower than the normal, or the tax-gatherer tickles them with the kourbash. I wonder which race is the happier; or are we Northerners better off with our fretting life, and machines and books, and endless strife? Why does not some Edison invent a delicate balance for weighing happiness? Anyhow I am certain that a month in the desert with chosen companions would rank high.

E. N. Buxton.

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THE LOTOS EATERS

THE members of the Royal Commission on Opium have assembled at Bombay after their pleasant cold-weather picnic in the strange land of the lotos eaters, where it is always afternoon, and are preparing to return to England with the evidence they have gathered regarding the use and abuse of the poppy, which represents the mystical tree of the knowledge of good and evil, which our first parents were too timid and too simple to taste. Like the messengers of Lars Porsena, the Commission have hurried North, South, East and West. Their ingenuous questionings have been answered, in diverse tones and languages, from far Rangoon and Mandalay to Lahore, the immemorial capital of the North. The mild-eyed, melancholy lotos eaters of the Deltas have given their testimony, and the stalwart men of the sword who form the backbone of our armies, Sikhs, Rajputs, and Mahamadans of the Punjab and the North-West, have also had their say in their own straightforward fashion. What they have thought of the Opium Commission who can say? The Eastern mind is not in sympathy with Western ideas; their thoughts are not our thoughts, and they have long given up the attempt to understand us. The Indians regard their white rulers with a respectful but distant curiosity. An Indian of high intelligence was asked by an English friend what his people generally thought of us. 'We look on you,' he replied, 'as monkeys, and never know what you are going to do next.' This was before he had made the acquaintance of the Opium Commission, but his latest experience would have only sharpened the point of a comparison which was not intended to be uncomplimentary. The monkey is an object of respect and worship, and is associated with the griefs and triumphs of the most popular of Hindu divinities.

But however incapable the Indian may be of understanding the eccentricities of his rulers, the failure is not due to want of intelligence, but to a natural ignorance of the sources from which these eccentricities spring. In his comparatively happy country he has had, till lately, when impulsive M.P.'s have overrun India, no experience of the arts of the professional politician and the wirepuller. His imagination has never realised a Secretary of State, hunted by enthusiastic busybodies with votes in the House, hiding himself behind

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subterfuge after subterfuge, till, in a moment of inspired desperation, he suggested a Royal Commission which should both delay the catastrophe and draw it down on the heads of his enemies—a new Samson crushing the Philistines in the ruined temple of Gaza.

There were men of sound sense who were indignant at the appointment of a Royal Commission to determine facts already apparent to all who were not wilfully blind, and who failed to appreciate the rich vein of humour possessed by Lord Kimberley, which renders him both the most agreeable and the most open-minded member of the present Administration. He, like every sensible man, knew well that a Royal Commission on Opium was an absurdity; but with the official instinct of Secretaries of State and other animals of the chase which only survive by superior cunning, he foresaw that its appointment, with power to take evidence and extract the truth without fear or favour, would be obnoxious to the fanatics of the Anti-Opium Association, and bring about their assured confusion and collapse.

What had they to do with truth? It was the very last thing they wished to hear. Year in, year out, from one platform to another, in town and country, their voices had been repeating fictions and misrepresentations regarding opium in China and in India, the wars that it had caused, and the death and degradation that resulted from its use. Over and over again these fictions had been exposed and denied; but there was no cessation in the flood of misrepresentation; till, at last, by the sheer force of reiteration, a great number of emotional and uninformed Englishmen and Englishwomen began to believe in the false prophets; the Anti-Opium League became, as it were, a banner under which to fight the powers of darkness, and the dulness of middle-class English life was illumined by the glory of a holy war against vice in Asia.

Poor, simple, honest hearts! They did not know that, judged by any truthful standard, the people of India were on a far higher level of morality than Englishmen; that they were industrious, sober, chaste and religious; that a drunken man was rare, unless he were an Englishman; and that a drunken woman was unknown. Yet, in the name of virtue, a crusade was to be launched against opium, a harmless luxury and often a necessary stimulant, by a people the highways of whose capital were choked by prostitutes, and the illumination of whose streets was the flaring gaslights of the gin palaces at every corner.

Is it to be supposed that the members of the Commission did not see the irony of the situation? Some, doubtless, did; others were glad of an opportunity to see the East under the pleasantest of auspices and at the expense of other people, with the delicious prospect of posing in the House of Commons through all future time as authorities on India. As if the secrets of that sad Land of Regrets are surrendered to travelling M.P.'s, with notebook and Gladstone bag. But I neither

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wish to cavil at the composition of the Commission nor at the wholesome work it has done. The nomination of its Chairman and President, Lord Brassey, was unexceptionable. He is a man of robust patriotism, who thoroughly understands the management of a yacht in dirty weather, and who would make an excellent First Lord of the Admiralty in any Administration for which he was not too honest. Of opium and its history he naturally knew nothing; nor had he been accustomed to weigh evidence given, in great part, by witnesses of strange races, with whose ideas and modes of thought he was altogether unfamiliar. But hypercriticism would be out of place when it was perhaps impossible to appoint an ideal chairman such as the head of some great brewery. Then England and India would have alike recognised that the Government was inspired by a sincere love of virtue in its interference with the liberty of the people, and acknowledged that in condemning opium it had not forgotten that its first duty was to prohibit alcohol, the curse of England, which filled our gaols and penitentiaries and lunatic asylums, which degraded our people, morally and physically, and made us a byword among the nations.

I do not intend in this article to discuss the disputed points of the opium controversy. This has been already done in great detail, and those who desire to make themselves acquainted with the views of Sir Joseph Pease and the Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade, on the one hand, and of experts like Sir John Strachey, Surgeon-General Sir William Moore, Sir George Birdwood, Mr. H. Lay, and Sir Thomas Wade, on the other, cannot do better than procure a copy of the Blue Book containing the evidence taken in London before the Commission in September last, which has been already laid before Parliament. What I wish now to point out is the general tendency of the evidence which has been collected in India by the Commission, of which we have received sufficient summaries in the *Times*, not to mention briefer telegraphic accounts of the daily proceedings of the Commission. It may be urged that any inquiry of this sort would be more appropriate when the Commission had returned and their labours were recorded in a second Blue Book. But it is now that a protest is most likely to be heard. The British public does not study Parliamentary Blue Books, and is not likely to see the evidence recorded. The Anti-Opium Society will certainly not circulate it for the information of those whom their statements have so long misled; and, in any case, a future exhaustive examination of the evidence will in no way be prejudiced by some preliminary remarks on the work of the Commission and the Indian aspect of the subject.

I am as anxious for the facts to be known and realised as the Anti-Opium Society is to conceal them, and I particularly invite the attention of all members of Parliament (for the question is altogether

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outside party politics) to the results of the Indian inquiry, in order that they may not be again taken by surprise when the matter comes before the House. I have had unusual opportunities of studying the opium question, both in the Punjab and in Central India, where, for many years, as head of the Administration, one of my most responsible duties was to act as agent in the collection of between two and three millions of Imperial Revenue from opium grown in the Native States. It was incumbent on me to master the whole course of the opium trade, the effects of the drug on its habitual users, the economical advantages or disadvantages of poppy cultivation to the people and their rulers, the improvement in the manufacture of the drug, the prevention of smuggling on the frontiers of British India, and many kindred subjects. My practical acquaintance with the subject has not diminished the indignation which any impartial and well-informed person must feel at the statements which the Anti-Opium Society has scattered broadcast against the people and Government of India, and I wish those who take an interest in the controversy, and who have been inclined to believe the statements so industriously circulated, to understand that the great majority of responsible and informed witnesses, English and native, who have given their evidence before the Royal Commission in India, have fully confirmed the statements which were made before the Commission in England by Sir John Strachey, Sir George Birdwood, and myself. They have borne testimony to the temperate habits of the Indian people, and that consequently opium is taken in moderation, not in excess; that its results are beneficial and not injurious; and that, in many unhealthy districts, it is a necessary rather than a luxury; that the races who use it most are the healthiest, strongest, and most warlike in India; and that the Government system of controlling the growth of the poppy and the manufacture of opium is amply sufficient to prevent any injury to the people by abuse of the drug.

The Anti-Opium Society make a great point of the admitted policy of the Government to discourage the excessive use of opium, and pretend that this policy fully justifies their crusade in favour of prohibition. But the argument is mere sophistry. No one denies that the excessive use of opium is highly injurious, as is the excessive use of spirits or wine; while those who have most experience of opium consumers assert that its moderate use is not injurious and is often beneficial. The Government are surely logical and enlightened when they restrict the sale and increase the price, so as to allow a moderate use and discourage excess. The opposite system is seen in Russia, where drunkenness is directly encouraged by the Government; while in England the Chancellor of the Exchequer is only too glad for the country to drink itself into a surplus. A good many witnesses before the Commission declared that the practice of opium eating was injurious, and that the habit was an unmitigated evil and should be

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prohibited; but few of these were of much weight, while their statements carried with them their own refutation. Mr. Mookerjee, for example, a Bengali medical practitioner, attributed to the use of opium the diminution of the courage and physical stamina of Sikhs, Rajputs, and Goorkhas—an astonishing announcement, which Lord Roberts would hardly endorse; while Mr. Pillai, a Madras schoolmaster, admitted, in the true spirit of the Anti-Opium Society, that he could not distinguish between moderation and excess.

The efforts of the Society to secure substantial evidence, though unsuccessful, were so energetic that they almost deserved to succeed. Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., an active member of the Society, seems, by his own account, to have addressed 130 Indian correspondents on the subject of the Commission. One of his letters was published through the vanity of the addressee, Hamid Ali Khan, who is known to me as an empty-headed man, altogether without influence in the Mahamadan community, but who happens to be chairman of the National Congress at Lucknow. It may be assumed that many of Mr. Caine's correspondents were National Congress men, for these are almost the only people whom a travelling M.P. would be likely to influence, as they are generally opposed to the Government and ready to perform any service in return for the promise of parliamentary support to their revolutionary schemes. Thus writes Mr. Caine:

> I shall look to you to get us up some really good evidence on the whole scope of this inquiry. We ought out of this Commission to get a good many important reforms in the administration of the Opium Department, and, at all events, we ought to kill and bury the entire trade in opium-smoking compounds (*sic*). Of course, the financial question is our great difficulty, and we in England thoroughly understand that if there is to be anything in the shape of absolute prohibition, we shall have to bear the main portion of the burthen.

Did Mr. Caine, when he held out this financial bribe to Indian intriguers, consider that he was acting fairly? To abolish the opium trade and compensate Native States and the interests injured would require one hundred millions sterling at least. Mr. Steel, Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce, before the Royal Commission at Calcutta, estimated the capitalized amount at two hundred millions sterling. How can Mr. Caine assert that England would bear the main portion of the burden? He must know well it is not so. It is extremely improbable that England would ever consent to pay sixpence to abolish a trade the agitation against which is only maintained by ignorance and fanaticism.

See again the famous Bombay petition of the doctors and medical practitioners, which was a trump card of the Anti-Opium Society. It would appear to be a bogus petition, and the manner in which the signatures were obtained is disclosed in the Bombay telegram of the 14th of February in the *Daily News*.

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Before the Opium Commission to-day, Mr. Horne, Hon. Secretary of the Bombay Anti-Opium League, gave evidence respecting the Medical Petition. One signature was obtained by himself, several by Dr. Ranina, and the remainder by a messenger no longer residing here. Mr. Campbell, head of the Opium Department, stated that he instructed his assistant, Mr. Rustomjee, to ascertain whether the signatures were genuine. Six denied signing, six had signed without reading, six alleged misrepresentation, eight did not remember signing, five had changed their opinions, three still adhered to them, and Mr. Campbell admitted that he had never heard of an official inquiry into a petition affecting his department, but considered this within his duty. Before the Commission, Dr. Khory denied signing, but admitted furnishing a photograph for publication, and that he had done nothing to repudiate the signature. Four other doctors more or less confidently disavowed their signatures.

Comment is superfluous, and I will turn to more savoury evidence. The latest telegram received as this paper is going to press is in the *Times* of the 17th of February. It is as follows:

The Opium Commission sat at Bombay yesterday, and took the evidence of the Honourable T. D. Mackenzie, Commissioner of Customs, who said that if the resolution of the House of Commons were acted upon the result would be to compel people to resort to alcohol or other pernicious drugs, and it would produce a general discontent which would culminate in a rising, compared with which the Mutiny of 1857 would be mere child's play.

Evidence of this description, constantly repeated by experienced and responsible officials all over the country, deserves the consideration which it will receive from the thoughtful public, though the Anti-Opium Society seem to believe every Government official to be untrustworthy. The opinion of Sir Denis Fitzpatrick, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, cannot be omitted, as this is the province which supplies the finest part of our Indian army and which it is very desirable to keep in good temper:

Sir Denis Fitzpatrick, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, was next examined. He said that he had thirty-five years' experience of the people of India, and the evils of opium had never forced themselves on his attention in the way the evils of drink had come to his notice. The effects of alcohol in England were far more serious than the effects of the excessive use of opium in India. Its prohibition he regards as perfectly impracticable. It would create a great amount of discontent, which the Government could not afford to create, and in every way it would be a very hazardous experiment. Fresh taxation to meet the loss of revenue caused by its prohibition would create great dissatisfaction. It was the policy of the Government, so far as it was supported by public opinion, to discourage the consumption of opium merely as a luxury. There would be very great difficulty in extending its prohibition to the Native States. Extensive smuggling would inevitably be one of the results of its prohibition.

I will further quote the evidence of two highly important witnesses, Honorary Surgeon Rahim Khan and the Honourable Baba Khem Singh. They are both intimate friends of mine and men of the highest character. Rahim Khan is the most distinguished native doctor in Northern India and Baba Khem Singh is the most influential member of the Sikh community, holding among Sikhs the position of the Archbishop of Canterbury among English churchmen:

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Honorary Surgeon Rahim Khan, Lecturer on Materia Medica in the Lahore Medical College, said that most opium eaters contracted the habit to obtain relief from some bodily ailment and always kept within bounds. It was very beneficial in cases of fatigue.

The Honourable Baba Khem Singh, C.I.E., Member of the Council of the Viceroy and Governor-General, believed the use of opium was not injurious, and that its restriction would be regarded with disfavour by a large portion of the population.

No less interesting and important is the evidence of military officers as to the effect of the drug on their men, their only object being to maintain their regiments in the highest state of efficiency:

Colonel Waterfield, late Commandant of the 45th Rattray Sikhs, said that a large number of Sikh soldiers ate opium occasionally. That from 10 to 15 per cent. used it habitually, and that only a very small proportion used it to excess. It had not been productive of injurious results, but was beneficial when the men were exposed to hard work in cold or damp. Prohibition would cause discontent.

Colonel Biscoe, commanding in Mooltan, said that pretty well all the men in his regiment took opium. He only knew three cases of excessive use. No difference in intelligence and capacity for work was perceptible between total abstainers and moderate users.

Colonel Cook, 30th Sikhs, said that most of his men were opium consumers, a few only taking it to excess. In the majority of cases a moderate consumption of about four grains daily appeared to be innocuous, making no visible impression. Excessive consumers were unreliable and useless.

Everyone of experience will agree with Colonel Cook that, taken in excess, opium is injurious. But these are the exceptional cases, and it is to be remembered that, even in excess, opium does not, like alcohol, lead to crime. The sad list of the victims of alcoholic excess in England is indeed a long one. Murder, outrage; wives beaten and trampled to death; miserable children starved and tortured; shame, degradation, prostitution, and suicide. I have been for many years a magistrate in the Punjab and a High Court in Central India, but I do not remember a single crime traceable to the use or abuse of opium.

I now wish to call attention to the evidence of the missionaries and clergy in India, not that I consider them more trustworthy than civilians, doctors and soldiers, but because a large number of honest supporters of the anti-opium cause are subscribers to Christian missions. Personally, I am opposed to all proselytism. I consider that Hindus, Sikhs, Buddhists and Mahamadans are, speaking generally, more moral, honest, temperate, self-respectful and better citizens than the majority of professing Christians, and they have always appeared to me to lose these characteristics when they change their creed. But I have no personal dislike to missionaries, and some of those who have worked in the Punjab, at Lahore and Ludhiana, are among the ablest and most devoted of their profession. Let us see what some of these say, remembering that, since the Anti-Opium Society has elevated or degraded the opium question into one of ethics, it is only the exceptionally independent and honest missionaries

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who venture to give evidence in opposition to the views of the prohibitionists at home. First, we have a man who has proved his independence and honesty by giving up the lucrative appointment of Commissioner of Police in London to devote himself to mission work:

Mr. James Monro, C.B., formerly Inspector-General of Police in Bengal, subsequently Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis, and now engaged in missionary work, emphatically denied that there was any general demoralisation caused by the consumption of opium in Lower Bengal, or that it in any way hindered missionary operations. Opium had no perceptible influence in causing crime. Indeed, crime was least where opium was most consumed, as in the case of Orissa. He and his daughter had constantly gone into the villages, but neither of them had ever heard a word about the horrors of the opium trade, and they had not met a single missionary who had complained of opium as a hindrance. He thought that the Government restrictions on opium smoking would lead to worse evils in private smoking clubs, as the early closing of public-houses in London had led to the worse evil of workmen's clubs. He complained of the Anti-Opium party for allowing their 'burning moral convictions' to overcome their discretion and Christian charity.

I trust that the Anti-Opium Society and its supporters will take the above evidence to heart. The following evidence was also given in Calcutta:

The Rev. Dr. Macdonald, missionary of the Free Church of Scotland, declared that the evil of opium smoking and eating in Bengal could not be compared with the injury inflicted by alcohol in India and England. He believed the former had been greatly exaggerated. Opium was no hindrance to missionary work, and many missionaries believed that the anti-opium agitation had done more harm than good to the cause it professed to support.

Let us now return to the Punjab, the most important part of India:

Dr. Martyn Clarke, Medical Missionary at Amritsur, said that the abolition of the opium traffic was absolutely impracticable. The use of opium did not cause the slightest harm, and the condition of opium eaters had been greatly exaggerated. However, he objected to the traffic on moral grounds. Dr. Newton, Medical Missionary at Ferozepore, said he had been much surprised to find that the use of opium had not caused such moral and physical degradation as he had been accustomed to believe before coming to India. He had seen many Sikhs who were habitual opium consumers in excellent health, and had never found the practice to be any hindrance in missionary labour. Dr. M'Kee, of the United Presbyterian Mission at Sialkote, said that the general effect of opium was scarcely perceptible, and had no injurious effect on missionary work.

Why Dr. Martyn Clarke should object to the traffic on moral grounds when he had just asserted that the use of opium did not cause the slightest harm, it is difficult to understand, unless he belongs to that large class of religious people who think that all pleasure is a sin, and that to be virtuous we must be unhappy. However, his testimony is valuable, although his logic is susceptible of improvement.

What does the Church of England, a little oasis of dogmatic theology in the midst of the Sahara of heathenism, say by the mouth

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of its Bishop, Archdeacon, and clergy? They are not dependent for their bread on the favour of proselytising Societies, so can afford to speak out without fear, and they accordingly have addressed the chairman of the Commission and explained their natural sympathy and interest in any question which is concerned with the moral welfare of India, and conclude as follows:

I. It seems to us that, while it is most natural that philanthropists in England should have a general horror of the habitual use of opium, the climate, conditions of life, &c., in India are so entirely different from those prevailing in England that the question assumes in this country a totally different aspect.

II. While admitting that there are evils arising from the use of opium, we are of opinion that they are not sufficiently great to justify us in restricting the liberty which all men should be permitted to exercise in such matters, medical testimony seeming to show that opium used in moderation is in this country harmless, and under certain conditions of life distinctly beneficial.

III. Holding these views, while we regard the Government as most seriously responsible for any measures bearing upon the moral well-being of the people, and trust that a careful watch will be kept against any irregularities of administration tending to encourage the excessive consumption of opium in the country, we consider it our duty to add that in our opinion the system adopted by the Government in regard to production and distribution of the drug is, on the whole, less liable to abuse than any other that could be devised.

By this testimony the Bishop of Calcutta and his clergy have done honourably and worthily, and have made a stand in defence of truth against an ignoble fanaticism.

These quotations from the evidence given before the Royal Commission are sufficient for my purpose. There are a number of witnesses, as a matter of course, who declare that opium is an evil and that its use should be prohibited if England will only pay the cost, which it has no intention of doing; but the whole weight of evidence, English, Indian, officials, planters, doctors, soldiers, contractors, and the Church, is in favour of the existing system, while the propaganda of the Anti-Opium Society is clearly regarded with the dislike and contempt that it deserves. The edifice built by the Society on the foundation of ignorance and misrepresentation has, under the touchstone of examination by the Royal Commission, melted into air—into thin air; and like an unsubstantial pageant faded, leaves not a wrack behind. Not that we can hope that the Society will acknowledge their overthrow. They will declare that they did not desire a Commission, which is likely enough, and that their object is to prevent the demoralisation of China, as if that country, which has thousands of square miles white with the poppy, is not able to take care of itself. But the evidence which is conclusive for India will probably be sufficient for China, and we may cordially thank Lord Kimberley and the Royal Commission for the result.

I have been reading again the remarkable evidence of Sir Joseph Pease, M.P., President of the Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade. He reads the Royal Commission a lecture on morality,

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quotes largely from Dymock's 'Essays on Morality,' and naïvely observes that he went to the Imperial Dictionary to find what was the meaning of the word 'moral.' No reference to an Imperial Dictionary is necessary to convince sober-minded and reasonable men that the anti-opium agitation of Sir Joseph Pease and his friends is one of the most immoral in modern history. In no other country would it be possible; for it is in England alone that a contemptuous tolerance allows foolish persons to do infinite mischief under the flimsy veil of benevolence or religion. In France, Germany, or Russia, the anti-opium agitators would be confined in a lunatic asylum or deported to Siberia. The proposal is to interfere with the chosen habits of Chinese and Hindus, six hundred millions of the human race, to satisfy the pharisaical zeal for vicarious virtue of a few English fanatics, who know nothing of the East and who are fed with fictions by their interested correspondents. To satisfy their desire for meddling in other people's business and their exaggerated zeal for proselytism, which is a well-known form of religious mania, the anti-opiumists would risk the bankruptcy of the Indian Empire and the grave discontent of its people, whose harmless pleasures are to be taken away and their freedom limited in defiance of the proclamation of the Queen, which is the Charter of the Liberties of British India. If such proposals are not immoral and insane according to the Imperial Dictionary and Sir Joseph Pease, they certainly are so in the opinion of reasonable men.

The question of the China Trade and how far it is affected by the evidence given before the Royal Commission I will discuss at some other time. The purely Indian portion of the subject, that is, the excise revenue as distinguished from the export customs revenue, is sufficient for the present. If, to some readers who have not studied the opium question or realised the misrepresentations on which the anti-opium agitation is founded, some expressions in this article seem too strong, I would justify them by my warm affection for the Indian people, among whom I have worked so long, and by the indignation with which I regard the attempts of irresponsible fanatics to alienate and impoverish India. I would finally recommend to the attention of the Anti-Opium Society the following evidence of a Bengali baboo in Calcutta, who has contributed a spark of humour to this dreary controversy:

> Mr. T. N. Mukharji, assistant curator of the Indian Museum, compared the opium habit in India with the drinking habits of England, to the disadvantage of the latter, and recommended Englishmen to take to opium instead of alcohol.

This gentle sarcasm, which nevertheless possesses something of an acrid opium flavour, is not without a suggestion of truth and wisdom, and for its expression we may pardon Mukharji and his sesquipedalian brotherhood many extravagances.

LEPEL GRIFFIN.

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ELEGY

As a vesture shalt thou change them, said the prophet,
And the raiment that was flesh is turned to dust;
Dust and flesh and dust again the likeness of it,
And the fine gold woven and worn of youth is rust.
Hours that wax and wane salute the shade and scoff it,
That it knows not ought it doth nor ought it must:
Day by day the speeding soul makes haste to doff it,
Night by night the pride of life resigns its trust.

Sleep, whose silent notes of song loud life's derange not,
Takes the trust in hand awhile as angels may:
Joy with wings that rest not, grief with wings that range not,
Guard the gates of sleep and waking, gold or grey.
Joys that joys estrange, and griefs that griefs estrange not,
Day that yearns for night, and night that yearns for day,
As a vesture shalt thou change them, and they change not,
Seeing that change may never change or pass away.

Life of death makes question, 'What art thou that changest?
What am I, that fear should trust or faith should doubt?
I that lighten, thou that darkenest and estrangest,
Is it night or day that girds us round about?
Light and darkness on the ways wherein thou rangest
Seem as one, and beams as clouds they put to rout.
Strange is hope, but fear of all things born were strangest,
Seeing that none may strive with change to cast it out.

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'Change alone stands fast, thou sayest, O death: I know not:
What art thou, my brother death, that thou shouldst know?
Men may reap no fruits of fields wherein they sow not:
Hope or fear is all the seed we have to sow.
Winter seals the sacred springs up that they flow not:
Wind and sun and change unbind them, and they flow.
Am I thou or art thou I? The years that show not
Pass, and leave no sign when time shall be to show.'

Hope makes suit to faith lest fear give ear to sorrow:
Doubt strews dust upon his head, and goes his way.
All the golden hope that life of death would borrow,
How, if death require again, may life repay?
Earth endures no darkness whence no light yearns thorough;
God in man as light in darkness lives, they say:
Yet, would midnight take assurance of the morrow,
Who shall pledge the faith or seal the bond of day?

Darkness, mute or loud with music or with mourning,
Starry darkness, winged with wind or clothed with calm,
Dreams no dream of grief or fear or wrath or warning,
Bears no sign of race or goal or strife or palm.
Word of blessing, word of mocking or of scorning,
Knows it none, nor whence its breath sheds blight or balm.
Yet a little while, and hark, the psalm of morning:
Yet a little while, and silence takes the psalm.

All the comfort, all the worship, all the wonder,
All the light of love that darkness holds in fee,
All the song that silence keeps or keeps not under,
Night, the soul that knows gives thanks for all to thee.
Far beyond the gates that morning strikes in sunder,
Hopes that grief makes holy, dreams that fear sets free,
Far above the throne of thought, the lair of thunder,
Silent shines the word whose utterance thrills the sea.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

No. CCVI—April 1894

THE HOUSE OF LORDS

I

AN UNFAIR PENALTY ON PEERS

The recent and sudden death of a Peer at the very moment when his eldest son, a prominent member of the House of Commons and of the Government, was on the verge of promotion to higher office in that assembly, and the compulsory translation of the new Peer to the House of Lords, have again called public attention to one of those extraordinary anomalies in the British Constitution to which we submit patiently year after year, as though it were part of the pre-ordained order of things, and which some startling vicissitude seems to be required to induce Englishmen so much as to notice. Popular platforms and the House of Commons itself ring with denunciations of the alleged privileges and prerogatives of Peers, who are vituperated by their opponents as though they were an inordinately favoured body of men. But there is another side to the question, and, as Lord Rosebery pertinently asked, in a somewhat different context, in his recent speech at Edinburgh, 'What are the disabilities of a Peer to be?' Is he to accept these without a murmur, as part of his heritage? When his rights are flung in his face, as the abuses of an aristocratic order, is he not entitled to point out the corresponding penalties, which are not the less, but the more strange, from being included in what purports to be a democratic system?

It is to draw attention to the most severe and indefensible of these disabilities, a disability that might at any moment have

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banished Mr. Pitt to the House of Lords, and have thereby altered the subsequent course of British history; that tore Lord Althorp from the Leadership of the House of Commons in 1834, and drove him, as Lord Spencer, into a privacy from which he never afterwards emerged; that consigned the present Lord Salisbury, twenty-six years ago, to the life-long retreat of the Upper Chamber; that but a little while past deprived Lord Hartington of the power of ever again sitting among the governing body of his countrymen; and that (in a slightly different form) compels Lord Rosebery to address the words upon which the fate of a Ministry or an empire may depend, not to the assembly by whose support he subsists and whose votes he requires, but to a House of 570 members, of whom less than fifty are his professed followers, or else to a public meeting where he cannot, in the nature of things, be answered—it is to appeal against this irrational and merciless sentence of ostracism that is tacitly set in force against the English nobility, and therefore indirectly against some of our leading public men, that we write this article, and propose, at an early date, to revive our protest and appeal, in the shape of a Parliamentary Bill, altering and amending the present law, in the House of Commons. If it be objected that the authors of this paper are personally and selfishly interested in such a change, though we might reply that for that very reason we are probably the best qualified persons to advocate it, and that no one is so concerned to remedy an abuse as its victim, we prefer to rest our case upon the public expediency and the intrinsic justice of the reform. It is one that should be decided in its reference, not to the weal or woe of individuals, but to the well-being of the body politic.

What, then, is the exact operation of the disability of which we complain? It is this—that because a man's father, or grandfather, or ancestor at some bygone period (a period measured in some cases by hundreds of years), was ennobled as the reward of service to the State, he is himself, upon succession to a title about which, in the majority of cases, he was, by the necessity of things, never consulted, prohibited from ever afterwards continuing or resuming that service to the State in the legislative assembly by which the State is governed—viz. the House of Commons. He may already, as in several of the cases previously mentioned, be a member of that Chamber; he may even, like Lord Hartington, be one of its leaders and ornaments; but in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, by the death of another, as by the falling of an axe, his political existence in the Commons is shorn asunder, and he is consigned to what is by some regarded as the living burial of the House of Lords. The world supposes him to be the fortunate heir of what is called the accident of birth; he is in reality the hapless victim of the accident of death. He has become a Peer. From this lot there is no escape. He cannot abdicate, he cannot be deposed, except by becoming a bankrupt; he

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need not, it is true, sit and take part in the proceedings of the House of which he has *nolens volens* found himself transformed into a member, but within the four walls of its constitutional fabric, like a butterfly impaled on a pin in the glass case of the entomologist, he is perpetually confined. One of the writers of this paper, while travelling not long ago in the East, came to a country in which it was till recently the habit to execute the worst criminals by immuring them alive in pillars of clay. In England we treat our Peers as the Persians treat their malefactors. But, whereas the result in the one case is physical suffocation within a few hours, in the other it may be political strangulation for a lifetime.

It is a curious thing that the one class of citizens out of whose ranks the nation should be debarred from choosing its elected legislators should be the Peers. A Peer may be a parish councillor, a district councillor, a town councillor, a county councillor, a chairman of any of these councils, an alderman, a mayor, or a lord mayor. In all these elective offices he may serve his neighbours or countrymen. But the moment it is a question of election to the representative body which is superior to them all, and is the coping stone of the electoral fabric, a bar sinister is drawn across his civic escutcheon and he sinks into the ranks of the banned. He may not vote for a member of the House of Commons; he may not speak for or against either candidate;[1] above all, he may not become either a candidate or a member himself.

There is one form in which the operation of this law of exclusion is attended by results so extravagantly unjust and absurd, that in no country but our own is it possible to conceive of its having been meekly tolerated for nearly two centuries. We speak of the case of the Scotch Peers. As is well known, a considerable majority of these Peers sit in the House of Lords as Peers of Great Britain or of the United Kingdom; while of the remainder sixteen are elected by their peers for the duration of each Parliament. But outside the forty-eight British Peers, and the charmed circle of the sixteen Representative Peers, is a dismal residuum, an incapacitated fringe, at present consisting of twenty-one Peers, who are not merely excluded by the act of their fellow-peers from sitting in the House of Lords, but upon whom, as if to heap insult upon injury, the further and intolerable penalty is inflicted of not even being able to stand for the House of Commons. They constitute, in fact, the one respectable class of the

[1] Though in our Bill we purposely refrain from complicating the issue by dealing with this anomaly, yet the recent action of Lord Rosebery in making a public speech at Edinburgh, while an election was going on in the adjacent constituency of Leith, though suspiciously near to a violation of the Sessional Order of the House of Commons, is yet warmly to be welcomed, as tending to put an end to a further obsolete and gratuitous disability. It may be inferred from the discussion that took place upon the matter in the House of Commons that the order will not again be revived.

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entire population of the British Isles which is absolutely debarred from performing legislative functions at all. A minor may attain to man's estate and may take up his Peerage; a clergyman, though he may not sit in the House of Commons, except by divesting himself of his clerical office, may yet aspire to become a Bishop, and may thereby acquire a seat in the Upper Chamber; an Irish Peer may fail in securing the suffrages of his fellow-peers, but there is open to him the compensation of the House of Commons; a bankrupt may procure his discharge, and may stand or sit again for either House; a felon may serve out his time, and may again become eligible for the House of Commons. But for the Scotch Peer, who is left out in the cold, there is no home of refuge, no crumb of comfort. He remains a perpetual outlaw, a political hybrid, a *lusus naturæ* in the evolution of constitutions, upon whom future generations will gaze with the same stupefied astonishment with which we regard the egg of the epiornis or the skeleton of the dodo. He is enough a Peer to be a Scotch Peer, not quite enough a Peer to be a member of the House of Lords, but yet so entirely a Peer as to be incapable of becoming a member of the House of Commons. There is at the present moment a well-known case of a Scotch Peer, who was for some time one of the sixteen Representative Peers of Scotland, but who, by his opinions, forfeited the confidence of his fellow-peers, and was, and continues to be, rejected by them. Meanwhile his eldest son has, for political reasons, been made a Peer of the United Kingdom; so that the son now sits and votes in the House from which his father is excluded, while the father is prohibited from even standing for the House from which the son is excluded. These are the dearly beloved and precious anomalies of the British Constitution, which no one dreams of altering any more than he does of proposing that ten men shall constitute a cricket-team instead of eleven, or that thirteen men shall sit on a jury instead of twelve; but which we are content to endure the charge of political iconoclasm in order on the present occasion to arraign.

If, however, the anomalies of the Scotch Peerage supply us with the *reductio ad absurdum* of the present system of exclusion, those of the Irish Peerage, which are scarcely less remarkable, may furnish us with a precedent for escape. Of the 176 Irish Peers, 86, or about one half, are Peers of the United Kingdom, and therefore have seats in the House of Lords. Of the remainder 28 are, under the terms of the Act of Union, elected by their fellow-peers, not, as in the case of the Scotch Peerage, for a single Parliament, but for life. There is left, therefore, a residuum of 62 peers, who are excluded from the full enjoyment of their Peerage—i.e. from a seat in the House of Lords.

But how different is the position of these men from that of their brethren in Scotland! So far from being debarred from the common

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rights of citizenship, they are free to solicit the suffrages of their fellow-countrymen, with the single but intelligible [2] proviso that they may represent any constituency in England, Scotland, or Wales, but not in Ireland. Instead of being herded within a pen as political outcasts and aliens, they are welcomed on the floor of the House of Commons, to which they have contributed some of its most eminent members. Lord Palmerston, who was twice Prime Minister, remained in the House of Commons, as an Irish Peer in his own right, till his death, though he only escaped the punitive embraces of his fellow-peers, who at one time wanted to make an end of him by electing him one of the twenty-eight Representative Peers, and thereby banishing him to the House of Lords—by refraining from taking the oath of an Irish Peer, and therefore technically never becoming a Peer at all. Nay, in the case of the Irish Peerage, the extreme case of hardship to which attention was drawn in connection with the British Peerage in the opening paragraphs of this article, is equally conspicuous by its absence. The axe of death may fall on father or uncle or more distant relation; but it does not, while extinguishing the physical life of the owner of the title, also cut short the legislative existence of his successor. The eldest son or heir to an Irish Peerage, who is already a member of the House of Commons, may succeed to his title and wear its titular emblems; but he is not, so long as he represents a British constituency, thereby debarred from continuing to sit in that assembly. Viscount Kilcoursie to-day, the Earl of Cavan to-morrow, he may still append the initials M.P to his name. A more striking instance, indeed, suggests itself. In Lord Liverpool's Ministry in 1812 Lord Castlereagh, the eldest son of an Irish Peer, held the double office of Foreign Secretary and Leader of the House of Commons. When in 1821 he succeeded his father as Marquis of Londonderry, he continued without change to discharge the latter function till his death in the following year.

Why then, we ask, should Lord Palmerston have done what Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery may not do? Why should the Duke of Devonshire (had the case ever arisen) have been disqualified from doing that which was permitted to Lord Londonderry? Why should a Scotch Peer, in the conditions before described, have no legislative privileges at all, but, on the contrary, grave legislative disabilities, and why should a British Peer have his legislative privileges mutilated and curtailed, while an Irish Peer enjoys almost unlimited advantages which are possessed by neither of the others? Why is the latter to be the only person in the United Kingdom who is simultaneously eligible either for the House of Commons or for the House of Lords? If any section of the Peerage of this country is to

[2] Intelligible only, because the theory is that the Irish Peerage is already adequately represented in the House of Lords—but certainly neither defensible nor intelligent.

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be selected for this unique honour, there appears to be no reason why the Irish Peerage should be so peculiarly favoured; nor would it occur to any one to ask for a British Peer, that, in addition to sitting in the House of Commons, he should vote for a brother-peer to represent him in the House of Lords.

The particular disability, therefore, that we aim at removing from the Peers of England, Great Britain, and the United Kingdom,[3] and still more from the Peers of Scotland, is a disability from which an important section of our Peerage is already exempt. To those who, from a constitutional point of view, attach the highest value to precedent, the proposal is accordingly free from the taint either of novelty or of revolution. Already in our constitution the distinction between a Peer and a Lord of Parliament is familiar, and is habitually observed. The non-elected Scotch and Irish Peers, of whom we have been speaking, are Peers without being Lords of Parliament. Conversely, the Bishops are Lords of Parliament without being Peers. The two dignities or functions are therefore capable of severance, since in practice they are already severed. All that we propose to do is to extend to the remaining branches of the Peerage the right now possessed by the Irish Peers; or rather to remove from the majority of our Peers an indefensible ban and stigma from which a minority is already exempt.

The Bill which we have introduced to effect this object, but which ill-fortune in the Ballot renders it unlikely that we shall during the present year find an opportunity of recommending to the House of Commons, is printed as an Appendix to this article. We had to decide whether our Bill should deal with all future cases, as they arise, or with all the cases, in addition, that have so far arisen; in other words, whether it should aim at removing the disqualification of present and future heirs to hereditary Peerage, or whether it should strike off the shackles from all existing hereditary Peers as well. Considering that the latter is a reform affecting the entire constitution of a House to which we do not belong, and is a measure therefore that would more properly emanate from the Peers themselves, and also that it might be considered an impertinence to propose a relief for the Lords which we have no positive evidence that the bulk of them desire (the reformers, however, such as Lord Rosebery and Lord Dunraven, have commonly included option between the two Houses among their suggested reforms), we

[3] We have throughout assumed a general familiarity with the various categories of Peers, viz. (1) Peers of England, created before the Union with Scotland in 1707; (2) Peers of Scotland, created before the same date; (3) Peers of Great Britain, created between 1707 and 1801, i.e. before the Union with Ireland; (4) Peers of Ireland, created before the same date (*plus* a few since); (5) Peers of the United Kingdom, created since 1801; (6) Life Peers, created since 1876; (7) Archbishops and Bishops, who are not Peers, but Lords Spiritual of Parliament.

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have limited the application of our Bill to future cases, as they occur. Under its provisions any person on succeeding to a Peerage shall be at liberty, if he is a member of the House of Commons to continue sitting there, if he is not a member to sit there if elected in the future, by refraining in either case from applying for his writ of summons to the House of Lords. He will of course remain a Peer, just as the non-elected Scotch or Irish Peer remains a peer, because his title and dignity are by law inalienable. But, like the non-elected Irish Peer, he will not be disqualified by his title from sitting in the House of Commons if he can find a constituency to return him. It seems obvious to us that, were such an Act passed into law, it must be made retrospective; *i.e.* it must be accompanied or followed by a law relieving the existing hereditary Peerage (it could not of course apply to the Peers who have themselves been created, or to the Law Lords) of the disability from which their successors would *ex hypothesi* have been freed; but this logical corollary is one which, for the reasons before mentioned, we do not feel bound ourselves to advance. That it embodies no new or sinister proposition, designed in the interest of the aristocracy, but would be, in reality, less a reform in the House of Lords than a widening of the House of Commons, is evident from the facts that it was recommended many years ago by so uncompromising a Radical as Sir Charles Dilke, that it formed the principal feature in a Bill introduced last year in the House of Commons by Mr. Labouchere, and that as recently as March 6 last the *Daily News* announced the probable introduction of a Bill to enact the change in question by Her Majesty's present advisers.

There remains the subsidiary, but not unimportant, question whether a Peer, on succeeding to his title, and being allowed to divest himself of his functions as a Lord of Parliament—*i.e.* as a compulsory member of the House of Lords—should do so for a period or for life. The Radicals, no doubt, would prefer that the choice, once made, should be perpetually binding; and that a peer who once opted for the House of Commons, or rather for the chance of becoming a member of that body, should for ever afterwards be disqualified from resuming the legislative prerogatives which he had surrendered in the House of Lords. We think that this would be unduly hard upon the individual in question; since he would be called upon to give up an indefeasible right, of which he cannot at present be constitutionally deprived, and which covers his whole lifetime, in return, not for a corresponding right in the House of Commons, but merely for the opportunity of temporarily acquiring such a right, which the caprice of a constituency might at any moment either refuse or extinguish. We propose, therefore, that at the beginning of each fresh Parliament (not, of course, each session) a Peer should be called upon to say whether he prefers eligibility to the House of Commons or inclusion in the House of Lords; and

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that such decision should be binding upon him for the duration of that Parliament.

We do not, however, suggest that he should be allowed the privileges both of Peer and of commoner, or, as Mr. Labouchere recently put it in the House of Commons, that he should be suffered 'to pop out of one House into the other whenever it suited him.' Such a proposal would, in our opinion, be both unreasonable and extravagant; since, at the same time that it relieved the at present disabled Peer of his disability—which is our sole object—it would create a novel prerogative, enjoyed by no one else in the kingdom, on his behalf. A Peer who was at liberty to pass backwards and forwards from one House to the other would be as unduly privileged a person as the non-elected Scotch Peer, who is now excluded from both Houses, is unduly penalised. Whilst, therefore, we would allow an heir, upon succeeding to his title, to elect to stand for the House of Commons, or, if already a member, to remain in it as long as he chose, we would, when once, at the beginning of a fresh Parliament, he had signified his intention of taking up his dormant functions as a member of the House of Lords, by applying for his writ of summons, refuse to him the opportunity of ever again re-entering the House of Commons. Once by his own choice a Lord of Parliament—*i.e.* a legislative lord—a Lord of Parliament he must remain.

Such is, in general outline, the change which we venture to advocate in the constitutional law and practice of this country. We have so far defended it on the ground of justice to the individual, and of the removal from a particular class of British citizens of a disqualification from which none other suffers. But it may equally and even more powerfully be argued on the ground of historical prescription and precedent and of public advantage. The history of constitutional struggles and changes in England has been one of the progressive removal of disqualifications. We have successively struck off both from our electoral and our eligible classes, both from candidate and from voter, the qualifying shackles by which they were bound. Property tests, residential tests, and religious tests have either wholly or in part disappeared. What can be more anomalous than that a blood test should still be applied, and that disfranchisement should be the inevitable consequence of irresponsible heredity? In another aspect the change proposed would also only be an extension of a principle already affirmed. By the law no permanent Civil Servants can sit and vote in the House of Lords; but also by the law, as at present enforced, the Sovereign does not compel the attendance of Peers in that House. Accordingly, we have the spectacle of Peers, such as the late Lord Tenterden and the present Lord Iddesleigh, continuing to hold offices incompatible, not indeed with a Peerage, but with the legislative attributes of a

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Peerage, but nevertheless escaping their disqualification by declining to assume those attributes. If, therefore, the Sovereign does not compel the attendance of a Peer who desires to remain in the Civil Service, and would be disqualified by attending, why should she compel the service of a Peer who similarly desires to remain in the public service in the House of Commons, but upon whom also obedience to her summons would act as a disqualification? If a Peer is not now compelled to sit, why should he not be permitted to forfeit the rights attaching to that sitting as well as to escape its responsibilities?

We prefer, however, in the last resort to rest our case upon an even wider basis—viz. the rights and interests of the constituencies, and the welfare of the House of Commons. The present restriction is a law of coercion, enforced not merely against Peers and sons of Peers, but against the electors of the United Kingdom. It is a negation of the right of free choice by the constituencies of this country. The theory of our constitution is that the people are at liberty, subject to certain necessary limitations, to choose as their representatives whom they will. What are those limitations? A candidate for a Parliamentary seat must be of age and a natural-born subject of the Queen. Any such candidate may be elected by the suffrages of his fellow-countrymen, provided he be not a judge or person holding any of certain specified judicial positions, a minister of the Churches of England or Scotland, or a priest of the Church of Rome, a permanent Civil Servant, a holder of Government contracts, a bankrupt, a convicted felon, or *a Peer!* With the exception of the last-named, all these restrictions are not merely explicable, but are necessary; but who can say that a Peer falls justly within the same category? Like the fly in amber, the wonder is how ever he got there. With the same solitary exception they are all removable, by one process or another, at the option of the affected party. It must also be remembered that this limitation of electoral choice is not merely imposed upon this or that constituency that might haply desire to be represented by a Peer, but is inflicted upon the country at large. According to the ancient constitutional principle of the British Parliament, each member of the House of Commons is elected not to serve his own constituency only, but the entire kingdom; and if this be so, what can be more unjust than that the choice of the entire kingdom should be fettered and curtailed, and that the electors should not be permitted, subject to indispensable restrictions alone, to elect whom they will? At the present moment there are in the House of Lords (excluding the Royal Dukes, the Episcopal Bench, the Law Lords, the representative Scotch and Irish Peers, and the Peers who have been created themselves) considerably over four hundred disqualified persons, upon whom the choice of the electorate is absolutely forbidden to rest. At election times these individuals are treated by our constitutional practice as though they were wild

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animals, who, for the sake of the public safety, must be confined behind bolts and bars. They are, as has been previously remarked, not allowed to vote, or to speak, much less to stand. And yet these four hundred and odd men, who find themselves thus placed in the same category as felons and bankrupts, are in some respects as representative a body of men as the country can produce—representative, at any rate, of its landed property, its wealth, its ancient traditions, and territorial influence, besides belonging to a class to whom inheritance should have given a certain governing capacity, and whose position and means are likely to ensure them a superior leisure.

But here we anticipate at once the objection with which such proposals have always been met, and which has hitherto retarded their more general acceptance. The Conservative is frightened of the change, because he fears that it would draw away all, or many, of the best men from the House of Lords, and would thereby weaken and emasculate that assembly. For precisely the same reason the Radical welcomes it, hoping—as the *Westminster Gazette*, in a recent issue, candidly remarked—that 'before long it would bleed the House of Lords to death.' The fact that the Conservatives are believed to be afraid of the reform stimulates the sympathy of the Radicals; the sympathy of the Radicals doubles the apprehensions of the Conservatives. Now we hope that we are ourselves free from suspicion either of Radical proclivities or of hostile intent against the House of Lords. But we nevertheless advocate the change, being firmly convinced that Radicals are as mistaken in their expectations as Conservatives are in their fears, and that the House of Lords will gain rather than lose by its operation.

Perhaps the argument against which we are contending had best be stated in the words of one of its most authoritative exponents. Criticising a similar suggestion in a scheme of Reform of the House of Lords, which was put forward by two of our number in a monthly Review six years ago, the *Times* used the following words :—

> On paper such a proposal sounds plausible enough; in actual practice it would, we are convinced, work most mischievously. The existing system has many and grievous defects—defects so serious that they must sooner or later be remedied. But at least it has the advantage of securing to the House of Lords the services of a number of men of the first eminence in the State. Lord Castlereagh and Lord Palmerston each preferred to remain a member of that House in which every leading politician would elect to sit if the choice were open to him. The effect, therefore, of Mr. Curzon's proposal would inevitably be that every hereditary Peer who before his succession to the dignity had taken a leading part in public life, would elect to remain in the House of Commons so long as his health and strength permitted him to retain the position he had secured. The House of Lords would thus become, so far as its hereditary element is concerned, the haven of worn-out or used-up statesmen. It would be a sorry result of the Reform of the House of Lords to fill it with respectable mediocrities, and at the same time to transfer all its leading political personalities to the House of Commons.

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Now if the main premiss of the above argument be correct—viz. that all the most capable Peers will opt either to remain in the House of Commons if already there, or to resign their seats in the House of Lords on the chance of being elected, there may be some ground for the lugubrious conclusion that the Upper Chamber, under such a system, will degenerate into a sort of Chelsea Hospital for titled pensioners and invalids. But we dispute *in toto* the premiss. The House of Commons is not so supremely attractive a place under the conditions of modern political warfare as to exercise a life-long and irresistible fascination over those who have once entered it. Already the close of every Parliament witnesses the voluntary disappearance from the scene (without any dignified haven of refuge to which to retire) of many members, not the old or even the middle-aged only, but the energetic and comparatively young. If the House of Commons is so seductive as the *Times* would have us believe, how comes it that eldest sons or heirs of Peers, in increasing numbers, are willing and even anxious to leave it, before the hour of their destiny has struck, and to seek a premature refuge in the other House, to which, in the course of nature, they must ultimately belong? Why should Lord Percy, the future Duke of Northumberland, have become Lord Lovaine in 1887? Why should the present Lord Derby, then Colonel Stanley, M.P., have become Lord Stanley of Preston in 1886? or why should his father, the great Lord Derby, have been voluntarily summoned to the Lords in 1844, seven years before he need have left the House of Commons? Among existing Peers, who were themselves created, Lord Cranbrook and Lord Ashbourne are further and conspicuous instances of men who were willing to go to the House of Lords in the full vigour of life. No doubt some young and ambitious men, already in the House of Commons, and hoping to do useful work there, would prefer to stay; and the same might be true of some younger members of the House of Lords, should the option be extended to them. But these would in either case constitute a small and relatively unimportant minority, and the majority of heirs would probably welcome, instead of declining, translation to a more decorous and less exhausting assembly.

But, it may be said, though the choice of the average man would make little or no difference either way, would not the big men—the leaders of parties, the Ministers of the Crown, the champions of debate—inevitably prefer the more popular arena, where their abilities could find a wider scope and a more generous applause; and would not the House of Lords in consequence suffer a lamentable depletion in respect of its two front benches? Again we venture to dispute this line of reasoning; for, on the one hand, the necessary partition of ministerial offices between the two Chambers places a number of prizes within the reach of Peers which would attract men of eminence, who might find a similar goal less easy of attainment in

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the strenuous competition of the House of Commons. On the other hand, if we confine our attention to posts of the highest importance, there are several of these which could not, without grave drawbacks, be held by a member of the House of Commons. It is now twenty-six years since a Foreign Secretary sat in the Lower Chamber, and it is doubtful whether that post ought ever again to be filled by a member of that body. The obligations of ministerial attendance in the House of Commons have become so tyrannical in recent years, and the consequent strain upon health and energy so overwhelming, whilst, *pari passu*, the duties and responsibilities of the Foreign Minister, who daily handles the affairs, not of a country, or of a continent, or even of an empire, but of the world, have so enormously increased, that it is scarcely possible to conceive of a Foreign Secretary, under existing conditions, doing equal justice to his office and to his party in the House of Commons. One or the other interest must inevitably suffer. It is quite certain that Lord Salisbury could not have combined the offices of Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary had he been a member of the Lower House. It is doubtful whether Lord Rosebery could have twice occupied the same post had he not been in the House of Lords. There would be the additional drawback, to which no Foreign Minister ought to be exposed, of the daily heckling on matters of the highest importance, by irresponsible and ill-informed members of the House of Commons, burning to gratify their own partisanship or self-sufficiency at the expense of international interests. Such questioners an Under-Secretary can always baffle by the profession either of ignorance or irresponsibility. The Minister himself could not adopt the same defence. And as long as this great office, the highest and most honourable—with one exception—that can be filled by an English statesman, is open to members of the House of Lords mainly, if not exclusively, who shall say that the foremost of our public men will forswear that assembly and the chance of obtaining it?

But we are willing to take the case of a higher office still. Fifty years ago Sir Robert Peel said that the Prime Minister of England could not possibly discharge all the duties of his position in the House of Commons; and although the experience of the subsequent half-century might appear to have effectually disproved that proposition, yet the events of the past month alone will tend to show that even under existing conditions there are advantages in a peer Premier. We do not, of course, say that Lord Rosebery would not be as great, possibly an even greater, figure were he in the House of Commons. We do not argue, because we have no right to do so, that, were he now at liberty to choose between the two Houses, he would not prefer membership of the House of Commons. But this we do say, that in the House of Lords he has advantages of time and leisure, of party management and of Cabinet control, which, were he plunged

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into the ceaseless turmoil of House of Commons existence, he could not possibly claim; and which may conceivably in the future be held to recommend rather than to disqualify a Peer Premiership.

But even supposing that the more ardent spirits, the aspirants to popular fame, or the Ruperts of debate, were to retire from the House of Lords, and that that Chamber were even to lose here and there a few of its most prominent members, we are far from certain that it would necessarily be the sufferer by such an elimination. Its debates might forfeit somewhat of the piquancy that attaches to the deliveries of a great Minister who cannot elsewhere be heard; but, after all, the functions of a Second Chamber are less to supply an arena for brilliant speeches than to exercise a revising and suspensory legislative control. The House of Lords, composed as it still would be of all the eminent men who have passed through its portals, as the reward or the termination of a distinguished career, of the county magnates whose presence is responsible for its strong infusion of common sense, and of its due proportion of the Ministers of the Crown, would still perform, to the satisfaction of all reasonable men, the functions of a Second Chamber. Moreover the place of those Peers who had left it, or who had refrained from entering it, upon succession, would be more than supplied by the corresponding infusion of Life Peers, who are certain, under any system of reform, to be added to its ranks, and who would provide the Crown with an opportunity, far greater than at present exists, of recruiting the Second Chamber with the best available talent in the nation.

It is, therefore, from a wide variety of standpoints that we venture to recommend the change that is the subject-matter of this article. We have endeavoured fairly to display the anomalous and unequal character of the existing disability and its harsh operation upon those who have the misfortune to be its victims; and we have pointed to the precise constitutional precedent upon which it will be both easy and reasonable to proceed. We have further argued that the proposed reform will benefit the House of Commons, by adding to its representative character; and will not, as is commonly feared, eviscerate or cripple the House of Lords. Above all we urge its adoption, as the logical completion of that popular liberty of choice which is claimed as the most meritorious achievement of a democratic age; but which, under existing circumstances, is an imperfectly realised boon for the people, and an inexorable sentence of exclusion upon the Peers.

ST. JOHN BRODRICK.
GEORGE N. CURZON.
WOLMER.

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APPENDIX

A Bill to remove the Legal Disability of Peers on succeeding to their Titles, in respect of Sitting in the House of Commons

Whereas it is expedient to remove certain disqualifications attaching to persons succeeding to the Peerage and to make provision for enabling them to serve as Members of Parliament in the House of Commons.

Be it enacted by the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Commons in this present Parliament assembled and by the authority of the same as follows:—

1. This Act may be cited as the Peers' Disqualification Removal Act, 1894.

2. From and after the passing of this Act any person succeeding to a peerage shall not thereby be disqualified from being elected to serve after any election if he shall so think fit or from serving or continuing to serve if he shall so think fit for any county or borough of the United Kingdom in the House of Commons of the United Kingdom provided that any person so elected to serve or serving or continuing to serve shall during the continuance of any Parliament then summoned or being holden be disqualified from sitting or voting in the House of Lords or in any committee thereof and shall not be entitled to claim any privileges in right of his Peerage and further if a Peer of Scotland (or Ireland) shall be disqualified from being elected to sit and vote in the House of Lords.

3. If any person for the time being disqualified by this Act from sitting and voting in the House of Lords sits or votes or attempts to sit or vote in that House or in any committee thereof he shall be guilty of a breach of privilege and be dealt with as the House of Lords may direct.[4]

4. Any person at any time sitting or voting in the House of Lords shall be thenceforth disqualified from being elected to serve or from serving or continuing to serve for any county or borough of the United Kingdom in the House of Commons of the United Kingdom.

5. A writ of summons shall not be issued to any peer for the time being disqualified from sitting or voting in the House of Lords.[5]

6. Nothing in this Act shall exclude any person from afterwards putting in a claim to any Peerage by reason of any ancestor having been rendered incapable for the time being of sitting and voting in the House of Lords under this Act or by reason of any other disability incurred by an ancestor under this Act.

7. The expressions 'election' 'county' and 'borough' and other expressions in this Act shall have the same meaning so far as may be consistent with the tenor of this Act as in the enactments for the time being in force in England Scotland and Ireland respectively, relating to the representation of the people.

[4] This clause is taken directly from the Peers' Bankruptcy Act.
[5] This clause is also copied from the Peers' Bankruptcy Act.

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THE HOUSE OF LORDS

II

REFORM BY 'RESOLUTION'

THE Premiership of Lord Rosebery is supposed by some of the Unionists to be a security against dismemberment and revolution. That Lord Rosebery's heart is not in the cause of dismemberment was plainly shown, as all the world thought, by his speech on the Home Rule Bill. It is reasonable to believe that the heart of a Peer and a millionaire is not with revolution, though as was seen in the case of d'Orléans (Egalité), ambition sometimes prevails over class, with a man who thinks that, let the class at large suffer as it may, enough will be left in his own coffers. But Lord Rosebery, whatever may be his personal convictions, is a party leader; he must pay the price of the support of his sections, Irish or Radical. The price for the support of the Irish section he has shown himself ready, however reluctantly, to pay. The Irish Bill was a fundamental change in the Constitution; it was fraught with danger of disruption, of civil war, and, as the Irish in a struggle for complete independence would be sure to seek foreign aid, a foreign war at the same time. This Lord Rosebery, being endowed with no supernatural power of self-mystification, must have seen. Yet as a party man he felt constrained to vote and to speak, though faintly, for the Bill. Not only so, but as a leading member of the Cabinet, he must have had a principal hand in determining its character, as well as in the agreement with the disaffected Irish for giving them eighty members to control the British Parliament in addition to a Parliament of their own. Ask a private soldier, or a common policeman, to commit an equal breach of his duty to the public service, and you will get, if untutored lips can shape it, a proud reply. It is time we should lay to heart the fact, that the party game is as maddening as Monte Carlo, and that where its spirit thoroughly enters, reason and patriotism depart. Under the party system, the lowest morality is that of the man in the highest place. What is the present Radical programme? To veil Home Rule, giving a private wink of assurance to the Irish Nationalists; to inflame popular feeling on other issues at the general election; having pre-

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viously gerrymandered the registration; and when a majority has been obtained by these means, to treat it as a mandate in favour of Home Rule. What would be said of such a transaction in commerce or any ordinary walk of life?

To avert disruption and revolution, it is now proposed that a National Party shall be formed, and that it shall include patriots of all shades of opinion on general questions. But, say objectors, it will never do to include all the patriotism in one party. Some must be left out to form an opposition, without which the party system will not work. This remark, which is fit for Comic Opera, will seem to many, perhaps to most people, sound doctrine, so completely has the idea of party, as the only possible mode of Parliamentary Government, taken possession of their minds. True it is, that to make the system work it is necessary that a respectable minority of the citizens should be obstinately in the wrong.

How is this National Party to be formed? By merging Unionism in Conservatism, as the brook is lost in the river, and calling upon the Liberals to sacrifice all their distinctive principles to the exigencies of the combination. Nonconformists are to embrace disestablishment, free-traders are to embrace fair trade, little-Englanders, contemptuously so called, are to embrace what they regard with equal aversion as Jingoism. This, not a few of them would say, was getting into the river to get out of the rain. It surely cannot be doubted that sectionalism would soon set in, that the National Party would go to pieces, and that aggravated confusion would ensue. It is right, and the obvious dictate of good sense and patriotism, that all who alike desire to avert the dismemberment of the United Kingdom, or revolutionary violence of any kind, should stand shoulder to shoulder for that purpose, and combine by a negative vote to adjourn all other questions of change till the Commonwealth is out of danger. But it cannot be thought that conscientious men will permanently sink their convictions on questions of first-rate magnitude for the sake of holding a party together, or that a lasting barrier against revolution can be provided in this way.

Party Government, be it once more said, is not the offspring of deliberate wisdom, or even of political instinct; it is a mere accident of English history, having sprung from the contest between Hanoverian and Stuart, with their respective principles of government. Such attempts as have been made since its establishment to provide a philosophic basis for it are futile; the bisection of political character which it postulates is a chimera. Nothing can render party rational or moral but division on a paramount question; when no such question is before the country, parties can be held together only by corrupt influences of some kind, or by blind partisanship, the second of which is fully as noxious as the first; no ordinary amount of bribery at least could do the State half the mischief which is now

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being done to it by the unscrupulous bidding of faction for the favour of the people. Party, moreover, is everywhere in a state of pronounced and apparently hopeless disintegration. In France, in Germany, in Italy, in all parliamentary countries sectionalism has set in, and is rendering it impossible to secure a sufficiently broad basis for a party government. In the British Parliament there are at least five sections, Conservatives, Liberal Unionists, Gladstonian Liberals, Radicals, and Irish; not to mention Labourmen or Socialists. Even in America, where the party bonds are strongest, there are besides Republicans and Democrats, the Mugwumps and the Populists, as well as the Prohibitionists, who bring forward their own candidate for the Presidency. The result, it is most important to observe, is that instead of being governed by the majority, whose will is supposed to be identical with public wisdom, we are rapidly falling under the rule of minorities; any section which selfishly or fanatically devotes itself to the attainment of its own object being enabled, by playing on the balance of party, to impose its will upon the nation. A minority consisting of eighty disaffected Irish members has forced the House of Commons to pass a Bill for the dismemberment of the kingdom and the practical subjection of Great Britain to Ireland, against the judgment and the conscience, it may safely be said, of an immense majority of the British members of the House. A Prohibitionist minority has apparently forced female suffrage on New Zealand. The more selfish or fanatical a section is, the firmer is its cohesion and the more unscrupulous is its pressure. Thus supreme power practically passes into the hands of the least patriotic and the least wise. Form your party of what materials you will, and however high-sounding a name you give it, it will be exposed to the necessities to which all parties are exposed, and act in the end as all parties act. The bidding for support in the faction fight by popular measures of change would recommence, and the nation would once more be drawn step by step towards the gulf of revolution. Patriotic combination against disunion, be it emphatically repeated, is the plain duty of the hour; but it is not to a mere reorganisation of party that the country can look for political salvation. If the vessel of state is not to be allowed to drift out into a shoreless sea, it is time to let go some anchor which will hold.

The House of Commons unquestionably contains much individual ability and virtue. But its present character and tendencies, as an Assembly, are not doubtful. It has forfeited its independence to the caucus, or any arch-demagogue in whom the caucus may become incarnate; it has ceased to be a deliberative Assembly or a National Council, and has become a mere cockpit of faction; though it sits interminably it cannot get through business, because its time is filled with party wrangling; it has lost even its power of preserving order, or the decency of its debates; finally, it has succumbed to Irish

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disaffection, and passed a measure so shameful that of those who voted for it, not one has yet dared to defend, or even to mention, it on the platform. At the same time this House, or the dominant party in it, aspires to absolute power, and is striving to get rid of the last check by wresting the right of even suspensive veto from the other House. The Irish Bill unquestionably involved a fundamental change of the Constitution; it had never been submitted to the nation in the form which it at last assumed; that it never should assume that form its authors had given a solemn pledge; it had been forced through the House of Commons by the closure, far the greater part of it without discussion of the details; and it had been carried by a majority of only thirty-four votes, of which twenty were cast by Ireland in excess of her proper share. It would be impossible to devise a clearer case for the exercise of the suspensive veto and the remission of the measure to the nation. Yet the House of Lords is furiously denounced by the champions of an omnipotent House of Commons for having put its suspensive veto on the Irish Bill and thus remitted the question to the nation. An unrepresentative Assembly, we are indignantly told, has dared to cross the path of the Assembly which represents the will of the people. It is the object of all wisely formed Constitutions to provide that nobody's will, but the reason of the community will bear rule.

There is apparently but one way of preventing the usurpation of uncontrolled power by the House of Commons, and saving Parliament from becoming, instead of a legislature, an organ of revolution. The Second Chamber must be re-animated and strengthened, made once more a co-ordinate branch of the Legislature, and fitted to become the bulwark and the rallying-point of the rational conservatism of the country. This can be done only by adapting the House of Lords to the spirit and the necessities of the age.

It would be useless here to discuss the question between the bi-cameral and uni-cameral system. Of the bi-cameral system it may be said in some measure, as of the party system, that it is not the offspring of deliberate policy, but of historical accident. This is true of it even in the case of the Senate of the United States, which was adopted partly as a mode of effecting the compromise between the federal and the national form of government. The bi-cameral system is inherently liable to deadlock, and it has the still more serious defect of drawing off from the popular House the element of controlling wisdom. But it is thoroughly established in this country; to operate on any other line is now practically impossible; the Constitution cannot be thrown into the smelting pot. Defects which cannot be cured must be endured; none of them can be so bad as an uncontrolled House of Commons.

Nothing is less profitable than an arraignment of the past, or an angry arraignment even of a survival of the past, which is not to be

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blamed for its own lingering existence. The hereditary principle had its day, and in that day it had its safeguards and correctives. A king was compelled to exert himself that he might keep his crown upon his head, while the life of a local lord was one of hard work—military, administrative, and judicial. It is to be borne in mind, also, that in the mediæval House of Lords, the bishops and abbots, who were life members, preponderated over the hereditary peers. That the day of the hereditary principle is now past, and that the institution is in a state of manifest and irrevocable decadence, a glance over the governments and legislatures of Europe suffices to prove. It can hardly be said that hereditary government survives anywhere except in Russia, and, in a less degree, in Germany, where the Empire still retains something of the dictatorship accorded it in the wars of unification. The public sense revolts, and cannot be dissuaded from revolting, against the rule of men whose only claim to their places is that of being the sons of their fathers. Evidently that cry tells, and will continue to tell. Additional force is given to it by the personal scandals which, though not frequent, considering the large number of men exposed as hereditary peers to the temptation of wealth, rank, and idleness, are disastrous in their effect on the minds of the people. Nor is it possible to veil the fact that the record of the House of Lords, certainly for the last two centuries, has been one of indiscriminate resistance in the interest, or at least under the influence, of privilege to changes of every kind, to changes demanded by an enlightened jurisprudence, and even by humanity, as well as to political reforms. It is singular, indeed, considering the ability of the leaders, that more prudence was not shown by the House, especially in regard to the Reform Bill of 1832, which the peers would probably have been allowed considerably to modify had they not obstinately bound themselves to the maintenance of every part of a system which it was impossible to defend. The origin, moreover, of many of the peerages will little bear historical inspection. All of this is capable of being presented, and in the coming struggle will be presented, in an effective form to the people. It is moreover to be observed that the authority of the House of Lords has hitherto rested on its hereditary estates fully as much as on its hereditary titles, and that by the depression of the landed interest this support seems likely, to a great extent, to be withdrawn. Titles without rents will hardly command much respect. Mended or ended the House of Lords will certainly be, and if it is ended the country will be in the uncontrolled hands of an Assembly on the character and tendency of which it is needless further to dwell, needful only to repeat that it passed the Irish Bill.

How the House of Lords is to be mended is a question on which it would ill become one who has been living away from the centre of political thought to offer a confident opinion. Whatever is done, wisdom says let it be effective. Good sense bids us put up with

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what is established so long as the purpose of the institution is tolerably served; but when change is inevitable, so to make it as to preclude the necessity of further change. What is needed to give the desired security against revolution is nothing short of a co-ordinate branch of the Legislature, like the American Senate, with full power of initiation, saving in the case of Money Bills, of rejection and of amendment. The new tariff which has passed the American House of Representatives by a large majority, may conceivably be thrown out in the Senate by a majority of two or three, and if it is, though many may grumble, all will acquiesce and be content to wait for fresh elections to the Senate. It is not enough that there should be a mere suspensive veto of the precarious kind now supposed to be vested in the House of Lords, the exercise of which, as we have seen, will be perpetually challenged, and give rise to fresh agitations for the abolition of the galling check. But to sustain a co-ordinate branch of the Legislature, and to enable it to exercise its powers with independence, its hold on public allegiance must be strong. Such a hold will not be gained for the House of Lords in the present day by petty change.

The easiest and most obvious course is the creation of a large number of life Peers. It was like the statesmanship of the Lord Derby of that day to refuse to let a life Peer take his seat, and then to pass an immense extension of the franchise for the purpose of 'dishing the Whigs.' A rather pitiable attempt has been made to compass the object on a small scale by conferring Peerages on childless men. In Austria and Prussia there are Upper Chambers, combining the hereditary with a life element, and the plan seems to work smoothly in these cases. But Austria and Prussia are essentially landowning and aristocratic countries, with a comparatively small proportion of the element which is here in revolt against hereditary legislation. In this community, would the two elements combine well? Would not the new cloth fret the old garment? Would there not be felt to be an invidious distinction between the hereditary nobility and the life members? As often as the life members were defeated by the hereditary vote, would not the cry against hereditary legislation be renewed? It would be necessary at all events greatly to reduce the number of hereditary members. This might be done by extending to the English, as well as to the Scotch and Irish sections of the House, the plan of electing representative Peers. The same process would secure the exclusion of all Peers who had disgraced the order. But it would be necessary so to arrange the process that the elections might not be as those of the representative Peers of Scotland and Ireland had been, engrossed by one political party.

Nomination Senates have been tried in the Colonies and have decisively failed. A conspicuous instance is the nominative Senate

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of the Canadian Dominion, which would probably be soon abolished were it not riveted on the colony by an Act of the Imperial Parliament. It is true that the nominations to the Canadian have, during a long reign of government by corruption, been very shamefully abused.

There can be little doubt that, election being the order of the day, the great object of creating a powerful Second Chamber would be best served by placing the Chamber on an elective basis. Such a basis naturally presents itself in the County Council, which seems so far to have proved trustworthy, and which would probably attract better members and be improved in character if the privilege of electing to a branch of the Legislature were conferred on it. The question, however, would arise whether the election to the two Chambers should take place together and they should be subject to simultaneous dissolution. Those who believe in party government will say aye, those who believe that party government is the main source of these distractions will say nay.

Would the House of Commons consent to any measures for the reform of the House of Lords which, by putting a powerful Chamber over its own head, would for ever shut the gate against its aspiration to absolute power? Consent willingly a Radical House of Commons it is evident would not; and though overt objection to the measure on that ground would be too barefaced, modes of defeating it on a popular pretext might without difficulty be found. Nothing can serve the purpose of the Radical better than the present arrangement, if he can but succeed in frightening the House of Lords out of any practical exercise of its constitutional rights, since a fainéant House of Lords serves only as an ostracism of a number of Conservatives powerful by their wealth and their social position.

Supposing there would seem to be no hope of carrying through the Commons a Bill for the reorganisation of the House of Lords, the question might arise whether the House of Lords could do anything to reorganise itself. On two occasions it has, by self-denying ordinances, formal or informal, divested itself of privileges which had become obsolete and obnoxious. Of the privilege of voting by proxy it divested itself by formal resolution, which was the more creditable to it since the system of pairing in the House of Commons involves practically the same abuse. The privilege of voting on legal appeals was virtually renounced by the lay members when, following the advice of the Duke of Wellington, they abstained from giving effect by their votes to the opinion of the great majority of the judges and two Law Lords against that of three Law Lords in the memorable case of O'Connell. Would it be feasible for the Lords by resolution, without prejudice to legal right or social privilege, to restrict the practice of sitting and voting to members having some qualification other than the obnoxious one of mere birth? It might be possible to frame a list of those who were

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serving or who had served the State as Cabinet Ministers or holders of other offices in the Government, as Permanent Under-Secretaries, as Lords-Lieutenant of Counties, as Colonial Governors, as Military or Naval Commanders, as heads of great professions, or as Chancellors of Universities, or in other public capacities such as would certainly command the respect of all the intelligent and responsible part of the community. It could then no longer be said that anyone sat in the Legislature and overruled the will of the people merely because he was his father's son. A self-denying ordinance of this kind would no doubt demand on the part of those who were to renounce the right of sitting and voting a degree of self-sacrifice seldom, perhaps never, found. Yet the sacrifice, on the whole, would be less than that involved in any of the measures hitherto proposed, while the flank of the opposition in the House of Commons to the mending of the House of Lords would be turned.

A gleam of popularity has shone upon the House of Lords since its vigorous rejection of the Home Rule Bill, which may give birth to illusory hopes. It is but the ray shot by a setting sun. The French Noblesse refused any concession when timely concession might have availed; then, they flung up everything in one night.

It is idle to brand as pessimism misgivings which are shared by the most sagacious and intrepid of our public men, and which prompt, not to despondency, but to timely effort. He rather is a pessimist who is content to drift. That there are recuperative forces in England we need not doubt, but it is time that they should be put forth.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

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THE HOUSE OF LORDS

III

A DANGEROUS ANACHRONISM

THE House of Lords is an anachronism. Mr. Chamberlain a few years ago described the Lords as 'ancient monuments' and 'antiquities.' If that were the worst that could be truthfully said of them they might still be well worth preserving. They are not only an anachronism, but, as at present constituted and directed, they are a dangerous anachronism. In a democratic age they are anti-democratic; in a country which prides itself upon being the mother of Free Parliaments their existence is utterly inconsistent with representative government. Their House, indeed, has great traditions. Men illustrious not only by birth and station, but by eloquence and statesmanship, by eminent services to their country, have been among its members. But it must be judged as a whole and by what it has done. It is not the brilliant qualities of some individual members that we are now to regard, any more than the conspicuous unfitness of others, but the action of the whole body in a corporate capacity. The true test of the legislative machine, as of other machines, is the work it turns out. What has the House of Lords done for the national progress and well-being? A Home Ruler's answer might be deemed a prejudiced one. The leader of the Liberal Unionists in the House of Commons declared less than ten years ago, himself a Cabinet Minister at the time, that 'for a hundred years the House of Lords had never contributed one iota to popular liberties or popular freedom, or done anything to advance the common weal; and during that time it had protected every abuse and sheltered every privilege, it had denied justice and delayed reform.'

And it is not only what the House of Lords omits to do, it is not only the Bills it rejects or mutilates, but on the very threshold of legislation its evil influence is potent. Liberal Cabinets in framing their Bills have to consider not alone the public requirements or the claims of justice, but what the Upper House will be likely to pass into law. Mr. Bright towards the end of his career as a Cabinet Minister called attention to this point. Addressing a meeting of Liberal M.P.'s at the Foreign Office on July 10th, 1884, he said:—

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> There is no man who has been a member of the Government of this country who has not felt in discussing the measures of the Cabinet that there was always in front a net with very small meshes indeed, and that it was scarcely possible to produce a measure which the Cabinet thought necessary for the time and the purpose which was not pared down, and might always be made futile by the Lords. (*Times*, July 11th, 1884.)

The Bills rejected, mutilated, or rendered futile by the Lords include not only those involving organic changes in the Constitution and great schemes of Parliamentary reform, but measures aiming to ameliorate the social and industrial condition of the people. The trade unionists, and large numbers of working men outside their ranks, are profoundly stirred by the recent action of the House of Lords on the Employers' Liability Bill. The organised workmen of the country are unanimous against a 'contracting-out' clause. At successive Trade Union Congresses for the last dozen years resolutions to that effect have been passed without a dissentient voice or vote. Public meetings of railway employees, convened to support the contracting-out clause, have, by large majorities, carried resolutions against Lord Dudley's amendment. Yet the House of Lords listened eagerly to a section of the workmen, turned a deaf ear to the unions, and inserted an amendment which, in the opinion of the persons most directly concerned, would entirely destroy the value of the Bill.

But this is strictly in keeping with the whole history of the House of Lords in its dealings with labour questions. Fifty years ago, when Lord Shaftesbury—then Lord Ashley—brought forward his first Mines Regulation Bill his stoutest opponents were found in the House of Lords. Amendments were there introduced which weakened the provisions against excessive toil of women and children, and which, in Lord Shaftesbury's words, 'invalidated the principle of the Bill and rendered it inoperative.' Again in 1860 the Lords struck out of Lord Palmerston's Mines Regulation Bill the clause designed to give to children employed underground the same educational facilities as those enjoyed by factory children. This delayed for a dozen years the provision for the education of pit boys.

These were measures affecting the interests, the very lives, of sections—large, important sections—of workpeople. Equally hostile has been the attitude of the House of Lords towards general labour questions. The clause in the Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1871 which declared 'picketing,' as distinct from 'conspiracy,' to be a penal offence was inserted by the House of Lords. In 1880 the Lords did their best to wreck the present Employers' Liability Act. They carried an amendment to relieve employers of all liability for those to whom authority was delegated, thus insidiously reasserting, almost without qualification, and giving unchecked force to the doctrine of common employment. When they failed to destroy the

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Act, they endeavoured to limit its duration to two years. The Commons refused to accept the amendments, but the attempted action of the Lords suffices to show the spirit in which these 'tribunes of the poor' approach questions which vitally concern the well-being of the worker.

I have given but a sample of the Bills in favour of labour and the public rights which have been rejected or made abortive by the House of Lords. To cite even the mere titles of all would fill several pages of this Review. That would be a waste of space. The central factor of the present situation is that the House of Lords, in the face of the advancing democracy of the country and the increase of popular power, is year after year becoming more and more an unworkable and impossible part of the Constitution. One reason why this incompatibility, this sharp antagonism, has not shown itself sooner and made itself more intolerable, is that, in the earlier years of the century, the two Houses were composed essentially of the same class. The House of Commons was then almost wholly aristocratic in its composition. A majority of its members was nominated by noblemen and landed proprietors, and only a minority was elected by popular constituencies. But now that the House of Commons is differently constituted and animated by a new spirit while leaving the Lords standing 'as they were,' it is apparent how 'unequally yoked' the two Houses now are, and how necessary is a divorce.

In the fast approaching conflict—a conflict which is inevitable—the House of Lords will, no doubt, have powerful defenders. But there is probably no statesman of influence who will maintain that as now constituted that House is a satisfactory institution. Lord Salisbury will hardly do so unless his opinions have greatly changed during the last twenty-five years. When in 1869 Earl Russell brought forward a Bill for the creation of life peers Lord Salisbury delivered a remarkable speech in support of the Bill. He declared that if Earl Russell's proposal required alteration, 'the alteration ought to be rather in the way of extension than restriction.' Then he offered the following criticisms upon the House of which he is so distinguished a member :—

> We belong too much to one class, and the consequence is that with respect to a large number of questions we are all too much of one mind. Now that is a fact which appears to me to be injurious to the character of the House as a political assembly in two ways. The House of Lords, though not an elective, is strictly a representative assembly, and it does, in point of fact, represent very large classes in the country. But if you wish this representation to be effective you must take care that it is sufficiently wide, and it is undoubtedly true that, for one reason or another, those classes whose wealth and power depend on commerce and mercantile industry do not find their representation in this House so large or so adequate as do those whose wealth and power depend upon the agricultural interest and landed property.
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We want, if possible, more representation of diverse views and more antagonism.

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There is a vast number of social questions deeply interesting to the people of this country, especially questions having reference to the health and moral condition of the people, and on which many members of your Lordships' House are capable of throwing great light, and yet these subjects are not closely investigated here because the fighting power is wanting and the debates cannot be sustained.

Lord Salisbury's concluding words were still more significant. He spoke of the advances of democracy, and declared that the House of Lords should meet those advances by making itself

strong in the support of public opinion, strong in its influence with the country, strong in the character and ability of those who compose it, and strong in its relation to the other powers of the Constitution. We must try to impress on the country (said his lordship) the fact that because we are not an elective House we are not a bit the less a representative House; and not until the constitution of the House plainly reveals that fact shall we be able to retain permanently, in face of the advances of the House of Commons, the ancient privileges and constitution of this House. (Hansard, vol. cxcv. c. 463.)

Earl Russell's Life Peerage Bill was feeble, halting, inadequate. As a measure of reform it would be laughed at nowadays. Yet feeble as was the Bill it was too strong for the House of Lords. In spite of Lord Salisbury's support, the third reading was rejected by a large majority—the House of Lords thus proving, not for the first or last time, that it has neither the disposition nor the capacity to reform itself.

But, after all, Lord Salisbury's conception of representation in the House of Lords was not of a very radical and comprehensive character; it did not go beyond the representation of wealth. He would add new wealth to the old, a few merchant princes and plutocrats to the aristocrats and territorial magnates already in possession. But property, wealth, was still to be the only basis of representation. Perhaps the few big brewers who have since been added to the peerage may have satisfied Lord Salisbury's moderate cravings for reform. We shall have to go much further now, and altogether in another direction, if the House of Lords has to reach even Lord Salisbury's ideal and to become a truly representative House, 'strong in the support of public opinion, strong in its influence with the country, and strong in the character and ability of those who compose it.'

The House of Lords—What to do with it? that is fast becoming the dominant question of the hour. At the next general election it is not unlikely to swallow up Home Rule and everything else. Probably nobody quite wants that—least of all the Conservatives. Certainly the shrewdest and most clear-headed of the Liberal Unionists profess—and honestly profess—to desire nothing so much as to have the distinct and single question of Home Rule brought before

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the electors, and to have that speedily decided. But the House of Lords will not permit. Not that they desire anything else. They cannot help themselves. They hated and resisted the extension of the franchise, and, though compelled to yield, they were not convinced, and they still believe that the great majority of the electors are unfit to vote. Hence they are not only out of harmony with the wants and aspirations of the people, but they are almost necessarily hostile to every measure of popular reform.

In assailing the Hereditary Chamber, it will be easy to lay a solid groundwork of fact and argument. Not only will it be possible to advance strong arguments, but also what Mr. Bagehot called 'loud' arguments—arguments that will reach and influence the multitude. With all its great traditions, the House of Lords has no hold on the affection, on the imagination, on the reverence of the people. What has been called 'the driving force of public opinion' will not be lacking in the agitation. That driving force will be needed, but it will not be the only or the greatest need. Guidance, method, a plan and a policy are essential to success. Declamation may suffice for the platform, statesmanship will be required in the legislative Chamber.

By recent authoritative declarations the Liberal party is committed to a reform of the House of Lords. What is to be the character of the reform? Should there be a second Chamber at all? If so, should 'birth' count for anything in its constitution? Should the power of veto, at least of absolute veto, be taken from the Lords? And there is another question, Should peers who so desire be allowed to seek election in the representative Chamber? as is proposed by a Bill just introduced by three eldest sons of peers. As a Radical I should be ready to sweep away all disabilities and restrictions that stand in the way of the free choice of the electors. But I should not deem it just or consistent with the doctrine of equality to allow the Peers to retain one legislative Chamber altogether to themselves and to give them a share in another. Before agreeing to a change of the kind I should like to know the conditions attached to it. Would it be possible for Lord Salisbury, for instance, to become a candidate for a popular constituency, and if he suffered defeat, to straightway resume his leadership in the House of Lords as the mutilator or wrecker of Liberal legislation? But, whatever may be the merits or demerits of this suggestion, it would clearly effect no reform of the Upper Chamber, which indeed would, in all likelihood, be still further weakened by depletion of its best elements.

Again, it is unnecessary here to discuss the abstract question whether a second Chamber is desirable. A House of trained experts who would bring knowledge, judgment, experience, and independent criticism to bear upon the measures submitted to them would probably be of great public advantage. No one will pretend that the

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existing House of Lords—which is a mere party machine—fulfils, or without drastic reform can be made to fulfil, that function.

As a matter of practical politics, then, which side of the problem should be first dealt with? There is a strong, a growing, I believe already a preponderant body of public opinion in favour of depriving the House of Lords of their veto. That veto, it is widely felt, must go as the sovereign's veto has gone. On that clear, distinct, definite issue Liberals should concentrate their efforts. In what way such limitation of the veto power could best be effected is a matter which I will not now discuss; but this is, it seems to me, the point at which 'constructive' reform of the Lords might most fitly commence.

THOMAS BURT.

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THE HOUSE OF LORDS

IV

ABOLISH ITS VETO

No mistake could well be greater than that of supposing that all Radicals wish to see the ending of the House of Lords. Every true Radical knows, of course, that the hereditary principle when embodied in a legislative chamber is a nauseous and ludicrous anachronism. But this opinion is shared by most sensible persons. Even Mr. Balfour, when he calls to his followers to rally in defence of 'our ancient Constitution,' has not the slightest intention of inviting them to maintain before the electors of the United Kingdom the thesis that a house of hereditary lawmakers is a just or even a tolerable institution. The question is now recognised as one of those that have passed beyond the region of discussion. That John Smith should have the right to make laws or to mar them simply because for some reason, more or less creditable, he happens to be called, not John Smith, Esq., but the Right Hon. John, second, third, or fourth Baron Smith, is a contention that will not be maintained in its crude completeness anywhere outside a lunatic asylum. Even the Peers know it themselves, and shiver at the thought of having to defend their ridiculous privileges before any sane jury in the world. Yet the proposition with which I began remains perfectly true. There are many Radicals, including some who are taking a foremost part in the present movement against the House of Lords, who have not the slightest wish to see it ended. It is a very picturesque as well as antiquated institution. It 'meets a want' in the public mind—as the publishers of new magazines are wont to say of their periodicals—and under proper conditions it may be preserved without doing harm to anybody. Mr. Labouchere loses no opportunity of telling us that we are a nation of snobs. If snobbery consists in feeling a certain pride in the existence of an aristocracy in which are to be found, along with many other elements, the representatives of those old families who for centuries ruled England according to their own will, Mr. Labouchere's statement is perfectly true. But an aristocracy every nation possesses—or something worse. And most Radicals, if they are called upon to choose between the social predominance of the aristocrat and that of the mere plutocrat, will unhesitatingly choose the former. There is, therefore, no general

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ill-will to lords as lords on the part of those who are interested in the political movement against the Peers. The House of Lords, in their eyes, is a very interesting, a very picturesque, and a strikingly characteristic relic of the past. They would no more wish to level it with the ground than the modern advocate of disestablishment would wish to pull down Westminster Abbey. But, unfortunately for itself, the House of Lords at present lies right athwart the path of the nation. Every popular movement, every national impulse, must pass through its narrow and tortuous gateway before it can have full effect, and as a result the country is forced to regard this old institution of ours, despite its obvious archæological and æsthetic merits, its historical claims upon our respect, as a public nuisance. How to preserve it, not only as a relic of a great age in the national story, but as a social institution, without allowing it to remain where it now lies, another Temple Bar throttling the traffic of the world's greatest highway, is the problem which the Radical believes he is called upon to solve. That its continued obstruction to the national advancement cannot be endured is obvious. It must cease, and cease quickly. But the ardent reformer who insists upon this fact desires, all the same, to see this old institution brought within the range of another Ancient Monuments Preservation Bill. We will keep it, we will even cherish it, as an interesting national memorial; all that we insist upon is, that we can no longer tolerate it as a serious political institution, claiming, and at certain times exercising, equal rights with the nation at large.

The movement against the present system is no new thing in our political history. Without going back to other generations, it is only necessary to say that every working politician in the Liberal party knows that for the last twenty years there has been no cry more popular with the mass of that party than the cry against the House of Lords. The fire of hatred may only occasionally have burst into flame; but it has always been there, smouldering, deep down in the heart of the people, and needing but little fanning to become an irresistible conflagration. Let any Liberal who has taken part in public meetings during the last decade say how the passion of his audience could most easily be roused, and he will unhesitatingly affirm that it was by referring to the monstrous privileges of the Peers. Whether the meeting was in the East End of London, in Bristol, Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, Newcastle, Glasgow, or in some rural district where none but the labourers in the fields were present, the result of an allusion to the House of Lords was ever the same. 'Away with it!' has been the cry raised for years past by millions of voices. That this cry has not yet been adopted as the watchword of a political party is due chiefly to the restraining influence of Mr. Gladstone, and, in a smaller degree, to the calculating timidity of the Peers themselves. It is a strange illustration of the irony of fate, as well as of the wisdom of the Hereditary House, that almost

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simultaneously with the withdrawal of that great restraining influence the Peers should for the moment have laid aside their constitutional cowardice, and deliberately challenged the House of Commons to a struggle for supremacy. This time the issue will not be evaded. The Duke of Devonshire may try to hide the follies of his ally, Lord Salisbury, from the eyes of the country by the ponderous enunciation of good old Whig doctrines regarding the limits within which the rights of the Peers ought to be exercised. He may even hope to coax the Tory Peers back into that attitude of suspicious and resentful acquiescence in the proceedings of the House of Commons which they have usually maintained when a Whig Government has been in office. But the time is past for any measures of this kind to be effectual. The nation has got far beyond the old Whig principles represented by the Duke of Devonshire, and there is a great and ever-growing section of the electors whom nothing less than the overthrow of the House of Lords as a political chamber claiming equality with the Commons will satisfy. Lord Salisbury has willed it; and, like Georges Dandin, he must take the consequences.

But in the absence of any authoritative leadership of the movement against the Peers which has characterised the reign of Mr. Gladstone, those who have been most anxious to take part in that movement have been placed under exceptional disadvantages. A mere cry for the overthrow of the House of Lords is not sufficient to guide a party in a political struggle. Besides, we have always had to reckon with the fact, upon which I have dwelt already, that a large number of Radicals desired to discriminate between the House of Lords as a body of hereditary legislators and the House of Lords as a social institution. Even now, when the hostile movement has broken out with a force that speaks eloquently of the repressed passion of years, there are many who are not quite clear as to the particular measure that must be passed in order to do away with the obstruction of the national business and the thwarting of the national will by the Peers in their legislative capacity. Nor is it only the precise form of the change that is to save us from the reproach of being the slaves of a ridiculous and obsolete institution that seems to trouble many Liberals. They are troubled still more by a consideration of the way in which the desired reform, after it has been clearly defined, is to be carried. 'How can we pass a Bill practically abolishing the political privileges of the Peers, when no such Bill can find a place upon the Statute Book unless the Peers themselves assent to it?' This is a question frequently asked in Liberal circles when the subject of the present agitation is being discussed. In short, what is to be done, and how it can be done, are the two points on which the Liberal Party still requires instruction and guidance in its battle against the Peers. Let us see in what direction such instruction and guidance are likely to be found.

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1. *What is to be done?* Within the past month the doubts that surrounded this point have, to a large extent, been cleared up. The demand for the settlement of the question of the Lords has resolved itself in the leading organs of the Liberal Party into a demand for the abolition of the veto of the Peers. This demand, stated explicitly by a Liberal writer towards the close of February, forthwith received the support of almost all sections of his party. There was nothing new in the statement. It had often before been suggested as a mode of dealing with the Peers; but when it was put forth in a weekly journal on the 24th of February, the 'pyschological moment' had clearly arrived, and it was immediately adopted by politicians representing all the shades of opinion that are to be found within the Liberal ranks. The truth is, that at that moment an exasperated political party, who had just seen the greater part of the work of the longest session of modern times wrecked by the Peers, were in danger of rushing into an agitation that, if it had not been properly directed, might have resulted in making the House of Lords more formidable than ever as an obstacle to the realisation of the national will. Even Liberals have not yet made up their minds that one legislative chamber is better than two. Few of them have yet realised the fact that two chambers only exist in this country when a Liberal Ministry is in office, and that, for all practical purposes, the House of Lords remains dormant when there is a Tory majority in the House of Commons. That being the case, a demand for the abolition of the Hereditary Chamber would probably have resulted in the substitution for it of a second chamber, more or less representative in its character, which would speedily have made itself the formidable rival of the House of Commons, and would before long have assumed the obnoxious part now played by the House of Lords. It was necessary in these circumstances to raise an issue that might be fought out with safety to the popular cause. That issue is simply the establishment, beyond dispute, of the supremacy of the House of Commons. It is for this that we are now contending. The Peers may continue to exist; they may even continue to sit in their gilded chamber and to indulge in the pastime of parliamentary debate whenever it pleases them to do so. But they must acknowledge the supremacy of the nation and of the nation's representative, the House of Commons.

To accomplish this end it is only necessary that the Veto of the Peers should go the way which the Veto of the Crown has already gone. By abolishing the power now possessed by the House of Lords of destroying any Bill presented to it, we shall secure that supremacy of the national will which Liberals are now striving to obtain. And the abolition of the power of absolute veto ought not, in the opinion of most of us, to be accompanied by the creation of a Suspensory Veto in its place. The proposal that a measure which had been sent up to the Lords and rejected in one session must, if sent up by the

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House of Commons in the following session, receive the Royal assent whether the Lords are willing or not, might have sufficed to settle the question a few years ago, but will hardly suffice now. Lord Salisbury and his followers have taught us too much within the last few months to lead us to give them the opportunity of continuing that small policy of personal spite in which they secured such notable triumphs last session. The suspensory veto, if it were to be accepted, would be worked in the fashion in which the absolute veto is now worked. That is to say, it would never be used when there was a Tory majority in the House of Commons, and it would always be used when there was a Liberal majority. Thus, for purposes of legislation two sessions of a Liberal Government would only count for as much as one session of a Tory Government. We have been taught by Lord Salisbury what we have to expect from the tender mercies of the Peers, and there is no Radical who is prepared to submit himself to such a fate as this. The House of Commons ought to possess the right, if a Bill is absolutely negatived by the House of Lords, of forthwith taking it up again, and if, on a second debate and division, the Bill is again affirmed by the Representative Chamber, it ought to receive the Royal assent without further delay.

But what, it will be asked, is left to the Peers if they are thus deprived of the right of putting an end after an hour's debate to measures to which the House of Commons has devoted months of careful consideration? My answer is, that we shall leave more to the Peers than they ever exercise under the present system when a Tory Administration is in office. We shall leave them, first, the right of initiation. No one denies that many of their number are men who can render valuable service to the country, if they choose, in the way of originating useful measures of legislative and social reform. It is strange for a Radical to make complaint of the inactivity of the House of Lords. Yet, when one remembers the administrative experience, parliamentary skill, and wide social and political knowledge embodied in that chamber, one may well feel that the Peers have never done the fiftieth part of what they ought to have done in initiating useful non-partisan legislation. They have neglected this primary duty, for the performance of which they are so well equipped, in order to devote themselves to the attempt to thwart the will of the nation, whenever that will has happened to run in a Liberal channel. It may be hoped that when they are no longer able to play the part of Tory barrier against popular movements they will take up this special and important duty of initiating and preparing schemes of social and legislative reform. We shall leave them, further, the power of revision. Every Bill passed by the House of Commons will come up to them for consideration, and in the calmer atmosphere of a chamber in which 'time is' emphatically 'no object,' much ought to be done to strengthen and consolidate Bills which have had to

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undergo the rough processes of Committee-work in the Commons. Nor is the Representative Chamber likely to treat the amendments of the Lords with contempt, or to receive them in a spirit of avowed hostility when they come, not as the demands of a power insisting upon an impossible equality with the House of Commons, but as the suggestions of a House specially fitted to consider the workmanship of legislative measures, and having ampler leisure to do so than that possessed by the popular chamber. Finally, we shall leave them the power of compelling the Commons to reconsider any measure which they may have passed hurriedly, in a moment of panic or excitement. I have touched upon the reasons why Radicals cannot agree that the veto of the Peers should put an end to a Bill for a whole session. But it is not necessary to suspend a measure for a year in order to secure that its reconsideration by the Representative House shall take place under different circumstances and in a different temper from the first consideration. It is only against abnormal excitement or momentary panic that the House of Lords would have the right to guard us; and this would be accomplished just as effectually by an interval of two months between the two debates on the Bill as by an interval of twelve.

The general result of such a change as is sketched here would be, first, to secure the unqualified supremacy of the House of Commons—to secure which is clearly the fixed resolve of every Liberal—and, secondly, to take away from the House of Lords its most obnoxious feature—the purely partisan character that it now possesses. It would cease to be the Grand Committee of Tory landlords and capitalists, whose chief business in life is to thwart and obstruct every Liberal Administration and to throttle every popular national movement. I am not disposed to say how far this change in its character would destroy the popularity the House of Lords now enjoys among those who admire it and thank God for having conferred it upon us. One may leave the friends of the Peers to make their own confession on this point.

2. *How can it be done?* There are faint-hearted persons among even the most advanced Radicals who, when this question is asked, shake their heads in despondency, if not in despair. 'How *can* it be done,' they respond blankly; 'the Peers will never agree to anything of the kind.' One cannot but wish that the persons who hold this view had a closer intimacy with the history of the world and a more robust confidence in their own principles than they seem to possess. Surely those who talk of the House of Lords standing upon its ancient privileges, and proudly putting its veto upon any and every measure that would affect those privileges, no matter with what force or unanimity the nation demands the change, have never read the parable of the man who built his house upon the sand, or the fable of King Canute and his courtiers, or the story of Dame Partington and the Atlantic. The refusal of the Peers to consider any

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proposal for their reform might be magnificent, but it certainly would not be war. Five hundred against a nation! Athanasius against the world! We know how struggles of this kind are bound to end. The most timid reformer may rest assured that, when once the country has made up its mind as to how to deal with the Peers, and has made its determination manifest by electing a majority of the House of Commons for the specific purpose of carrying out its will, there will be no need to fear the opposition of the House of Lords. Such opposition would, of course, be utterly futile in face of the fact that the Government of the day—which would, of course, be a Liberal Government—would have the right to call upon the sovereign to create a sufficient number of new peers to carry the measure of reform. But it will never come to that. When the House of Lords once knows that the nation is in earnest in its long-delayed movement for the overthrow of privileges the absurdity of which is even more striking than their injustice, it will yield—as the unreformed House of Commons yielded sixty years ago to the demand for the Reform Bill. The moral is obvious. Those who wish to put an end to an odious and intolerable anachronism have to enlist the nation on their side. When they have done so the victory is won. Here is a practical object to fight for between now and the General Election. It rests with the country to say whether the legislative Temple Bar is to continue to block the way, or is to be removed—with all tenderness and respect, be it understood—to a position in which it will no longer be a public nuisance and a public danger.

There are many smaller issues bound up with this great one, upon which the space at my command does not allow me to enlarge. The possibility of giving the peers the right to relinquish their places in the House of Lords and come forward as candidates for the House of Commons is one of these questions. But it must wait for an answer until the fate of the veto has been settled. That Ministers, above all the Minister at the head of an Administration, should have the right of speaking in both Houses is a matter upon which a general agreement is likely to be arrived at before long. What would not Lord Salisbury and the Tory Party have gained if the Prime Minister in the Administration of 1886 had been allowed to sit and speak in the Representative Chamber?

T. Wemyss Reid.

[Since the above was in type two striking incidents have happened, each of which proclaims the fact that the time for dealing finally with the House of Lords is at hand. One is the vote in the House of Commons on Mr. Labouchere's amendment to the Address, and the other the Trades-Union Demonstration in Hyde Park. In the former incident, at any rate, even the dullest Peer should be able to see the handwriting on the wall.]

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THE EVICTED TENANTS PROBLEM

With many a weary step, and many a groan,
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone;
The huge round stone, returning with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down and smokes along the ground.

THE Sisyphean task which the Act of Union has inflicted upon the Imperial Parliament, in the never-ending problem of the Irish Question, once again claims the serious attention of the Legislature. Last year it was Home Rule. This year the Land Question imperatively demands consideration. It presents itself in the twofold aspect of a measure to facilitate the reinstatement of evicted tenants and of the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the working of the various Land Acts and Purchase Bills, which have had to be passed since the great measure of 1881 was thought by its authors to be in the nature of a final settlement of Irish agrarian troubles. Thirteen years' experience of at least half-a-dozen enactments to regulate the tenure and ownership of the soil of Ireland only brings us face to face with the old results of the old condition of things, and with the necessity to investigate again, and again to legislate upon, the evils inseparable from a land system which is in itself the centre and source of chronic social discontent.

The opposition that will be offered to the Government measure of reinstatement will be grounded more upon the alleged political character of the 'Plan of Campaign' than upon the merits of the case which calls for the application of a legislative remedy. We shall hear again all about the 'dishonest tenants' who could, but who would not, pay their rents, the folly of 'New Tipperary,' and all the rest of it. Of course, those who resort to arguments of this nature would indignantly deny that there is any suspicion of political motive or object in their doing so, or that anything but the strictest morality and fairness ever influenced Irish landlords in their dealings with their tenants. Even if we allow that there was behind the 'Plan of Campaign' some of that political purpose which influences most public men in all popular movements in almost every country, why should that fact constitute a reason against Parliament attempting to remove a source of grave social disturbance by a fair and

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equitable proposal? The fact of agrarian discontent having allied itself more or less with a sentiment which pervades all Irish agitations is, surely, no proof that there were no grounds for a grievance which appealed both to political and national sympathy for recognition and help after the British Parliament had refused redress?

Every movement that has ever given trouble to the uneasy conscience of English misrule in Ireland, whether for religious, educational, social, or political freedom, has had to pass through the same triple ordeal of denunciation, calumny, and resistance, before the voices of reason and justice were awakened within the walls of Westminster. We are only confronted again in this instance with the same reasons, prejudices, and contentions which have done service so often in the same place on kindred occasions. But it is probable that political common-sense will once more triumph over the same kind of short-sighted class and party opposition.

Those who will show themselves hostile to the coming measure on the ground of the methods of the 'Plan of Campaign' will forget that the tenants who were evicted in connection with that combination are only a fraction of those who have been driven from their homes and holdings since 1879. The scope of the Mathew Commission inquiry was intended to embrace the evictions which had been carried out from the 1st of May of that year, and the Government measure, which is to be introduced as a substitute for the Bill of the Irish Party of last year, will of course propose to cover in its operations the same period of time. The objections to those tenants who were associated with the 'Plan' ought not, in reason or fairness, to extend to the greater number who came to grief before that expedient was resorted to. But a mere condemnation of this movement will neither justly convict the tenants who joined it of 'dishonesty,' nor acquit the evicting landlords of the harshness and injustice which are claimed by the tenants and their leaders to have been the real source of the evils which Parliament is now about to be asked to remove.

Putting on one side the accusations and counter-charges in this angry controversy—What are the undeniable facts relating to the economic condition of things in Ireland which immediately preceded the formation of the 'Plan of Campaign'? If agricultural prices were high, or in a fairly satisfactory state, then, no doubt, there would be some grounds for the allegation that the tenants had no real cause for joining such a combination. But if, on the contrary, values were not only low, but falling still lower, in October 1886, and if, in addition, the attention of Parliament had been called to this state of things, in a seasonable time, and a legal remedy asked for—and refused—what then? Let indisputable facts and figures give the reply. Those who will base their opposition to the Bill which will soon come before Parliament on the ground that there was nothing

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in the then state of things agricultural in Ireland to justify a combination for the reduction of rents, will find it difficult to dispose of the following evidence:—

On the 20th of March, 1886, Sir James Caird wrote a letter to the *Times* against Mr. Gladstone's proposal to buy out the Irish landlords as part of the Home Rule policy of that year. He said:

> The land in Ireland is held by two distinct classes of tenants—the small farmers who pay rent from 1*l.* to 20*l.*, and the comparatively large farmers who pay rent from 20*l.* upwards. Of the first class, there are 538,000 holdings averaging 6*l.* each; of the second class, 121,000 holdings averaging 56*l.* each. The rent payable by the first class is 3,572,000*l.*, and by the second class 6,845,000*l.* Five-sixths of the Irish tenants thus pay about one-third of the total rental, and one-sixth pay nearly two-thirds. . . . If the present prices of agricultural produce continue, I should fear that from the land held by the large body of poor farmers in Ireland any economical rent has for the present disappeared.

The editor of the *Times*, commenting upon this remarkable statement, made even a more astonishing admission than that of his distinguished correspondent, as will be seen from the following extracts:

> We print to-day a very important and able contribution to the discussion of Irish Land Purchase by Sir James Caird, whose authority upon agricultural questions is universally recognised. . . . His extensive knowledge and long experience are sufficient warranty for the substantial accuracy of his figures, even were they not borne out by the facts unhappily too patent to all the world. From them we may judge what has been the fall in Irish agricultural values, and can easily conceive that on the soil, to a great extent 'poor, worn-out and badly farmed,' not only has rent disappeared, but cultivation threatens to become impossible. . . . It is not too much to say that the rental of the 538,000 holdings is practically irrecoverable by anybody, whether landlord, English Government or Irish Government. . . . The market has fallen and is still falling. We have reason to believe that the full effect even of the existing shrinkage of values has not yet been experienced, and we have no certainty whatever that values will not fall lower still. . . . One-third of the total rental is worthless *ab initio*, and the other two-thirds are obviously liable, apart from all political difficulties, to indefinite depreciation.

It was exactly seven months after the appearance of Sir James Caird's letter in the *Times*, and of that journal's unequivocal declaration thereon, 'not only has rent disappeared from 538,000 Irish holdings,' &c., that the 'Plan of Campaign' was inaugurated in the columns of *United Ireland*. There is only one fact more important than this, as bearing upon the question whether this combination of Irish tenants to bring about adequate reductions of rent was justified or not by the circumstances and conditions of the time, and this fact records that on the 27th of September, six months subsequent to the startling admissions quoted above, and one month before the promulgation of the 'Plan,' Mr. Parnell's Bill for an equitable revision of rents on the class of holdings so graphically described by Sir James Caird was defeated on the second reading by 297 against 202 votes that is, by the then Unionist majority in a strictly party division.

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Following the statements which I have quoted, it is unnecessary to prove that prices did not recover sufficiently between the 20th of March and the 27th of September to justify the Government in opposing and in asking Parliament to reject Mr. Parnell's Bill. But it may not be out of place to adduce one more piece of testimony, from an equally hostile source, to the existence of such a depression in agricultural values as called for some remedy, legislative or otherwise, for the sufferings and dangers arising out of such a state of things. Mr. Chamberlain, speaking against an Irish Amendment to the Address, in August 1886, admitted the case of the tenants fully and completely as follows:

> We have to deal in the Amendment with a crisis which is apparently imminent, with the general inability to pay rents, with the numerous evictions and consequent suffering and with great danger to social order. I do not think that anyone will deny that there has been a great fall in the price of almost all the chief produce of Ireland since the judicial rents were fixed. That fall may be variously estimated, but I should put it myself at twenty or thirty per cent. Now, if the judicial rents were fixed upon the basis of former prices, and at that time they were fair; then they must necessarily be unfair now. I do not admit for a moment that there is any sanctity about judicial or any other rents. If rent cannot be paid and leave a fair subsistence to the tenant, no doubt the landlord must bear the loss.

It is only just to the member for West Birmingham to say that he charged Mr. Parnell and the Irish party on the same occasion with having been more or less silent upon the agricultural crisis of 1886, during the brief life of the Home Rule Ministry of that year, and with introducing the matter in the Session following the advent of the Unionist Party to power for the purpose of embarrassing the anti-Home Rule Government. But, even were both these allegations quite true, they do not dispose of the facts so convincingly demonstrated by Sir James Caird's letter, the admission of the *Times*, the Report of the Cowper Commission, and the very speech in which the member for West Birmingham adduces his own clear and conclusive evidence that 'a crisis' existed, that 'suffering and privations' would follow 'numerous evictions,' and that no rent should be paid under such a condition of things if a fair subsistence were not available to the tenant from the produce of his holding.

The Tenants' Relief Bill, which was introduced by the Irish Party to meet the crisis which Mr. Chamberlain acknowledged to exist, proposed to do three things which the continued depreciation of agricultural prices called for. It proposed to stay evictions until the ability or otherwise of the tenant to pay the landlord should be inquired into (a lodgment of fifty per cent. of such rent to be made by the tenant to the landlord's credit as an essential condition to obtaining the redress provided by the measure); it allowed tenants whose rents had been fixed by the Land Commission previous to 1885 to have such rents equitably revised in the Land Courts, and it provided for the admis-

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sion of leaseholders to the benefits of the Land Act of 1881. Nothing under the circumstances of the time could well be more moderate, practicable, or more timely than such proposals.

In one important respect they were more lenient towards the landlords than Mr. Chamberlain's principle would be if embodied in a kindred measure; for whereas the tenant was required under Mr. Parnell's Bill to pay fifty per cent. of the rent in order to qualify for the application of the proposed ameliorative remedy, the member for West Birmingham affirmed the more just and more courageous theory, 'there is no sanctity about judicial rents. If rent cannot be paid and leave a fair subsistence to the tenant, no doubt the landlord must bear the loss.' Yet it was in the face of such economic depression as that testified to in the facts and figures and admissions which I have proved, and of such a case for Parliamentary interference as that contained in Mr. Chamberlain's deliverance at the time, that the Unionist Ministry rejected and destroyed the effort of the Irish Party to solve the problem of the hour and avert 'the suffering and great danger to social order' which a refusal of a legal remedy was bound to entail. If there was ground for the charge against the Irish Party of having allowed the question of low prices and tenants' sufferings to lie dormant during Mr. Gladstone's brief tenure of office in 1886, it can be said with more evidence and force that the Unionist Government was mainly influenced in defeating Mr. Parnell's Bill by a resolve not to give to the Irish Party the credit of obtaining a measure from Parliament which would bring some badly needed relief to a large proportion of the tenantry of Ireland. Whatever palliation there may have been for the quiescence of agitation over rents in the country while a great question affecting the government of Ireland and the constitution of the Imperial Legislature was trembling in the balance, there can be no satisfactory defence made for the omission on party grounds of a clear and imperative duty by a Government responsible for social order such as that which, in rejecting the Tenants' Relief Bill, threw the people affected back upon their own resources and gave birth to the 'Plan of Campaign.'

The Tenants' Relief Bill was thrown out by a Unionist majority on the 27th of September 1886. The 'Plan of Campaign' was promulgated in *United Ireland* on the 23rd of October. The rents would fall due in November. There was no time to be lost in the adoption of some means which would bring to bear upon the landlords such pressure as might induce them to give the tenants that relief which the Government would not assist in getting by way of statutory enactment. I am not concerned to defend the 'Plan' either in its scheme of operation or method of application. It was lauded far too much by its authors and credited with a great deal more than it ever did or could accomplish. But there was far greater exaggeration

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on the other side. 'Organised embezzlement' and a 'policy of public plunder' were charges which savoured more of political hysteria than sober discussion. The main proposals of the 'Plan' were that the tenants on an estate should band together and conjointly ask for such an abatement as the condition of things and position of prices in fairness called for; that if this demand were refused, no rent should be paid to the landlord until a satisfactory settlement was come to; the tenants paying into a campaign fund the amount offered to the landlord, such money to be used in meeting the consequences which might follow from the landlord's legal retaliation if he refused to accept the sum in question in lieu of the full rent. Doubtless this scheme of applying pressure was an extreme proceeding and well calculated to suggest strong, combative countermeasures on the part of the landlords. But the Government, in refusing to legalise a comparatively moderate proposal of Parliamentary relief brought forward by the Irish party, thereby challenged the tenants and landlords to fight out the issue among themselves, and the necessities of the situation forced the weaker side into the adoption of strong methods.

The worst that can be said against the 'Plan' is that by it the tenants took into their own hands the fixing of the amount of rent to be paid. A revolutionary proceeding, no doubt, when looked at from a 'Sacred rights of property' point of view. But was it, after all, under all the circumstances, so wild and so unjust a course to adopt? It was only turning the landlord's former practice against himself—that is, in cases where he refused a reduction commensurate with the fall in prices. Previous to the enactment of the measure which recognised the landlord and tenant as 'dual owners,' the former had the power to raise rents, confiscate tenants' improvements, and otherwise help himself whenever he liked to the fruits of the cultivator's labours. The history of Irish rack-renting shows how callously the majority of Irish landlords exercised this power. In the year 1887 the law of the land recognised the tenant as a joint-owner of his holding, while the perversion of the meaning and intention of the statute which gave this recognition, by a pro-landlord interpretation of one of the clauses of the Act of 1881, compelled the working to pay the sleeping partner in the ownership rent upon those improvements which the clause intended specifically to exempt therefrom. In view of these facts, and of the equally well known fact that the Irish landlord is not the improvement-maker in the working of the soil as in England, a calm and common-sense judgment will not convict the tenants who joined the 'Plan of Campaign' either of 'dishonest' conduct or of planning 'a policy of public plunder,' in resorting to means and methods which had for object the safeguarding of their homes and holdings rather than the confiscation of the landlord's property. It is beyond question that if the

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Land Act of 1881 had been administered in the spirit and intention of its provisions, that no rent should be charged upon the tenant's property or improvements, there would have been no strike against excessive rents in 1887, as no excessive rents would exist. Equally patent is it that if the statements of Sir James Caird and the admissions of the *Times* in March 1886 were made the basis of a new adjustment of rents, 500,000 holdings would have been exempt from ninety per cent. of the rent which the 'Plan of Campaign' proposed to reduce by an average of some thirty per cent. only.

Nor can the expedient of withholding rent from the landlord (under such a state of things as existed in 1879–80 and in 1886-87) until a reasonable abatement is given, be so grave an offence against the code of ethics regulating the moral relations between Irish landlords and tenants as the friends of the former are in the habit of asserting.

Mr. Leonard Courtney, M.P., then Under-Secretary for Home Affairs, wrote as follows in 1880, in connection with the advice of the Land League to the farmers not to pay rent until fair reductions were made:

> The circumstances of the season justified an application for an abatement of rents such as the majority of landlords are generally found willing to allow.... It was also prudent not to make any payment until an understanding had been made about the reduction, as otherwise the worst class of landlords would have taken what they could on account and would have maintained the unpaid balance as a claim always hanging over the head of the tenant, and thus bringing him more than ever within the power of his master.

However such a plan as this may offend the interested morality of the landlord class, it will commend itself as ordinary common-sense to all who have had experience or intimate knowledge of the character and conduct of most Irish landlords in their capacity as rent extractors. What was rational and precautionary in 1879 was even more so in 1886, owing to the continuous fall of prices which had gone on almost uninterruptedly during the interval. The comparatively small abatements given in the Land Courts from 1882 to 1885 did not keep pace with falling values, while the fact of rents being judicially fixed gave to the landlords an excuse for refusing to grant further reductions. Then, again, those who so loudly condemn the morality of the 'Plan of Campaign' forget, or overlook, the astounding fact that no less than 8,000 families, or 40,000 individuals, were evicted within the two years immediately preceding the adoption of that system of defence. It is, of course, true that the greater portion of these tenants were readmitted as caretakers, and were not actually deprived of the use of their holdings. But it is equally true that 90 per cent. of these unfortunate tenants were deprived of the relatively valuable interest secured to them in their holdings by the Land Act of 1881 (those of them, at any rate, who had secured statutory leases), owing to arrears of rent which had accrued in the years down to 1885 under that grow-

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ing economic depression to the extent of which Sir James Caird had borne such emphatic testimony in his historic letter to the *Times*, and to which the Cowper Commission added its measure of confirmatory evidence.

Those who will deny that any real crisis existed that could justify any combination like the 'Plan of Campaign' in the autumn of 1886, it would be useless to attempt to convince that pressure of any kind was needed to make Irish landlords do what English landlords are credited with doing voluntarily in similar circumstances. But it is nevertheless true that the Government which prosecuted some of the leaders of the 'Plan' for preaching and practising the argument of pressure, did itself, through its executive officers in Ireland, resort to a kindred method of persuasion for a not dissimilar purpose.

Speaking at Bristol on the 14th of November, 1886, Sir Michael Hicks Beach, then Chief Secretary for Ireland, said:

> The county courts had exercised their power under the law with firmness and with justice, and the Government had brought what pressure they could, acting always within the law, to bear upon those few landlords who would not follow the example of their more generous fellows, and in doing so he believed that they had acted in the interests of the landlords as well as of the tenants. For he was quite sure there was no greater foe to the rights of property in the world than the man who attempted harshly to exercise its rights and failed to perform its duties.

This was a necessarily qualified exposition of the rival 'Plan of Campaign' which the Unionist Government had put in the field against Mr. Dillon and his colleagues, but it will readily be seen how, between the lines of Sir Michael Hicks Beach's statement, there was an acknowledgment of a grave crisis being in existence at the time, and of a necessity for a resort to a policy of pressure, in order to prevent landlords from being 'the greatest foes of the rights of property' by harshly exercising those rights which the law allowed them to put in force. Nor did the policy of pressure within the law stop at mere trifles in an attempt to prevail upon landlords to give substantial reductions.

The following letter was published in the *Times* at the period in question, and it will be seen how strong and indirectly coercive was the action of the divisional magistrate in attempting to carry out the Tory Chief Secretary's policy towards the landlords of trying to get them to grant generous abatements in rents, in order to avert the violence which springs from evictions:

> 6th December, 1886.
>
> My dear——,—I send a short statement, and a copy of a letter from Mr. ——, R.M., of which I don't complain. But he called afterwards and pressed the matter much further, but did it cautiously. He conveyed that unless the landlady accepted a year's rent, instead of three and a half years', and gave a clear receipt, and paid costs, 50*l*., protection would not be afforded to her caretakers.
>
> Under these circumstances she is disposed to strike and surrender her rights

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and take what she can get. Her income is very small, not more than is absolutely necessary for her support, and she is coerced. The land is some of the best in Ireland, and in the Golden Vale.

Yours faithfully,

———.

The *Times*, in publishing this letter, admitted the truth of the allegations made by the Campaigners against the Tory Government, and expressed its sorrow and indignation thereat in the following words:

Unfortunately it is too clear from the evidence of Sir Michael Hicks Beach, Sir Redvers Buller, and Captain Plunket, in the Dublin Police Court (as witnesses in the prosecution of Mr. John Dillon, M.P.), as well as from the charge of Chief Baron Palles at Sligo, that the rigorous enforcement of the law against tenants combining to refuse the payment of rent is discouraged by the Irish Executive. It is not, we are sorry to say, true that weakness in that direction has long ago been corrected. We have excellent reasons for believing that high officials, undoubtedly acting under direct orders from the Chief Secretary, have taken upon them to advise landlords not to proceed in the only effectual manner against tenants who have adopted the Plan of Campaign. Combination must be met by decisive action against the whole combined body, but this is precisely the course discountenanced by the Government, which nevertheless is supposed to be contending against Mr. Dillon's policy.

Manifestly the Government of Lord Salisbury strongly wished the Irish landlords to make substantial abatements, voluntarily, owing to the too patent facts of the marked decline in prices, and the policy of exerting 'pressure within the law' upon their Irish landlord supporters was resorted to in the hope that there would be no necessity to climb down from the position which the Prime Minister took up in the Session of 1886, when he declared that his Government would never consent to Mr. Parnell's proposal for a revision of the judicial rents. This policy broke down. The Irish landlords are more Tory than Lord Salisbury, but they are no believers in the virtues of a party expedient which proposes to reduce Irish rents in the interests of an English policy. Therefore it was that the 'Plan of Campaign' triumphed over both Government and landlords when, in the Session of 1887, the very Unionist Ministry which scouted Mr. Parnell's proposal in August 1886 brought in a measure for the revision of judicial rents and the admission of leaseholders to the benefits of the Land Act. This was only another of the many instances in the Parliamentary history of the last ninety years of a British Government resolving to do, through the force of necessity and of popular combination, what had been contemptuously refused when advocated and asked for by the Irish National representatives. To have conceded this much six months previously would have rendered the 'Plan of Campaign' unnecessary and averted most of the trouble and suffering which followed. It would also have saved the

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British taxpayer the sum of 115,418*l.* 2*s.* 7*d.*, which was expended in carrying out the evictions, prosecutions, &c., on seventeen of the estates on which the 'Plan' was put in operation without a settlement being effected. Besides this, it is estimated that the annual cost in extra police on account of these evictions amounts to over 120,680*l.* Since 1887 this means a total cost to the public funds of 960,178*l.* in connection with the seventeen estates in question.

The influence which induced the Unionist Government to consent to do that in February 1887 which would not be listened to when proposed by the Irish members in the August previous, was the movement of the 'Plan of Campaign' on the one hand and the Report of the Cowper Commission on the other. This Commission, appointed by Lord Salisbury to inquire into the rent-paying condition of Irish tenants, reported in February 1887 as follows:

(16) The fall in the price of produce of all kinds, and in all parts of the country, has much impaired the ability of the farmer to pay the full rent, and this, following on a previous restriction of credit by the bankers and other lenders of money, as well as by the shopkeepers, has greatly increased their financial difficulties.

(17) The Land Commissioners, recognising this depression, began towards the end of 1885 to reduce the rents then being judicially fixed by from ten to fourteen per cent. below the scale of reduction in the four previous years, and they have since continued to act on this principle.

(18) The sudden fall in prices during the last two years was intensified in its effect by a gradual deterioration which had been going on in the quality and produce of the soil, both tillage and grass, during a series of years of low temperature and much rain, especially in 1879, the worst year of the century. During this period much of the tenants' capital had disappeared. The cost of cultivation, compared with that of an earlier period, had also greatly increased.

Here we see Lord Salisbury's own Unionist Commission confirming the grounds upon which Parliament was asked to legislate by Mr. Parnell in September 1886. Surely, then, the evils which followed from the Unionist policy which closed its eyes to patent facts for party reasons, to open them again for party purposes five months subsequently, ought to be fathered upon the Tory leader and his party rather than upon Mr. John Dillon and the 'Plan.'

It has been shown, in the evidence given before the Mathew Commission, that the average reduction of rent which would terminate disputes under the 'Plan of Campaign' did not exceed the abatements made by the Land Commission following the passage of the Tory Land Act of 1887. In many instances the tenants asked for less of an abatement than was given in connection with similar holdings by the Land Courts on neighbouring estates. On page 15 of the Report of the Mathew Commission it is said:

On the Clanricarde estate the evidence shows that the first direct demand of the tenants was not excessive. The fairness of the tenants' claims was to a large extent proved by the reductions granted on the estate by the Land Commissioners

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in 1887 and 1888; and to Lord Clanricarde's resolution in the first instance not to give a reduction, his agent, Mr. Joyce, attributed wholly the very bad feeling which prevailed in the locality.

Taking the eighty-four estates upon which the adoption of the 'Plan' had effected settlements—in sixty instances without a struggle and in twenty-four after a brief contest—the average abatement which procured settlements was less than 25 per cent. In the case of the seventeen estates on which no settlement was come to, and on which evictions took place, an average concession of 30 per cent. of a reduction would have brought the struggles to a satisfactory end. Taking the 101 estates upon which combinations were formed, settlements would not have involved more than an average rent abatement of 28 per cent. How does this compare in moderation with the contemporary reductions given by the Land Commissioners all over Ireland? At page 11 of the Report of the Mathew Commission it is stated the percentage of abatements over the whole of Ireland amounted in the years 1881–85 to 19·4, the percentage in 1885–86, 24·1, and in 1886–87 (the 'Plan' period) 31·3. It will be seen from these figures that whatever other 'excesses' the leaders of the combination may be charged with, a demand for an excessive or unreasonable reduction of rents on the Campaigned estates cannot be truthfully included in the indictment.

One of the strongest accusations against the 'Plan of Campaign' is that tenants were forced against their will to join the combination. That some tenants were so coerced it would be folly to deny, but that all who joined, or even a moiety of them, were or could be induced to run the risk of eviction and ultimate ruin against their wishes and interests by the influence of any number of leaders, is too absurd to need serious refutation. After all, it is but the principles and practices of British labour strikes applied to a combination of Irish tenants. Rightly or wrongly, the mass of those concerned believe they are justified in making a certain demand. Human nature would not be what it is if, in cases where loss of wages for a time—or loss of holdings—with other consequences to boot, would be involved, a percentage of workmen, or tenants, would not favour 'a peace at any price' policy rather than jeopardise employment and run the risk of bringing great sufferings upon wives and families. But the majority invariably have their way in all such industrial conflicts, and the minority join in the contest because they are coerced to do so by the war sentiment which the fight arouses. This is the kind of 'terrorism' which operated within the 'Plan of Campaign.' Public feeling declared for war where landlords refused to grant reasonable reductions, and those who would prefer to remain out of the fight were compelled to give way to the unwritten law of popular conscription. It is ignoring what happens in almost every strike for higher or against lower

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wages in industrial warfare in every country to say or affect to believe that 'the coercion of tenants willing to pay their rents,' or 'the terrorising' of peaceably disposed people, were practices which were resorted to only in Irish movements against landlordism. The 'Plan of Campaign' was virtually a strike for a better reward for labour in the way of a reduction of the landlord's rent. The circumstances of the period created such a movement for such an end, and those very politicians and statesmen who denounce the 'Plan' and its leaders most were compelled by these same circumstances to do, in 1887, by the means which they rejected when proposed by Mr. Parnell in September 1886, what the tenants' combination attempted to perform.

In one—and that the most striking—instance of the 'Plan of Campaign' contests, the leaders did in my opinion commit a big blunder. The Tipperary fight was a grave mistake. On one important point it violated even the principles of the 'Plan' itself. That scheme of combination very wisely laid down the rule that 'Holders of town parks who are shopkeepers have a strong claim to exemption (from joining the combination), for a judgment against them may be ruin.' Just so. It is both bad tactics in a fight of this kind and a lamentable want of knowledge of human nature also to ask a man to run the risk of losing a business worth 1,000*l.* on account of a rent of 20*l.* or 30*l.* Some of the Tipperary shopkeepers have had to sacrifice even larger sums than 1,000*l.*, and herein is where the blunder of breaking away from the written advice of the 'Plan' itself came in. Mr. Smith Barry's savage policy in helping to frustrate what otherwise promised to be an amicable settlement on the Ponsonby estate brought upon himself the *lex talionis* of the Tipperary struggle; but his opponents gave themselves very badly away when they put their own weakest wing—the shopkeepers—forward to turn the flank of their strongest antagonist. It was 'magnificent,' no doubt, and called forth a few splendid exhibitions of self-sacrifice and enthusiasm galore; but it was very bad 'war,' all the same.

The settlement of this festering social sore of the evicted tenants which was proposed by the Irish Party in Mr. McHugh's Bill of last year was based upon the recommendations of the Mathew Commission. The following is a digest of the proposal:

(1) The Act to apply to tenants evicted since the 1st of May, 1879.

(2) Where the landlord is in occupation—that is, no new tenant or 'planter' in the way—the Land Commission to have power on petition to reinstate the tenant or his personal representative, but the landlord to have the option to require the tenant to purchase under the Ashbourne Acts on terms to be fixed by the Commission.

(3) Improvements by the tenant not to be charged for in the price, unless already paid for by the landlord. The Commission to have power to postpone the first instalment of the purchase money.

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(4) The Commission to make allowance for arrears and costs not exceeding two years' rent, and pay one half out of the Irish Church Temporalities Fund, the tenant paying the other half.

(5) Where a new tenant is in possession the Commission to have power to buy him out, paying half the money out of the said fund, and the evicted tenant paying the other half. If the new tenant has no substantial interest, the Commission to have power to determine his tenancy, making such compensation as they may think just. If the new tenant has a substantial interest, and is not willing to sell, the Commission to buy land elsewhere, and sell to the evicted tenant.

(6) Subject to the rights of new tenants, the administration to be the same as where there are no new tenants.

These are by no means revolutionary proposals. They follow in the main the lines laid down in the suggested remedy of the Mathew Commission, and the more that eminently moderate and practicable scheme of settlement put forward by a much-abused tribunal is adhered to in the Government measure shortly to come before the House of Commons, the more satisfactory and more lasting will be the solution which will follow.

The evicted who are to be dealt with, in whatever plan of settlement is finally adopted, embrace something over 5,000 holdings. Of these 884 only are 'Plan of Campaign' tenants.

Whatever harsh things political and party feeling may say of the 'Plan of Campaign' and its leaders, there can be no two opinions about the splendid generosity shown by the Irish people in support of the victims of the land war. In 1887 a sum of 8,890*l.* was expended in the maintenance of evicted families: in 1888, 17,569*l.*; 1889, 36,207*l.*; 1890, 83,930*l.*; 1891, 48,151*l.*; 1892, 17,927*l.*; 1893, 17,960*l.*; or a total of 230,634*l.* during the period of the last seven years. There must be, even among those most bitterly opposed to the policy of the authors of the 'Plan,' men whose minds cannot but be influenced by the argument of this unique loyalty on the part of the Irish people to the cause of those who were worsted in the contest which developed its most intense phase in the combination of October 1886. Anyhow, when close upon 1,000,000*l.* of public taxes have also been expended as a consequence of the troubles upon the comparatively small number of seventeen estates, there is possibly a stronger argument still supplied in this fact why a common-sense solution of these troubles, such as that put before the public in the Report of the Mathew Commission, should favourably influence Parliament in its consideration of the scheme of settlement which the Government are about to submit to the judgment of the Legislature.

One more humane and rational argument has been put forward in this Report in favour of a speedy solution of the Evicted Tenants problem which should carry conviction to every unbiased mind; and with this quotation I will end my plea for a favourable consideration of the forthcoming measure of reinstatement:

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(38) The economic effect of leaving the evicted tenants without the means of obtaining a livelihood, and of permitting large tracts of country to lie idle and almost entirely unproductive, cannot be ignored, and the failure to settle this question is injurious alike to the material interests of landowners, tenants, and the community. The heavy charges hitherto incurred in protecting life and property will have to be continued, and, unless a remedy can be found, possibly increased. The table already given shows what these charges have been with respect to the estates therein mentioned. The large number of cases into which we have not fully inquired may involve a considerable expenditure of the same character.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

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A NEGLECTED SENSE

A LARGE and choice collection of Japanese lacquer and metal ware has lately been brought together at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. During the somewhat laborious process of classifying, arranging, and cataloguing, nothing was more prominent than the large number of objects connected in one way or another with the burning of incense.[1] Not only among the bronzes, which included censers of every description and design, but, where it was less to be expected, among the smaller objects of lacquer exhibited, we found that in a majority of cases the delicate little boxes so much prized by collectors had formerly served to hold incense or fragrant woods. Other larger boxes there were, also of the very choicest lacquer, containing smaller ones arranged on trays, and sometimes other objects, as miniature braziers and packets of illuminated paper. Larger still, measuring perhaps a foot each way, are the boxes containing the complete equipment for the ancient Japanese game of perfumes, or more literally 'incense arrangement' (Kō-awase).[1] There are so many points of interest connected with this game, and the ground is, as far as I know, so completely unexplored, that it may be worth while to give a somewhat detailed account of these objects and the uses to which they were put.

Closely packed, then, in a square box of lacquer, or it may be arranged in the drawers and on the shelves of a miniature cabinet, we find a number of elaborate implements. The great lacquer artists of the eighteenth century, the Komas, the Kajikawas, and the Shunshos—but like other important objects of old lacquer they are never signed—had expended their highest skill not only in the decoration of the case, but also in that of the various contents. One scheme of decoration runs through the whole, and the *motif* is never of a Chinese source. It is rather with the illustrations to the old Japanese literature, especially with those to the mediæval tales of chivalry known as the *Ise* and *Genji Monogatari*, that the general plan of the decoration is connected. But although the Japanese say

[1] There were two sets of the perfume game displayed in the club exhibition, and the information given above is chiefly derived from the very complete account contributed to the catalogue by Mr. William Gowland. The boxes described belong to Sir Trevor Lawrence and to Mr. James Gurney.

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that the game is an ancient one, none of the examples in European collections, as far as I know, have any claim to an earlier date than the beginning of the last century. Without the aid of illustrations it would be tedious to describe in any detail the various objects and their uses, but some general idea may be given of this ceremonial game, which it is said was only played among the court nobles and the aristocracy. I have a small illustrated manuscript devoted to this subject, but although the various pieces are carefully drawn, there is no information beyond the mere names written at the side.

To play the game various kinds of incense and of fragrant wood are burnt either alone or in combination by one of the players, and it is the duty of the others, of whom there would appear to be three, to show that they recognised the perfumes by placing counters in certain positions on a chequered board. We find, then, within the case, or small cabinet, one or more smaller boxes, or it may be brocade cases, containing carefully folded bags of silk or gilt paper in which the incense is kept. Another box contains the fragrant woods and the charcoal for the brazier. With a small silver spatula, sometimes delicately inlaid with enamel, the incense is taken from its case and placed upon a silver-framed plate of mica, about an inch square; then with a silver forceps, inlaid like the spatula, the little mica plate supporting the pinch of incense is held over a small brazier provided with an open-work cover of silver, in which a few pieces of carefully prepared charcoal are glowing upon a well-smoothed bed of ashes.

By the side we have a tray of lacquer with a number of medallions of mother-of-pearl, each in the shape of a chrysanthemum flower, or it may be of a maple leaf. When the incense is ignited the mica plate is placed to cool upon one of the medallions. Now apparently is the time for the other players to show their skill, by choosing the counter corresponding to the perfume burnt, and placing it in its proper position on the chequer board. These counters—there are 120 of them in the set we are describing—are thin oblong slips of dark wood, about an inch in length. On one side is inscribed a number, 1, 2 or 3, thirty counters for each number; this accounts for ninety; on the remaining thirty the character for the word 'guest' is written. 'The 'guest' is probably the player who is 'in hand'—that is, burning the incense. On the other side of the counters we find a series of ten subjects, charming little miniature paintings, twelve counters for each subject. Such a series generally includes various flowers and birds, or maybe an insect, the moon, or a strange geometrical design resembling snow crystals. In one of the sets the subjects are the ten kinds of musical instruments used for the old court music. I have passed over a number of small implements, some for arranging the charcoal in the brazier and testing its temperature, others of uncertain use. In the more complete boxes we find, in addition, a set of miniature tools, a saw, a chisel, a knife, and a hammer, to be employed in cutting up

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the fragrant woods. Finally, in one instance room is found for a writing box (suzuri-bako), so that check may be kept of the progress of the game, or notes made upon interesting points.

I have so far been unable to find out what kinds of fragrant woods, whether native or imported, and what varieties of incense were employed. In all the sets that I have examined the papers were empty, and the inscriptions on them referred only to the designs on the counters. Tradition says that when the game was played, no scented flowers were allowed in the room.[2]

Quite apart from the exquisite beauty and finish of the apparatus, there is one point of surpassing interest in this game. If the interpretation given is a correct one, the Japanese may claim to have developed the sense of smell to a higher point than we Western nations have any conception of. It is not a case, as with us, of the placid enjoyment of a simple stimulus, as when we smell a rose or the scent on a handkerchief, but here there is an intellectual effort made to distinguish one variety of stimulus from another, and even to analyse a compound odour into its elements. This we may compare to the case of a musician naming the different notes of the scale, or separating the several elements which are combined to form a harmony.

Surely there is a suggestion in this of a new branch of art, which I recommend especially to our French neighbours, and to those among us who are eager for fresh fields of æsthetic enjoyment. I think that the symbolic school of poets, and especially those who in their verses lay claim to the gift of associating visions of colour with the various vowel sounds of their language, might with less difficulty evolve associations between perfumes and sounds, for we well know that no sense has a stronger power of suggestion than that of smell. I have a suspicion, but no proof, that some association of this sort,

[2] Mr. Kowaki sends me too late for insertion in the text some additional facts that he has collected bearing on the use of incense in Japan. Incense, according to Japanese antiquaries, was brought to Japan by the Buddhist missionaries in the sixth century A.D. The earliest mention of an incense game is in the *Genji Monogatari*, a romance of the tenth century, which deals chiefly with the amorous intrigues of an exiled prince. This is one of the most well-known works of the old court literature. We often find that the chapters are headed by a series of diagrams, made up of horizontal and vertical lines, known as the Kô-no-dzu or incense diagrams. The manner probably in which these lines are joined refers in some way to different combinations of perfume. The period of the revival of arts at the close of the fifteenth century under the Ashikaga Shogun Yoshimasa is regarded as the time when the perfume game was most fully organised and most in vogue. As to what was burnt, natural woods and gum-resins exuding from certain trees are vaguely referred to by the authorities, but it is said the materials differed with the various schools of players. There is preserved at the temple of Shôsô-in, at Nara, some specimens of a scented wood, known as Ranjatai, which were brought to Japan (I suppose from Korea or China) in the eighth century. The art of perfumes is referred to in the old books as the Kô-dô, the road or doctrine of incense.

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whether with sound or sight, is sought by the Japanese in the little pictured counters that we have described.

It would seem that the idea of raising the olfactory sense to the level of an art has occurred to others before now. The French archæologist Didron took a special interest in this inquiry, and there are many allusions to it scattered through his *Annales Archéologiques*. I find there a story (which, by the way, I strongly suspect of being apocryphal) of

> a poor peasant from Brittany, of a dreamy and eccentric nature, who invented an 'art of perfumes' while musing over the scents of the flowers of his native fields. He claimed to have discovered the harmonious relation existing between odours. He came to Paris with a perfume box of many compartments to give a 'concert of perfumes,' passed, however, for a madman, and returning to his native home died in obscurity.

Again, more than one ingenious person has constructed a scale of perfumes, finding parallels between different scents and the notes of an octave. There are, indeed, points of resemblance between the terminations of the olfactory nerve on the surface of the mucous membrane which lines the passages at the back of the nose, and the arrangement at the end of the nerve of hearing known as the organ of Corti. In fact, certain physiologists have gone so far as to doubt whether the stimulus to the olfactory nerve be really a mechanical one, rather than some form of vibratory movement.

We nowadays pay so little heed to the pleasures to be derived from the sense of smell, and are at such pains to avoid contact with unpleasant odours, that there is a danger of our losing the sense altogether. Professor Michael Foster, treating the subject from the point of view of the comparative biologist, recognises this sense in man as in some degree vestigial, 'the remnant of a once powerful mechanism. With this,' he says, 'we may connect the fact that the olfactory fibres have connected with them virtually a whole segment of the brain (the olfactory lobes).' He further points out that the olfactory sensations seem to have an unusually direct path to the inner working of the nervous system. As related to this close connection with the higher nervous centres he mentions the powerful reflex effects of a few odorous particles which may cause fainting or dizziness, and also the well-known action of smells as links of association.

The surpassing importance of the sense of smell among the lower forms of animal life is obvious and need not be dwelt upon here. I would, however, call to mind that from the point of view of the evolutionist it is as a means of attracting the various forms of insect life, and transferring by their agency the pollen of one flower to the stigma of another, that the scent of flowers is to be regarded; not in order to please us, else why should we find flowers whose smell resembles carrion? Again, in the lower forms of vertebrate life, nothing is more striking than the inordinate size of the olfactory lobes, in comparison

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with the rest of the brain. These projecting lobes form the very forefront of the whole nervous system, and although in the higher forms of life they are completely masked by the cerebral lobes that spread out over them, their position in regard to the central column of the nervous system remains the same. For this reason, in the long series of cerebro-spinal nerves the pair that conveys the sensation of smell to the brain has the first place, and is known to anatomists as Nerve No. 1.

It would seem, then, that in man the nerves and brain centres that subserve the sense of smell are poorly developed, in some degree vestigial, structures. It would not be too strong a statement to make that in civilised man, and especially in the Englishman of the present day, this sense remains merely as the vestige of a vestige. Consider the large part played by the sense of smell in the life of a dog. Or take the case of a wild animal. To obtain food for itself, and to avoid being eaten, these are the essential points, and it would fare badly with the hunting or the hunted animal were it to lose anything of the delicacy of its *flair*. Compare with this the importance in our modern life and the amount of practical advantage which we derive from 'a good nose.' Not but that cases arise when fatal effects may follow from neglect of the warning which we receive from a bad smell, for it would seem that it is to the bad smell which warns us rather than to the pleasant odour which attracts us that we attach most importance.

It may be well to point out here that a large part of what we regard as gustatory pleasures and pains are strictly to be credited to the sense of smell. The aroma of wine and the flavour of spices have their source not on the tongue or palate but in the remote chambers and passages that extend far back under the base of the skull, and over the surface of which the olfactory nerves are distributed. So much is this the case that we may claim for our sense of smell nearly all that is most refined and elaborated in the pleasures of the table. Again, it has been said that this sense is intellectually put out of court as a source of information about the external world by the absence of any muscular connections. It is generally held that it is from the combination of our muscular sense with the purely passive elements of sight and touch that we derive our conception of an external world. But these muscular connections are not so completely absent in the case of smell as they are in that of taste. Witness the movements of the nostrils in a dog, or even in some men, in the operation we know as sniffing. Indeed, were we to take an imaginative flight and suppose ourselves provided with a flexible proboscis, whether artificial or developed in the course of ages, there is no knowing to what intellectual and æsthetic heights we might attain by means of this sense; it is quite certain that, with such an advantage, a perfume game far exceeding in complication that of the Japanese

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might be devised, and so provided a man, were he both blind and deaf, might form many inferences as to the external world. And here I may mention the case of the boy James Mitchell, often quoted in medical works; he was a deaf mute and blind from birth, 'but distinguished people by their smell, and by means of it even formed judgments as to their character.' This was an intellectual development of our poor sense with a vengeance.

A sense that at the dawn of civilisation was a declining one, and since then has tended to become less and less of value, would appear to have little chance of gaining an important position in any branch of human culture. And yet it came about that one characteristic of the exciting cause of odours brought them into prominence in the service of religion, and this prominence has continued in that connection up to the present day. Far back in the history of our race, at any rate long before the dawn of history, the apparently immaterial and, so to speak, ghostly nature of the exciting cause of the sensations of smell led, it would seem, step by step, to the use of incense in the service of the gods. When it began to be felt that the ancestral or other spirit that had to be appeased was hardly of a nature to consume the material food or drink offered to it, to appease its wrath or to gain its favour, an easy step of reasoning suggested that this food or liquid would be more acceptable in the form of smoke or vapour. The gods had become of too spiritual a nature actually to eat the food, but they would still require some form of nourishment, and what could be more suitable to them than the fumes of burnt flesh? This is the conception that is prominent, or at all events survives, in the descriptions of sacrifices in the Iliad, where the thick clouds from the burning thighs of the slaughtered oxen, and from the fat in which they were wrapped, ascend to Olympus and cheer the assembled gods. It was but a step from this to the burning of fragrant woods and resin to provide a less gross gratification. Moreover, by the consumption in their honour of these precious spices and fragrant gums, obtained at so much cost and trouble, another motive of sacrifice was satisfied.

The Egyptians in the preparation of their mummies had need of a vast store of spices and aromatics. This need no doubt was the origin of their trade with Southern Arabia—the land of Punt—a trade which attained to great importance under the XVIIIth and XIXth Dynasties. That, in search of aromatics, there was also a more northern trade route which must in early days have brought them into contact with the Jews, we shall see later on.

The Egyptians in this respect were far in advance of the Greeks of Homer. They burned their incense in a censer, using it in a similar way to the Buddhists and Christians of later days.

In the papyri of the 'Book of the Dead,' we see the priest, clad in a panther skin, standing in front of the mummy, pouring, with one hand, a libation from a flask, while in the other he holds a censer

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of peculiar form, an open cup with a long horizontal handle, whose further extremity is shaped like a hawk's head. Small pellets of incense are taken from a basin attached to the handle, and adroitly scattered on to the burning embers in the cup. We see also spherical vessels opening horizontally, either for holding or burning the incense. The incense of the Egyptians, according to Plutarch, was composed of fragrant resins, myrrh, and an elaborate compound called Kuphi.

We are all familiar with the frequent references to the burning of incense in the Old Testament. In the books of Leviticus and Exodus we find elaborate laws laid down for the burnt offering. In the light of modern criticism we must regard these laws as descriptive of the ritual of the second temple, or rather as an ideal cult which the priests of that time were desirous of having the means of carrying out. In addition to the large altar for the burnt offering, there should be a smaller one, a cubit square, of shittim wood covered with gold.

> Take unto thee sweet spices, stacte, and onycha, and galbanum; these sweet spices with pure frankincense: of each shall there be equal weight. And thou shalt make it a perfume, a confection after the art of the apothecary, tempered together, pure and holy. And thou shalt beat some of it very small. . . . It shall be unto thee holy for the Lord. Whoever shall make it like unto that to smell thereto, shall even be cut off from his people.

For apothecary the marginal note says we may read perfumer, a connection characteristic of the East generally. These directions are for the service of the smaller altar, but with the sacrifices on the larger altar of burnt offerings incense was also associated. 'Thou shalt put oil upon it, and lay frankincense thereon.'

The anointing oil was itself a fragrant mixture, compounded of spice, myrrh, sweet cinnamon, sweet calamus, cassia and olive oil, 'an ointment compounded after the art of the apothecary.' These careful receipts—and there are many more which it would be tedious to quote—are of interest as throwing light on the doubtless similar perfumes of the Egyptians, and also because they have served as a model for the many ceremonial uses of incense and fragrant oils in the ritual of the Roman and still more of the Greek Church.

Let me here be allowed to quote a well-known passage from the story of Joseph (Genesis xxxvii. 25), part of a narrative much older than the Levitical law. After Joseph's brethren had cast him into the pit—

> they sat down to eat bread: and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and, behold, a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt.

Here we have a glimpse of that old-world trade which continued with little change until the Turkish conquest of Egypt and the maritime discoveries of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The quo-

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tation, at the same time, brings forcibly before us the importance of spices and fragrant resins in that trade. In this case it was from the regions east of the Jordan that the caravan is represented as coming. The most important source, however, of the raw materials for incense has always been the southern coast of Arabia, and the African lands on the other side of the straits, one or other of which was probably the land known to the Egyptians as Punt.

It is precisely these districts which are the special home of the Amyridaceæ, the natural order of plants which are characterised by their fragrant resinous and gum-resinous juices. The genus Boswellia (the name is perhaps not sufficiently exotic) produces the frankincense of the Bible, and the gum-resin known as olibanum. Balsamodendron, the other important genus of the order, yields myrrh, and from other species the Balm of Gilead and the gum called Bdellium in the Bible are obtained.

In *Paradise Lost* we read how

> . . . to them who sail
> Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
> Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
> Sabean odours from the spicy shore
> Of Araby the blest, with such delay
> Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league
> Cheered with the grateful smell old ocean smiles.

Milton then goes on to speak of the fiend Asmodeus, and the passage introduces so curious a point that I must quote it also. Satan, he says, was better pleased with the odorous sweets of Paradise

> Than Asmodeus with the fishy fume
> That drove him, though enamoured, from the spouse
> Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent
> From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.

In fact it seems to me that this reference to Asmodeus is a good deal more germane to my subject than to Milton's. Everyone knows the charming story of Tobit, how he journeyed to Ecbatane with the angel, and to what use he put the gall-bladder and the liver of the fish, 'which leaped out of the river and would have devoured him;' how

> he took the ashes of the perfumes, and burnt the heart and the liver of the fish thereon, and made a smoke therewith. The which smell when the evil spirit had smelled, he fled into the uttermost parts of Egypt, and the angel bound him.

I quote this passage to prove that not only may spiritual beings be attracted by pleasant odours, but that they may when desirable be driven away by evil ones.

If the Jews of old gave so much importance to incense in the ritual of their worship, it would seem that the delight in perfumes was equally a feature of their secular life, and we have seen that they were

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expressly forbidden to use the temple incense in their own houses. In that wonderful poem that we know in our Bible as the Song of Solomon, the air is heavy with perfume. Here the Shulamite sings, 'My hands dropped with myrrh and my fingers with sweet smelling myrrh,' and Solomon is 'perfumed with myrrh and frankincense and all the powders of the merchant.' There is constant mention of 'spikenard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon, with all the trees of frankincense; myrrh, and aloes, with all the chief spices.' 'Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out.' This perfumed wind has blown through the ages and inspired the imagery of Milton and of Tennyson.

When the Shulamite says that her fingers dropped with sweet smelling myrrh, we must accept this literally, however opposed to our modern ideas. The liquid scents of the ancients must have been of an oily nature. They still are so in the East, and the semi-liquid attar-of-roses may perhaps give us some idea of what they were like. There are plenty of similar allusions in classical literature, and we must think of the graceful youth '*perfusus liquidis odoribus*' whom Horace warns against the fickle charms of Pyrrha, as similarly anointed, doubtless after the bath. These words Milton translates 'bedewed with liquid odours,' and he elsewhere speaks, classically as usual, of one of the followers of Comus, 'dropping odours, dropping wine.' The use of alcohol as a solvent for the essential oil of flowers is a comparatively modern practice, and can only have been introduced after the process of distillation had become generally known.

It will be observed that in the above quotations from the Old Testament there is no mention of a movable censer. The incense was burnt upon an altar, and such appears to have been the general practice in classical times. In representations of sacrifice in Roman bas-reliefs, we see an attendant holding a square box (*acerra*), from which he transfers the incense to the altar, with some kind of spoon (*ligula*). In the Jewish ritual there is constant reference to the spoon of gold to hold fifty shekels of frankincense.

The use of incense in the early Christian Church would appear at first to have met with strong opposition, and in the contradictory statements of the early fathers we see the traces of a warm controversy. That enthusiastic archæologist, Didron, in his *Annales Archéologiques*, has collected a wealth of information bearing on the use of perfumes in the different Christian rituals. Writing as a pious mediævalist, he contrasts the pagan abuse of perfumes, ministering to their wildest orgies, with their more spiritual and refined employment in the service of the Church. Certainly at no time has the cult of perfumes been carried to a higher point than that reached by the wealthy Romans of the Empire: witness the important part that they play in

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the anecdotes of feasting and 'fast' life which we find scattered through the pages of Apuleius, Petronius, Athenæus, and Lucian. In his 'Banquet' Athenæus quotes an authority who recommends 'that the legs should be washed with an Egyptian perfume taken from a box of gold, the mouth and the breast with a liquor made from dates, the arms with mint, the eyebrows and hair with marjoram, the knees and the neck with thyme.' In these *débauches de l'odorat* the very vessels from which they drank, brought at great expense from Egypt, were manufactured from perfumed clay, and fired in a kiln heated with aromatics. These were the scented cups from which the courtesans drank a syrup composed of pepper, myrrh, and Egyptian perfume.

It was a natural revolt against such practices that led Tertullian and in later days St. Augustin to inveigh against the use of incense. Moreover, to take a few grains of incense between the finger and thumb, and scatter them on an altar, was often all that was required by the authorities to repel the charge of belonging to the new and despised sect. And yet for all this the use of perfumes crept into the Church, and we find the early fathers adopting an apologetic and uncertain tone on the subject; we might almost accuse them of 'hedging.' Thus Tertullian says—

> It is true we burn no incense. If the Arabian complains of this, the Sabæan will testify that more of his merchandise and more costly is lavished on the burial of Christians than in burning incense to the gods.

Notice here the 'good for trade' argument, which still survives, and again the distinction between the perfumes of Arabia (i.e. Northern Arabia, in our use of the word) and the spices of Sabæa (Arabia Felix), which latter were probably largely used in the catacombs when embalming the dead. In another place Tertullian says somewhat apologetically—

> If the smell of any place offends me, I burn something of Arabia, but not with the same rite nor with the same appliances with which it is done before idols.[3]

This quotation points the way by which the use of incense crept into the Church ritual, so that by the third century the use of the censer was firmly established. Constantine is said to have presented a large thurible weighing thirty pounds to the Lateran Church. Like the pagan *thuribulum* sometimes used in place of an altar, we must think of this as an open vase, of gold or silver gilt studded with precious stones, standing on the ground in front of the altar.

An allegorical interpretation of the burning of incense was soon found. Thus an early writer says: 'The thurible denotes the body of Christ, in which is fire—to wit, the Holy Spirit—from which pro-

[3] These quotations from the fathers I find in an article on incense in Smith's *Dictionary of Biblical Antiquities*.

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ceeds a good odour which every one of the elect wishes to snatch for himself.' In an early revisal of the *Ordo Romanus* it is directed that 'the thurible be carried about the altar, afterwards taken to the nostrils of the congregation, that the smoke may be drawn up towards the face by the hands.' The frequent mention of incense in the Psalms, and the influence of the East generally, must have assisted in promoting its employment, especially in the Byzantine Church. Chosroes the Sassanian king is said to have presented a golden thurible to the Church of Constantinople.

The use of incense, however, is not an essential in any of the offices or sacraments, at least in the Roman Church. A much loftier position is held by the chrisma and the other consecrated oils. These in the Western Church are composed of a mixture of olive oil and balm. In the Greek Church the oil is mixed with cassia, myrrh, fragrant woods and other aromatics, and much larger quantities are employed. The aroma of these consecrated oils follows the believer from his birth to his death-bed.

Very striking in the ritual of the Eastern Church is the extravagant use of incense. In Greece and in the Levant so much is this the case that it produces oppression and headache in those not habituated to such an atmosphere. No doubt there is a purpose in this —the heavy perfumed air serves as a stimulus to a devotional frame of mind; so, in the orgies of the later Romans, the spiced wines and the aromatics helped to promote other and baser passions. This at least is the opinion of the pious Didron. I think, too, that the heavy-eyed, 'drugged' look so often noticeable in the *papas* of Greek convents and churches may be due in part to the constant exposure to these fumes.

In the mediæval legends of saints there is constant reference to the scent of lilies and roses, and the fragrant odours and perfumed oils that pour forth from the bodies of saints when their tombs are opened, are mentioned again and again. The sense of smell is accepted as the least gross of our senses, and the one which is most closely connected with a spiritual condition. The authority of Didron is again my excuse for quoting an Oriental legend which tells how 'l'aïeule de la Vierge avait conçu sainte Anne en respirant dans un jardin le parfum d'une rose.'

I have left myself but little space to speak of the wonderful thuribles that survive from mediæval times, either in the treasuries of cathedrals or in private collections. The finest are unquestionably also the oldest, and date from the eleventh and twelfth centuries. One of the most beautiful known to us was bought for a few francs in an old iron shop at Lille, and is now, I think, in an English collection. An angel is seated on the top, and protects the three boys Ananias, Azarias, and Misael, mentioned in Daniel.[4] Perhaps the most

[4] A spherical thurible of the twelfth century, smaller but apparently of identical

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famous of all thuribles is that preserved at Trèves; the cover is cast to represent a Romanesque church with gables, towers, and domes. The development of Gothic architecture may indeed be followed in the censers of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, for the designs are generally taken from the churches or shrines of the period. It is curious to find that in Russia the oldest and finest thuribles, as one in the Kremlin and another at Novgorod, are modelled after the fantastic and Oriental lines of the churches of that country.

The monk Theophilus, who wrote in the twelfth century, gives detailed directions for the casting of thuribles by the 'cire perdue' process, and especially for the hammering and chasing of those made of repoussé work. He describes too the nacellæ or navettes, in which the church incense is kept, and these nacellæ have from this early date preserved the same shape. The rare examples surviving from mediæval times are beautiful boat-shaped vessels, generally of silver gilt finely chased, the prow and stem of the boat ending in a swan's neck and head. One of the earliest records of these vessels is in an inventory of Salisbury of the early thirteenth century, which mentions 'four thuribles of silver and a silver nacella for the frankincense.'

The only ingredient formally acknowledged in the incense of the Roman Church is the gum-resin olibanum, which should constitute at least one-half of the whole. I understand that the cheaper resins obtained from various species of pine are now frequently added in smaller or greater quantities.

It is, I think, not generally known that incense continued to be used at times in many of our English churches long after the Reformation. George Herbert says that the country parson, on great festivals, should see that his church is perfumed with incense and strewn with boughs. On the principal holidays it used to be the constant practice at Ely to burn incense on the altar of the cathedral 'till Thomas Greene, one of the prebendaries, and now (1779) Dean of Salisbury, *a finical man, who is always taking snuff*, objected to it under pretence that it made his head ache' (*Notes and Queries*, September 15, 1883). Please note what is here said about the use of snuff: 'Ceci a tué celà.' With the introduction of tobacco commences the decline of the importance of perfumes. We may, indeed, include the taking of snuff among the forms of olfactory pleasures—a coarse and debased one, certainly. In that case the jewelled and enamelled snuff-boxes of the last century may be classed as the latest artistic outgrowth of the sense of smell.

Had I space, much might be said of the important place taken by perfumes in the civilisation of the Renaissance, and of the scented dandies at the courts of the Valois kings, and of our own Elizabeth; there are frequent satirical references to them in the comedies of

design, is exhibited in the New Gallery. It is said to have been brought from a church at Pavia.

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Shakespeare. What kinds of scent were then in use may be learnt from a little silver pomander, Italian work of the sixteenth century, in the collection at the New Gallery. These little scent cases were hung by a chain from a lady's girdle, and the one in question, though no larger than a plum, contains eight compartments, inscribed as follows: 'Ambra, moschete, viola, naransi (orange), garofalo, rosa, cedro, gesmine.'

Before ending let us turn again to the far East. Among the ritual furniture of the different sects of Buddhism in China and Japan, vessels for incense of every variety of shape are found, and in our collection at the Burlington Fine Arts Club the incense burners held among the bronzes the same place of importance that the boxes for holding the incense took among the lacquer. The temple censers are usually uncovered, and stand in front of the altar. Into the accumulated bed of fine white ash are stuck what we irreverently call joss-sticks (manufactured, according to Rein, from the bark of a species of Illicium). It is the smoke from these sticks as they smoulder away that gives the characteristic smell to Buddhist temples, and indeed to Japanese interiors generally, for they are daily burnt before the little house-shrines. The covered incense vases take every variety of form, long-legged cranes and grotesque lion-like monsters being perhaps the commonest. There are spherical censers—these more for secular use—some suspended by silk cords, others containing within a cup supported on a universal joint, so that they may be rolled about without upsetting the incense. The Japanese had another means of employing perfume in the Choji-buro or 'cloves bath,' which must have been in frequent use in old days, to judge by its common occurrence in collections of bronze and fayence. Cloves or other sources of perfume are heated in water over a small brasier, and the scented vapour escapes into the room. At the same time the Japanese pay comparatively little attention to the scent of flowers. They prefer the faint scent of the blossom of the plum (*Prunus Mumé*) to all others, to judge at least from a little poem that may be rendered, 'Seek excellence among men in the Samurai, among flowers in the cherry-blossom, among perfumes in the plum-blossom, among objects of desire in the toshima.' The last word, by the way, is interpreted in the dictionaries as a woman of about thirty summers, more or less, a ripe age in Japan.

If I have said so little about flowers as a source of perfume, it is because it would be difficult, on this head, to concentrate the interest on the scent alone to the exclusion of the beauty of the source of the scent. Certainly, were we to search the poetical literature of the present century, we should find constant reference to the scent both of garden and of wild flowers, and hardly an allusion, unless perchance a contemptuous one, to perfumes of artificial origin. It is

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on the odours of the country, the sea and the mountain side, that we poor town-dwellers love most to dwell.

I have hoped in this slight sketch to make evident the vastly greater importance of the sense of smell to the lower animals than to man, and to man in past ages and remote countries than to the Western European of the present day. What remains to us of artificial perfumes survives chiefly in connection with two conservative institutions which are regarded by some advanced philosophers as relics of a benighted past—the toilette of woman and the ritual of the Church.

EDWARD DILLON.

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SIMON RYAN THE PETERITE

I

It is more than forty years ago since I heard first of Simon Ryan. I was a Freshman. I mean that I was in my first year at St. Boniface, and there were still stage coaches on the road in those primitive times; at any rate, there was one which plied between Camford and Thrapston in Northamptonshire, and I found myself outside that coach one day, and occupying the box seat, with 'old Topham' on the box. I quite forget where I was going, and I only remember two incidents on the journey. One was the sight of a tame fox in an inn yard where we changed horses, and the other was old Topham's conversation as we drove past a rather large coppice skirting the road-side for some distance. I think it was somewhere near Huntingdon. Mr. Topham had a grudge against that coppice; he had reason to complain of it. Tramps and thieves, he assured me, were wont to lurk there, and when the nights were dark and he had a light load of passengers, the rogues more than once had sneaked out of the wood and hung on behind the coach. Then they had contrived to get clear off with a hamper or other package for which some one was answerable, and when he got to the end of this journey, lo! there was something missing from the way-bill. Mr. Topham expressed a strong wish that that coppice was his property; then he'd cut it down, every stick of it. 'But that there Si Ryan he—he's wrong in his head. He'd never cut down a tree to save himself from the workhouse, and he ain't likely to come to that neither. If I was to ask him to cut down that copse he'd laugh at me! No! He wouldn't do that neither. He never does laugh. He's a Peterite!' I mused, and after a little I asked timidly, 'What is a Peterite, Topham?'

The old *jarvie* took his time to answer. 'Bless you, sir, I don't know. They all say he's a Peterite, and he don't deny it. He ain't ashamed of it, anyhow. Maybe he ain't no cause to be ashamed of that.'

It was dark by this time, and I have a distinct recollection of getting sleepy and of half dropping off, then of mechanically repeating to myself: 'Si-Si-Si-Simon, Peter Ry-Ryan, Rite, Peterite!' After that Memory has no more that she can recall.

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Seven or eight years later I found myself in temporary charge of the parish of Carlton. I had come back to the University and was in residence for a time, but I officiated in the little church on Sunday and went over once during the week to visit the people. It was a very bitter winter and the snow was deep, and lasted for some weeks, I think; but I was young and enthusiastic and the people took to me. I think they were rather complimented by being visited in the 'coarse' weather, and as I went in and out among them cheerily they showed their friendliness in many little ways which were pleasant and encouraging.

One day I said to the clerk, 'Who lives in that house with the trees so thick round it? I've never been there yet. I must go.' The clerk grinned from ear to ear. 'That? Why, don't you know, sir? You must ha' heerd talk of Mas'r Ryan. He's a Peterite!' I had quite forgotten all about my journey on the coach, or, rather, I had never thought any more of it; but as I heard the name the old scene came back upon me with a curious vividness, and I found myself again repeating the old words, 'Si-Si-Si-Simon, Peter Ry-Ryan, Rite, Peterite,' in a dreamy whisper. 'Aye! That's right!' said the clerk. 'You've heerd tell of old Simon Ryan, I'll be bound.' And he grinned again, broadly. I cannot explain why I felt irritated by the man's manner, but I was. I could not bring myself to ask any more questions. I passed out of the churchyard, trudged bravely through the deep snow, and made straight for 'Mas'r Ryan's' without turning my head. The sun was setting. The clouds looked heavy and sullen; it was dusk when I knocked at the door. There was a light burning in the hall. For several minutes I waited and heard no sound. I knocked again; for there was a brass knocker and no bell. Then there were footsteps. The door opened and I found myself confronted by a tall man whose face I could not see, for his back was towards the lamp on the hall table, which of course shone full on my face. He held the door wide open, in a frank, fearless way, paused a moment, and then, in a deep voice that betrayed no surprise nor any other emotion, he said inquiringly, 'Your pleasure, sir?'

'I am in charge of this parish, sir, for some months,' I answered, 'and I think it right to pay my respects to all the parishioners, that I may, if I can, teach something to those who desire to learn, and, if I can, learn something of those who have anything to teach. May I come in, Mr. Ryan?'

Instinctively he drew back, and I crossed his threshold. I had advanced but a single step when he seemed to hesitate. By this time the lamp was throwing the light full upon his face, and I saw a man of perhaps seventy. His hair was thick and long, perfectly white, the forehead high and broad, the eyebrows, with scarce a suspicion of grey in them, met and made a dark band across his face;

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there was a dreamy, restless look about his eyes, his lips and fingers were working restlessly. He seemed perplexed, as if doubting what to say or do. 'I am not wont to see visitors here, young sir; but as you have come in so far, come farther. Hath he not said, "Use hospitality one to another without grudging?" Do you drink tea?'

I passed through the hall into a long room which, by the imperfect light, seemed to me even larger and loftier than it actually was. It was crowded with antique furniture as a dealer's store might be. But the massive black oak chairs, the fantastic escritoires and cabinets, the tiny little tables of all shapes and designs, the heavy settees, and, conspicuous above all, an indescribable *bureau* rising high above everything else, were all arranged, two and three deep, along one side of the apartment. The other side was occupied by bookshelves from floor to ceiling, and between these and the furniture was a broad passage, perhaps ten feet wide—which I used to call the *aisle* when I got upon familiar terms with Mr. Ryan—and up and down this aisle he was wont to walk for hours when the restless fit was upon him, thinking and talking to himself, as his manner was, in a slow, aimless manner. For years, I was told, this was his only exercise.

At one end of the room was the door by which I had entered; then a huge fireplace in which some great logs were burning brightly; then, where the aisle stopped, the wall was heavily draped with some antique hangings of stamped velvet. At the other end was a large oriel window, with seats in it, and a plain, heavy deal table, which I guessed that Mr. Ryan had made with his own hands in one of his wayward moods. Where the old velvet curtains hung when I first entered the room, there had formerly been placed upon the floor a plain oak coffin with brass fittings; and in that coffin Mr. Ryan, for several years, had regularly laid himself down every evening, and there it was surmised he used to say his prayers. After a while *he grew too large for the coffin*, and when he could no longer get into it, or began to find that getting out of it was a perilous gymnastic feat, he had it set upright, fixing the lid on hinges and so converting it into a door of which he kept the key.

The only piece of furniture in the *aisle* that I have spoken of was a long escritoire, and before it stood a high-backed chair, stately and ponderous; the arms were a pair of writhing griffins, that faced you grimly as you entered, and lifted their grotesque heads above the level of the escritoire that they seemed to guard. Behind this chair stood a lady, her head only just above the high back, for she was very low of stature. In the window seat was a boy who, at the first glance, I took to be about twelve; he was reading, and apparently was absorbed in the volume.

Mr. Ryan set down the lamp upon his writing-table. The light fell upon the face that rose above the chair-back. I was struck by the exquisite beauty of the head. It was bent forward, the hair was

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wonderfully smooth, glossy, and fine, and, parted down the middle with a perfect distinctness, such as one rarely sees now, it was allowed to fall a little over the brow, then gathered up into a roll, and massed in coils low down upon the neck.

Her eyes were bent upon the table; she made no movement as we entered; she stood there mute as a statue. 'Your name, young sir?' I told him. He paused, peered curiously at me, and a shudder passed over him.

'I have been waiting for you, young sir; waiting for many years. Not because you are a "lively stone," though a rumour came to me that that you are, but it was your sire who threw his gentleman-commoner's gown over my drowned brother's face as they carried him through the streets of Oxford. You are his son, "elect, precious."'

He came up to me and kissed me on the cheek, and I did not resent it nor draw back.

'The lady Electa!' He waved his hand to the figure behind the chair: she lifted her eyes. I smiled and bowed. The dark eyes looked down again; she was as motionless as before. The boy rose from his seat, his book in his hand, and without a word took his place at his father's side. 'Marcus, my son!' I held out my hand; Marcus looked as if for permission to Mr. Ryan, then placed his hand in mine and left it there, as if he did not know what was expected of him.

As he stood before me, his hand in mine, I found him older than I had first thought him; his voice was just beginning to break, there was a soft down upon his upper lip, he was slight and evidently far from robust. He was dressed in a kind of dark-coloured pinafore, his throat bare, and the collar of his shirt turned carelessly over on this side and on that. As I looked at him it seemed to me that young Keats had walked out of his picture, and had come to hold converse with me. I thought, 'Is it all a vision, and am I only dreaming?' For a moment the room and its occupants, with their strange surroundings, swam round before me, and a sense of disappointment depressed me, for I knew I should awake to realities all too soon. How long we all stood thus silent, Mr. Ryan watching me the while, I know not; I was roused by his voice.

'Electa, Stephen's son has come!'

'My father's name was not Stephen, sir; it was John!'

'Young sir! Your father's name was Stephen! You have yet to learn the significance of names.'

It was said without any emphasis or with the least sign of displeasure; but as he spoke, his back turned to his wife, the lady glanced up quickly and raised a finger to her lips. Then she blushed deeply and again looked down.

'Electa, Stephen's son has come! Let there be tea here—tea in

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twenty-three minutes. Marcus, my son, shall stay with us. Let there be toast and much butter upon it!'

He took his seat upon the high-backed chair and motioned to Marcus, who took his place by his father's side, standing with his open liquid eyes following my every motion, and his hand resting on the head of one of the griffins.

'May I look at the books, Mr. Ryan?'

'You may look, young sir.'

The room must have been forty feet long. One special shelf on a level with my chin was filled with the most remarkable collection of volumes on the criticism of the New Testament that I had ever seen. In fact, of only a small proportion of them had I ever heard the names. I was still in the twenties then, and I was just beginning to feel how ignorant I was. But this shelf fairly staggered me. In the middle of the shelf stood the works of Archbishop Leighton, in four octavo volumes. They had been evidently read and re-read, they were battered and worn.

'Ah! Here is Archbishop Leighton, I see!'

'Young sir, he was an apostate!'

I turned in wonder. What did he mean?

'That any human creature should have read Simon Peter's Epistle so often, known it so well and understood it so little, proves that this man was begotten of corruptible seed!'

Remembering the lady Electa's warning, I made no answer, but continued my examination.

'Oh! Mr. Ryan, this *is* a rare book! Thomas Adams on the Second Epistle of Peter! You are fortunate!'

'Fortunate! fortunate! fortunate!' he kept on repeating, the tone growing more and more mocking and scornful.

'That is the eleventh copy of that book I have owned, young sir! It is a task I have imposed upon Marcus, my son, to tear out a leaf from that volume every day before our mid-day meal, and consume it in the fire upon the hearth. The Second Epistle, young sir! Tell him the truth! Tell it him, Marcus, my son!'

The boy raised his hand from the griffin and pointed to the book with his forefinger. 'There never was a Second Epistle. Father knows that forged bank notes are bad to handle. Forged epistles, father knows, are wicked and worse!'

I began to feel crushed and uncomfortable. This man knew more than I did, and I could not tell what was coming next. By chance I took up Valpy's Greek Testament. There were no Alfords in those days. But Valpy was still a stock book for weak-kneed candidates for Holy Orders. The volume opened at St. Peter's Epistle. It was minutely annotated in a small crabbed hand.

'A sheep going astray, young sir!' said Ryan, 'stumbling at the word as he goes along; a soulless pedant, prating for ever of Bos and

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his Greek ellipses. Let him go!' He took the book from me and laid it down upon the table.

I was relieved by the opening of the door. The lady Electa came in with a tray, and a hand holding a plate piled high with buttered toast appeared at the door. Marcus, at a sign from his father, took the plate and laid it upon the table; the door closed noiselessly.

A seat was set for me opposite the high-backed chair. 'Where will Mrs. Ryan sit?' I asked.

'The lady Electa is in subjection to her own husband; she has no seat, young sir!' She poured out the tea, Marcus standing at his father's side. Then she took her place again, silent and with downcast eyes as before. 'Hush!' he said solemnly. He rose upon his feet and made the sign of the cross upon his breast, his right hand moving slowly *upwards* and pausing as if to show me how it was to be done. I did as he did. Then he drew another line with his left hand from shoulder to shoulder. The tea was good and I was tired with my day's work and very glad of the meal. He talked continuously in a deep monotonous voice. When we had finished there was still abundance of toast upon the platter. Simon rose, 'Let us walk, young sir!' He laid his hand upon my shoulder and walked me up and down that aisle between the bookshelves and the rows of furniture, backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, till from very weariness I said I must go. Meanwhile the mother and son had been finishing the tea; both standing all the time at the board. I had a fear of his kissing me again, so I held out my hand at arm's length. He took it. I bowed silently to the lady Electa, took Marcus playfully by his shoulders and said good-bye cordially, Ryan furtively watching me all the time. 'You will come again, young sir, next week. Is Stephen yet alive?' 'My father died last year,' I answered, 'but if I may I should like to come again. I am quite sure, sir, you can teach me a great deal. Next week I will come again.'

This was my first interview with Simon Ryan.

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II

Who was this man? Tradition said that his father was a merchant in London, where he had amassed a considerable fortune, which he had invested partly in house property in the Borough, partly in small landed estates in the country. The old man was reported to have been eccentric and solitary in his habits, but a shrewd man of business up to the last. He had two sons, the elder of whom he named Paul, the younger Simon; there were three years between the two boys. No one could tell anything about their mother; she died a few days after her younger son was born. Paul was sent to Eton, and Simon to some of his father's correspondents on the Continent, where he

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acquired two or three foreign languages. When he was about fourteen his brother Paul joined him at Hamburg, and the two lived together for the next two or three years, the younger brother conceiving an idolatrous affection for the elder, which, as it appeared ridiculous to the young men with whom Paul mixed, led at last to a separation—Paul going up to Oxford, and Simon staying behind at Hamburg, where he was supposed to be qualifying for mercantile life. In his second term Paul was mysteriously drowned in the Cherwell. The news of this disaster killed old Ryan, and the shock produced upon young Simon so great an effect that his brain became affected. His father had left the youth as a ward to a worthy solicitor, into whose house he was taken, and here he transferred to a son of the house, of about his own age, the same romantic and admiring love which he had bestowed upon his brother. Young Clarke was, however, a very matter-of-fact young fellow, and, though he just tolerated the other's devotion, had very soon too much upon his hands to allow of his being Simon's constant companion. Simon found himself more and more lonely. He hated business; he was painfully shy and reserved; he had no profession, his means were far in excess of his wants, though he was not without tastes; he was an omnivorous reader and an enthusiastic musician.

After he came into his property, he took to wandering about, no one knew where; he had chambers in Gray's Inn from which he would disappear for a year at a time, and then suddenly he would go to his tailor to be fitted out afresh. He asked no questions and answered none. He had no friends.

One day, while he was in London, young Clarke, who managed everything for him, came and announced that he was going down to Carlton to look at the old Manor House, which was reported to be in a ruinous condition. 'Let's go together, Si. It's a shame you should not go and see your own tenants; there are only half a dozen of them, but they've never set eyes on their landlord, and it may come to pulling down the old house, and I don't like doing that without your seeing it.'

Simon was delighted at the prospect of a week with his friend. They went accordingly. The old Manor House was hopelessly dilapidated, but it was full of antique furniture, which had gone with the estate when Simon's father had foreclosed the mortgage, and it was a question of some difficulty what was to be done with the impedimenta. The matter ended by Simon resolving to build himself a house after his own plans, and live in it when it was built. 'What! here in this hole, Si? Here, and alone? Who's the lady, man?' The Manor House had been an Elizabethan building, one of those smaller country residences which are getting now so rare. The estate had never been a large one, and had become less and less till now it hardly exceeded 500 acres; twenty of these acres had been planted by Simon's

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father close to the house, and the trees were now growing up to some height, and had been judiciously thinned out from year to year by the Clarkes, father and son. The new house was built; the plan was unique. The single hall or library faced east and west, forty feet long by twenty broad, and over it a bedroom of the same size. Along the north of this building ran a lean-to of two stories, and a similar lean-to on the east. Here were the offices, and bedrooms over them. At the south-eastern and north-western corners were two staircases, and a passage communicated from one to the other into which all the bedrooms opened: they all looked to the north or east, and were very small.

At first the only servants in the house were a man and his wife, 'without encumbrances.' The man had been a farm bailiff, the wife a gentleman's housekeeper. She was a good cook—a cleanly, methodical person—who was mortally afraid of her master, with a kind of superstitious awe that he was wont to inspire in all who came in contact with him. Her fear of her husband was the fear of a timid creature who had suffered at his hands for years, and who never knew what he might do to her any hour of the day or night. For, though he had been a sober man at first, yet the intolerable dulness of the life gradually preyed upon him, and every night when Mr. Ryan went up to bed as the clock struck ten, Wraggles slipped out by the back door, and betook himself to the Compasses, where a choice company was wont to assemble, and drink, and sing, and smoke till midnight. Then Wraggles staggered home, invariably 'the worse for liquor,' and, about once a week, a dangerous ruffian to the poor whimpering wife who let him in, and had hard work to keep him from howling and roaring. When he beat her she whimpered imploringly to him, beseeching him to 'hold his noise,' for Mr. Ryan would be sure to hear him.

Years went by. The lonely life preyed upon all the three inmates of the strange house. But Ryan himself became more and more strange. Ever since his brother's death he had never been actually insane again. But he was never sane. He began to be absorbed more and more by a religious delusion. He wrote long letters to Harry Clarke, as he always called him, which the other never read through, and answered very curtly when some business matter had to be dealt with. The letters became more and more elaborate and didactic. At last Simon declared that he was conscious of a mission. His brother's death had been the penalty exacted for the sin against the Holy Ghost which his parents had committed at his baptism. His father had christened him Paul, and had gloried in the son that bore the accursed name; and he himself—he, Simon, had had to pay for all the infatuate love he had lavished on that best of brothers. For, if that dear one had lived, he, Simon, would have been a Paulite to the end. Then came moanings of a grief that had never left him at rest;

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outpourings of a heart that was for ever throbbing with unsatisfied yearnings; hints that his time for delivering his testimony against the heresies of Paul of Tarsus, the great corrupter, who had perverted the Gospel and led the generations horribly astray—yes! the time was coming.

'Poor old Si, he's off his head again,' murmured Harry Clarke. 'But he's as clear as I am in business matters though, and that banking account of his goes rolling up at an awful pace. I think I'll go and see him!' One pressing engagement after another prevented this; and the letters came more and more frequently. Sometimes they would be written with long passages in Latin or German or Italian, presumably conveying esoteric communications, which Harry could not understand a sentence of, and which worried and irritated him.

'Confound the man! he takes me for a Polyglot. What's the good of writing to me in that wriggling German gibberish. I'll keep away!'

One day came a huge parcel containing fifty copies of a thick pamphlet. It was entitled:

'Simon, The Testifier of the Chief Shepherd, to the Elders of the Roaring Lion. Being a Protest against the Perversions of the Truth wrought by the Tent Maker of Tarsus.'

I am told that it was an 'awfully learned' polemic, which endeavoured to establish that St. Paul had been the great enemy to the spread of true Christianity and that the only hope for the success of the Gospel's acceptance by all mankind was in the excision of all the Pauline writings from the Canon of Holy Scripture, and with them the Gospel of St. Luke. The Book of the Acts of the Apostles was to be classed with 'other heretical stories.'

Harry Clarke was solemnly adjured to forward a copy of this rhapsody to every Bishop on the bench, to the Professors of Divinity in the two Universities, and to certain prominent divines whom the writer named. He was further ordered, under all sorts of pains and penalties, to read the pamphlet himself and to prepare himself for what would follow.

Harry—I must needs call him by the familiar name, though he was by this time a family man with sons and daughters—Harry, I say, obeyed his injunctions in his usual business way; all except reading the pamphlet. He tried it two or three times, but he fell asleep over it again and again while smoking his cigar in the evening, and ended by flinging it into the fire and watching it burn. Not a human being appears ever to have got to the end of the crazy treatise, and, to Mr. Ryan's wonder, disappointment, even horror, not a single acknowledgment reached him, not a single notice, public or private, came to his hand.

He became more and more self-involved and solitary in his habits;

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refused to let even Mrs. Wraggles come into the library; insisted that she should put his meals upon a table outside the door, and roll it into the room just far enough to allow of her shutting the door behind it. Then he began to walk out in the grounds for exactly an hour every night from nine to ten, on a broad carriage drive that he had made under the high park paling, which he had set up round his little domain; gave his orders every morning to Wraggles, who had become by this time a confirmed sot; and read and wrote all day long, except when he sat down to a small organ, which he had built himself and played upon it by the hour; now and then diversifying this solemn recreation by practising upon the violin, fitfully, incoherently. He was approaching fifty, when it came to pass that one night Mrs. Wraggles, who scrupulously and most carefully dusted and cleaned the big library every night after her master had gone to his bedroom, found that the violin was missing. Fragments of it lay smouldering among the logs in the great chimney. He had burnt it. It was supposed that he had discovered he had become deaf to some high notes. Then he took the pipes out of the organ, smashed them, and flung them out of the window. In a day or two the case was burnt as the violin had been. As for the pipes, Wraggles took them away, and somehow they came into the possession of a worthless old farmer who was one of Ryan's tenants. The fellow, Hammond by name, had been ejected from the society of friends for some flagrant dishonesty; but he still wore the Quaker dress and still persisted in going to the Quaker meeting-house, seven miles off, every Sunday morning. Hammond was a shifty fellow, always behind-hand with his rent, and for two years he had paid nothing at all. Harry Clarke tried to put in an execution. But Ryan would have nothing to do with the law. He grew more and more cool and reticent with Harry, when the latter's visits became fewer and fewer. What had become of the Borough property he never could discover. All he knew was that Ryan had forbidden him having more to do with it. It had simply disappeared.

One day Hammond appeared at the lodge gate, where lived one of the farm labourers, whose strict charge it was to let no living soul pass except the tradesmen furnished with a pass. He was bare-headed, and he carried in his hand a watchman's rattle, which he swung round vigorously, making a hideous clatter. 'Gi' over that noise, Mas'r Hammond, will'ee? don't, I'll throw the slops over you!'

'I come in the name of the Lord! Open the gate or a curse will fall on thee and thy name!'

There was a feeble and timid resistance. Then Hammond marched on straight into the library, flinging the door wide open, and stood before his landlord swinging his rattle with a strong arm.

The suddenness and oddity of the attack threw Ryan wholly off his guard. He stared blankly.

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'Simon Ryan, I come to give thee glory. Thy light has shone in upon my heart. Behold me! I have renounced the perversions of the tent maker. I am of Peter; not of Paul, neither of Apollos!'

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A few months after this Mr. Ryan's privacy was again invaded; Harry Clarke appeared with another gentleman, a representative of the bankers with whom his account was kept. Some heavy cheques had been drawn on the account, beginning at 20*l.*, and followed by several for larger sums in rapid succession. At last a cheque for 1,000*l.* was presented by a tall man dressed as a Quaker. Payment was refused and the cheque detained.

Harry Clarke on being referred to, unhesitatingly pronounced the signature a forgery. Ryan's wrath fell upon Harry Clarke. Prosecute? Not for all the world. Prosecute his one convert. Never!

'It is we who prosecute!' said the banker. 'You will be compelled to appear as a witness, Mr. Ryan!'

But Hammond was never more seen or heard of, and of course was never put upon his trial.

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It must have been, I think, in 1832 that the cholera broke out in Carlton. It fell with awful violence upon Mr. Ryan's tenants. There were eight or nine cottages, crowded dreadfully, and the hovels were in a shameful state. Fifty yards or so from this rookery stood a small house tenanted by the Baptist minister, whose chapel was a mile off. He was a fair specimen of his class and he had a wife who had been a governess in a gentleman's family and a daughter about sixteen years old. Rumours came to Ryan that the plague was raging. When Wraggles came in for orders he was unmistakably drunk. Ryan could not be blind to it; he clutched the fellow's collar and shook him violently. 'Thou limb of Paul!' he cried. 'Is it a time to walk in excess of wine, revellings, and banquetings when the Gospel has never been preached to them that are dead and thou art one of the dying?'

For once in his life Wraggles—pot-valiant—dared to make answer. 'That's all very fine, master. You're a jolly Peterite, you are! If there ain't no Gospel, you go and give it 'em! That's all I say. You'd want a drop too if you saw 'em in among them cottages o' yourn!'

It was a call to Simon Ryan. He did go among the dying and the dead. He seemed to bear a charmed life. The scenes he saw were indescribably horrible. Mr. Merrison, the Baptist minister, was smitten; he died in frightful agonies. The miserable and penniless widow followed her husband to the grave after laying him in his coffin with her own hands. She recovered from the cholera herself, only to die a week later from sheer exhaustion. 'Dolly, my darling!' she kept saying during those last hours. 'Dolly, do everything that God and

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Mr. Ryan bid you. Between the two you'll never come to harm. Dolly! Do as they two bid you, and specially do what Mr. Ryan tells you is right!'

Then she fell asleep and never woke. The girl was stunned.

After the funeral, Dolly found herself an inmate of Mr. Ryan's house, she did not know how. She had one of the little bedrooms. It was hot summer, and she wanted no better apartment. Wraggles had fallen a victim to the cholera. The drink had helped that on; and Dolly and Mrs. Wraggles were drawn together in a kind of sad friendship. They were both bereaved ones and forlorn. Somehow the old strict and terrible discipline of the household had relaxed. Mrs. Wraggles had demanded help in the house; Simon had granted her two under-servants on condition that neither of them ever entered the library, and that neither ever appeared in his presence, nor were their voices ever to be heard. He himself would never be their master, or be referred to. Mrs. Wraggles must engage them and dismiss them as she pleased. Ryan's walks in the 'grounds' became less regular. He missed Wraggles, and the new bailiff jarred against his feelings. He began to walk out at all times of the day. The harvest had set in. Ryan actually went and looked on at the reapers—there were real reapers in those days. He mused shyly, speaking to none, only silently bowing in response to the greetings. 'Largess, Mas'r! Largess!' broke out from some voices. The cry grew to a general shout, and the men, sickles in hand, came crowding about him. He put his hand in his pocket, and drew out a golden guinea.

'The end of all things is at hand!' he said. 'Be ye therefore sober!'

The lord of the harvest—for in those days that functionary still had a recognised position in many parishes—pulled off his hat, and, scarcely believing his eyes, took the shining coin, spun it high up in the air, and shouted with triumphant joy: 'There's largess, mates!' There were shrieks of wondering rejoicing, and Mr. Ryan left them, to finish his perambulation.

As he approached the house, there was Dolly! She came to meet him swiftly in great agitation. 'Mr. Ryan! Oh, Mr. Ryan! I've never found a word. I've never seen you—my heart is so very, very full! Oh, Mr. Ryan! mayn't I—mayn't I kiss your hand?'

She dropped on her knees, and before he could prevent her she had caught his hand and kissed it again and again. He was utterly perplexed and walked slowly on—she sobbing as if her heart would break, trying to speak and finding no articulate utterance—he silent and frightened by his own emotion. He passed into the library and shut her out. She went and hid her face in Mrs. Wraggles' lap, the good woman mingling her tears with the girl's, and softly stroking the glossy hair on the beautiful head while she poured forth many a gentle commonplace which yet it was a comfort to speak and a comfort to listen to.

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All that day Simon was restless. He walked up and down the *aisle* for hours. As the time for dinner drew near he went to the door and left it wide open. Mrs. Wraggles was ordered to bring in the tray. An hour later she came back; Simon was still walking, and the dinner was untouched. She ventured to ask him if she should warm it up. He looked at her dreamily. 'Tell Miss Merrison that this room is open to her.'

That room! That sacred, mysterious room, with the coffin standing grimly there—did he mean it?

'When, Mr. Ryan?'

'Now.'

The young girl, who had heard all about the coffin, and was prepared for it, came in without hesitation, all beaming with the joy of an immense gratitude, and met him in his walk. He turned from her and sat down upon the high-backed chair.

'Why did they christen you Dolly?'

'They didn't christen me at all: I have never been baptised.'

He started up with a look of horror on his face.

'Not baptised? Not a Christian? Everywhere the trail of the serpent! The great perverter still at work. The tent maker that boasted he had baptised none of them. Wretched girl!'

'Whatever you bid me I will do, Mr. Ryan. What less could I do?'

Three weeks later the rector of the parish received a wondrous missive from Simon. He invited him to a conference. The rector was a well-meaning and earnest man, and, more than that, a man of robust good sense and tact. Somehow his pleasant voice and fearless outspokenness told with Simon. There were concessions made on both sides, and 'Dolly' was baptised in the church, one week-day morning, and received the name of Electa.

'I very nearly christened our young friend Electra,' said the parson as he took off his surplice. 'She has a new name in more senses than one.'

Simon looked at him severely. 'New? Such are ye all—Paulicians every one. What know ye of the Word—ye that look as through a glass darkly? Ye who know nothing about those things of which the chief of the Apostles wrote save what ye find in your mean and beggarly mother-tongue. New is it? New—that at Simon Peter's side at Babylon there sat the Lady Electa whom ye, after your fashion, call "the Church," forsooth. Ye who know not that John the son of thunder wrote his loving letter to that same Lady Electa in the years of her widowhood when Simon Peter had been nailed to his cross.'

The rector smiled and made no reply. Why should he argue with a madman?

Every morning during the previous month Electa had been summoned into the library to be taught the mysteries of the true faith. Simon went on by the hour, walking, talking, swinging his

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arms. What a joy to have found a disciple at last, one so docile and patient too, and growing day by day more reverent, submissive, and over-awed! It was a new life to the girl. Her father had been a hard, narrow man; a man of Scripture phrases, poured out by the yard, a man of unctuous manner with Dr. Watts's hymns for ever on his lips; a man of no knowledge, of vulgar manners, which offended and at times disgusted his more refined wife; a man too coarse in the grain to have any tenderness. He swallowed his victuals, spoke through his nose, made long prayers in a loud monotonous voice, but left 'the womankind,' as he called them, to go their own way, and hurled Bible texts at them when, on his return from his long perambulations, he found them reading together out of the dozen or so volumes of poetry, Milton, Cowper, Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope,' Gray, and a few others, which his wife had provided herself with in her younger days.

To Electa the new life was full of revelations. The comparative luxury of the house as compared with the poverty she had been accustomed to; the contact with a man of original ideas, pouring out every moment some startling fact or suggestion such as she had never dreamed of before; the flashes of actual eloquence, lighting up the unintelligible jargon of philosophical and theosophic speculation, drawled out by the hour in a low, mysterious, sing-song till she knew not whether the speaker was human or divine, and her heart beat quick and her breathing well-nigh ceased as the sense of awe and mystery wrapt her round.

But with this intellectual ascendency that Simon had acquired over his disciple there can be no doubt that, quite unconsciously, he was exercising a most potent *mesmeric* mastery over the girl. She had become his constant companion now in the mornings. At two o'clock Mrs. Wraggles would bring in dinner for the pair. Now the cloth was laid on the long writing-table and they sat opposite one another. He with his eyes continually turned upon her. She every now and then giving him a bright, glad look of gratitude. After the meal she invariably withdrew without a word and joined Mrs. Wraggles. To the old woman Electa talked only of Simon, tried to repeat his lessons, to explain his views, to show how Paul of Tarsus was a bad man, 'the cuckoo's egg that the roaring lion had laid in the nest of the eagle John and ousted Simon Peter, the real bird of Paradise, the hope of the race.' Mrs. Wraggles would go to sleep over the revelations. The truth is, she didn't care a dump for all this 'Peterite' theology. Not she! She yawned, she bustled about. She was glad when ten o'clock came, and blessed the Lord she had no drunken husband now to disturb her rest, the rest which was so sweet. Then Electa would go to her little bedroom, and sleep such sleep as she had not known a little while ago.

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

(To be concluded.)

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THE INSIGNIFICANCE OF THE TRADES UNION VOTE

ALTHOUGH it is a matter for unqualified regret that any statesman of the first rank should have spoken of 'the classes and the masses' as opposing forces in the State, yet it behoves those who are concerned in the management of public affairs to accept that line of demarcation as one of the unfortunate conditions which have to be taken into account when considering the probable action of the electorate.

The labour vote, as opposed to the capitalist vote, which is the real interpretation of the cry of the masses against the classes, has never, we believe, been accurately estimated; and it is this we propose to do here by an analysis of the census returns as regards labour, and by a comparison of the figures produced with the voting strength of the country, and with the Trades Union statistics furnished by the Trades Unions themselves.

It may be stated generally that the figures show the Trades Union vote to be much smaller than would be supposed from the boldness of its platform declarations and the fears of its opponents. Let us hope that fuller information will temper that boldness and moderate those fears. We need not despair, for there is a wide difference between a Tower Hill Socialist and the cautious regulator of an organised trade; and while this difference counts for very much, it will also be seen that, when every grade of Trades Union politician between these two extremes has been summed up, the total by no means exhibits the powerful force in the State that politicians are accustomed to contemplate, with hope or apprehension, as their circumstances may determine.

The total of males in the United Kingdom over twenty years of age was 9,786,073 in 1891, and the total registered electors on the 1st of January 1892 was 6,158,023. Taking the census of 1891, and the General Election of 1892, throughout these calculations, we find that 48·5 per cent. of the males over twenty formed the active voting strength of the United Kingdom, and that whereas England

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and Wales showed a percentage of 50·4, Scotland showed 46·9, and Ireland only 38·9 per cent. The actual votes polled in 1892 numbered 4,605,442; but to get at the active voting strength of the country we have to take into account the voters in the uncontested constituencies, and the double voting of those electors who voted for two candidates in two-member boroughs. Allowing for these two conditions we arrive at a total of 4,752,020 active voters; and it is with this element that the Trades Union vote must be compared.

The twenty large Trades Unions, comprising the whole of the political element of Trades Unionism, engaged in the work of coercing capital; had a membership of 554,438 in 1891. The number in 1892 was 552,192, but we will take the higher number as we are dealing with the census of 1891. Inasmuch as we have already found that the voting strength of the United Kingdom represents only 48·5 per cent. of the males over twenty, we may fairly assume that the percentage of voters among members of Trades Unions is not greater. Some may assert it is greater on the grounds that the Trades Union organiser is a very determined person, who has a keen sense of what he wants, who is not disturbed by any sentimental considerations, and who has practically only one political purpose—the acquisition of profits. These are weighty grounds, more weighty than any other single basis of political action, either existent or to be imagined; but there is something on the other side. A man usually becomes a Trades Unionist before he becomes a householder. From the number of members who join unions before they reach manhood it is clear that this is so; and, inasmuch as enfranchisement can be secured only by the lodger qualification in the case of a mechanic's sons, we need not look far to find that the rent a mechanic pays will not permit of the necessary qualification being created out of his dwelling for more than one such vote. Of course the sons hive off to other districts and become lodgers with others; but the same thing occurs with town-grown youths and the sons of country people. This consideration is general to the nation, and need not specially concern us in this relation. The Trades Union membership, however, includes many women, especially in the textile industries, and some workers under twenty. The tendency of the Trades Union secretary is to engross rather than to depreciate the membership; and these considerations far outweigh the counterbalancing influence of an uncommon political zeal on the part of the trades organisers, as compared with the opposing political registration agent. Indeed, the inclusion of women and youths in the Trades Union total inclines one to the belief that the percentage applicable to the voting strength of the Trades Union should, if anything, be lower than that ascertained to be applicable to the nation. The same percentage being applied, however, we find that these twenty large Trades Unions afford 268,884 votes, or

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about an eighteenth part of the voting strength of the country, or 5½ per cent.

In considering this percentage we must remember that it is not general. It is very much larger in some constituencies, where particular industries having a strong Trade Society prevail; and it may be reduced to nothing in districts where no Trade Society exists. And it must not be forgotten that, as already shown, the Trades Union strength stands at this low average percentage throughout the country, after giving the gross value to the Trades Societies' returns, without any discount on account of the women in the unions of the textile and other similar industries, where women are largely employed. The broad conclusion deducible from these figures is that the Trades Union vote is of importance as a controlling factor in elections only in a few constituencies, where they may with propriety claim the right to return a representative wholly devoted to their interest, regardless of any other consideration. This is proper upon the principle that minorities are justified in securing representatives whenever and wherever they get the chance: a principle that has been put forward in respect of the electors of small burghs of a special character, and of interests colonial or Imperial, incapable of securing representatives by any direct process, but a principle that is not generally recognised by Trades Union leaders.

Further light is thrown upon the Trades Union vote by a detailed examination of the whole body of operatives in the United Kingdom from which members of Trades Societies are drawn, and out of which the political Trades Unionist is manufactured. It must be remembered that the Census returns include in the totals of particular trades not merely the operatives, but the employers and the merchants and the commission agents—in fact, everyone engaged in the particular trade in any capacity. The secretaries of the Trades Societies also include all whom they can number as members of their associations, upon the commonplace principle of making a good show for their trade in the phalanx of the wage earner against the wage payer.

The following table gives the total persons returned in the census of 1891 engaged in the various trades of the country, and the total males of twenty years and upwards so occupied, side by side with the totals of the members of the various unions connected with these trades, and finally the percentage of the Trades Unionists returned by the secretaries of the several unions as compared with males of upwards of twenty years of age. The totals printed in heavier type are added in the grand total at the foot of the page. The lighter printed figures are merely details of the heavier.

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Table showing the Proportion of Trades Unionists to Persons Occupied.

Trade or Occupation	Total Persons Occupied	Males 20 Years and over Occupied	Trades Unionists	Percentage of Trades Unionists to Males 20 Years and over
Agriculture—persons engaged on farms, in gardens, about animals, &c.	2,457,186	1,838,055	15,456	0·8
Mining—coal, ironstone, shale, &c.	650,425	488,982	219,455	44·9
Iron and Steel Manufacture	469,030	369,638	49,114	13·3
Copper, Tin, Zinc, Lead, &c.—workers in	198,933	134,905	18,467	14·8
Shipbuilding and Engineering—shipwrights, boiler-makers, engine-makers, fitters and turners, &c.	359,128	286,014	150,101	52·5
Transport—on railways, including platelayers and railway navvies	308,170	271,255	50,494	18·6
On roads	423,694	359,064	9,301	2·6
On canals, rivers, and seas	253,957	234,316	86,409	3·9
Enginemen—drivers and stokers (excepting railway, agricultural, and marine)	97,109	86,747	12,362	14·2
Building Trades—Bricklayers	136,093	122,546	20,772	16·9
Masons	115,101	102,642	13,600	13·2
Carpenters and Joiners	276,079	238,383	43,788	18·3
Plasterers, &c.	34,905	31,330	6,961	22·2
Plumbers	57,040	42,260	5,932	14·0
Painters	141,492	122'287	11,829	9·7
Others	54,593	50,311	8,072	16·0
Total of Building Trades	815,303	709,759	110,954	15·6
Textile Trades—Wool	301,249	95,427	8,769	9·2
Silk	55,888	16,162	1,002	6·2
Cotton	670,191	207,423	83,117	41·1
Flax and Linen	122,992		2,204	
Hemp, Jute, &c.	60,539	16,170	9,397	58·1
Mixed and unspecified	254,164	92,166	4,836	52·5
Total of Textile Trades	1,465,023	426,908	109,325	25·6
Dress—Bootmakers	291,946	198,171	41,252	20·8
Tailors	253,990	128,294	18,654	14·5
Others	830,390	73,774	8,500	11·5
Total of Dress Trades	1,376,326	400,239	68,406	17·0
Printing and Bookbinding	173,346	101,750	36,506	35·9
Bakers and Millers	140,531	99,186	10,694	10·7
Furniture—Cabinet-makers, &c.	105,613	23,141	9,832	44·4
Carriages and Harness	121,581	94,688	8,725	9·2
Glass and Pottery Workers	98,335	50,004	5,969	11·6
Tobacco and Pipes	36,426	14,418	1,274	8·8
General and Unskilled Labour—Coal Porters	—	—	5,000	—
Gasworkers	—	—	35,719	—
Labour League	—	—	13,000	—
Tyneside Labour Union	—	—	25,080	—
Others	—	—	45,061	—
Total of Unskilled Labour	1,081,176	870,719	123,780	14·2
Professions, Trades, and Occupations unspecified above	6,257,838	2,404,155	12,410	0·5
Grand total of Occupied Persons &c.	16,822,165	9,242,935	1,109,014	13·0
Unoccupied	20,910,757	543,138	—	—
Grand total	37,732,922	9,786,073	1,109,014	11·3

The authorities from which the figures in this table relating to Trades Unions are drawn are the reports of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies and Trades Unions. They consist of the Parliamentary Paper, 146 (1893), Part A, dealing with Trades Unions in 1891; the Parliamentary Paper, 146–II. (1893), Part C,

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Appendix M, dealing with Trades Unions in 1892, and the Statistical Table and Report on Trades Unions by the Labour Correspondent of the Board of Trade, published in Parliamentary Paper [C, 6,990], 1893. It will be seen in the first place that out of the 37,732,922 inhabitants of the United Kingdom less than one half, or under 17,000,000, are returned as following any specified occupation. This total includes the employers in these trades as well as the employed, all the women, and all those engaged under the age of twenty. The males over twenty so engaged number nine and a quarter millions, or a fourth of the total population, but only 13 per cent. of this nine and a quarter millions engaged in trade are returned as Trades Unionists; and in this 13 per cent. are included such women engaged in the textile, bookbinding, and other women's trades as may be members of the societies in those trades. On the other hand, counterbalancing this qualification perhaps, there are nearly two and a half millions of males over twenty years of age engaged in trades, professions, or occupations that yield only 0·5 per cent. of Trades Unionists; and the final figure in the table shows that the Trades Unionists number only 11·3 per cent. of the total males over twenty years of age in the kingdom. It is from this 11·3 per cent. of the total males that we get the 5½ per cent. of Trades Union voters; and the totals giving this 5½ per cent. include the million and a half engaged in the textile factories, of whom more than one half are women, but of whom less than one-third are males over twenty, and of whom only 109,325 are Trades Unionists, or 7 per cent.

Before dealing with the effective strength of the political Trades Unionist vote in particular districts, it will be well to examine the returns made by the various authorities dealing with Trades Union statistics. The best sources of authentic information concerning the Trades Union strength are the reports, particularly described in the preceding paragraph, of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies and the Labour Statistics compiled by the Board of Trade Labour Correspondent.

By statute every Trade Union desirous of a legal status is required to register itself with the Registrar of Friendly Societies, and to make an annual report of its financial and numerical strength. These reports are examined and analysed by the Chief Registrar, and the results of the examination are published in his annual report. The information thus published may be accepted as accurately representing the Trades Union strength in this country, for it is found that only the smaller unions now omit to register or to make returns in compliance with the Act.

The annual reports by the Labour Correspondent of the Board of Trade are even more exhaustive. He apparently draws up his report later in the year than the Chief Registrar, and consequently is able

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to include in his list of unions those who from any reason have unduly delayed making returns. Trades Union secretaries are not models of punctuality in this respect, and consequently the difference in the numbers in the two reports is considerable. He also includes unregistered unions. The Chief Registrar, for instance, in his report for 1891, accounts for only 320 unions, with a membership of 925,232, while the Labour Correspondent of the Board of Trade has a list of 431 unions, of which 399 are registered and 32 unregistered, with a total of 1,109,014.

Later information on the subject is given in Appendix M to the Chief Registrar's Report for 1891. This Appendix contains an abstract of the returns received for the year 1892. A comparison of the figures for the two years shows that although the Trades Unions are increasing in numbers, in wealth, and in membership, yet the increase is caused chiefly by the springing into existence of a number of small societies and not by any extraordinary spread of the Trades Union movement within its more important sections of trade. When the more recent statistics are published it will probably be found that the number of Trades Unionists to-day does not exceed a million and a quarter.

The following table shows the Trades Union strength in 1892, according to the returns for the year received by the Registrar of Friendly Societies :—

Trades Unions, 1892.

—	No. of Returns received	Funds, Dec. 31.	Income	Expenditure	Members
		£	£	£	
England and Wales .	426	1,546,306	1,563,171	1,549,182	1,048,218
Scotland . . .	38	58,331	49,255	49,946	35,177
Ireland . . .	37	7,891	9,557	8,501	8,465
Total . .	501	1,612,528	1,621,983	1,607,629	1,091,860

From these figures we gather that in 1892, 501 unions made returns ; their membership numbered 1,091,860, rather less than the return of 1891 ; and they have a capital of thirty shillings per head, or 1,612,528*l.* all told. The total revenues of the 501 unions was 1,621,983*l.*, and their expenditure 1,607,629*l.* These, however, are the grand totals of 1892, but many of the societies are non-political in their action ; and we must look to the twenty large unions for the basis of a calculation affecting the political vote. As we are dealing with the census of 1891 we take the 1891 figures, showing a membership of 554,438, considerably more than half of the whole, and with an income of 889,776*l.*, or more than three times the whole. The details are as follows :—

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TRADES UNIONS IN 1891 AND 1892.

Compiled from the Report of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies and Trade Unions, &c., 1892, Part A, p. 39, Table XX, and Part C, Appendix M.

Trades Unions	Funds, Dec. 31		Income		Members	
	1891	1892	1891	1892	1891	1892
	£	£	£	£		
Engineers, Amalgamated Society of	237,251	214,344	189,774	245,669	71,221	70,908
Boiler-makers, United Society of	183,635	194,071	112,077	113,336	36,996	38,000
Miners' Yorkshire Association	117,822	163,826	67,455	73,245	52,000	55,000
Cotton-spinners, Amalgamated Operative	115,243	79,189	57,429	90,330	19,662	18,202
Railway Servants' Amalgamated	110,584	120,827	35,279	35,833	29,830	30,611
Carpenters and Joiners' Amalgamated	70,936	79,010	88,771	98,919	34,779	37,588
Miners' Durham Association	55,407	36,361	56,067	108,625	55,000	50,000
Ironfounders, Friendly Society of	53,022	44,313	49,015	47,010	15,291	15,190
Bricklayers, Operative Society of	43,995	41,306	26,102	32,520	17,068	22,270
Steam-engine-makers' Society	28,377	29,879	15,660	17,090	5,965	6,100
Compositors, London Society of	26,525	21,704	19,304	19,557	9,350	9,434
Shipwrights, Associated Society of	23,787	27,908	14,599	18,159	10,120	11,857
Miners' Northumberland Mutual Association	23,682	25,509	11,101	16,112	19,001	17,000
Locomotive Engineers' Associated	20,731	26,488	10,709	12,093	6,300	6,710
*Boot & Shoe Operatives' National	*17,310	*24,890	28,992	29,340	43,483	42,824
Tailors, Amalgamated Society of	10,925	8,188	25,057	27,438	17,573	16,722
Tyneside and National Labour Union	9,544	4,777	13,019	13,289	25,200	23,804
Sailors' and Firemen's Union	8,202	(def) 463	34,490	23,803	20,000	20,000
Dock, Wharf, Riverside, and General Labourers	6,809	8,775	19,344	15,054	30,000	22,913
Gasworkers' and General Labourers' Association	3,834	4,644	15,532	12,560	35,719	36,108
	1,167,621	1,146,472	889,776	1,049,982	554,438	542,192
Add for other Trades Unions	276,441	466,056	285,570	572,001	370,794	539,868
Total	1,444,062	1,612,528	1,175,346	1,621,983	925,232	1,081,060

* These amounts do not include 15,395*l.* for branch purposes. According to the latest return the aggregate funds of the Society were: 1891, 32,705*l.*, and 1892, 40,285*l.*

In addition to these twenty unions, the twenty-six detailed on the next page are the most important; and in the forty-six included in these tables lies practically the whole Trades Union strength of the country. The remaining 455 included in the totals of the abstract for 1892 are practically of no account, and for political purposes need not be considered.

The first table includes every Trades Unionist reported in every return from every available source, and, of course, includes many who cannot be regarded as political Trades Unionists. It was for this reason that in the opening statement we took the twenty large unions to get at the active political strength of the political unions. These twenty unions are, of course, concentrated within well-defined areas, and for that reason are effective political forces. We may now return to the first table, which includes all unions, however small, scattered through the kingdom, and which, of course, make a much larger total than the highly organised twenty. There are, however, only six trades that can be credited with a strong political bias and an active political purpose; and of only three of these do we hear

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OTHER LARGE UNIONS.

Income and Membership in 1892.

Trades Unions	Income	Membership
	£	
London and Counties Labour League	7,380	10,900
National Agricultural Labourers' Union	3,196	15,000
West Cumberland Miners' Association	20,926	4,961
Ashton, Haydock, Bolton, &c. Miners' Trade Union	14,786	12,130
United Operative Plumbers	11,205	6,177
Nottinghamshire Miners' Association	9,545	17,011
Amalgamated Society of House and Ship Painters	8,114	4,194
Oldham Provincial Card and Blowing-room Operatives	30,616	12,465
Friendly Society of Operative Stonemasons	22,135	16,238
Associated Iron and Steel Workers	5,137	7,800
[1] National Amalgamated Society of Brassworkers	6,828	6,458
General Railway Workers' Union	3,405	8,300
Bristol Miners' Association	11,699	3,035
Eastern Counties Labour Federation	1,536	16,881
Navvies', Bricklayers' Labourers', and General Labourers' Union	1,978	10,018
South-East Lancashire Card and Blowing-room Operatives	9,622	3,472
Cannock Chase Miners, Enginemen, and Surfacemen	5,894	6,840
North Stafford Miners' Federation	10,662	6,111
Wigan Miners' Association	8,703	5,210
National Union of Dock Labourers	6,960	8,463
[2] Derbyshire Miners' Association	17,728	17,847
Scotland—Associated Blacksmiths	5,597	2,343
Amalgamated Carters	1,679	2,374
British Steelworkers	4,904	2,657
Associated Moulders of Scotland	19,071	6,268
Ireland—Flax Dressers' Trade and Benevolent Union	2,063	1,250
Total	251,969	214,403

[1] This return is for the year ending the 7th of February, 1893.
[2] Established 1892. Funds on the 31st of December, 1892, 27,221*l.*

much on political platforms and in parliamentary procedure. The miners with their 219,455, the transport trades with their 146,174, and the unskilled labourers numbering 123,780, are the three bodies that have made themselves felt in the constituencies where they predominate. The building trade of 110,954 members, the engineers and shipbuilders with 150,101, and the textile societies with 109,325, become active as political organisations only in relation to their special trades, or when they are swept into the vortex of some great popular agitation, and assume a political complexion for the time. These six organisations number 849,789 members, or three-fourths of the total Trades Unionists of the country, and may be regarded as the total political material with which election managers may have to deal. Those among them who belong to the twenty large unions and who are voters are included in the number that gives the estimated 5½ per cent. of the total voting strength of the country;

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and, when we take them out of the 5½ per cent., and place them in the districts where they concentrate, we get a Trades Union vote of comparatively small proportions throughout the country, outside these special Trades Union districts, where the Trades Unionist very properly prevails, and exercises his franchise by returning a Trades Union representative.

The Miners' Trade Unions, the largest in membership and the most concentrated geographically, number, according to the official return, 219,445, or two-fifths more than are included in the twenty large unions, giving 5½ per cent. of the voting strength of the country. In recent times the membership of the Miners' Federation has been estimated at 250,000, and even as high as 300,000; but this, it must be remembered, is a Trades Union estimate of the Trades Union force; and, although there may have been a considerable increase in the membership since the date to which the return relates, the probability is that the correct number does not much exceed 220,000 at the present time. The total of persons engaged in mining is 650,425, and of these 488,772 are males over twenty years of age. This is almost exactly 5 per cent. of the total males of the United Kingdom from whom voters are drawn; and the 219,455 Trades Union miners give 44·9 per cent. of the adult males employed in the mining industry. They make, indeed, the largest contribution of any Trade Union to the voting strength of the country, but they are a peculiarly local body, and their locality is easily defined. In estimating the general strength of the Trades Union vote outside mining districts, therefore, we must at once strike out of the total one-fifth of the million Trades Unionists as being confined to the districts containing mines. Of this fifth 48·5 per cent., or 105,000, may be estimated as voters; but to compare this number with the percentage shown by the twenty large unions we must deduct the two-fifths excess representing the scattered miners' unions. This deduction leaves us with 66,000 miner voters, or 1·4 per cent. of the entire active voting strength of the United Kingdom; so that, removing the concentrated miners' vote, we have left a Trades Union vote of only 4·1 per cent. of the active voting strength of the kingdom to alloy the whole of the non-mining constituencies. Some slight addition must be made to the decimal of this percentage in allowance for the exclusion from the calculation of the constituencies where the miner voters congregate. If this calculation is in any way in error it will be in crediting the miners with the full percentage of 48·5 per cent. of active voters out of their males over twenty years of age. It is probable the Miners' Federation will not yield so large a quota; but if it should not, by reason of the miners not being householders in like proportion to those occupied in other callings and in having fewer women among them, we may trust the calculation in respect of the rest of the community, because we may be sure that if miners do not vote in their

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own district they do not vote anywhere else; and we have, therefore, an indisputable conclusion that the available Trades Union vote, comprised within the twenty large unions and marshalled by the political Trades Union committees, represents no more than 4·1 per cent. of those constituencies that do not include miners upon their registers.

The accuracy of this estimate is supported by a reference to two typical mining constituencies, that of Holmfirth in the West Riding of York, which returns Mr. J. H. Wilson to Parliament, and that of Wigan, which is almost exclusively composed of coal miners. The percentage of electors to population in the Holmfirth constituency is 18·7, the average percentage for the United Kingdom being 16·3; but the polling gives 73·4 per cent. of the register as compared with 77·3, the average of the United Kingdom. The polling compared with the population, however, gives a total of 13·7 per cent., which is 1 per cent. above the average of the United Kingdom and in excess of the voting in most industrial constituencies. In Wigan, where coal mining is almost the only industry, the electorate is only 13·4 of the constituency, but the polling showed 92·5 per cent. of the electorate and 12·2 of the population. We may assume that both of these constituencies have been organised to the utmost by the keenest political organisers of the country, who know what they want, and spare no exertion to get it. Being composed almost entirely of Trades Unionist miners, they return men specially devoted to the Trades Unionist cause.

These being the general principles deduced from the returns relating to Trades Unions, we may now consider the relative importance of the political Trades Unionist as compared with those engaged in other industries and with the country generally. The following table gives

Table showing Population, Electors, and Voting Strength.

—	England and Wales	Scotland	Ireland	United Kingdom
Numbers:				
Total populations (1891) .	29,002,525	4,025,647	4,704,750	37,732,922
Total males of all ages (1891)	14,052,901	1,942,717	2,318,953	18,314,571
Total males 20 years and over (1891) . . .	7,515,934	1,006,018	1,264,121	9,786,073
Total registered electors (1892)	4,809,237	604,898	743,888	6,158,023
Total voting strength . .	3,788,911	471,505	491,604	4,752,020
Percentages:				
Of males 20 years and over to population . . .	25·8	24·9	26·8	25·9
Of electors to population .	16·5	15·0	15·8	16·3
Of electors to males, 20 years and over	63·9	60·1	58·7	62·9
Of voting strength to population	13·0	11·7	10·4	12·6
Of voting strength to males 20 years and over . .	50·4	46·9	38·9	48·5
Of voting strength to electors.	78·8	77·9	66·0	77·3

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the grand totals of the population in its various relations to the electoral body; and it is by these averages that we may gauge the particular constituency.

The next table (p. 614) gives the number and percentage of males of twenty years and over engaged in particular occupations, and shows the power of each trade or industry in relation to the total voting power of the United Kingdom. The last column in the table shows what political power is at the disposal of any particular occupation, provided each exhibits a like political activity. The information contained in this table is taken from the detailed census reports of England, Scotland, and Ireland. There is in these reports an unfortunate want of uniformity, which has rendered the process of extracting that information a long and difficult one. For instance, in the Scotch and Irish reports the summary tables show clearly the number of persons of both sexes in all the twenty-four orders of occupations who are over twenty years of age. In the Scotch report the percentages are even worked out. In the English report, on the other hand, the summary tables show only the number of persons occupied over ten years of age. To determine the number of males over twenty years in the various occupations it is necessary to examine minutely the more detailed parts of the census report, and by arithmetical calculations to distribute the seven and a half millions in their respective occupations. It may be noticed in passing that the Irish census report groups the people occupied in the fishing industry under the sub-head of 'About animals.' In consequence of this eccentricity we find the Irish herring fishers and the Irish cats'-meat men in the same total, as if associated in cognate industries. It is hardly necessary to say that this singular error has not been allowed to distort the statistics here set out.

Among the results shown by the above is the striking fact that agriculture, in spite of its decline and in spite of the continued growth of other industries, still employs more men than any other single industry in the United Kingdom. The men of full age in the mining industry number barely half a million, while the men engaged in agriculture number nearly four times as many, or in actual figures 1,838,055. Agriculture is, however, distinguished from mining by the fact that it is spread throughout the country, and thus the effect of its 18½ per cent. of adult males is less easily controlled and less generally felt. The agricultural interest, too, produces a smaller percentage of Trades Unionists than any other occupation. The National Union of Agricultural Labourers has a nominal membership of 15,000, but it is doubtful whether its effective force in any degree approaches this number. Trades Unionism is on the decline in the villages, and, to judge by the reports of the travelling inspectors on the condition of the agricultural labourer, this figure is more a reminiscence of the earlier days of Mr. Joseph Arch than a correct

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return of the present force. Nevertheless, accepting the 15,000 as correct, we find that, with a population nearly four times as great as the miners, its union numbers only a fourteenth part of the miners', and the percentage of Trade Unionist agriculturists to adult males employed in tilling is only ·8, or four-fifths of 1 per cent. Another striking fact is that Ireland contributes more than a third of the entire agricultural population of the United Kingdom, and that 54·74 per cent. of its adult males are engaged in agriculture, as compared with Scotland's 15·05 and England's 13·23. The miners of Ireland give only 2·67 per cent. of its adult male population; they are probably quarry-men; and as regards Trades Unionism Ireland may be left out of the question, for the members of local unions, as distinguished from those attached to the great central societies, do not, all told, number 6,000, or less than a half per cent. of the adult male population.

Looking at this table generally in connection with the first table, one is struck with the small percentages of the persons occupied in trades which bulk largely in the popular imagination. The 360,000 engineers, boiler-makers, and shipwrights give only 3¾ per cent. of the adult males in the country, and the Trades Unionists among them give less than 1½ per cent. of the active voters. Only 50 per cent. of these are Trades Unionists, so that these Trades Unions, which are regarded as of enormous importance politically, have only 1½ per cent. of the voting strength of the country. The vote is felt in certain districts, such as Birmingham, Newcastle, and the Clyde, and makes in these districts a considerable show, but when compared with other occupations its importance vanishes. The people engaged in providing food and lodging throughout the country, for instance, who, excepting the bakers, have no organisation and no Trades Union, give us 6·09 per cent. of the adult male population; those engaged in the conveyance of goods and messages give 8·86 per cent., and the manufacturers of unspecified commodities, obviously an unorganised body, give 9·35 per cent. The builders and decorators are a more important section of Trades Unionists. They give a percentage of 8·39 of the adult males, but only 15·6 of these adult males so employed are Trades Unionists. The first table shows the contribution of each branch of the building and decorating trades making this average, and it will be seen that, although the plasterers rise to 22·2 per cent. of the adult males, none of the branches is considerable, and as the trade is scattered throughout the country its influence is slight.

There is a reason for this diversity in the compactness and strength of the various Trades Unions. A trade organisation is strong in proportion as the work of its operatives is concentrated and immovable. These two conditions make a trade somewhat independent of foreign competition. Mining, shipbuilding, boiler-making, and the heavier descriptions of engineering, must be completed where they are begun;

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TABLE OF OCCUPATIONS.

Showing the number of Men 20 years and over, and percentage in each Occupation to the total.

Class and Order of Occupation according to Census Returns		Numbers				Percentages			
Class	Order	England	Scotland	Ireland	United Kingdom	England	Scotland	Ireland	United Kingdom
I. Professional	1. *General and local government of the country* (Civil Service, municipal and parish officials, police, &c.)	111,116	14,302	25,139	150,557	1·48	1·42	1·99	1·54
	2. *Defence of the country* (army and navy)	95,125	5,886	29,634	130,645	1·27	·58	2·34	1·33
	3. *Professional occupations* (clerical, legal, medical, artistic, literary, &c.)	254,807	35,161	30,686	320,654	3·39	3·50	2·43	3·28
	Total	461,048	55,329	85,459	601,836	6·14	5·50	6·76	6·15
II. Domestic	4. *Domestic servants, &c.* Total	103,226	10,413	27,182	140,821	1·37	1·03	2·15	1·44
III. Commercial	5. *Merchants and agents* (commercial clerks, dealers in money, &c.)	317,409	39,655	22,838	379,902	4·22	3·94	1·81	3·88
	6. *Conveyance* of men, goods, and messages (railways, roads, canals, &c.)	732,529	91,501	42,524	866,554	9·75	9·10	3·36	8·86
	Total	1,049,938	131,156	65,362	1,246,456	13·97	13·04	5·17	12·74
IV. Agricultural and Fishing	7. *Agriculture* (in fields, in woods, in gardens, and about animals)	994,614	151,454	691,987	1,838,055	13·23	15·05	54·74	18·78
	8. *Fishing*	21,059	24,374	9,223	54,656	·28	2·42	·73	·56
	Total	1,015,673	175,828	701,210	1,892,711	13·51	17·47	55·47	19·34
V. Industrial	9. *Books, prints, and maps* (printing, book-binding, &c.)	86,806	10,423	4,591	101,750	1·16	1·03	·30	1·04

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	10. *Machines and implements* (machine and tool makers, watches, surgical instruments, arms, musical instruments, &c.)	259,373	38,224	6,691	304,288	3·45	3·80	·53	3·11
	11. *Houses, furniture, and decoration*	695,608	81,342	43,772	820,722	9·26	8·08	3·46	8·39
	12. *Carriages and harness* (carriage-makers, cycle-makers, wheelwrights, &c.)	84,519	5,495	4,674	94,688	1·12	·54	·37	·97
	13. *Ships and Boats*	59,466	19,719	3,612	82,797	·79	1·96	·28	·85
	14. *Chemicals and compounds* (colouring matters, explosives, drugs, &c.)	40,390	5,290	1,252	46,932	·54	·56	·10	·48
	15. *Tobacco and pipes*	12,303	1,432	683	14,418	·16	·14	·05	·15
	16. *Food and lodging* (hotel-keepers, publicans, &c.; grocers, butchers, bakers, &c.)	491,122	60,978	43,890	595,990	6·53	6·06	3·47	6·09
	17. *Textile fabrics* (workers and dealers in wool, silk, cotton, flax, hemp, and other fibres)	340,867	51,722	34,219	426,808	4·53	5·14	2·71	4·36
	18. *Dress* (tailors, hosiers, bootmakers, &c.)	331,118	37,740	31,781	400,239	4·41	3·75	2·52	4·09
	19. *Animal substances* (dealers and workers in hides, grease, bone, gut, hair, feathers, &c.)	48,158	4,610	1,793	54,561	·64	·46	·14	·56
	20. *Vegetable substances* (workers, &c., in oils, gums, resins, cane, rush, straw, bark, and paper)	117,028	20,904	8,102	146,044	1·56	2·08	·64	1·47
	21. *Mineral substances* (miners, coal-gas workers, stone workers, road-makers, workers and dealers in iron, steel, and other metals)	1,141,160	165,618	33,737	1,340,515	15·18	16·46	2·67	13·70
	22. *General and unspecified commodities* (makers, dealers, mechanics, and labourers not classified)	716,137	83,875	113,873	914,885	9·53	8·34	9·01	9·35
	23. *Refuse matters*	14,851	1,345	878	17,074	·20	·13	·07	·17
	Total	4,438,916	588,717	333,478	5,361,111	59·06	58·53	26·38	54·78
VI. Unoccupied	24. *Persons of no specified occupation*	447,133	44,575	51,430	543,138	5·95	4·43	4·07	5·55
	Total males aged 20 and upwards	7,515,934	1,006,018	1,264,121	9,786,073	100	100	100	100

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and in the case of mining the locality of the occupation is controlled by geological considerations. Where the keel of a ship is laid there it must be finished, and boiler-making and engine construction are controlled by the same considerations, though to a somewhat less rigorous degree. Wages have been raised in the iron shipbuilding trade by the simple expedient of making labour in a district scarce by orders from the central authority, transporting men to other districts where wages were higher, or even by maintaining men in temporary idleness. The artificial scarcity thus created can be successfully met only by a rise in price. It is recognised that the Amalgamated Society of Engineers and Boiler-makers has by this means uniformly appropriated to itself the fruits of prosperous times to the exclusion of all other trades working with them. Compared with the joiners in the building trade, and not excepting the ship joiners, the engineers and boiler-makers are a plutocracy. The joiners' opportunities of combination are limited by the facility with which employers can import doors and windows and wainscotting from Belgium. The printers and bookbinders, who stand high in their percentage of 35·9 per cent. of adult males employed in the trade, have prospered in the past by the necessity of concentrating the work; but they are more scattered than the engineers and boiler-makers, and are now feeling foreign competition to a remarkable extent.

These broad considerations point to the conclusion that trade combinations of a distinctive political type will not increase beyond the few larger unions which pronounce upon public questions and speak in the name of labour. The indisposition of unions to combine one with another, and the cynical indifference with which one trade competes with another, and even carries on operations which must inevitably destroy a once numerous and prosperous trade, prove that the human difficulty stands in the way of that universal trade combination that Socialists aspire to. If the avowed policy of the advanced Trades Unionist were accepted no engineer would be found to manufacture a labour-saving machine of any kind, and no English printer would be found ready to go to Holland to enable the Dutch to produce English books for English board schools at three-fourths the price of any printing-office in the United Kingdom. Individual energy, commonly called selfishness by Trades Unionists, will always be at work to redress by one means or another the excessive raising of the prices of labour. Even ships and boilers may be built abroad; and the coal-fields of central Europe and the United States are always at hand to check the presumption of combination.

In these circumstances the Trades Union political vote may be regarded with less concern than it commonly excites; but while the statistics here produced discount the pretensions of those who speak in the name of some overwhelming mass of operatives that has no

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existence, yet it must not be forgotten that the societies are powerful in certain districts; and no statesman of character will fail to recognise that they have special claims upon the State, nor deny to them the consideration which their skill and energy must in any case command. It would be more agreeable to other sections of the community, and far more satisfactory from a parliamentary point of view, if Trades Unionist interests were not exaggerated in the future to the extent that they have been in the past. It is not to be supposed that any consideration of propriety or even statesmanship will weigh with the ordinary candidate in his dealings with a constituency. His object is to win the seat, and, constituted as man is, perhaps, that controlling purpose is as efficient as any other for getting a good average House of Commons; but even the average candidate may learn from these statistics that concessions to Trades Unionist delegates are worth more, in most cases, than the delegate has to give in the shape of votes. The numbers of the membership of a union are not always at the command of the election agent, and the number of voters among them is usually concealed. The prevailing trade of a district is, however, well ascertained, and as the percentages of Trades Unionists in a trade, and the average of active voters among those trades, is now known, the fearful candidate may have his backbone strengthened, or at least sustained, by a knowledge of the approximate value of a local Trades Union vote. The knowledge that about half of the Trades Unionists have votes, and that *the average percentage of Trades Unionists among voters is* 4 *per cent.*, except in districts where they concentrate, should instruct candidates how to measure an imperious demand of a local or imported Trade Union leader in comparison with the demands of those whose interests may be larger, and more disinterested, because they are national. The Trades Unionists, as a political force, should be regarded as neither more nor less worthy of consideration than every other interest in the country; they should be esteemed as important only in relation to sources of national wealth and international strength. Their representatives must not be permitted to exaggerate them to the proportions of an effective political bugbear.

FREDERICK WICKS.

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REALISM OF TO-DAY

'Life, or spirit, is the only intrinsic reality.'

WHY is it, we have often asked ourselves, that the so-called realistic school in art, which is just now threatening to overwhelm us in its flowing tide of fashion, is so irritating in its ethics and so disappointing in its productions?

Why is it that realism has so often become merely a degraded form of reality, and that idealism is abjured as being untrue to nature?

In endeavouring to formulate some answer to these questions, we may, perhaps, not unprofitably begin by considering the meaning of the words realism and idealism, and observe how far the modern interpreters of the former term are correct in the view they take.

'The *real*,' says Dr. Johnson, 'is *true, genuine*. The *ideal* is *mental, intellectual, conceived*.'

At first sight these definitions seem so different as almost to be antagonistic in their meaning and application; but on a nearer inspection we shall, we think, be able to prove that they are, on the contrary, so closely bound up with one another that they cannot be divorced in art without each suffering severely; and that, in order to produce a perfect result in artistic work of any kind, it is necessary that both realism and idealism should be present; and, moreover, if we do justice to each of the two parts which thus form a whole, we shall find that we are able, without paradox, almost to ascribe the definition of either word to the other one also.

First, then, in order to insure the union of the two, the foundations of all great work must be laid upon what is 'real and true,' and the further development must be 'mentally and intellectually conceived.' Or if the 'mental conception' is the first step in the process, it must work on to what is evidently 'real and true.'

Furthermore, we may remark that there appear to be two kinds both of realism and idealism; one the true, and the other the false. There is the realism which is the genuine acceptance and exposition of what is actual and true in nature, which, while acknowledging and depicting both the beauties and the defects, is not insensible or blind to either. And there is the fictitious realism, in which only one view of the actual object is recognised, and either the redeeming

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side of what is ugly is left out, or, as is possible also, the weak side of what is noble and beautiful is omitted. This false realism is sometimes taken for a form of idealism, with which, however, it must by no means be confounded.

There are also two kinds of idealism. There is the idealism which is suggested by the imagination founded upon an actual and true subject or form, but carrying it beyond any actual or existing realisation of it, the definition probably intended by Dr. Johnson; but there is also another, which consists in dispensing with or omitting the actual and original features, in order to dress it up in a new and different disguise. The first is good, and the last is bad idealism.

If one side, either the best or worst, is omitted from a realistic treatment, it does not therefore become idealism—it remains false realism; and if in an ideal character or picture you omit the actual and genuine, but possibly least attractive, side, and only give a rendering of the best and most attractive one, it does not become realism —it remains false idealism.

This we hope to illustrate and prove as we proceed.

We have heard two assertions made by those who defend the realistic school: the one, that there is beauty even in ugliness, if one can only discover it—and they add that it is its monopoly to do so; and the other, that it is a duty to represent all sorts and conditions of men and things, and that if while doing so the result is ugly and base, we must be content with the mere fact that it is a true and unvarnished representation of an existing type or form, which it behoves them to set forth in all its nakedness. It is evident that the first assertion is perfectly sound, although the discovery of its truth was hardly made yesterday; but the second assertion weakens the position, for it is an apology for the absence of what is acknowledged to exist.

Now the modern Realists appear to us to have, without knowing it, adopted merely the one-sided and vicious form of realism, and the first mistake they make is in confusing the meaning of the terms.

They do not see that there are the two kinds of realism, but presuppose that to be real any touch of idealism must simply be excluded. They almost seem to start by a definition of their own, that what is real is ugly, and that what is ideal may be beautiful but must be false; and thus, in order to carry out truthfully, as they believe, the representation of the real, all possible balancing counterparts of the ideal and, as they conceive, false beauty are summarily rejected.

Hence in all art, literature, play-acting, &c., realism has become the synonym for ugliness, and the more realistic the author the more hideous the work. This, we contend, is neither pleasant nor right.

In painting and sculpture the French school of Realism is leading the way, hotly pursued by German and Belgian schools. Up to a few years ago, too great a number of the 5,000 pictures which formed the yearly exhibition in Paris consisted either of coarse nude figures,

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chiefly female, and representations of horrors, such as accidents, surgical operations, the dying and the dead; the idea being apparently first to conceive the nastiest subject possible, and then to paint it in the nastiest possible way; and that they called realism.

Since the breaking away of the Progressists from the Salon of the Champs-Elysées, the latter is, of course, less overburdened by the amount of ugliness which made it almost impossible to pick out the good things; and the Realistic and Impressionist productions can now be seen more or less all hung together in their own Salon in the Champ de Mars; and it is from this terrible collection that the gems which find their way to our galleries are chiefly selected. We need hardly mention the names of Bonnat, Carolus-Duran, and others who are well known to us over here as admirable portrait painters, and whose works form a great contrast to those of the school we condemn; and there are also the works of Millet and of Jules Breton, the painters of peasants, which surely must be a constant rebuke to the followers of this school, to which they both belong.

In Millet's works there is an atmosphere of sadness and of religious feeling which doubtless proceeded from the temperament of the man and which is not present in the works of Jules Breton. This is especially noticeable in the 'Angelus,' in which almost more than in any of his other pictures the deceased artist has, we think, caught the true spirit which his school professes.

But although in the pictures of Jules Breton, among which might be named the 'Turkey-minder' as one of the best, the religious sentiment is absent, his subjects are quite as poetical in conception, and his women are far more beautiful in form and figure than in those of Millet.

And now may we glance at one or two examples of the new and, as we believe, vicious form of realism indulged in by modern realists? We are told that the Champ de Mars school is famous for its excellence in obtaining effects of light and shade, and for its power of depicting movement. This may be; though the examples which are sent us do not warrant this assertion. But even if it is so, could not these qualities advantageously be united with the more substantial ones of a conception of some beauty in the subject and an execution not entirely unmindful of form and colour?

In the Grafton Gallery, among other painful and horrible specimens of French and German work, may be now seen two pictures on religious subjects. One is called 'The Flight into Egypt;' and the first thing we object to in it, is the type which has been chosen to represent the Holy Family. The woman is a creature copied from a model which could only have been found in the slums of Paris. She is half-dressed in a chemise falling off her shoulders, and a thin, short, shabby black skirt and shabby town boots; but she has her hair dressed somewhat carefully in the present fashion. The child

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she carries, a big boy of about three years old, wears a cotton shirt and boots without stockings. The man who follows her across a dirty tangle of weeds and grass is a shabby, second-rate, out-of-work, out-of-elbows mechanic; he looks downcast, dishonoured, and ashamed. The suggestions, as is so often the case in both the paintings and the writings of these realists, are vile, and no words can sufficiently condemn the spirit which can conceive, or the hand which can paint, such things.

The second picture is called 'The Sermon on the Mount;' and here again we ask by what right our Lord is represented as a big, coarse German peasant. The only reason that can be offered for depicting Him as belonging to any other but His own nationality would lie in the endeavour to produce the most worthy and most ideal representation from among the models at the painter's command; but we fail to see any argument by which the right to produce an unnaturally monstrous figure of a peasant in the person of our Lord can be established; and it strikes one as being irreverent and disgusting. In this picture there is no modelling: the painting is absolutely flat. There is no drawing: the heads and feet are nearly twice too big for the huge ill-shaped bodies. The colour is muddy and smudgy. There is no refinement; no effect of light and shade; no artistic merit; and no beauty of any kind.

In the National Gallery, as many may be aware, hangs a picture which treats of a very similar subject in a somewhat similar way; but which appears to possess all those qualities in which the modern school is wanting. It is of 'Christ Blessing Little Children,' and belongs to the school of the greatest master of the best kind of realistic art, who has ever lived, Rembrandt.

By a happy effect of light and shade the eye is carried straight to the centre figure. It is noble and refined, and the expression is one of deep human love and tenderness. He is surrounded by Dutch peasants, but cannot be said to be of the peasant type Himself. The eagerness with which the women are forcing their children into His notice, and the shyness of the little child upon whose head His hand is resting, are natural to the last degree. The manner of treatment is simple and noble; and in movement, drawing, proportion and colour the execution is admirably carried out. Rembrandt himself truly reached and taught the purest and best form of realism. In his numberless drawings we have proof of his unequalled power of conceiving the most fitting manner of treatment. He reproduced the beauties of, but was never led away from, the actualities of Nature; and in effects of light and shade and a perfection of drawing, combined with a richness of colouring, he stands alone. In his pictures we have ever-abiding witnesses to the truth of the old saying, that 'the beautiful is the splendour of truth.'

Even our own painters are not altogether free from a taint

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of the modern fashion, and nobility and grandeur of conception and style are conspicuously absent in many of their pictures. A few there are, some of whom we shall notice later, who cling to the beautiful and abhor the ugly, and their names still rank among the first; but alas for art in that generation in which the opposite practice becomes the common one! Indeed, one could almost wish that we had the same law as that in Thebes of old, which punished by a fine the production of an ugly thing. It would relieve us at once of the majority of the yearly productions.

Fifty years ago Lady Waterford wrote to a friend thus: 'I hope to be in London in June, and have especial curiosity to see what the Pre-Raphaelites have done this year, and whether they are beginning to allow themselves a little beauty in moderate quantities. I respect them from abstaining from the *pretty*, and am sure theirs is the only school which will come at real beauty at last, so we must be content to let them pass through all their phases of ugliness first.'

And they did accomplish a return to beauty after some years of painful failure; but was it not because the fact was forced upon them that by a neglect of the ideal a true representation of the real was not obtained, and that they had the courage to retrace their steps, and to allow themselves once more to be influenced by the imperative demands of the imagination? May we recommend their example to the school of to-day, which appears to have fallen into the same error?

In literature we see the same thing. We may safely say that by some writers of fiction, in France especially, we are given nothing but the worst side of human nature—exquisitely described, it may be, as to style, but none the less to be condemned; the fact of a book being what is called powerfully written not being, as is sometimes urged, excuse enough to condone all else. As we have already said, we are told that there are characters existing in every age, and in every grade of life, so utterly vile that there is not the smallest spark of good to be discerned in them, and if a writer chooses to reproduce such a character, it is intended to serve as a warning against the vileness and baseness he is representing. But, in the first place, the truth of this theory of total depravity may well be doubted. A universal law demands the good and the bad in men's natures as surely as the sunlight demands the shadow; and if a true picture of any human being is to be drawn, the various corresponding qualities should be sought for and acknowledged.

We admit that there may be a man so utterly depraved by vice of all kinds that the difficulty in recognising the good may be great, in the same way that by excluding every ray of sunshine you can ensure the result of total darkness; but that does not prove that the sun is not there. And, moreover, in the second place, is the lesson which is thus taught by the modern pitiful exposition of vice and crime likely to be one of warning, or will not the falseness of the

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mode of teaching make it miss its mark? The harm done is not only, of course, by affording an education in the degrading things of life, but also, and mainly, because by the assumption that these are the ordinary occurrences in everyday life among the majority of our fellow-creatures, and by the exaggerated language and forced situations used, the importance of the evil is raised to such a degree over that of the good that all perspective and sense of proportion is lost, and even if touches of good are introduced, they are not intended to form part of the picture, and are far too hazy to attract any attention.

In Monsieur Zola's works, which have been so variously criticised, we have an example of all this. He not only describes passions and situations which are objectionable in themselves, but he so makes use of them that they are elevated into being the only important features in the characters and life he represents, to the exclusion of all that might and would to a very great extent redeem it. Only one side is treated of at all, and thus it cannot be true to life, which includes all sides; and there appears no special aim or object, except the well-known and detestable one of amusing and engrossing by means of rousing the passions. And where in all this is the vaunted excuse of a warning? Even in *La Débâcle*, which treats of war and not of love, there is far too much detail of horrors, and the pages of minute description of the wounds and sufferings of the wretched soldiers appear unworthy the skill of the author. The man who could give us the account of the death of the Lieutenant Rochas might well spare us that of the butcher's work of Surgeon Bouroche.

Monsieur Bourget has also afforded us instances of this kind of treatment. In the *Disciple* one—and that the low—side of human nature is depicted, and the result is an untrue and disgusting picture, which must surely do more harm than good to the reader. To those who, without being pharisaical, do not care to feast their souls at the banquet of vices which are displayed in such a rich profusion, these and such-like works of modern fiction will prove of no attraction; but to those whose taste has been trained to an appreciation of the study of the baser and lower nature of mankind, the so-called realistic representations will, we believe, serve as a stimulant, and not as warning.

As in painting and in literature, so is it also on the stage. It is the same story. Coarseness of plot and dialogue is becoming more common every day, and we are here, again, trying to rival the French. Perhaps they are better able to veil a vulgarity or a 'double entendre' than we are; but to judge by one or two of their most recent plays they are now apparently casting all decency to the winds, and there is scarcely anything, however offensive, which may not be reproduced upon their stage. In this case it is the dramatist who is to blame, but the actors have also a share in the business. What is to be said

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about some of the horrible death-scenes adopted in modern plays? In this it was Madame Bernhardt who first set the example, and her death always horrifies one, though it is perhaps the most wonderful piece of acting in the whole of the splendid performance; and it is said that wherever it was possible it had been studied at the bedside of some dying sufferer. Violent deaths upon the stage are not in themselves a new departure, and it is not the fact we condemn. Hamlet drinks the poison, or is pierced by the dagger, reels, and falls; the Moor smothers Desdemona (though until lately, surely, always hidden behind a curtain). The death-scene was necessary, and was got over—somewhat realistically, it is true, but with no additional or superabundant details; but we feel that such representations as these are widely different from that of Signora Eleonora Duse, for instance, in the *Dame aux Camélias*, who after half an hour's agony dies in a heap on the bed which she has struggled out of in her nightgown! It would be a repulsive scene even if witnessed in a hospital; where, however, it would not be possible, as a screen would be placed round the bed of a dying woman to protect her from the gaze of the other patients.

We wish to say nothing against Signora Duse's acting, which is almost always simple and refined; but the possibility of such a representation of death being given by one of the highest interpreters of this school is to our mind an example of how unreal realism may become.

In Ibsen's plays, the beloved of the realist, the commonplace and vulgar plot is produced in a vile manner, semi-tragic and semi-comic, and is surrounded by a morbid atmosphere suggestive of unfathomed depths of degradation. But, say their admirers, 'they are so clever.' Yes, in one sense they are; but mainly in tickling the tastes of those who had already satiated their appetites by the literature of this school. What, we ask, is the moral to be pointed or the lesson to be taught in 'The Master Builder'? Is the heroine his good genius or his bad? and why by his death, arranged and plotted for by her, does he become in her concluding words, '*my* Master Builder'?

If one listens to the praises sung in its honour, one hears that the most wonderful and unique thing about the play lies in the fact that each one may make his own and a totally different interpretation of it. But this possibility of various interpretations might, we venture to think, lead one to a different conclusion, viz., that there was no real meaning in it at all. No; if these are the only methods by which a realistic treatment can be obtained, the sooner the fallacies which surround it are recognised the better.

If realists are seeking for beauty, it is not in the sickening details of animal pains and pleasures, nor in the unhealthy growths of diseased or disordered brains, that their search will be rewarded, but by readjusting the focus of their common-sense, and re-establishing

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the well-nigh lost power of seeing things not only as they really are, but as they really can be.

So far our mind is clear, and we hope we have shown that modern realism, standing alone and without any assistance from the ideal, does degenerate into pure ugliness, which certainly is not true to the realities it purposes to represent; for in those realities there is always an element of beauty to be found; and that true realism should recognise it to its fullest and utmost possibility. Indeed, sometimes a true realistic treatment might necessitate an entirely beautiful one, and it is only by a forgetfulness or perversion of this fact that vice and evil-doing can so often become the prominent, if not the only, claim to merit.

But now to turn to the more imaginative world of idealism, which is in increasing danger of being neglected. We have said there are those who, in spite of the prevailing fashion, cling tenaciously to the development of realism in its purest and best sense; and in all work, both ancient and modern, the methods of carrying out this aim appear the same. Take the marble figures of old Greece and Rome. What do we find? The sculptor first sought for the most true and beautiful form attainable to copy from, and then conceived in his mind how that form could be made even more beautiful, and the result is both realism and idealism of the highest kind. They knew the art of retaining the true and imperfect, and yet of producing the ideal of perfection. They were not afraid of making things as they were, but they ennobled the subject. Of the 'Satyr after Praxiteles' in the Capitol, Mr. Perry says: 'All that is coarse and ugly in form, all that is revolting in expression, is purged away by the fire of genius: of external marks of his lower nature nothing is left but the pointed ears and the arrangement of the hair over the forehead. His identity is, indeed, not altogether lost: he is a satyr still, idle and unfit for work or war, incapable of any greater exertion than that of strolling in the woods and piping to or dancing with the "rosy-armed" nymphs of the wood and mountain.' And of 'Silenus carrying the Infant Dionysus' he says: 'In earlier art Silenus is a coarse, drunken, amorous, but clever old beast: here both figure and face are ennobled, yet not so as to destroy his identity. The expression with which he regards his nursling is tender and pleasing,' &c.

We might mention many other examples. 'The Dying Gaul' is an uncouth barbarian, but his death is glorified by the expression of deep and touching tenderness which makes it almost the most beautiful of all statues. The 'Niobe' group is, perhaps, one of the best illustrations we could have of the union of a realistic and idealistic style. The emotions of fear and terror, the agonies of death, the self-forgetfulness of those who are as yet unhurt, the dignity and despair of the god-like mother, are depicted with a nobility which renders it one of the most splendid works of antiquity. In the

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Olympian 'Hermes' there is the conception of representing the most perfect type of man at his most glorious age of strength and beauty; and by a sublime genius an ideal of perfection has been produced not to be surpassed. But want of space forbids our enlarging further upon this and other examples afforded us by Greek art. In them we find the ideal called upon to temper or to elevate the real. What is ugly and weak is acknowledged, but it is sunk in the far more intense feeling for what is beautiful, and the highest form of true realistic as well as of idealistic treatment is attained.

In modern painters we need only name Burne-Jones, Watts, and Leighton to give examples of idealism grafted on to realism, each in his own manner. In the works of the first master the realistic tendency is very great, but it is realism which selects the beautiful and not the ugly. Take his 'Love Disguised as Reason.' What can be more ideal than the treatment of Cupid, with his bow and arrows peeping out from under his doctor's robe?—and yet the picture is quite as realistic as though it had not been representing an allegory or a semi-mythological story. The 'Days of Creation,' 'Circe,' and many others of his works will also bear witness to this, and he will forgive the quoting of his words when we were once discussing the question. 'I shall,' he said, 'protest against the production of ugliness with my latest breath.' In Watts realism is not, perhaps, the original key-note, but the ideal conception is worked on to the real and true. Thus how painfully real are the struggles of the little 'Love' who is exerting every effort to keep strong, unrelenting 'Death' at bay! And in his 'Wave of Sea-horses,' they are real horses, not griffins or other fanciful animals with horns and claws; but how beautiful they are, though the wave is so completely composed of them that at a little distance one hardly makes out their forms! In Leighton the real is ever present, but in the form in which he sees it—lovely, smooth, refined: the hills and sky of the Gulf of Corinth for a background, the loveliest forms of manhood and womanhood, clad in the most wonderful draperies, present an ideal of beauty absolutely true to Nature in her highest perfection.

Perhaps one of the greatest enemies to the realism of the present day is the steady growth of photography. After all, what can be more realistic than its manner of working? A flash, and there is the figure in its most natural and real condition. Laughing, crying, winking, jumping, you can fancy you see the movement and almost hear the speech. But does that satisfy the sitter or the artist, or is it not the main object and effort of both to beautify the production by soft and harmonious effects, to tone down and shade off defects, and so to produce an idealised beauty in the subject? And is not the result far more really true to Nature than the unartistic and unaided pictures and portraits that marked the first years of the raw invention? If photography has discovered that in order to be real and true it must

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also be ideal, it is thereby teaching us a lesson which we may do well to profit by.

From all this it seems evident that the best results in art and literature are to be achieved by those whose standard of the real and whose aspiration after the ideal are the highest; and though the limits, as well as the possibilities, in the matter of execution are different and various, the instinct of true genius will assuredly lead it right in the choice of the ways and means whereby to proceed. Undoubtedly the man who has become most famous in old days, and who will be most likely to live by fame in the time to come, is he who, in the first place, conceives the highest possible ideal, and, in the second, is able to represent it in the truest and most perfect manner.

And for ourselves. If we grub down on the floor of realism with no ideals to set like heavens in the sky above us, we are doomed to receive what we deserve—the bespattering of the mire and the dirt. Or if, on the other hand, we live in a world of mere dreams and fancies, and do not keep touch with the realities of life which are thronging round us, we fail to satisfy the natural cravings for what is tangible and comprehensible.

So we come back to where we began. To be real and true is the first great quality, but to conceive and superadd the highest possible ideal is also indispensable if we would ever hope to reach that perfection which in this world is, indeed, unknown, but which, in a world to come, may yet be found attainable.

KATIE COWPER.

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EARLY SOCIAL SELF-GOVERNMENT[1]

WHILE the Human Race in successive remote ages had been learning its early lessons of Self-Preservation against the physical influences which it could recognise as destructive and morbific in common surrounding Nature, that class of influences had not been the only one in relation to which Human Life had had to struggle. Not less real than the relations of the race to surrounding things had been, within the race itself, relations which may be distinguished as Ethical; the relations in which each man had stood to his own self-government, and to the fortunes of other men; and in these relations, not less truly than in respect of physical surroundings, struggle against hostile influences had been a familiar experience of human life as long as human experience had been commemorated.

Definite thoughts regarding this portion of the human struggle for existence become possible to us only in proportion as the times to which our thoughts refer are times more or less historical; times, that is to say, from which the observations and recollections of man as to contemporary matters of fact have in some form or other been transmitted to us; and where no such historical basis for thought is given, compensation for its absence cannot be supplied by abstract theories of the constitution and movements of the human mind. The line of thought, indeed, is peculiarly one in which mere speculation cannot make way. We have no independent means of setting before ourselves an embryological view of early human ethics; we cannot, except from experience, bring into view a primeval ether of man's self-consciousness developing its faint first lines of vibration and ripple where reason will afterwards come to regulate conduct; cannot exhibit by what subtle nucleolating process conceptions of justice and prudence and duty, and standards of personal and social merit, first tended to take definite form in the mind of our race, and to become the lights and the fates of man's advancing career. The psychologist of to-day, who from his own particular basis would peer into the darkness of pre-traditionary times, hoping to see there some image of the mind which was in his earliest ancestors, soon discovers that the would-be telescope of his endeavour is in effect but an opaque mirror, and that the only image it can bring before his view is prac-

[1] An Appendix to Chapter I. of my *English Sanitary Institutions*.

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tically but a reflection of himself. In the imagination which he strives to exercise, he no doubt can conceive a mind differently endowed from his own in mere degree or proportion of the faculties he himself possesses; but faculties essentially other than those known to him as parts of his own self-consciousness he is absolutely unable to conceive. The only primeval being he can figure to himself as answering to the name of MAN is one whose Mental Mechanics (if the phrase may be allowed) would essentially have been the same with his own; a being, who would have categorised, as he himself now categorises, in forms predetermined for him by Nature; one, whose grammar of thought would have had for its nouns and verbs essentially the same cases and moods and tenses as are current in the rational language of to-day; one, who would have had the same aptitude as he himself now has for thinking *ought* or *ought not*, *is* or *is not*, *can* or *cannot*, *will* or *will not*; one, whose every voluntary action would have corresponded to some consciousness of motive or intention, and whose motives and intentions, however limited as to their objects, would in their kinds have corresponded to the motives and intentions which at present determine human conduct. Such (more or less) is the only type under which present man can definitely think to himself of the mind of previous man; it is one which no doubt he can in theory project to an infinitely remote distance in pre-historic time, and can set in motion there as his own will shall direct; but the *Protanthropos* which he thus creates and animates from within himself is no more than the reflexion of his own human mind.

Regarding the ethical relations of man in times which kept no written or other tangible record of the acts of contemporary life, information can to some extent be derived from the recitals which various early writers afterwards gave of such oral traditions as had reached them from their predecessors; traditions which, when they related to the comparatively near past, would often have been fairly valid as statements of fact, but which, when they related to any remote past, and more and more in proportion to the remoteness, would tend to be exaggerative and generally mythical. Traditions as above, which after longer or shorter periods of oral currency obtained permanent record in the opening chapters of those written histories and illustrations which the earliest writers afford with regard to human conduct in their own times, constitute the only direct evidence on which the ethics of early man can be judged by us; and it may be doubted whether even the oldest portions of this evidence reach back proportionately far in the past duration of mankind on the earth. The record, thus necessarily imperfect and often ambiguous, is not of such sort that indirect evidence is likely to make large positive additions to it; but undoubtedly there are comparisons and analogies which may somewhat assist us to appreciate its facts. Generally, the

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archæology of the life of mankind is but a section of the Natural History of the Animal Kingdom, with sidelights thrown on it from other sections of that great province of study; but also it has outlines specially human which require to be collated with subsequent and present human experience, while in parts it peculiarly claims for context the knowledge which travel during the last four centuries has acquired of populations in infant stages of ethical development; and with interpretation assisted from such collateral sources as those, the very limited evidences of positive history and tradition can be constructed into a fairly consistent notion of the ethics of man during the later times to which the evidences relate.

In the ethical scheme by which Nature provides for the self-preservation of living races, it appears to be an essential, and is perhaps logically the first condition, that each individual of the race shall, within its appointed limits of space and time, struggle individually as it best can to continue and benefit its own separate life, and shall be free in last resort to sacrifice the lives of others to its own. The Free-will which Nature under that condition allows to individual egotism appears to be subject to no other limit or control than that which individual conscience (when conscience comes into work) will impose; the possibility of its being exercised against the interest of the race does not appear logically excluded from the scheme; but the condition which assigns it an essential place in the ethics of Nature is obviously not to be understood as more than one part in a system. Side by side with the selfish condition, that individual egotism shall be a chief security for the life-interests of the race, is the not less essential altruistic condition, that each living generation of the race shall breed succession to itself, and shall minister to the early needs of its progeny; while also, in wide extent, Nature imposes the general altruistic condition that individuals of a race must be helpful to each other in the struggle which they severally wage for survival. The importance of the last-named condition is very great, as qualifying what might otherwise seem to be the absoluteness of individual egotism in the system of Nature. When the two conditions are considered together, we see that *Egotism* and *Altruism*, exercised in due mutual control, and each of them with regard duly proportioned between immediate and ulterior interests, are to be the two equally indispensable joint-factors of progress, and that every primâ-voce discord between them must sooner or later find its solution either in silence or in harmony.

While man has constituted no exception to the general experience of living Nature, that they who would live must struggle, he has strikingly exemplified the further experience (which various recent writers have brought into important relief) that, in the struggle of different races for survival, the success of any given race greatly depends on the degree in which the individuals of the race combine

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for their struggle, and are helpful in it each to the other.[2] That each living thing tends first of all to struggle for its own life and satisfaction may be assumed as fundamental law; but Nature teems with illustrations of the widespread second tendency—the tendency to exertions of individual effort for objects which are larger than those of the individual; and in the best-studied parts of the animal kingdom, the cases where individuals of a species accept ties of common duty, the frequent instances of kindness from individual to individual, and above all the care of parents for their offspring, are facts almost as well known as the readiness of individuals to combat for themselves. The conjunction of those two tendencies is a leading fact in the psychical constitution of man, and has been all-powerful in determining his development. Eminently it is true for mankind that Egotism and Altruism, exercised in due mutual control, and each of them with regard duly proportioned between immediate and ulterior objects, are the two equally indispensable joint-factors of progress; and that every primâ-voce discord between them has sooner or later to find its solution either in silence or in harmony. For human life, it is the function of what we term *Morality* to deliberate and determine how the two impulses may work with most concurrence for the common good, and may waste themselves least against each other; and social institutions, developed in vast variety during successive ages of time, and under different conditions of stock and circumstance, have been the steps and forms of our slow experimental training in that great study.

The aggregations of mankind which receive earliest mention in history may be deemed to have been essentially consanguineous; that is to say, they were tribes which respectively declared themselves to be of descent from single domestic stocks, and were such as might have grown up (with or without exogamic admixture) in proportion as any ancestral family circle, procreating new procreators, had enabled special kinship to express itself in successively larger and larger spheres of connexion. Of like effect with what thus appeared regarding the aggregations which first became historical, have been the teachings of modern ethnology regarding innumerable aggregations unknown to ancient history; for in proportion as explorers in comparatively late times have gathered exact knowledge of the lives and traditions of those multitudes of mankind which had been outside the main areas of advancing civilisation, it has become

[2] The doctrine that 'mutual aid is as much a law of Nature as mutual struggle' was set forth for English readers, with learning and vigorous thought, in a most interesting series of articles by Prince Kropotkin, in successive numbers of this Review from 1890 to 1892. He quotes *La lutte pour l'existence, et l'association pour la lutte* as the title of a lecture in which M. Lanessan, in 1882, taught to the effect of his title; and he cites various earlier like teachings, as particularly those of M. Espinasse in his *Sociétés Animales*, 1877, and those of M. Kessler in an Address to the Society of Russian Naturalists, St. Petersburg, 1880.

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evident that among them, as among the previously historical parts of mankind, the essence of each existing aggregation has been the cohesion of kinsfolk as tribe; the tribe having for its declared or implied principle of identity that it is conscious of one common descent, distinguishing it more or less from other multeities. This, of course, is not tantamount to saying, what evidently would be too much to affirm, that each tribuary aggregation arose from 'family' and 'domestic life' in the sense which the latter terms now bear. Question is not here raised with regard to the early marriage-customs of mankind; no question whether, at specified times, the sexual relations of our ancestors were of the stable and 'sole-proprietary' type which Milton paints to have been 'in Paradise, where all things common else,'[3] or whether, on the contrary, they were more or less shifting and promiscuous. No other point is here in view than the physiological point of heredity. Whether at a given early time the bi-sexual human home with offspring was of simple or of confused constitution, equally in either case it was a nucleus with defined possibilities of evolution, and would furnish growth after its type. Within that nucleus, more or less, as in Milton's imagining, 'relations dear, and all the charities of father, son, and brother, first were known'; in heritage from it, all which had been instinctive in those relations would continue to work in the same sense in the enlarging tribuary sphere; and so long as the sphere remained unbroken, there would be diffused in it a spirit of family-tie and a tradition of family-custom binding together the aggregated units. Thus, in the remote antiquity when thoughts of duty first began to shape themselves in the human mind, distinction of the world into *Tribe* and *Not-tribe* would have been among the tribuary casuist's first principles; till, in time, as the original tribe broke into parts with more or less impulse to dissociation, each of such parts, now becoming an individual whole, would have inherited (so to speak against the world at large) a distinct tribuary conscience for itself; wherewith, and with further time and separation, it would rapidly grow into strangeness towards all others, including, sooner or later, even those who originally had been of its nearest kin.

It cannot be supposed that the human race, distributed into tribes, would be as a homogeneous field for common exercise of human influences and motives, or that those influences and motives, with the balance between them, should be as one harmonious impulse for the whole. Egotism and Altruism, omnipresent as joint-factors in the moral constitution of all human beings, and everywhere under appeals to operate according to circumstances in the struggle for existence, would soon find wide apparent differences between tribuary and extra-tribuary interests, and would be apt to proportion themselves to the cases accordingly. They who would

[3] *Paradise Lost*, iv. ll. 751–752.

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proceed to read what history has to say on the differentiation of effect produced under that difference of circumstances may advantageously first pause to consider with attention the pathology of the moral factors, and the (so to speak) fated meaning of any failure of balance between them. Especially it is of interest to reflect as from beforehand, though with the additional light which all human history affords, on the significance which attaches to the egotistic factor if in unbalanced intemperate operation. Of enormous meaning in the history, both of tribes and of individuals, have been the crude facts of unbalanced impatient egotism; of an egotism claiming to be free from exterior and ulterior limits, an egotism not content within such rules as are common to itself with others, an egotism which not only is without thoughts of altruistic duty, but often also disdains even the self of to-morrow as another than the self of to-day. This egotism—so passionate for its own expansion, so ravenous towards the narrow near, so ruthless towards all which is not immediate self, this has been the evil genius of our race's development; this, the aboriginal Cain, the familiar blood-stained figure which stalks conspicuous in the dawning of history.

As evidence tending to throw light on the moral characteristics of early man with reference to the life-interests of his kind, incomparably the most striking of all material is that which ancient history presents in its various narratives and descriptions of War. Of the creature Man it has been said with every possible emphasis (and there undoubtedly are senses in which the saying is true) that War is his state of nature.[4] History more or less authentic, regarding Assyrian, Egyptian, Hebrew, Greek and Roman civilisation, in ages perhaps from two to five thousand years ago, is a terrible record as to the quantity and quality of the wars which in those ages were habitual to leading branches of mankind already more or less emerged from savageness; and traditions which join on to that history, and are commonly read as its first pages, carry back the significance of its record to times which are incalculably more remote. Along all the line of retrospect, unmeasured mutual slaughter of human beings repeats itself as with the regularity of Nature. To the same effect is the testimony of those innumerable streamlets of myth and fable which descend from the pre-historic distance to join the current of true history; they ever bear the tell-tale colour of human blood. War,

[4] A mathematician, speculating on the mode in which given creatures would struggle for existence, might perhaps assume a mathematically equal diffusion of the struggle; so that every struggling unit concerned would be in impartial hostility to every other struggling unit; but history has shown nothing like this in the struggle of human beings for existence. The record never suggests as our 'state of war' the uniform and indiscriminate fighting of man with man throughout the community of the human race; it tells only of the conflict of opposed multeities of men with organisation of each multeity for its hostile purpose, and introduces to us each such organised multeity only as a consanguineous tribe.

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mercilessly cruel and destructive war, between populations within reach of each other, is the common ancestral tale. Always and everywhere, whether the clue purports to reach back to the first aggregations of mankind, or dates only from the far subsequent times when nations have begun to take form, and have caused their reciprocal lusts of conquest to become main currents in history, equally, whichever way we look, the one dominant feature is War. In proportion as the periods are remote, the achievements are more stupendous, and the personages more heroic and imposing; till by degrees the individuality of man is lost in a myth-world which itself teaches the same lesson. Hybrids and giants and titans are the nebular looming of early human strugglers for victory; and war is the pastime of immortal gods. From the only heaven which the conceiving power of early man was able to construct, anthropomorphic gods were ever ready to rush down for participation in the battles of men; and that legendary heaven, torn by wars and hatreds of its own, reflected as a contemporary mirror the pre-historic savage discords of earth.

It, of course, is not possible to set forth in actual numbers the quantities of mutual slaughter and ruin which the constant warfare between early aggregations of mankind involved; but that the quantities, proportionately considered, must very often have been more than enough to make periods of long arrest in social development may be assumed as certain; and instances in which particular aggregations were almost or quite exterminated must certainly not have been infrequent. With what destructiveness of intention the wars of ancient barbarous races were waged is in part matter of actual history; while in other part it may be sufficiently inferred from the nature of the case, with such aids to inference as have been furnished in comparatively late times, in proportion as the exploration of countries previously unknown has brought to light the continuing mutual cruelties of savage populations. The ordinary incidents of warfare—the hot-blood mutual slaughter of combatants, with destruction of homes and harvests of the conquered, and with the deadly destitution to be endured by fugitives, would be at their worst in savage war; and then, in sequel of success, and in furtherance of the exterminative intention, would come the massacre of prisoners, commonly with studied tortures, and amid rites of religious sacrifice to the gods who had given victory; the only exception being, that prisoners whom it might be found desirable to keep alive for concubinage or other servile use would be exempted from massacre, but if males would be subjected to mutilation. When wars had become large, the captives for slaughter might be hundreds or thousands at a time, and it is certain that, even down to comparatively late times, the victors in celebrating their success would generally, on a proportionate scale, crown their triumph with feasts of cannibalism.

Yet, while it is virtually certain that the state of nature of man

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included a perpetual state of war as above described, and that enormous pressure was thus exercised against the survival of the race by the murderousness which so largely expressed in collective action the dominant egotism of man's nature, no reason exists for supposing that, even in the remotest and most savage period of man's development, individual egotism operated at large as a sole power. In generalising just now on the moral influences which are giving to the human race its continuity of life and development, we saw that egotism and altruism in proper exercise are the two equally indispensable joint-factors of progress; and so far back as the figure of man can be discerned in the field of history, always he can be distinctly recognised as acting under that compound influence. Thus, even in respect of the records here under review, as to the universality of war among the early inhabitants of the earth, we find that, in every spectacle of war exhibited to us, the concords as well as the discords of men are brought to light; the tribuary concords, namely, which have organised multeities of men into single wholes for the respective common purposes of aggression and defence. Concords, however, for purposes of war were but a part of the common spirit of tribuary life; and, inasmuch as the tribuary spirit included and expressed all which was highest in pre-historic man, the significance of that spirit in its most general sense deserves extremely careful consideration. It needs hardly be noted that, over such parts of the earth's surface as were known to ancient history, the tribes then historical have now long since, under the conquests of war or otherwise, passed indistinguishably out of sight into the miscellaneous composition of modern nations; but explorations of other regions during the last four centuries, and especially within the last hundred and fifty years, have brought to light in their stead innumerable previously unknown tribes still existing in virgin savageness, with immemorial traditions of common descent and common custom; and study of these new-found tribes is not less instructive than that of ancient history, to illustrate what have been the universal governing principles in tribuary aggregations of mankind.

The point which clearly must stand first in any such consideration has already been indicated in an early passage of the present paper—the point, namely, that 'tribe' in its historical sense is but the enlarged equivalent of 'family,' and that the sentiment of special family-tie, binding together the units of the tribe in submission as it were to one household-law, and individualising the tribe as against other tribes in the struggle for means of subsistence, was the main determining influence for the sympathies and antipathies of early man, and for the particular channels and forms in which his egotism and his altruism respectively tended to express themselves. This, which ancient history told of such early savage tribes as had become known to it, has been generalised without limit by analogous knowledge accumulated since then, in proportion as new explorations

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of the earth's surface have brought under ethnographical study the customs and traditions of previously unknown tribes still subsisting in primæval savageness. Everywhere the characteristic of the tribuary spirit has been to potentiate and sanctify as against individual egotism the (so to speak) joint-stock egotism of the tribe. Its tendency has been so to merge each merely personal ipseity in the collective self, that the man has had no apartness from his tribe; that within the tribe, struggle between man and man, except as by accident, has had no place; and that mutual help has been the general law.[5] Thus, while inter-tribuary wars, expressing the respective tribuary egotisms and hatreds, were causing enormous waste of human life, probably there may have reigned within the limits of each separate tribe as perfect a peace as the world has ever known. It of course is not to be supposed that under tribuary law or custom the rights and immunities of individual life were the same as those which modern society concedes; for though, no doubt, the tribuary law or custom would have purported (like modern police-law) to safeguard individual life against inflictions of individual wrong, the individual life in the tribe would have been but an item of tribe-property, for the tribe at any time to expend as it judged best for the good of the tribe; and it is among the best known facts in history that, under the application of this system, very large quantities of human life were habitually sacrificed to the tribuary theories of common good. The demands which were of all the most peremptory, and which have always stood first in ethnological interest, were those for sacrifices to the gods in every chief case of tribuary hope or fear. Different under different skies may have been the savage classification and naming of those unseen powers, and different the rituals which did them honour; but human hopes and fears related everywhere essentially to the same objects: to seasons and weather and harvests, to floods and tornados and earthquakes, to blights and famines and pestilences, to the energies of the living body with its passion of sex for sex, to the marvel of its self-continuance by offspring, and finally to the darkness which lies beyond death. The powers who awarded good or evil within that universe of human hopes and fears, and who would at every moment be the arbiters of fortune in whatever warlike or other enterprise the tribe undertook, were unpitying gods whom only sacrifice of human life could conciliate. The sacrifice, too (at least according to its original intention), must be the very best which the tribe, or its sacrificing family, had to offer; not some mere war-captive or comparatively unprized life, but the first-born of the sacrificing family, or the elect of the youth of the tribe; and the sacrificial victim's passage to death was as fulfilment of highest privilege and pride. To the tribuary mind there would not have occurred any sense of special

[5] See the series of papers, by Prince Kropotkin, mentioned in the first footnote above; especially the paper, April 1891, entitled 'Mutual Aid among Savages.'

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pathos in such scenes of sacrifice, nor any kind of protest against the ruthless gods whose priests dictated them; the leading thought would probably have been that the life was given with gladness for the good of the tribe to which it had been due; but more pitiful in these after-times of ours are the thoughts of those who read (for instance) the tale of Jephthah's burnt offering, or are thrilled by the immortal words in which Lucretius denounces the death of Iphigenia at Aulis. The quantities of human life which the early tribes of mankind expended from within themselves in expiatory and propitiatory sacrifices as above (to be distinguished, of course, from the triumphal sacrifices in which none but captives taken in war were immolated) were not such as we can now estimate with any approach to numerical precision. That compared with losses endured in war they were almost as nothing, and that in quantitative proportion to the total bulk of a tribe they would in general have had no great significance, may be taken as probably the truth; but that the actual numbers were always insignificant is not what history seems to tell. It, on the contrary, seems certain that at least in some cases, under particular uses of particular superstitions, the sacrificial consumption of human life would in mere numbers be of interest to the community; as, for instance, that wherever the Phœnician system of child-sacrifice had become current, there could be few families not bearing the scar which ablation of a first-born child leaves behind it.

Of equal stringency with the demands which the tribe made for human life as homage to the gods, and of amount probably in general very much larger, were the exactions which represented economical intention. In early ages of mankind a rising tribe could hardly have tradition of any more familiar fear than that of deficient food-winning in proportion to numbers; and probably no principle of tribe-life could have been deemed more imperative than that the tribe must not suffer through having bellies to fill, where service in food-winning could not be rendered in return. The struggling tribe must agree upon rough-and-ready ways of keeping down its number of mouths to such as the efficiency of its food-winning could well satisfy. Lives domestically unprofitable or burdensome must not be let run on. They whom age or disease was rendering useless and dependent must part with life by their own act or by the act of others, and would often be gratified with the consciousness that in death they became food to their kinsfolk. Infants deemed superfluous for continuation of the tribe must be killed or cast aside; especially in large proportion infants of the female sex, and always such infants as showed sickliness or deformity. Of the same ethical and economical meaning with infanticide in relation to the history of mankind, and probably more or less in association with it from the earliest known times, were various other endeavours to loosen the bond which Nature had instituted between the sexual and the

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parental instincts, and to set free the sexual appetite for indulgence without care of provision for offspring: endeavours which consisted sometimes in the employment of drugs to prevent conception, or of contrivances after the type of that with which Jacob's grandson (Onan) 'displeased the Lord,' or sometimes in the use of medicaments or mechanical means to procure abortion of the uterine fruit.

With regard to the fact that early tribe-life took upon itself to restrict by means which it judged appropriate the numbers of those whom the tribe should be required to feed, it has to be recognised that a tribe, waging difficult struggle for means of subsistence, would certainly find its difficulties lessened in proportion as it undertook only to feed such strong and effective members as would bring home more food than they consumed. In extreme difficulties of struggle, the question whether ineffective lives should be admitted to privilege of food might practically be question whether effective lives should starve; and thus the tribe, for its own preservation, might in last resort be summoned by Nature to apply the extreme rule of eliminating all life which could not support itself. The tribe, however, which thus exercised prerogatives of life and death could not exempt itself from the common conditions of morality, but must at least by degrees learn standards of right and wrong for its estimate of difficulties and its application of expedients; and to adjudicate between life and life, between expedient and expedient, would soon lead human thought into the depth of morals. When tribes or families had begun to consider under what pressure of exterior circumstances they would be ready to leave their weaker kinsfolk to starve, or would abandon first dictates of Nature in the relations of sex to sex, and of sexes to progeny, the moral questions before them were essentially of like kind with the questions which engage modern thought; and it may safely be assumed that, as soon as such questions arose, lines of cleavage, such as are now familiar to us, began forthwith to reveal wide distinctions in the moral structure of mankind. In contrast with the rude egotism which accepts at any cost to others the expedients it finds of service to its own appetites, natures of nobler type would practise and proclaim the altruism which identifies the welfare of others with its own; instincts of individual affection would plead in tribunal councils against the ruthless putting away of old and young; and tribes of improving quality would more and more think it shameful to draw strength from the life-blood of the weak, or to thrive by cruel and obscene practices against Nature. Slowly, too, but surely, would come the time when considerations like the above must apply themselves to the relations of tribe with tribe; and for reasonable tribes a future could be foretold when many peoples would have as it were but one conscience, and would cease from inflicting cruelties on each other.

JOHN SIMON, K.C.B.

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THE QUEEN AND HER 'PERMANENT MINISTER'

STRONG as the mutual feeling undoubtedly was which bound Sir Robert Peel to the Court, it differed in quality from that which the Queen had experienced towards the Minister under whose guidance, as a young and friendless girl, she had assumed her great office. Peel, however, if he had not exactly occupied Lord Melbourne's place, could distinctly claim to have established himself upon a firm and enduring footing in his relation to the sovereign. To the Queen he was not only a Minister, but a friend. When he fell from power, Lord John Russell, who succeeded to his office, did not succeed to the position which he held at Windsor or at Osborne. Owing to the tact exhibited by the Queen and Prince Albert, there was no very noticeable difference, in so far as the public was concerned, between the place occupied at Court by the new Prime Minister and that which his predecessor had filled. A difference, however, there was, and the finer shades of it appear very clearly by the light of the Queen's journals and the Prince's correspondence. The detachment of the Queen from political partisanship was as complete as ever. As in duty bound, so in reality, her sympathies seemed henceforth always at the command of her Minister, be his party Whig or Tory. Although the training of a Stockmar may induce in a sovereign absolute loyalty to a political leader who happens to be the servant of the Crown for the time being, it cannot command affection or create intimacy. Neither Lord John Russell nor Lord Derby ever complained of the support accorded to them by the Sovereign. Lord Aberdeen, who had been Foreign Secretary under Peel, and had shared to some extent with him the affectionate esteem of his royal mistress, certainly had no cause to complain, and when he was forced to relinquish his post, even amid the chilly atmosphere of that Crimean winter, the Queen stood almost alone in assuring him of her continued 'personal affection and regard.' One Minister, it is true, found himself in antagonism to the Crown; but Lord Palmerston's troubles culminated while he still held subordinate, though very high, office; and from the day he became Prime Minister he himself

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recorded his satisfaction at the 'cordiality and confidence' with which he was treated by the Queen.

In point of fact, from the fall of Peel, in 1846, to the fatal 14th of December, 1861, the relation between the sovereign and the Prime Minister was recognised to be wholly different from what it had previously been. A marked and remarkable personality had come between the Ruler and the chief of her 'confidential servants.' During the five years of Sir Robert Peel's Administration, while public attention was fixed on parliamentary conflicts and fiscal changes rousing the wildest animosities, popularly supposed to be pregnant by enthusiasts of national salvation, and by critics of national ruin, silently and unwatched there was developed an influence which altered fundamentally the whole relation of the Crown to the people, and moulded the Monarchy into the shape which it has now assumed. During those five eventful years the Queen's husband passed from boyhood to manhood, and from prince in name became king in fact. From the moment of her marriage the Queen had recognised, as was natural to a young wife, the intellectual quality of her husband's mind and the moral force of his character.

When she failed to make him king consort, she was determined that he should not be forced into obscurity. In a most curious memorandum, written by the Queen's own hand, she refers to 'Prince George of Denmark, the very stupid and insignificant husband of Queen Anne,' who 'never seems to have played anything but a very subordinate part' in public affairs; and it is clear that it was not her intention that any such derogatory phrase should ever justly be applied to her own consort. Although the Queen may have believed it to be true that Prince Albert owed his initiation into public life to Sir Robert Peel, in point of fact the Prince was indebted to the Queen herself; for even if Peel was attracted by the ardour and keenness of the young Prince's mind, it never would have occurred to him—fully aware as he was of the political risk he ran—to bring the Prince forward unless he had been conscious that in so doing he was establishing an important hold upon the regard of the Queen. A very acute observer has remarked that before he became her Prime Minister there was probably no man in her dominions whom the Queen so cordially detested as Sir Robert Peel; but that he found means to remove all her prejudice against him, and to establish himself high in her favour; and that when he resigned office the Queen evinced a personal regard for him scarcely inferior to that which she had manifested to Lord Melbourne. At the time it was not so plain as it has since become to what special adroitness Sir Robert Peel owed this remarkable revulsion of feeling on the part of the Queen. It is now clear that it was due to his recognition of Prince Albert as *de facto* coequal sovereign. Lord John Russell was the first with adequate opportunity, as well as

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sufficient previous experience, to take note of the change which had occurred in the relation of the Sovereign to her Ministers. When he succeeded Sir Robert Peel in office, he found that he could no longer expect to see the Queen alone. At every interview between the Sovereign and her Prime Minister the Prince was present. Although, if he had desired to enforce it, Lord John Russell's right to exclude every one from these audiences was incontestable, prudence and tact convinced him at once that the new procedure must be accepted. He stated in confidence to a friend his astonishment at the great development which had taken place. The Prince had become so 'identified with the Queen that they were one person;' and it was obvious to him that, while she had the title, he was really discharging the functions of sovereign, and was king to all intents and purposes.

At this time the Prince was in years almost a boy. Although barely six-and-twenty, he seems to have experienced no difficulty in holding his own with Lord John Russell, in spite of the Minister's age and experience, extending over many long years of public life. The qualities to which the Queen had yielded exercised a powerful influence over the minds of all those into whose close companionship, whether for business or pleasure, her husband was thrown. If Sir Robert Peel had been impressed by the young German prince, Lord John Russell and Lord Aberdeen were not less moved by his grave and intense individuality. The effect produced upon successive Ministers by intercourse with him was so marked that groundless suspicions and jealousies, bidding fair to be dangerous, were excited in the minds of politicians who were outside the sphere of his influence. It began to be said that there was a power 'behind the Throne,' and there was but a step between this suggestion and the wilder assertion that this power was used in a sense hostile to the interests of England, and on behalf of foreign States to whom by blood and birth the Prince was more closely allied. From whispers in drawing-rooms and club-windows rumours spread into provincial town-halls and country market-places. Ignited by the public Press, suddenly the flames of unpopularity were fanned into a blaze, and Prince Albert became the object, not only of abuse and attack, but almost of public impeachment. At one moment it was even credited that he had followed in the wake of former traitors to the State, and had been immured in the Tower. The storm broke, and was allayed in the House of Commons. Then the curious and somewhat unusual spectacle was observed of a Prime Minister, together with his predecessors and successors in that office, agreeing to support each other in an apparently unpopular cause.

Attempts have been made to analyse the causes which underlay the Prince's unpopularity. His dress, the cut of his clothes, his manner of shaking hands, his seat on horseback—all these contributed

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possibly to the prejudices of the aristocracy against him. In the *Scotsman* newspaper, in 1854, there appeared an article accounting for the hostility to the young German Prince on the score of his virtues; that as a 'moral reformer' he was bound to be obnoxious to all who, 'conscious of their own stinted capacities and attainments, tremble for their social position should the lower and middle classes be thoroughly instructed and civilised.' By some he was thought a dangerous metaphysician, and by others a prig. His reserve was a standing grievance in higher spheres of society. He was altogether lacking in freedom and ease of manner; and he never conformed to the ways of the so-called 'fast' people in the fashionable world. Above all, he was a 'Peelite *malgré lui*,' and offended thereby the old-fashioned Tories on the one hand and the advanced section of the Liberal Party on the other. If he was not accused of attempting openly to trench on the privileges of the sovereign, he was credited with exercising a secret and baneful influence. As he himself put it to the Duke of Wellington, he

> shunned ostentation, and sank his own individual existence in that of his wife: he assumed no separate responsibility before the public, but he became her sole confidential adviser in politics and assistant in communication with the officers of the Government, the father of the royal children, the private secretary of the Sovereign, and her permanent Minister.

Herein lay the gravamen of the charge against him, apparently admitted by himself. A Prime Minister supported by a parliamentary majority had a right to the support and intimate confidence of the Crown, but a 'permanent Minister' was a wholly novel and unconstitutional personage. Lord Melbourne had congratulated the Queen on the inestimable advantage she possessed in the counsel and assistance of her husband. Under Peel the Prince's position had become clearer, and he was duly installed as private secretary and intimate 'counsellor' of the Queen, taking part in all affairs regarding the Crown or bearing on foreign policy, with the privilege of being present at all audiences between the Sovereign and her Ministers. The internal dissensions of Lord John Russell's Cabinet, the constantly recurring difficulties with Lord Palmerston, the dismissal of that Minister from the Foreign Office in 1851, and his retirement again in 1853, all contributed to give colour to the reports of unconstitutional interference on the part of the Prince. That his influence brought to bear upon the vacillating will of Lord John Russell effected the dismissal of Palmerston in 1851 no one, by the light of documents now revealed in the *Life of the Prince Consort*, can doubt. Lord John Russell's biographer has also, probably with some reluctance, but in the interests of truth, made this plain. Yet, when the debate in Parliament took place in January 1854, in which the attacks on the Prince culminated, no one who had been Prime Minister, or had any hope of becoming so, was found to support the

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accusation that he had been guilty of the exercise of undue interference. On the contrary, all combined to praise him. Lord Palmerston had, through the Press, already exonerated him by stating that he had exercised 'no influence on the Foreign Secretary's resignation and return to office.' Lord John Russell and Lord Aberdeen took the whole responsibility of everything that had taken place upon themselves, and bore eloquent witness to the 'constitutional action of the Queen.' How, they then argued, could the Prince have exercised unconstitutional influence over her, since she herself had not moved a hair's-breadth outside the limits of the Constitution? Even Lord Derby, much less well disposed, was driven to speak sharply of the 'gullibility of the public' and the 'absurd attacks on the Prince.' In point of fact, however, the influence of Prince Albert was at this time overwhelming. In March 1851, it was his aversion from Mr. Disraeli, shared by the Queen, that contributed largely to the reluctance of Lord Derby to attempt the formation of a Government, and in all probability prevented him from doing so; and it was the antipathy of the Prince to Lord Palmerston, also shared by the Queen, that procured from Lord John Russell the dismissal of Lord Palmerston in December of the same year.

Whether or no Lord Palmerston was addicted to the 'monstrous habit of treating with contempt alterations in despatches that had been prescribed to him, and sending despatches from which the Queen and Lord John had struck out certain passages with the same restored,' there is no doubt that this habit (and Lord Palmerston freely indulged it) never galled the Prime Minister to the extent that it annoyed the Prince.

Almost a year before the final rupture with Palmerston the Prince had attempted to sting Lord John Russell into a proper spirit of rebellion against his masterful colleague. On May 15, 1850, he wrote:

> My dear Lord John,—Both the Queen and myself are exceedingly sorry at the news your letter conveyed to us. We are not surprised, however, that Lord Palmerston's mode of doing business should not be borne by a susceptible French Government with the same good humour and forbearance as by his colleagues. The Queen hopes to be well enough to see you on Sunday at one o'clock.
>
> Ever yours truly,
>
> ALBERT.

Clearly the struggle was not between the Prime Minister and his subordinate. In strength of will and force of character they were too unequally matched. It lay between the subordinate Minister and the 'permanent Minister,' who was in truth a foeman worthy of Palmerston's steel. It ended, as similar struggles in England nearly always have ended, in the triumph of the subject over the monarch. The biographer of Lord John Russell, who can have had no legitimate

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bias towards Palmerston, points out that, in spite of the attacks upon his policy and his methods, the victory remained with the Foreign Secretary; and if four years of office had deprived him of the confidence of the Crown, he had gained in exchange for it the confidence of the people. It is to the high credit of the Prince that when Lord Palmerston shortly became, as he was bound to do, the First Minister of the Queen, the relations between him and the Court were no less cordial than those which the Queen had established with his predecessors in office. Although, by offering first Bagshot Park to Lord John Russell, which he refused, and subsequently Pembroke Lodge, which he accepted, the Queen had given evidence of her regard for his upright and loyal nature, the intimacy between her and that Minister was of a different quality from that which had subsisted between her and his predecessors. To some extent, doubtless, this arose out of the disposition of Lord John Russell himself. Naturally cold in manner, if he took no pains to win goodwill from his followers he took even less to ingratiate himself in the eyes of one who was not only a sovereign, but a lady. He was the typical leader of that stiff, cold oligarchy which had governed English sovereigns and the English nation by qualities and merits altogether independent of the heart and of the affections.

> Next, cool and all unconscious of reproach,
> Comes the calm Johnny, who upset the coach.
> How formed to lead, if not too proud to please!
> His fame would fire you, but his manners freeze.

The Prince, like all men themselves reserved in manner, resented reserve in others. It is clear that to him and to the Queen the sentimental charm of Aberdeen appeared far more attractive than the crude honesty of Russell. As Foreign Secretary in Peel's Government he had been much thrown with the Prince; and Lord Melbourne, soon after his fall, noticed that of the new Ministers Lord Aberdeen was preferred by the Queen.

In December 1852, when Lord Derby resigned, the Queen might have turned quite naturally to Lord John Russell for assistance or advice. He had been her Prime Minister for five years, and no other statesman then living had held that office at all. The Queen, however, sent for Lord Aberdeen and Lord Lansdowne. It is true that at that time, owing to the confusion of parties and the position of the Peelites, the chances of Lord John Russell's forming a Government could have been small; but the opportunity was not given to him. He consented, however, to serve under the Peelite who had been his opponent, just as two years afterwards he consented to serve under the Whig, who had been his subordinate almost ten years earlier in his career. In point of fact, while the 'permanent Minister' was in the Queen's service the headship of the Cabinet was a matter which

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seemed to her to affect no one but the rival claimants themselves and their rival ambitions.

From Lord Derby she parted with civility, but without any strong expression of regret. During his ten months of office in 1852, as well as during his year of office in 1858, he enjoyed her friendly but unenthusiastic support. Lord John Russell, thanks to a longer term of official life, and consequently to a large term of official intercourse, was on terms of somewhat greater cordiality with the Queen. If cold, his deportment to her was always most respectful; he was enough at Court, a cynic observed, to show that he enjoyed the 'constitutional confidence of the Sovereign, without being domiciled there as a favourite.' The extreme levity of Lord Derby, and his incapacity for taking grave and serious views, his authority resting altogether, as it did, upon his oratorical gifts, were not likely to endear him to the intense nature of Prince Albert; and to him Lord John Russell very greatly, and Lord Aberdeen in an eminent degree, stood out in favourable comparison. Neither, however, was comparable to Melbourne, and still less to Peel. There came a time when the Queen, in her 'desolate and isolated condition,' did, indeed, turn to 'no other than Lord Russell, an old and tried friend of hers;' just as there also came a time when Lord Aberdeen was privileged, as he himself relates, to kiss the Queen's hand on saying farewell, and instead of finding it held out in a lifeless manner for the purpose, 'to his surprise, when he took hold of it to lift it to his lips, found his own hand squeezed with a strong and significant pressure.' This he perhaps rightly interpreted as a proof of real regard; but, apart from the Minister's odd disclosure, there is evidence in the Queen's own handwriting of her feeling towards him:

> She wishes to say what a pang it is for her to separate from so kind and dear and valued a friend as Lord Aberdeen has ever been to her since she has known him. The day he became her Prime Minister was a very happy one for her; and throughout his Ministry he has ever been the kindest and wisest adviser, one to whom she could apply for advice on all, and trifling occasions even. This she is sure he will still ever be, but the losing him as her first adviser in her Government is very painful.

Considering the circumstances of the parting, amid the frosts and failures of that Crimean winter, and considering the hostile attitude of public opinion towards the Administration of which he was the head, the kindness and warmth of the Queen to a fallen and unpopular servant, though not unusual in her, are none the less worthy of admiration. It will be seen, and easily appreciated, how completely Ministers of this type were dominated and eclipsed in the eyes of the Queen by Prince Albert. Her 'permanent Minister' was always about her; and she needed neither the advice nor support of any other. From the fall of Peel, in 1846, to the fall of Aberdeen, in 1855, the Queen looked elsewhere than to her Prime Minister for advice

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and support. The stronger personality of her husband overshadowed in her eyes the man who happened at the time to be the chief of her 'confidential servants.'

If by sheer personality the Prince was able to impress a nature so unsympathetic as that of Peel, and influence a man so cold in the ordinary relations of life as Russell, it was not extraordinary that he dominated the mind of her to whom he was a daily, almost an hourly, companion. No woman with any appreciation of intellect, or sensitiveness to character, could fail to be touched by the intense earnestness that breathed through every fibre of his nature. Lady Lyttelton, the governess of the royal children, noticed how this thoroughness of deep feeling permeated through everything that he said or did, even things so trivial as his playing of the organ. It was natural, then, that solemn occasions should have for him a deeper significance than for the majority of young men. The Queen has described how, when he was a little over twenty, he chose to treat the great sacrament of his Church :

> The Prince had a very strong feeling about the solemnity of this act, and did not like to appear in company either the evening before or on the day on which he took it, and he and the Queen almost always dined alone on these occasions.

In his ordinary behaviour to the Queen, no less than in his attitude on these graver occasions, it is easy to trace the secret of his power and influence.

> He would frequently return to luncheon at a great pace, and would always come through the Queen's dressing-room, where she generally was at that time, with that bright loving smile with which he ever greeted her; telling her where he had been, what new buildings he had seen, what studios, &c., he had visited. Riding for mere riding's sake he disliked, and said, 'Es ennuyirt mich so.'

It is not surprising that when his life ended, and the loss of her friend, counsellor, and Minister was understood in all its fulness by the Queen, she should have likened it to the 'beginning of a new reign.' This is, in truth, what it was. From the time of the Queen's illness at the birth of the Princess Royal, when the responsibilities of the Sovereign were undertaken by the Prince, with the tacit approval of the Ministry, to the 14th of December, 1861, when his life ended, he was Mayor of the Palace, and all the threads of a constitutional sovereignty were in his hands. The Queen's style is so familiar to the readers of her journals and letters that no one could mistake the source of the communications sent in her name to her Ministers during those years.

Take, for example, the following letter :

> Osborne: 10th March, 1860.
>
> The Queen, in returning Lord Cowley's private letter and secret despatch, agrees with Lord John Russell that he has deserved praise for his mode of answering the Emperor's Napoleonic address.
>
> The circumstance is useful, as proving that the Emperor, if met with firmness,

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is more likely to retract than if cajoled, and that the statesmen of Europe have much to answer for for having spoiled him in the last ten years by submission and cajolery. The expressions of opinion in the House of Commons have evidently much annoyed the Emperor, but they have also had their effect in making him reflect. If Europe were to stand together, and make an united declaration against the annexation of Savoy, the evil might still be arrested; but less than that will not suffice. The Emperor's last conversation with Lord Cowley is still very vague, leaving him free to do very much what he pleases.

The substance and style of such a letter are unmistakable, and it bears but little resemblance to the memoranda of the Queen which have been quoted. Impressed evidently upon it is the hand of the 'permanent Minister,' whose authority in Council and weight in argument told heavily in the scale against those of Lord Russell or Lord Aberdeen whenever differences of opinion between the Ministers and the Sovereign arose.

It was only when, in the case of Lord Palmerston, the Prince was brought into collision with a will as strong as his own that anything in the nature of a conflict was sustained; and even then, after a battle in which the spoils of war were fairly divided, the sagacity of the Prince led him to appreciate the force of the statesman with whom he had to deal, and the necessity of compromising their differences. Just as, years before, he had acquiesced in the wisdom of Lord Melbourne's counsel, and had induced the Queen to grant a 'general amnesty' in her feelings towards the Tories, so he granted an amnesty to Palmerston, and loyally supported him as First Minister of the Crown.

If, then, the personal relations between the Queen and her Ministers during the full manhood of the Prince were colder and more distant than those which preceded this period, after his death she was once more forced into closer personal intercourse with them, though doubtless of a very different quality.

It is a curious speculation to try and imagine what might have occurred had the Prince Consort lived into late middle age, and into more democratic times. There was nothing in his nature, as it is known to us, which gives the impression that he would have feared democracy. His views were as broad and as elastic as those of Peel. Like Peel's great pupil and follower, whose career has only just ended, the Prince Consort's ideas might easily have kept abreast of the most advanced opinions of the time. Had he lived, he would now be ten years the junior of Mr. Gladstone. How, as 'permanent Minister,' he would have steered through the breakers which beset Lord Beaconsfield's Government in 1879–80, and Mr. Gladstone's in 1884–85, it is impossible to conjecture. Owing to the extreme youth of the Queen the interposition of his strong personality was tolerated for a while. How this interposition would have stood the tension of years may only be conjectured. The eclipse of the constitutional advisers of the Sovereign by a 'permanent Minister,'

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even though he be the consort of the Queen, could not fail to be other than an experiment in politics. It must be plain to every one who has carefully noted the inner life of the Palace, as described under the authority of the Queen herself, that it is an experiment which might not safely have been prolonged, and certainly could not safely bear repetition.

REGINALD B. BRETT.

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FRAU AJA

THE admirers of Goethe, who have, however, known her only through hints and glimpses, have yet learned to love his dear, bright mother, and would, no doubt, care for a fuller record of her life and picture of her character than could hitherto be presented. Among the archives in Weimar a number of letters from Frau Aja have been found, and printed by the Goethe Society; and these letters enable me to attempt the present sketch. Many readers will like to know whence comes the pet name of *Frau Aja*. The original occurs in an old German cheap chap-book, called *Die Geschichte von den vier Heymonskindern*. This popular old story was well known to Goethe and to his mother. Aja was the gentle sister of Charlemagne, the much-enduring wife of the fierce and stalwart Count Heymon of Dordone, and the proud mother of the hero Reinold. It was sufficiently applicable to the *Frau Rath* to serve as a caressing name given by filial fondness.

The resemblance between the two Frau Ajas may not, at first sight, be very striking; but when we come to consider more curiously, there is a sufficient similarity between certain of their good and kindly qualities, and in certain of their outward circumstances, to explain the application of the name of Charles's tender sister to the wife of the Frankfort Rath and to the mother of Goethe. The first Frau Aja, and her later namesake, was the mother of a hero. The second Frau Aja was always peace-loving and joy-giving; was always happiest when making happiness for others. The original was only a moderately happy wife, but was also a most devoted mother. The wife of Heymon was sorrowful; and the mother of Goethe was glad, cheerful, joyous. Herein is a point of dissimilarity; but caressing names are conferred in the 'little language' of affection, rather in tenderness and in jest than in wisdom or gravity. They need not be too exact in their symbolic suitability. Goethe had a somewhat harsh and frigid father, who was without gaiety or liveliness, and was not gifted with humour, imagination, invention. From such a father it was necessary to hide the dear delicious hours of blissful intimacy, hours winged with story and with song, which were passed furtively between the glad young mother and her gifted boy. *Wahrheit und Dichtung*

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contains a delightful picture of the early relations between the child Goethe and his mother. How the boy looked forward to the happy time when his bright sunny young mother would tell him stories, gay, tender, and romantic, which she herself invented so ingeniously, and related so graphically! Mother and son were young together.

The sustained stateliness of Goethe's daily life, in his riper years, his dignity of bearing, came to him from his father; but such qualities were softened by the sympathy, insight, love, animation, invention, which he owed to his good, wise, charming mother. To the end of her days this dear lady retained her appellation of Frau Aja; and in some of her latest letters to him she still called her son by that fond name (as she writes it) of *Häschelhans*, which may be imperfectly rendered as 'Darling Jack.'[1] And the once little *Häschelhans* or *Hätschelhans*, who, in his impressionable childish years listened so eagerly at his mother's knee to so many fair and fanciful stories, became himself a story-teller, on the grandest scale, ripened into the famous poet who wrote *Faust*, and so many other great works which the world will not willingly let die. When his writings came from Weimar to Frankfurt, the fond, proud mother must have recognised with a singular thrill of tenderness and joy the glorious fruition of those qualities which she had done so much to implant and to develop in the childhood of her renowned and loving son.

It may be here in place to recapitulate briefly the leading external facts and dates connected with the life of our glad, genial Frau Aja.

Katharina Elisabetha Textor—Textor is Weber Latinised—was born on the 19th of February, 1731, and died on the 13th of September, 1808. Her father was an Imperial Councillor of Frankfurt. On the 20th of August, 1748, Katharina Elisabetha married the father of Goethe, Johann Caspar Goethe, born on the 31st of July, 1710.

Johann Caspar was the son of a journeyman tailor, who married, as his second wife, Cornelia Schellhorn, landlady of the inn *Zum Weidenhoff*, at Frankfort. Goethe's father, the upright but pedantic, was thirty-eight when he married Fräulein Textor, who was but seventeen when she became his wife. Hers was not a love-match, nor was there, nor could there be, strong sympathy between a husband and wife who differed as widely in character as they did in years. The couple had six children. Goethe, born 1749, was the eldest; and his sister Cornelia, born 1750, was the second. Cornelia was the companion and intimate of Goethe during childhood and youth. She married Schlosser in 1773, and died 1777. The other four children of Goethe's parents all died in infancy, one only, Hermann Jakob, living seven years in this world. Goethe's father died in 1782.

[1] 'Darling Jack' is not a translation, but a mere rough attempt to find an equivalent for *Hätschelhans*. Such epithets, coined in the playfulness of great love, cannot easily be translated; and it is possible that a happier equivalent might be found. 'Spoiled Jack' might be admissible. 'Pampered Jack' or 'Pet Jack' might do.

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The *Christkindlein* brings very various gifts to different people, and a Christmas gift which he brought to the Goethe Society was a collection of letters given to the Society by the Frau Grossherzogin Sophie von Sachsen. This collection comprises some 209 letters written by the Frau Aja to her great son, to his love Christiane Vulpius, afterwards his wife, and to her grandson August von Goethe. The dates of these letters range from 1780 to 1808. Fragments only of these letters were known before the present publication; and the very few that had been previously printed were, in no single instance, perfectly, or even correctly, given. The Goethe Society's collection may, therefore, be looked on as the original publication of these interesting letters; and it seems well worth while to make gleanings from these naïve epistles of the mother of Goethe. The letters embrace private life and public events; they deal with social life and with the theatre in Frankfort; they are the genuine outpourings of a most fond, kindly heart; and they reveal a character, painted unconsciously, and with no view to publicity, which is sacred in its serene and cheerful piety; tender in its family love, true in friendship, full of the pure joy of life, and always bright, clever, affectionate, sincere. These letters teach us to know better, and to love more, the good and delightful Frau Aja.

Frau Aja was not, as she herself complains, well educated, though she taught herself much. In her childhood girls were not taught much in Germany, and Frau Aja had never learned to spell, or to construct a sentence properly. Her orthography is comically defective; but her style is the very woman herself.

Frau Aja always cheers and elevates us, by encouraging *uns freun und fröhlich seyn.*

The first of the letters is dated the 23rd of March, 1780. The Frau Rath was then living in the rather stately burgher mansion in the Hirschgraben, which her husband had almost rebuilt, adding greatly both to its splendour and its comfort. In this well-known and memorable house, still visited by so many pilgrims from every part of the cultured world, Goethe himself was born on the 28th of August, 1749. In 1780 Goethe's mother was fifty years of age. Her husband died in 1782. Goethe had quitted Frankfurt for Weimar in 1775; and from that date mother and son dwelt apart, meeting only when the poet could revisit his native city. The Duchess Amalia wished that Frau Aja should come to live at Weimar; but Goethe objected. There is something rather pathetic in the separation of such a mother and such a son; but the natural affection and soul intimacy between them were but little diminished by distance; the letters before us prove that Frau Aja and her *Hätschelhans* remained throughout her life on the old footing of cordiality, of esteem, of love. There was one change of circumstance; as the son lived and worked he became great and famous, and the fond, proud

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mother had the rare delight of feeling, reflected upon her life, the admiration and respect with which the ever-growing name of Goethe was surrounded. We must not forget the slowness of the post, and the difficulties of travelling, in those old days. It was then worth while to write long full letters; and it took, it seems, three days to pass between Frankfurt and Weimar.

In her first letter Frau Aja strikes the keynote of a quality which distinguished her during all her life. This was her faith; a faith childlike in its simplicity, mature in its strength, intensity, and firmness of conviction. She says: 'As God has been so good to us we rejoice in this earthly life, after our fashion, and as we can manage to do it.' Again, in June 1781, she writes: 'I am no heroine, but, with Chilian, I hold life to be a fair thing.'

Between 1781 and 1792 there is a great gap in the letters; and this gap covers the time, the sorrows, and the cares of widowhood. On the 4th of December, 1792, it is recorded that 'the Hessians have *ocubirt* our city, in which one lives and breathes in continual anxiety; the whole district of Speyer, Worms, Mainz, is now unsafe. *Gott mag es lencken, ich weiss nichts.*' On the 14th of December it is 'no joke to be in Frankfurt: Custine, it is expected, may appear before it: and so long as Mainz is not in German power the Frankfurters live in fear and dread.' Hessians, one officer and two privates, are quartered on Frau Rath, and she had to feed them, which she finds very inconvenient.

She lives in anxious expectation of the evil things that may happen in that dreadful time: but she has courage, owing to her belief that the God who has protected her so far will continue to care for her. In 1793 she complains of all the incredible annoyances of *Einquartirung*—annoyances which she was often to suffer under in the future. She has now two officers and two privates, and must always keep fire going though wood is so dear. Nevertheless she thinks of New Year's presents for Weimar. She prefers French to German inmates. She has always been a lover of order and of decency; but the German soldiers smoke tobacco all day long in her rooms. The terrors of war surround the brave German widow; but she feels well, and is even happy.

In April 1793 the theatre of war draws near to her city, and she apprehends a *Bombartement*. In June she sees and hears every day nothing but *Bomppen*, cannon-balls, sick, wounded, and prisoners. Cannonading goes on all day, and is particularly noticeable at night. She excuses herself for dwelling so much on one horrid theme, but will send sweetmeats and toys to Weimar for little August. On the 25th of June, 1793, she receives with joy twelve copies of the *Bürgergenerahl*, and awaits in excitement the result of the siege of Mainz. On the 8th of July she wishes that she could make all men glad and happy, and then it would be well with herself. Schlosser has

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lost his Julie, a dear little child. Grandmamma is very sorry, and suffers from the great heat. She signs, 'Thy thee-loving mother, Goethe.'

The breast of the good Frau Rath exuberated with human kindness. She writes to her great son to help a poor student of theology, who is modest and worthy, but cannot afford to pay for his commons. To help such a person, she says, brings a blessing with it; and she does not appeal in vain to Goethe. In November 1793 we find the first mention of the sale of the old house in the Hirschgraben; a house full of so many memories to Frau Aja; a house in which she had spent her married life; a house sacred to the birth, the childhood, and the youth of her surviving son and daughter. She wants a smaller dwelling, in which to pass her remaining years. We learn that, in the same year and month, Mozart's *Zauberflöte* had been given eighteen times, with ever full houses and with brilliant success. 'No one will admit that he has not heard it.' Mechanics, gardeners, even the *Sachsenhäuser*—everyone goes to hear the charming opera. *Das hat Geld eingetragen!* (That has brought money to the theatre.) She will not buy a toy model of the infamous guillotine. The horrors of war still impend over Frankfurt, and she is delighted with the public and patriotic spirit evinced by the burghers. Every week 3,000 florins are collected for the brave German troops, and Frankfurt swarms with ardent volunteers. Merchants' sons stand in the ranks side by side with tailors and shoemakers. Butchers are without shirts, having given theirs for the wounded in the hospitals. *Gott muss ja das belohnen.* (God will reward them.) All the other Imperial Free Cities must, she says, hide their heads when compared with nobly devoted Frankfurt; and all these good deeds spring from the heart and mind of the people, and are not requisitioned, or required by superior powers.

Schlosser and Goethe approve all the steps taken by the Frau Rath for the sale of her house and wines. She thinks the enemy will not again be allowed to harm Frankfurt; as regards that, 'I have faith in God, and He has something to say in the matter. I am convinced that God will not desert us.' But in January 1794 a panic scare spread all through Frankfurt. In that dreadful year the fancies of men had become morbid, and every horror was feared. All who can, find refuge in flight; but, thanks be to God for it, all this *wirr-warr* does not cause the brave lady one sad hour. She waits composedly, and trusts, and hopes. She greatly dislikes the *ohne Hoszen*, as she calls the *sans-culottes*; and she much prefers a German waltz to a French *carmagnole*. 'We cannot lay hold of the spokes of the wheel of Fate without being ground to powder,' but we can suffer and be still, and we can record that the *Zauberflöte* has been given twenty-four times to crowded houses, and has brought in 22,000 florins. She sends maize and chestnuts to Weimar, and

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manages always to let flow her steady stream of gifts to son, to grandson, and to daughter-in-law. The old house is sold, and the cheery widow wants to find a dwelling in the *Rossmarkt*, or horse market, and will find such a place in despite of all the *ohne Hoszen*.

And now comes the new house—Frau Aja's last house in Frankfurt, or in this world. It is on that side of the *Rossmarkt* which has a view down the whole *Zeil*, and it enjoys the sun of morning. The prospect from her windows is most lively and charming: the guard-house is opposite; the peasants' carts—the same to-day in Germany as they were in her day—stand before the house; and there is always a large mixed public moving picturesquely about. This house, *Zum goldenen Brunnen*, is evidently the ideal dwelling for the ever-cheerful, gay, life-loving mother of Goethe, and she is quite delighted with it.

On the 15th of June, 1794, she receives her son's version of the 'arch rogue,' *Reinecke Fuchs*, to her sincere and simple joy. She rejoices to find that Goethe prints his work in German characters. Ever cheery, intelligent, lovable, the good Frau is welcome in society, and goes much into it. She greatly likes her visits to Stock's garden, and is *vergnügt und lustig*.

On the 26th of July, 1794, there is a return of panic, and everyone that can go again prepares for flight. 'Things were never before quite so bad. God preserve to me my good courage and my joyous heart!' *Ach Herr jemine!* It is feared that the French will overrun the whole country, but the Frau Rath waits resignedly, escaping the contagion of unreasoning fear, and contributes to the fund for national purposes. She has no craven thought of flight—she, an elderly and lonely widow. *Unruhe im Gemüthe ist mir ärger als alle ohne Hoszen bey der gantzen Armee.*

Next comes good news for the dear brave old lady. On the 19th of January, 1795, she receives the first part of *Wilhelm Meister*, and is overjoyed! The great work is the work of her own great son. She feels herself thirty years younger, and calls to mind how her boy delighted in the old puppet theatre. If she could give expression to all she feels, her son would be pleased and proud. He had prepared for his old mother a joyful day. The work is all that is fine and great, and is *not* printed in Latin characters. She hopes the continuation will soon follow, and she lends the book to admiring friends, to friends who admire Goethe and envy his mother. If peace do not come, they dread the coming spring—but *ich habe mich, Gott sey Danck, noch nie gefürchtet*. On the 11th of May, the sound of cannonading in the direction of Mainz is frightful; and then news came slowly and came imperfectly. Still the house in the *Rossmarkt* is the best situation in the whole city. Trust and hope! The old lady has some curious old wine, quaintly called *Tyrannen-Blut*, and this she mentions to her son. She is grieved that she cannot an-

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nounce the birth of his son, of her grandson, in the Frankfurt paper; but then, you see, Christiane was Goethe's *Bettschatz*, and not yet his wife. Goethe married Christiane Vulpius, the mother of his children, on the 19th of October, 1806, five days after the battle of Jena.

Again her letters echo terrible cannonading, but what she terms the *Schari-wari* does not cause the trustful lady one grey hair. Then comes the longed-for continuation of *Wilhelm Meister*, and the mother finds that the interest of the work absolutely increases! She accompanies herself upon the piano, and sings *Kennst du das Land*. She is enchanted with the picture of her old friend Fräulein von Klettenberg, and Frau Aja herself prosperously adventures a *Rescension* of this episode; with some little help in the spelling.

The Frau Rath becomes a great-grandmother owing to a little daughter that happened to her grandchild Louise, and then, shortly afterwards, she feels relief from the long tension of fear and anxiety, when Germany knows the blessing of peace. Who can rejoice in it more than this hopeful, steadfast, German woman? She was the mother of Goethe, but she must also have been a good dramatic reader; for we find her cast, at the house generally of Frau von Schwarzkopf, to read the parts of Marquis Posa, Antonio (in Tasso), Graf Terckki, and others. 'This amuses us royally.' *Ach, es gibt doch viele Freuden in unseres Lieben Herr Gotts seiner Welt!* The old Frau Rath evidently found out the secret of making the best of both worlds. The dear old lady was full of faith, hope, charity, and of honest enjoyment of life. She never could conceive of God as of a fiend, and she is to be envied as much as admired for her religion.

In 1796 there were again the terrors and tumults of war, and Frau Aja evinced her usual calm trust—'He who has three times helped has *not* lost His power.' The Saxons this time save Frankfurt. The commandant of the Imperialists lodged opposite to our lady, and she saw from her windows all the spectacle of war—the French with bandaged eyes, the Bürgermeister, and the troops. On the 12th of July the bombardment began, and Frau Aja and her people had to take refuge in underground rooms and cellars. She tries to fly to Offenbach, only to avoid the bombardment, but no carriage can be procured. 'I am not one of the despairing sort,' but events are really too terrible. A friend lends her a vehicle, and she returned, after three days' absence, to her native city. People began to dread that the French would *masacker* (as Frau Aja writes it), would plunder and destroy, and there was fire in Frankfurt in addition to other fears and horrors; but the *Zeil* and the *Rossmarkt* were saved. It is no *Comedienspiel* in the beleaguered place, but Frau Aja plays on her piano and looks much out of window. 'Peace alone can save us and all Germany.'

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On the 17th of September the city is once more in the power of the Imperialists, and she listens to the *Zapfenstreich* of her own soldiers—sweeter music to her ears than even any opera of Mozart—and hears once more the *Thürmer* blow his chorales, 'My hope stands firm in the living God'; and she, with tears of joy, sang with the *Thürmer*.

On the 4th of November she thanks her son for the fourth volume of *Wilhelm Meister*, which she finds *ganz herrlich*, and receives with all the joy of a moderately critical but adoring mother. By friends the precious volume is not only read, but *verschlungen*—swallowed whole. On the 4th of December she amuses herself tolerably, goes to the play and into society.

On the 15th of May, 1797, peace is really certain, and General Hoche has witnessed a performance of the *Zauberflöte*. Senator Mylius brings from Paris a declaration of the neutrality of Frankfurt, and no more bombardments are to be dreaded. A courier arrives from Bonaparte with confirmation of the good news. Winter is the time of endurance, summer of enjoyment; and the heroic lady who has borne so long the winter of war may now enjoy the summer of peace.

On the 15th of June, 1797, she expects with ecstacy a visit from her dear, great son. Frankfurt society still listens gladly to the *Geplauder*, to the chat of the loquacious, lively Frau Aja; and she says that when her son comes he may spare his lungs, for she will talk for him. She begins to appreciate more highly her *liebe Freundin*, Christiane, and writes more often and more fully to Demoiselle Vulpius. On the 23rd of September Goethe has been to Frankfurt, and has again left the Frau Rath. On the 4th of December *Hermann und Dorothea* is found to be most delightful and moving. In January 1798 her many trials have rendered the old lady irritably unpatriotic—*die Deuschen sind kein Volck, keine Nation mehr und damit punctum*. Still, in my Golden Well I am glad and happy. 'The right or left bank of the Rhine may belong to whom it will,' but that consideration does not disturb our sleep or our dining. *Ein fröliges Hertz ist ein stetes wohlleben*; and gladness is the mother of all virtues, as it is written in *Götz von Berlichingen*. She estimates *Hermann und Dorothea* as a masterpiece without an equal; and she is glad that her son can now keep a carriage and horses.

In October 1779, Schlosser dies, and the good mother sends the sad news to her son in Weimar. It seems that at this time Goethe was playing in the Frankfurt lottery without great success. She writes, 'I am not at all good at writing.' Goethe recovers from a serious illness, to his mother's devout joy. In 1801 Frau Aja is in her seventieth year, but enjoys books, plays, society, and life. She finds, however, that she cannot travel so far as Weimar. The Frank-

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furters hold it to be a great honour to have as a citizen so great and famous a man as Goethe, and this pleases Goethe's old mother. She knows no occupation which is so uncomfortable to her as writing letters, but still she writes, though she is, as she says, *dinten scheu* —shy of ink. She is always ready to help the poor player with the great Theatre Director of Weimar, and generally she leaves undone no kindness that it is in her power to render.

Frau Aja cannot make out why so many people should prize her so highly and love her so warmly. On Sunday, the 19th of June, 1803, she is highly honoured by royalty. The King and Queen of Prussia are staying at Wilhelmsbad, and the Countess of Leiningen comes to Frankfurt in a fine carriage drawn by four fleet horses and fetches the Frau Rath. The Queen and her three sisters—the Queen appeared 'like a sun among the stars'—delighted to honour the dear old lady, and the Queen herself clasped round the neck of Goethe's mother a handsome necklace. Someone else was also present. Whom can that be? Why, Karl August, Goethe's own Duke of Weimar, who is most affectionate to the mother of the poet-minister. We can well believe that Frau Aja does not exaggerate when she describes to her son the rapture which this visit caused.

In 1805 she is seventy-four years old, and the pious soul grows even more pious with advancing years. The letters from her son are spread out and laid before God. She has quite given up taking snuff, and is pleased when Frankfurt sets up a bust of Goethe between busts of Wieland and of Herder. She thanks God for having given her such a son and for having preserved him in sickness. The future she leaves, in full trust, with God. 'I believe in God, and He is greater than any monarch upon earth.' 'He has never betrayed my trust in Him, and my faith is the sole basis of my constant cheerfulness.' 'Nothing disturbs my happiness and gaiety, because I trust in Him.' On the 19th of August, 1806, the Queen of Prussia and the Prince came to visit the Frau Rath, and the Queen played the piano while Goethe's mother waltzed round the room with the Prince!

'The mother's blessing builds the house of the child;' so says Frau Aja, writing on the 27th of October, 1806, a letter of singularly fervent piety—distinguished even for her—to the beloved son. On the 16th of May, 1807, she had a slight relapse, and resumes, occasionally, the use of snuff, her principal reason being that snuff helps her when she writes letters. 'Without a pinch of snuff my letters would be dry as straw.' Writing is not one of her talents; but the fault rests with the schoolmaster. Her special gift from God is, she says, the power of story-telling; and some people think that even her son owes something to her in this matter. But the years begin to narrow round the still cheerful and lively old great-grandmother, who is, in 1807, seventy-six years old. Her last letter, No. 209, is dated the 11th of July, 1808.

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Fritz Schlosser writes to Goethe to tell the poet that Frau Aja passed away very peacefully—indeed at last in a condition of unconsciousness—on the 13th of September, 1808. Characteristically, the brave, unselfish mother would not allow any report of her illness to be written to her son in Weimar: his first intimation of her danger was the announcement of her death.

To her son was granted a span of years, longer than that allotted to his mother; but the life of great Goethe cannot have felt any much heavier sorrow than the loss of such a mother. They had so many and such dear memories together; they had been so intimate and so deeply attached, that the world could hold for great Goethe only one Frau Aja! Life may hold many a love—but only one mother.

Frau Aja lived through some momentous times in history; as, for instance, the French Revolution and the splendour of the career of Napoleon, but her interest in historical events remained merely local. An intelligence rather than an intellect, she records only occurrences which affected her native city and her own life.

It is in her character that most Frau Aja charms and interests us. Indeed, her temperament was bright and vivid with the colour, with the gladness, with the clearness, with the beauty of wine. In bare wintry trees you see the fine tracery of branch, and twig, and spray; but the tree is yet lovelier when crowded with blossom, or when covered with leaf, and Frau Aja, heroic in times of sorrow and of strain, shows best all her most individual qualities in days of golden peace. Then she really lives her fullest, truest life; and she is fitly framed in the quiet burgher's existence of a great German city. What would her life have been had she not been the mother of so great a son? He gave her a love which was not unworthy of her; and he shed distinction and consideration upon her. Without him, her existence would have been obscurer, meaner and poorer, and would have attracted but little human regard. It is owing to her son that she is so well known. Without him, the fierce light of publicity would never have shone upon her; but that light does beat upon her, and she is found worthy even for her own sake. We love and we respect her. Other women, perhaps as true-hearted, as cheerful, and as faithful, have lived and left no record of their lives; but then Frau Aja was mother of *Hätschelhans*. Her interests were confined mainly within the sphere of her affections. Her heart was warm and full, and her temper was sweet and equable. Each letter written to son, to grandson, or to daughter-in-law is like a caress from a fond, true motherly woman. Full of gaiety, she was never frivolous; always kindly, she was not sentimental. Her vivacious mind, which loved the tonic of life, was brisk, active and alert. She has not wit, badinage, irony; nor is she strong in humour; but she has genial warmth, quick observation, joyousness, and a strong

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personal note of sympathy as of discernment: and then she has such power of enjoyment!

Two portraits, printed by Düntzer, are now before me. One is from an oil painting, the other from a *silhouette*. They agree tolerably, and give us the idea that the person of Frau Aja fitly expressed her character. She is not tall, and is what she herself would call *hübsch corpulent*. The merry face indicates kindliness, hilarity, and a nimble fancy. She must in her youth have been very pretty, and she carried youth to a great old age. If Goethe owed to her some impulse towards fiction, he also owed to her some tendency towards faith. His faith was immeasurably wider, higher, deeper than hers; but in the fervour of trust and the comfort of conviction mother and son resembled each other, and her beliefs must have had some influence upon his early feeling. Perhaps her highest and most distinctive quality is just this assured, intense, unshakable faith in God. She seems to have had no clerical assistance, to have relied not at all upon observances and forms, but her happy soul stood in most direct and joyous relations with its Creator. Unlike the majority of religious persons, so-called, she could *rejoice* in the Lord. She was a God-loving, rather than a God-fearing, woman; and, though she knew sorrow, losses, trials, she never felt gloom, despondency, or doubt. A marriage which was happy only in so far as endurance and tolerance could make it so; the loss of children, the terrors of war—none of these things could long depress her heart or ever dim her hope. There was nothing mean, sour, peevish, in her sunny nature, and she dared to praise God by enjoying all that is lovely and of good report in the human life and world which He has created. Biography, history, memoirs, contain, happily, many pleasant pictures of amiable, bright, tender women; but in the long gallery of female portraits there are but few women that are dearer to us, or more worthy of our liking, than is the cheerful, pious, tender, good Frau Aja!

H. Schütz Wilson.

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PROFESSOR SAYCE ON 'THE HIGHER CRITICISM'

To the reader who is at all versed in the newer criticism, even if only as this is reflected in periodicals, it will be clear that I cannot agree with all that has been said by competent judges on Professor Sayce's last book. It has been said, and the judgment will doubtless find a wide response, that this vigorous attack is dangerous to 'advanced' but not to 'moderate' criticism. Now, I do not for my part recognise the implied distinction. Biblical criticism may be more or less complete; more or less comprehensive in its methods and in its range; more or less consistent; more or less free from Church considerations; but the words 'moderate' and 'advanced' have no scientific application. It is no doubt true that Professor Sayce has been too busy with his proper work to get more than a moderate acquaintance with Biblical criticism, but it is not true that the criticism (say) of König will stand Professor Sayce's archæological tests (so far as these tests are properly applied) better than that of Stade and Wellhausen. Of course there is a slight ambiguity in the word 'criticism.' Wellhausen, as the judicious Kittel observes,[1] has generally confined himself to the criticism of the documents, though not without due attention to a certain class of archæological data; whereas Stade, who has attempted a history of ancient Israel, is, of course, more completely the historical critic, and has had the courage to risk making many mistakes. Had Stade confined himself within the limits of Wellhausen, the number of his presumable mistakes would have been smaller. Still, though Stade will no doubt modify much in his *Vorgeschichte*, let not his critics take for granted that he will have altogether to withdraw all his boldest hypotheses. And let it be frankly stated that archæology is an honoured assistant of the literary and historical criticism of the Old Testament.

These descriptive epithets are chosen designedly. I heartily concur with Professor Sayce in his refusal to limit 'higher criticism' to the literary analysis of documents. As Dr. Briggs has well pointed out, this 'discipline' has to deal not only with the author-

[1] *Geschichte der Hebräer* (1888), p. 7.

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ship, but also with the credibility of our records.[2] In Eichhorn's time this was, of course, not so distinctly noticed; but criticism has long since (*pace* Professor Sayce) passed into a semi-archæological stage.[3] And now let me add that I also concur with the author in what I conceive to be his real meaning, badly as he expresses it. Catch Proteus, and prevail upon him to be serious, and I think that I know what he will say. He loves history, and can realise its life and colour as few can do, and he misses this imaginative faculty, which no great explorer, however inexpressive he may be, is without, in some of our critical scholars. In Professor Sayce the imagination sometimes runs riot; but is not this a kind of protest against the coldness of some Biblical critics? I am afraid he has lost much of his old respect for the humdrum methods of the critical work of the study; the dahabiyeh 'Istar' can no doubt suggest new and more enjoyable processes. He now thinks Assyriological and Egyptological data indefinitely more trustworthy than minute facts of language, or traces of ideas, or even archæological facts not 'revealed by the spade.' I concur with him, not in his depreciation of older critical work, but in his anticipation of 'fresh light from the monuments' on critical problems.

If Professor Sayce wishes to be a reformer of criticism, I can have no objection. Let him not, however, underrate what has as yet been done by the new generation of archæological critics. It was largely Assyriology that suggested the hypothesis of a stratum in the Yahvistic portion of Gen. i.–xi. which belongs to the later pre-Exilic period, when Assyrio-Babylonian influence was strong in Judah, and, as Schrader and Sayce agree, a king of Judah was carried captive to Babylon. This hypothesis was framed, no doubt, before the find of the Tell el-Amarna tablets, which show that Babylonian myths must have been known in Canaan before the arrival of the Israelites.[4] But there is still much to be said for it. Again, it was Assyriology that enabled many recent critics to admit a possible historical element in Gen. xiv. 1–9,[5] and in the much-contested [notice of Manasseh's captivity; also to begin anew the chronological arrangement of the prophecies of Isaiah,[6] to determine the age of at least the latter part of Obadiah,[7] and to close the great question of Daniel. But I can accept nothing blindly. I am grateful to Professor Sayce for his fresh hints on Gen. x., but I know that there are Assyriological critics who will dispute his inferences; also for his opinion

[2] *Biblical Study* (1883), pp. 86–87.

[3] Cf. *Founders*, &c., pp. 234, 330.

[4] *Nineteenth Century*, Dec. 1891, p. 964.

[5] Against Professor Sayce's extraordinary statements, see *Founders*, pp. 237–239; Driver, *Expository Times*, Nov. 1892, pp. 95–96. König (*Einleitung*, p. 183), though too conservative, at any rate declines the help of Professor Sayce.

[6] See in English Driver's and my own works.

[7] *Founders*, pp. 311–312.

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(known to me long since) on the date of Jer. l.–li. 58, but I cannot, after Kuenen's recent discussion of the question,[8] accept it; and though I have mentioned the captivity of Manasseh as widely accepted, I myself think this a rash view. Manasseh may have been forced to rebel by an anti-Assyrian party. Such cases did occur in the smaller kingdom; but why should we suppose this? Nor will I lay too much stress on the illustrations from Assyriology and Egyptology of which the best commentators are not sparing, for I am aware that all this archæology put together is nothing to what we may hope for in the future. When the early chapters of Syrian history have been rewritten, what a light they will reflect on the Israelitish *origines*! Meantime, as I have said before, let Biblical critics be on the watch, and welcome any fresh light, but satisfy themselves first that it is genuine, and make a proper distinction between the probable and the possible.

Professor Sayce's contributions are partly drawn from Assyriology, and partly from Egyptology, and to those which Egypt has suggested I shall chiefly draw attention. Much use is made of the lists of places which Thothmes the Third, and Rameses the Second and Third, state themselves to have conquered in Syria and Palestine. I have elsewhere spoken of the historical importance of these lists, upon which Mr. Tomkins and M. Maspero have done such excellent work (supplemented by Professor Sayce and others), and can only here mention the names Jacob-el and Joseph-el, which are attached, the one to a southern, the other to a northern, locality (p. 337). Professor Sayce's discussion of these names will arouse philological objections. That Jacob and Joseph are names of divinities has yet to be proved, but few will doubt that these names are taken from the Hebrew, pre-Israelitish tribes which anciently dwelt there. Nor is it disputable that in the stories of Jacob and Joseph the fortunes of the tribes of Jacob-el and Joseph-el are in some faint degree reflected. One may doubt whether this is the case with the story of Abraham; but that Isaac, Jacob, Israel, and Joseph are tribal names, and that their legends embody to some extent tribal reminiscences, is among the most secure results of criticism, and no compassion for 'weak brethren' can at this time of day justify its suppression. That a tribe bearing the name of Joseph (or Joseph-el) entered Egypt, driven by the malice of kindred tribes, and that a leading member of the tribe became grand vizier (for which there are historical parallels), is sufficient as the historical kernel of the story of Joseph for any reasonable man. To this story Professor Sayce devotes some illustrative pages, but he is hardly more critical in his treatment of it than Mr. Tomkins.[9] He tells us, indeed, that 'the materials it embodies are of Egyptian

[8] *Onderzoek*, ii. 242, where the Assyriological data are referred to.

[9] Cf. Tomkins, *Life of Joseph*, i. 93; Groff, *Rev. ég.* 1885 and 1886; Meyer, in Stade's *Zeitschrift*, 1886.

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origin' (p. 230), and that there must be 'some connection' between the Egyptian Tale of the Two Brothers and the episode of Potiphar's wife (p. 211). But he does not show us why the Egyptian 'materials' which the Joseph-story embodies should be more trustworthy than the Egyptian romances in M. Maspero's charming collection. He accepts without criticism the connection suggested by Brugsch between the famine in the inscription of Baba at el-Kab, of the duration and extent of which we are quite ignorant, and thinks that the strange statements of the Yahvist in Genesis xlvii. 20–26 respecting Joseph's land policy are supported by the fact that the feudal nomarchs of the Middle Empire had disappeared by the beginning of the eighteenth dynasty. The fact, however, will hardly bear to be so employed. That a regular tax on the products of the soil existed under Thothmes the Third,[10] we know from the wall-paintings in the tomb of Rekh-ma-ra, and there is every reason to believe that it was one of the novelties of the New Empire. But the story of the Yahvist is clearly a more popular legend. Looking back from (say) the twenty-first or twenty-second dynasty, the Egyptians attempted to account for the fact that the fifth part of the harvest had to be given to the king. They did so by attributing it to the astuteness of a *Semitic* vizier—not an Egyptian one, for they well knew that it was a point of honour with native governors to show the utmost sympathy to their subjects.[11]

It is singular that Professor Sayce, who is usually such a bold theorist, should here develop such abnormal caution. Nothing is easier in the case of the Joseph-story than to harmonise the results of criticism with those of archæological research. Two Hebrew records can be shown to be represented in the Joseph-story. One is the Elohist's; the date of this record is shown with some plausibility by the names in Gen. xli. 45 to be between 687 and 524, the period during which the Saïte dynasty ruled over Egypt.[12] The other is the Yahvist's. The date of this may be placed earlier, though still later than the fall of Samaria (B.C. 722). Both these records agree in the accuracy of their Egyptian colouring, so that we have to assume an earlier Hebrew biography from which both drew. Of this earlier work we have no direct information. But we may reasonably conjecture that an Israelite sojourning in Egypt met with a striking little tale, describing the career of the great Semitic vizier who changed the conditions of land-tenure, and including one of the chief

[10] Cf. Meyer, *Geschichte des alten Aegyptens*, p. 220; Virey, *Records of the Past*, n. s., iii. 9.

[11] See the inscriptions of Baba and Ameni in Brugsch's *History*.

[12] So Steindorff, Brugsch, and other Egyptologists; Lagarde and Cornill agree; König mentions the view with respect. Professor Sayce and Mr. Tomkins argue against this view. In any case, the person who made Joseph marry the daughter of the priest of On presumably lived after the political fall of Thebes, i.e., after the twenty-second dynasty.

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episodes of the Tale of the Two Brothers. If this story contained the notice of Joseph's matrimonial connection with the priesthood of On, it may have been written after the twenty-second dynasty (see note 12). At any rate, it can hardly have been written much earlier, if the prevalent view is correct that Joseph (i.e. the Josephites) entered Egypt under one of the later Hyksos kings.

There is no entry in the index which has so many references as Tell el-Amarna. Nor do I wonder at it. All Professor Sayce's inferences may not stand, but he has realised the importance of the great find more fully, perhaps, than anyone. It is a trifle that it furnishes him with a fresh confirmation (see pp. 214, 215) of the Assyriological explanation of *Abrech* in Gen. xli. 43. This unfortunate word has been put on the rack to give an account of itself. It is now probable (as I, too, believe)[13] that *abarakku* was the name of an Assyrian or Babylonian high officer, and that it was adopted at an early date by the Egyptians. The beautiful Hebrew narrative certainly gains. It is much more likely that the narrator should have mentioned the proclamation of Joseph's new dignity than that he should have recorded an unnecessary command to bow the knee before Joseph in his chariot. But that the title means 'seer,' and alludes to Joseph's interpretation of the dreams, I am unable to believe. Nor am I satisfied with Professor Sayce's remarks on the singular sense given to the plural *ilani* (the Hebrew *elohim*) in the Canaanitish letters addressed to the Amenhoteps (pp. 84–87). It used to be said (see Kuenen's *Religion of Israel*, i. 224) that the use of the plural form, *elohim*, for 'God' implies that the Hebrews were formerly polytheists. Now, however, it appears that the idiom was in use in Canaan before the Israelites entered the land, and in spite of the similar idiom in Phœnicia (see *Corpus Inscr. Sem.* 119, 2) it can be shown from the Tell el-Amarna tablets that the usage was characteristic rather of Palestine than of Phœnicia.[14] Professor Sayce omits the chief point, agreeable as it would have been to his orthodox friends.

On this matter the reader will do well to consult Professor Tiele's recent invaluable work, *The History of Religion in Antiquity to the time of Alexander the Great*, and in correction of the strange apologetic argument in favour of the Mosaic authorship of Genesis (p. 87) Dr. Driver's article already referred to (p. 414).

On the subject of the exodus Professor Sayce has much to say that is interesting. He still places the date of the event in Meneptah's reign, which to me, as well as to Tiele, appears too early. More surprising is his revival of Mr. J. Baker Greene's theory that the Sinai of the Old Testament was really in the region of Seir. Certainly one would expect it to be in the neighbourhood of Midian. But the

[13] On the first promulgation of this view by Friedrich Delitzsch I accepted it (*Academy*, April 12, 1884); since then I have doubted it. But I doubt no longer.

[14] See Barton, *Proceedings of American Oriental Society*, April 1892.

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question suggests itself, Is not the story of Moses a combination of two traditions, according to one of which Arabia, and according to the other Egypt, was the land in which the ancestors of the Israelites sojourned? We can hardly doubt that the tribe of Joseph sojourned there, but Stade's doubts may permissibly be felt with regard to the sojourn of other Hebrew tribes. And though I cannot take up Winckler's recent suggestion[15] of a confusion in the later Hebrew tradition between two tracts of country, each bearing the same name, *Musur* (or the like), yet, considering how some of us have been taken in by the designation *Yaudi*, which means two different countries, may we not do well to examine some of the other passages in Hebrew legend in which Mizraim is spoken of? Even Ebers tries (vainly, as I think) to show the archæological credibility of Genesis xii. 10–20. But Winckler's recent hypothesis that 'Mizraim' is the North Arabian Musri shows us a way to account for the narrative, and a keen little remark of Professor Sayce on Genesis xx. 1 [end] shows that he could easily be induced to adopt it. To Winckler, moreover, the author will have to yield the submission which he has hitherto refused to all his brother-Assyriologists on the question of an invasion of Judah by Sargon. The time was when I agreed with him (as also did Schrader in 1876), but I have long since deferred to Tiele and Schrader. Professor Sayce will, I hope, now recognise that the phrase 'subduer of Yaudu, whose situation is remote,' refers to the Syrian and not to the Palestinian country which bore that name. Perhaps I may add here that Elishah in Genesis x. 4 can hardly be Hellas, and that Naphtuhim (x. 14) is best explained, with Erman,[20] as due to a corruption. The initial N should be P; the word is derived from *p-t-mhi*, 'the northern land,' i.e. the Delta (cf. Pathros = 'the south-land'). Also that Sheshbazzar (p. 539) is best derived from Samas-habal-uçur, 'Samas, defend the son;' the form, of course, is that of Nabû-habal-uçur. The identifications of Ludim and Put (pp. 134, 137) are ingenious and very plausible.

In conclusion, I fear I must question the defence of Cushanrishathaim and Zerah the Ethiopian. The argument on p. 297, &c., seems to me quite arbitrary; that on p. 363, less natural than to suppose with Winckler that 'Cushite' is for 'Cassite.' But very heartily do I thank him for his outspokenness on the date of the Book of Daniel. While so many are seeking, in the style of Lenormant, to evade the natural conclusion from a comprehensive view of the phenomena, and even referring to the Greek pottery at Tell el-Defenneh to prove the impossible,[16] Professor Sayce maintains the historical view with no uncertain sound. I only wish he had utilised his cuneiform lore as

[15] Stade's *Zeitschrift*, x. 118–119.

[16] Professor Sayce makes no reference to this apologetic hypothesis of Professor Petrie, nor yet to the same eminent explorer's much more interesting discovery of the 'pavement of Nebuchadrezzar,' mentioned in Jeremiah.

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well on the subject of Jonah and his 'whale,' instead of quoting from a recent absurd tractate by that good geographer but weak mythologist and theologian, Dr. Clay Trumbull. I wish, too, that throughout the book he had given more evidence of a critical study of the Hebrew text. But for all that I think that, if Professor Sayce would recast and correct his book for scholars, and cut himself entirely loose from the committee of his Church society, he might help forward the cause of a more completely furnished criticism of the Old Testament and a more thorough exploration of the recesses of Biblical antiquity.

T. K. Cheyne.

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THE COW AGITATION, OR THE MUTINY-PLASM IN INDIA

EVERY well-wisher of India must feel grateful to Dr. Leitner for pouring oil on the troubled waters, by proving that the cow sacrifice at the Eed Festival is not obligatory on the Mohammedans. But it does not matter much whether the sacrifice has religious sanction or not; for custom has as much to do with men's religious observances as religion itself. The Aswastha tree and the Tulsi plant are as sacred to the Hindus as the cow; and wine and adultery are as unlawful for Mohammedans as pork. Custom, however, makes us look upon similar things in different lights. When Dr. Rajendra Lal Mittra, a well-known Bengali antiquarian, showed (*Indu Aryans*, vol. i. p. 354) that beef was eaten in ancient India, he was hailed with acclamation by men from his part of the country; but how many of them are prepared at this moment to accept his verdict? Nay, the 'New India' would not even tolerate the thoughtful advice of the orthodox Hindu Maharajah of Benares, and Maharajah Pratap Narain Singh Bahadur of Mehdowna, given to their tenants on some public occasions regarding the observance of neutrality when designing men stir up riots. The said noblemen were pointed out to be the slaves of Government, lacking patriotism because they advised their tenants to be loyal and not to take the law into their own hands. This is a sign of the times. The grandiloquence of the irrepressible champions of liberty disappears like vapour when the peace of the country is at stake. It is true that three cheers are invariably given for the Queen-Empress at the close of every political meeting, but not a finger is raised in help when Her Majesty's rule appears to be in danger. What is the meaning of this? A taste for harassing the Government is springing up in the country, and the cow agitation has more as its motive than appears on its surface. The time is not far distant when there will be Nihilists here in India as well as in countries farther west.

Failing to enlist the sympathy of the martial races in general and the native army in particular, the power-seeking party of India had recourse to the establishment of the 'Cow Protection Societies.' Graduates of the Indian universities, disguised as Ascetics, began to roam over the country preaching on the protection of cows, taking

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good care at the same time to put in a word or two in praise of the 'National' Congress. These men, being armed as it were with double-barrelled guns, address the 'New India' on the advantages of monopolising the public service, 'the oppressive character' of the foreign rule, and the inhumanity of the English officials; but when they come into contact with the teeming millions, they exhaust their eloquence on the protection of the cow and Hindu temples. At this critical juncture the martial races of India must be on their guard, and should not rely on their numerical strength as compared with that of the British, which the power-seeking party take particular care to impress on their minds. After the crisis has occurred, those very agitators who had secretly been fanning the flame of sedition appear on the scene as peacemakers and leaders of the people. They have sown the wind and left their victims to reap the whirlwind.

So far back as 1888 an English-speaking Madrassi, disguised as an Ascetic and dubbing himself Shriman Swami, came to Bhinga in order to preach on the protection of cows. Fully realising the danger to which his preaching would lead, I did not allow him to hold any meeting. No sooner, however, had I to go to Lucknow in order to preside over a meeting than the man was found out. He insisted on addressing the meeting in Lucknow in defence of the Congress by appealing to the Hindus on the cow question. But I stopped him on the ground of his inability to address the audience in the language selected for the occasion. He was, no doubt, the right-hand man of the originators of the Cow Protection Societies on the present lines. May I ask on what principles of equity and justice we are held responsible for the preservation of peace within the limits of our estates when every trespasser is licensed to preach sedition openly? The most surprising part of the business, however, is that those who speak so loudly in defence of the said societies have no scruples in voting at elections in favour of men who have but little respect for the cow. The reason is not far to seek. Finding that mere agitation, unaccompanied by brute force, could attract no attention, they have planned this Cow Protection Scheme. They attribute to the partiality of the Government the extension of educational facilities amongst Mohammedan youths. They, however, lose sight of the fact that the British Government is too wise to place undue reliance on those who serve two masters, viz. the Sultan of Turkey and the Sovereign of England; and the former at the cost of the latter if need be.

A very active member of the Congress in a pamphlet attacking the Government breathes the sentiments of his party when he says that 'with the assassination of Lord Mayo and Justice Norman the tide of Mohammedan fortune turned.' After carefully weighing the above words, who can doubt for a moment the aim with which the Cow Protection Societies have been established, and the motive with which the displacement of the British soldiers, by the enrolment of

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native volunteers, is demanded? Fortunately, ill-will towards their foreign rulers has not yet entered the minds of the native army, but the time is near at hand when the Government will have to rely on the British soldiers alone. No Government in the history of the world ever encouraged sedition; and only the British Government would shower honours on those who labour day and night to subvert its rule. Every European who enters the Indian Civil Service is painted as an assassin, while every native who evinces any mark of loyalty towards the British Government is publicly proclaimed a felon. Such being the case, what motive can an Indian have to be loyal? I have too much faith in the honesty of the English nation to suspect English statesmen of pursuing the Machiavellian policy of allowing this state of affairs to exist, and letting sedition walk through the land with the view of first detecting malignants and then meting out punishment.

I assert, at the cost of being thought disrespectful to the faddists in the British Parliament, and at the risk of my effigy being burnt at the next Congress meeting, that of late years not a single measure of the British Government has been of a character to encourage loyalty, which has ever been, and should always be, the guiding star of every Government. Take, for instance, the elections of members to the legislative councils and the simultaneous examinations of the Indian Civil Service. The old procedure with regard to the former was that a list of men of position, experience, tried loyalty and independence, noted for works of public utility, was made by the district officers and submitted through the divisional officers to the local governments, who in their turn submitted it to the Supreme Government, with whom the nomination of the members rested. The present mode of election is different. A man desirous of entering the Council has now but to make a few speeches before a debating club of schoolboys, denouncing the foreign rule as a curse, painting every official European as a scoundrel and every supporter of the British rule as a vagabond. Thus he paves his way to election to a municipal or local board, as a member of which he decries every measure originating with the Government as inhuman and unjust. He is honoured with the appellation of the champion of liberty, and has not to wait long for a seat in the legislative councils, local or supreme. When he reaches his goal he has only to ask a few impertinent questions in order to remain in touch with his comrades; but what mischief will come out of this system time alone will show. The election of a few men of position by the power-seeking party is only a blind, and whether even they would be allowed to act up to their conviction, regardless of fear or favour, remains yet to be seen. The electors expect every member to support their policy, though at the cost of proving false to himself. In connection with this subject I quote below from Mr. Nolkar's speech made before the Imperial

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Legislative Council on the 19th of March, 1891, when the Age of Consent Bill was passed:—

> About a fortnight ago I received a telegram from Mr.—— to protest against the Bill. In that telegram I am asked to represent the views of that meeting in this Council. . . . If they expect me to advocate their views simply because I happen to be a non-official member of this Council from Bombay, I am sorry to be unable to comply with their wishes, because I hold it to be my bounden duty to represent here only such views as may commend themselves to me as likely to serve the best interests of my country.

Again, from the *Pioneer* of the 3rd of March, 1893, I give the following extract:—

> Mr. Lee probably has no desire to see the heavy work already devolving upon his office materially increased, but with the facts before him he could not consistently do otherwise than agree to the report of the Select Committee. The Calcutta Commissioners, however, value very highly the power which they have hitherto enjoyed, for reasons into which we had, perhaps, better not inquire too deeply, and their feelings found expression in a speech made on Saturday by one of the native gentlemen representing them in the Local Legislature. . . . He would, he said, very much like to know whether Mr. Lee had 'obtained the sanction of the Commissioners' to his agreement with the recommendations of the Select Committee. This at once drew upon him, and very properly, the indignation of Mr. Woodroffe, a member of the Council, who certainly cannot be accused of official proclivities. He pointed out that it was the duty of every member to vote according to his own independent view, and not to subordinate his views to outside influences, whether exercised by private individuals or public associations.

The above will show what is to come out of the 'Great Elective System' in India. The *Hindu Patriot*, the organ of the British Indian Association of Bengal, in its issue of the 9th of June, 1893, bitterly complains that the Association is not allowed to elect its representative for the provincial council; but the Association has only itself to blame for this for allowing an indiscriminate mixture in its membership.

The Talukdars' Association of Oudh, after systematically opposing the views of the so-called Indian National Congress, had to lower the flag and pass a resolution in favour of the simultaneous examination, with the object of securing a seat for one of its members in the Imperial Legislative Council. It is true that out of about two hundred of its members only half a dozen were present when the resolution in question was passed, but the fact still gives us a lesson to ponder upon. The Bengal Association has been paid, no doubt, in its own coin; but it is very hard indeed for a purely aristocratic body like the Oudh Talukdars' Association to be under the painful necessity of begging for support at the doors of the fortune-hunters. They may well exclaim, in the words of the patriotic Roman:—

> Brutus had rather be a villager
> Than to repute himself a son of Rome
> Under these hard conditions as this time
> Is like to lay upon us.

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It is high time now for the landed aristocracy and gentry of this land to form themselves into an Association with the distinct object of guarding their own interests, refraining from supporting those who stab them in the dark with the object of serving their own ends. For instance, the right of entail or a legislative measure like the Oudh Relief Act (Act XXIV. of 1870) would be a boon to the land-owning classes of India, but very distasteful to the pleaders, revenue agents, and native officials who swell the number of the power-seeking party in our country. I earnestly hope that some honourable member will put the question to the House of Commons, asking how many landed estates have been purchased by native revenue officials in the names of their uncles and cousins during the last twenty-five years by taking improper advantage of their official position. Those who wish to build their pleasure-houses on the ruins of our family hearths can hardly be expected to be our friends.

The simultaneous examinations which those anxious to govern India from England deem a blessing, would be a curse not only to the upper classes here but to the country at large. It may please the power-seeking party for a time, but the teeming millions will rue the day which will bring it into force.

The partisans of the Indian Congress assert that the Europeans in the Government Civil Service have formed a 'clique' in order to retain their own power at the cost of others. Admitting the fact for the sake of argument, one may ask, What guarantee is there that there would be no clique—a much worse clique—when the Indian Civil Service is flooded with those who morally, socially, and politically are quite unfit to be our masters? Taking the worst view of the matter, a European civilian might attempt to rescue a brother civilian in trouble; but how few European civilians get into trouble? and what is the nature of the trouble in general? But picture in your mind a kayeth discharging the functions of a district officer, his son-in-law doing the work of a patwari or a village record-keeper, and his father serving as a storekeeper in a retail shop. It would be tedious to multiply instances, but an idea may be had of the state of affairs which the British faddists are anxious to introduce into our beloved country. Do they know the result of the clique of the ministerial officers in a district? How serious it would become when that clique is sheltered by a district magistrate or a commissioner? Do our rulers know that the power-seeking party wants power at any cost? What is the reason that a kayeth is as anxious to become a magistrate as to be recoguised a twice-born Hindu? Why does a Brahmana graduate want to be treated as a Brahmana by Sudras and as a European by Europeans? These are the questions which must be taken into consideration before our would-be benefactors decide to move in the matter. Disinterested Indians tremble at the idea of their future magistrates having as much concern with their caste elevations as

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with the increase of their salary. What could prevent a low-born Hindu or Mohammedan administrator from making use of improper pressure to enter into a matrimonial alliance with a man of a higher family residing within his jurisdiction? To all this may be added the weighty consideration that an Englishman ceases to be such when he takes the oath of allegiance to a foreign Power; but it is not so with us. We have been as good subjects of the past as we are of the present Government; and without any way impeaching the Indian loyalty, the truth must be declared that our position under the present *régime* is quite unlike that of an Englishman. Like the national pride in the English men, chivalrous feelings in us, no doubt, can produce an equal degree of attachment to the British rule; but such feelings are foreign to those of my countrymen who are clamouring for power, and for whom nothing but the sight of glittering gold has attraction.

In the name of humanity I appeal to the British statesmen and the British capitalists to turn their serious attention to our country before its Government is reduced to chaos. It is in the nature of Englishmen never to be idle. My fear, therefore, arises out of the purposeless energy of the English faddists, whose aim, if realised, would make India little better than a penal settlement for the Indians. It must be borne in mind that the greatest injury to the human race is done through misapplied energy; just as greater mischief arises from the activity of a scorpion than from the idleness of a sloth. It would be treason to humanity to place us by the force of British bayonets under the yoke of those whose 'flesh creeps on their bones' when they hear of a war. If the English nation value peace, the lines on which India is to be governed in future must be defined; and the power-seeking party in our country must boldly be told, 'thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.'

After the past days of misrule and anarchy we value the peace we enjoy under the British rule above all other blessings conferred by it; and whoever, whether Indian or European, attempts to break it shall be held responsible before God and man.

ODAY PERTAP SINGH.

Bhinga: March 1, 1894.

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RECENT SCIENCE

I

THE observations made last year, during the total eclipse of the sun of the 16th of April, have not yet been published in full, and the physical researches to which they gave origin are still in full swing. Nevertheless, it may already be said that the last eclipse, like the one of the 1st of January, 1868, will mark a substantial advance in our knowledge of the great star to which all life on our planet is due.

The conceptions of astronomers relative to the structure of the sun have undergone considerable modifications during the last thirty years, and until to-day many important points of solar physics remain most unsettled; but gradually the hypothesis now current has been evolved, and it has by this time a sufficiently broad scientific basis to be considered as highly probable.[1] According to it the sun is an immense ball of incandescent gases, the temperature of which is so high that none of the chemical elements entering into its composition (calcium, sodium, potassium, iron, silver, copper, and many other less common metals, as also hydrogen, carbon, and silicium) can exist in any other state than the gaseous. Owing, however, to the immense pressure they are submitted to, these vapours and gases must be in a condition very different from the gaseous state which we are familiar with in our own atmosphere. They are so compressed as to have the density of liquids, and to oppose, like a viscous liquid (tar, honey, &c.), a resistance to the intrusion of matter from without; but their molecules are endowed at the same time with such a vibratory energy that they would, even much more than gases under our ordinary pressure, scatter in space as soon as pressure is relieved in any direction. They have the potential

[1] The general reader will find no lack of excellent books relative to the sun, of which the following may be named: the third edition of Miss Agnes Clerke's *History of Astronomy during the Nineteenth Century*, 1890; C. A. Young's *The Sun*, a volume of the 'International Science Series,' published in 1882, and very well illustrated; Norman Lockyer's most suggestive work, *The Chemistry of the Sun* (London, 1887); Sir Robert Ball's *The Story of the Sun* (London, 1893), and many others.

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mobility of gases, together with the density and relative impermeability of viscous liquids.[2]

We know, of course, nothing about the temperature which may prevail in the depths of the sun; but we can measure the amount of heat radiated from its surface, and thus form an opinion upon its temperature. Many measurements have been made to this effect; but our want of knowledge of the radiating powers of incandescent bodies, when they are heated to a high degree, has hitherto rendered the final results extremely discordant. In proportion, however, as very high temperatures (up to 3,250°) are being obtained in our laboratories, the limits of the possible errors are greatly reduced. Thus H. Le Chatelier, who has lately made a capital study of the subject, concludes that the 'effective' temperature of the sun's surface, which can send heat radiations into space, must be about 13,700 Fahrenheit degrees, with a possible error not exceeding two thousand degrees one way or the other.[3] As to the real temperature of the photosphere, it must be still higher, because part of the radiated heat—perhaps one-half, but not more than two-thirds—is absorbed by the sun's atmosphere.

At any rate, the gases of the sun are so hot as to exclude the possibility of chemical combinations between them: the elements must float by each other's side without combining. It is only in the very outer layers, continually cooled down by radiation, and especially in the ejections of vapours and gases which constantly take place, that some chemical reactions, as well as physical condensation, will occur—the thus formed compounds and condensed vapours of metals being precipitated like a rain or a snow of brilliant incandescent particles, aggregating into luminous clouds. Always changing in size and aspect, continually dissipated and reconstructed, and floating in an atmosphere of incandescent gases, these clouds (the 'grains,' the 'faculæ') make the brilliant shell of the sun, the photosphere, the only one, in fact, which we see, either with the naked eye or through telescopes.

Its surface is covered with countless spores, some of which occasionally grow to become large, funnel-like dark spots, mostly disposed in groups, and occasionally attaining such sizes as to be seen by us with the naked eye, as was the case with the large spot of February 1892, the largest ever measured at Greenwich. For forty years the sun-spots have been carefully noted, delineated, and mapped day by day. Their displacements are carefully measured and carefully discussed; their changing and often puzzling aspects are now regularly photographed with the aid of the best instruments; and yet, with all that, their origin remains as problematic as ever. Faye, whose gaseous hypothesis of the sun prevails now, would see in the

[2] More about this state will be found on the following pages.

[3] *Comptes Rendus de l'Académie des Sciences*, 1892, t. cxiv. 737.

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spots ascending currents of the hot gases of the interior, which burst through the photosphere, and, being but feebly luminous, as all gases are, appear dark in contrast with the brilliant layer. But many serious difficulties stand in the way of this hypothesis. The very aspect of the spots, especially in the latest photographs, hardly agrees with ascending currents, and still less with whirlpools, and many astronomers, especially on this side of the Channel, are inclined to see in them the results of immense masses of condensed materials falling down from great heights upon the photosphere, and provoking through their fall the upward rushes of incandescent matter which we see in the flames and prominences.[4]

With the photosphere ends what we see of the sun under ordinary circumstances; but there lies around it a gaseous shell, of varying thickness (from two thousand to eight thousand miles), the chromosphere, which chiefly consists of incandescent hydrogen, and which we only perceive when the photosphere is screened by the moon during an eclipse. From it emerge, in the shape of fantastic flames, streaks, and clouds, the beautiful rosy prominences, which also consist chiefly of hydrogen, with an occasional admixture of metallic vapours. They have all the appearance of ejections, but they have been seen spreading upwards and sideways at such tremendous speeds, 180 and even 600 miles per second, that a real transport of matter seems very improbable in such conditions. The spreading of a glow, or of the so-called electric flames, might perhaps better account for their appearance. Dr. Brester even sees in them simple and 'modest' eruptions of heat in a relatively quiet gas, which alter the luminosity of the gas but do not displace it.[5] And finally, the whole is surrounded by a sort of radiating 'glory,' the corona, which spreads at immense distances into space, and, we now know, must be considered as a constituent part of the sun.

The remarkable discovery which was made in 1868, immediately after the eclipse of the 18th of August, by Lockyer in this country, and the French physicist Janssen in India, and which has enabled

[4] It is known that the speed of rotation of the photosphere has been determined from observations of the sun-spots, and that, for a reason unknown, it is greater at the equator than in the higher latitudes. But it is well worth mentioning that the Swedish astronomer, Dunér, has lately determined the same speed of rotation from the displacement of spectral lines which becomes evident when two spectra, taken from two opposite sides of the sun's limb, are superposed. These new determinations give figures pretty well agreeing with the preceding, and only showing a still greater slackening of rotation for the higher latitudes—a revolution round the axis being accomplished in 25·46 days on the equator, in 27·56 days in latitude 30°, and 33·90 days under the 60th degree of latitude. Dunér's researches are a new proof in favour of the spectroscopic method of determining the motions of celestial bodies, which has already been mentioned in a previous review (*Nineteenth Century*, May 1892).

[5] Dr. A. Brester, *Essai d'une théorie du soleil et des étoiles variables*, Delft, 1889, p. 22. Also *Astronomy and Astro-Physics*, December 1893, p. 914, and his last work, *Théorie du Soleil*, Amsterdam, 1892, analysed in *Nature*, March 9, 1893.

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astronomers to observe the prominences, even when the sun glitters in full, is well known; and its story has lost nothing of its interest from having so often been told in popular books of science and lectures. By placing the slit of the spectroscope on the very border of the sun's image, and by weakening all parts of the spectrum, with the exception of those which correspond to the brilliant lines of hydrogen, the astronomer sees the brilliant lines of the incandescent gaseous prominences, and by their height measures the heights of the prominences. On moving next the slit of the instrument along the sun's limb, he obtains the shapes of the invisible gaseous projections all round the sun with as much accuracy as if he had photographed them during an eclipse. These fascinating flames, which previously could only be drawn in haste during the four or five minutes which the totality of the eclipse lasts, are now mapped at will, and have even been photographed day by day since 1891; and one easily realises the progress achieved, thanks to this method. Before 1868 the solar origin of the prominences and their material consistence was contested; the words 'optical illusion' often recurred in the discussions of the time. Now their constitution is known, and their close connection with the faculæ, the sun-spots, and the shape of the corona has been fully established; they are known to display, like the sun-spots, an eleven years' (or rather 11·1 years') period of maximal numbers, and to show the same peculiarities of distribution over the sun's surface. Far from being optical illusions, or even mere accidents on the surface of the fiery globe, they are permanent manifestations of its life and necessary conditions of its shining.

It is evident that a method which gave such excellent results could not but receive a further extension; the present ambition of astronomers is therefore to map out not only those prominences which project from the borders of the solar disc, but also those which float over its surface, and whose weak light is lost in the glowing light of the photosphere. Deslandres in Paris and Hales at the Kenwood Observatory in Chicago are both pursuing this aim, and both are sure to attain it. Their methods, however, are but a mere extension of Lockyer's and Janssen's method, supported by photography. Thus, Hales arranges his spectro-photograph in such way as to obtain on the sensitive plate the impression of the middle part only of one single spectral line, which is especially characteristic for the prominences; all other parts of the spectrum are excluded. In this way, after the apparatus has been slowly moved all over the solar disc, those places over which prominences are floating are marked on the photographic plate by a succession of short parallel lines. The presence of the faculæ, and even the outlines of the dark spots, can be detected on the same impression, and when some technical difficulties are overcome a complete map of the sun's surface, with its depressed spots, protruding faculæ, and prominences

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will be obtained.[6] Deslandres is also pursuing the same end, namely, to have 'an exact image of the chromosphere as it would be seen by an eye sensitive to the ultra-violet rays only, if the photosphere had been removed.'[7]

This would in itself constitute an immense progress; but the two astronomers go further in their hopes. They want to obtain day by day photographs of the faint, invisible corona as well, or at least of the spectrum of its various parts, and most probably they will succeed. Deslandres follows the method already experimented upon with success several years ago by the founder of the spectral analysis of the stars, William Huggins, which consists in absorbing all luminous rays emanating from the sun and its corona, with the exception of the ultra-violet rays, and photographing the violet image thus obtained. Coloured mediums could evidently be used for the absorption of the non-violet rays; but it is a surer method to decompose the light by means of a prism, and to admit into the instrument the violet parts only of the spectrum; and this is what Deslandres does, with such success that on one of his photographs the sun really appears surrounded by a 'glory,' sharply separated from the diffuse light of the sky, and most probably representing the corona.[8] However, various test experiments have still to be made; for it must be remembered that what Deslandres aims at is to photograph an invisible object, and in such conditions the accuracy of the photograph cannot be tested by a direct comparison with the original. Some time will probably be required, even with such ingenious experimenters as Hales and Deslandres are, before we have daily maps of the resplendent, mysterious-looking agglomeration of matter which surrounds our bright star, and awakes the admiration of the astronomer who catches a glimpse of it during an eclipse.

In the meantime we must be satisfied with the little we have learned about the corona from the last eclipses, since due attention began to be paid to it. It must, however, be owned that this little is already beset with difficulties. We certainly possess several quite reliable drawings and some excellent photographs of the 'glory;' but we find that, for some reason unknown, its aspects totally change from one eclipse to the next. In 1860 it was nearly globular; in 1868, immense rays, almost twice as long as the sun's diameter, projected from it. In 1889 it had a greater expansion in the equatorial region than in the polar regions; and while its rays were almost parallel to the sun's equator in the former, they were short and radial in the latter. During the last eclipse it had again

[6] G. E. Hales, in *Comptes Rendus*, 1892, t. cxv. 106, t. cxvi. 170; *Astronomy and Astro-Physics*, 1893, No. 109; *Chemical News*, 1893, lxvii. 4.

[7] Deslandres, in *Comptes Rendus*, t. cxvii. 718, November 27, 1893.

[8] Deslandres in *Comptes Rendus*, 1893, t. cxvi. 126 and 1184, and t. cxvii. 1053; Hales, same publication, t. cxvi. 623 and 865.

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a more regular form. And so on; even its spectrum varies in aspect. Moreover, these changes stand in a distinct connection with the number of sun-spots, which seem to have the effect of rendering the corona more regular in shape and less extended in the equatorial regions when they are numerous. It is thus evident that it cannot be considered simply as an atmosphere of the sun; it must have some other origin.

To account for its radiated structure and for its changing forms several hypotheses have already been advocated. Thus, the American meteorologist, Frank H. Bigelow, considers the rays of the corona as due to subdivided matter expelled from the sun along lines of force, and accumulating at equipotential surfaces, in the same way as iron filings are disposed in lines under the action of a magnet; and a German physicist, Hermann Ebert, has lately propounded an electro-magnetic theory, which is supported by very interesting experiments.[9] Starting from the very probable assumption that the regions where the corona is seen are filled with matter capable of dielectric polarisation, and that the sun is the seat of electro-magnetic disturbances, he points out that all rarefied matter, such as a gas in an electrodeless vacuum-tube, becomes luminous under the influence of very rapidly alternating electric stresses, at those points where the energy varies most. If, therefore, dielectric stresses emanate from a conducting surface, but *not* with the same density in all directions, we shall perceive a luminosity around the surface, not a homogeneous one, but one of definite structure (p. 806). And he shows, by direct experiments, conducted by Professor Wiedemann and himself, that if a conducting ball be mounted in a rarefied atmosphere, and periodically-changing electric oscillations are excited, then the ball becomes surrounded by a halo, through which rays shoot in all directions. Besides, the ray-like structure becomes more distinct when the electric excitement is strong; while the aureola is small, hazy, and structureless when the electric disturbances are slight, a further analogy being thus indicated between the experiment and the changes which take place in the corona, in accordance with the greater or smaller activity in the photosphere as displayed by sun-spots. And finally, we have the mechanical hypothesis of Professor Schaeberle, according to which the corona would consist of ejected particles of matter, which (unless the speed of their ejection exceeds 382 miles per second) must describe ellipses round the sun. It would be impossible, however, to decide between these hypotheses until further observations and experimental researches have been made. It can only be said that the observations made last year hardly give support to the first or the last of these hypotheses.[10]

[9] Paper read at the Congress of Astronomy and Astro-Physic held in August last at Chicago (*Astronomy and Astro-Physics*, November 1893, pp. 804 *sq.*).

[10] Such is, at least, the opinion of La Baume Pluvinel (*Comptes Rendus*, 1893, t. cxvii. 24); of course it is only a preliminary appreciation.

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As to the observations which were made during the last eclipse, they undoubtedly bring some substantial addition to our previous knowledge. They further confirm the above-mentioned connection between the shape of the corona and the frequency of sun-spots and prominences. The year 1893 having been a maximum year for sun-spots, the sun's aureola was not extended in its equatorial regions, but was distributed more evenly than during the previous eclipse; it had a likeness with the corona of the year 1882, which also was a maximum year for sun-spots. Its material character has also been fully demonstrated. It is certainly not an optical phenomenon, but consists of real matter—probably much more rarefied than air in Crookes's vacuum-tubes—scattered in space for an immense distance. This matter partly reflects sunlight, but partly it is also self-luminous and, as its spectrum indicates, it must consist to a great extent of solid particles; however, it also contains incandescent vapours, indicated by the bright green line, which is characteristic for the corona, and the bright yellow line of the unknown substance which is always seen in the solar spectrum, and is therefore named helium. Moreover, this matter rotates with the sun. When Deslandres superposed the spectra of two opposite parts of the corona, situated in the sun's equator at distances equal to two-thirds of its diameter from the photosphere, he could measure a slight displacement of the spectra, which indicates that the external agglomeration approximately follows the glowing sphere in its rotation.[11]

Such were the chief observations made during the last eclipse, and their importance for solar physics is self-evident. Up till now we have been accustomed to consider the sun as the luminous sphere, with well-defined borders, which we are used to see. Now we must modify that conception. We must extend the limits of our luminary and accustom ourselves to the idea that what we see of it is but a small part of the great fire-ball—its more condensed part—which is surrounded with a mass of nebulous matter having three or four times its diameter.

What is this matter? Whence does it come, and what will be its subsequent destinies? What causes are capable of so modifying its aspect as to give it the fantastical forms recorded during previous eclipses? All this remains to be answered by further research, for which the methods are already indicated.

II

It has been mentioned on a preceding page that the vapours and gases in the sun, below its photosphere, are supposed to be in a state which cannot be properly described as gaseous or liquid, if we use

[11] *Comptes Rendus*, May 15, 1893, t. cxvi. 1109.

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the words in their ordinary sense, but participates of the properties of both. Of course it requires some effort of imagination to think of a gas so compressed as to have a density nearly equal to the density of water, and to possess the consistence of tar or of honey; very slightly compressible, like a liquid, and nevertheless a gas. So we need not wonder that even physicists, who at times are bold enough in their hypotheses, were rather slow in accepting a conception so widely different from our daily experience of liquids and gases. Such a state of matter is, however, known; it has been observed in our laboratories, and its existence was indicated as early as 1822, by Cagniard-Latour, and later on by Faraday. But it was only in the seventies, after two such bright minds as the Belfast professor, Andrews, and the Russian professor, Mendeléeff, came—the one through experiment and the other theoretically—to recognise its reality and significance, that scientists came round to the view that matter may exist in a state intermediate between its liquid and gaseous states. The idea is now generally accepted, and during the last five-and-twenty years immense researches have been made upon or in connection with this subject. And yet up till now Andrews's memoir on the continuity of the liquid and gaseous state has lost nothing of its freshness and little of its suggestiveness. It reads still almost as if it were of yesterday's date, although it was published in 1869;[12] and only the most recent researches have begun to introduce some new elements into that most interesting chapter of physics.

Andrews made his discovery while liquefying carbonic acid gas. Unlike oxygen or nitrogen, which both require very low temperatures for being brought into their liquid state, carbon dioxide liquefies very easily. At the temperature of the freezing point it is sufficient to exert upon it a pressure thirty-six times greater than the pressure of our atmosphere to have it as a liquid, the density of which is four-fifths of the density of water. If its temperature be raised to 59° Fahr., a pressure of fifty-two atmospheres is again sufficient to overcome the tendency of its molecules towards scattering in space: it becomes a liquid. But when Andrews took the same gas at a temperature of 96°, he could exert upon it a pressure of 108 atmospheres, and more, without seeing any traces of liquefaction. Under this pressure the gas was reduced to $\frac{1}{430}$th part of the volume it occupied at the freezing point; its density was equal to the density of liquid carbonic acid, and yet it was not a liquid, although, like a liquid, it yielded but little to a further increase of pressure. However, as soon as its temperature was brought below 88°—the pressure remaining the same—the gas was found to be in a liquid state, without any alteration of its volume, or any sudden evolution of heat, having

[12] *Philosophical Transactions* for 1869, clix., 2nd part, 575. Also his lecture delivered in 1871.

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taken place. A temperature of 88° is thus its critical point. Below that limit its liquefaction is easy; above it, it is impossible.

Further experiments convinced Andrews that other gases behave in the same way at their own critical temperatures, and he at once understood the philosophical bearing of his observations. There is, he wrote, a close and intimate connection between the ordinary gaseous and the ordinary liquid state of matter. The two are but widely-separated forms of the same condition, and they may be made to pass into one another by a series of gradations, so gentle that the passage shall nowhere present a breach of continuity. From carbonic acid as a perfect gas to carbonic acid as a perfect liquid the transition may be accomplished by a continuous process. But if anyone ask whether the carbonic acid, taken at a temperature above its critical point, be in its gaseous or liquid state, the question does not admit of a positive reply. It stands 'nearly midway between the two, and we have no valid ground to assign the one or the other.' As to the explanation of this state, it must be sought for in the cohesion between the molecules; and further research, he added, will probably disclose the continuity of the liquid and solid states as well (p. 589). This last prediction, as we shall see directly, begins now to be justified.

Andrews came to his discovery by starting from the gaseous state of matter; Mendeléeff came to the same discovery by starting from the liquid state. All liquids, he wrote in 1861, have a certain cohesion between their particles; this is what distinguishes them from gases; but the heating of a liquid steadily diminishes its cohesion, and consequently there must be, for each liquid, a certain temperature (the absolute boiling point) at which cohesion between its particles must entirely vanish, so that at and above that temperature it cannot exist as a liquid. It must then form a gas, and so long as it has not been cooled below the above limit, no amount of pressure will be able to restore it to its liquid state. Thus, starting from the two opposite ends of the scale, Andrews and Mendeléeff came to identical conclusions. Deduction and induction had joined hands.

It is now known that their generalisation was correct. All physical bodies have their critical temperatures or absolute boiling points, above which they cannot exist as liquids, whatever pressure they might be submitted to. For water this critical point is 689° of the Fahrenheit scale;[13] for ether it is 383° or 386°;[14] but for several gases it lies so deep that in order to liquefy them one must approach the absolute zero (459° below the freezing point), at which no thermic vibrations exist and even chemical affinity disappears unless stimulated by electricity. Thus, oxygen must be cooled down to

[13] I take the figure of Cailletet and Colardeau (*Comptes Rendus*, 1891, t. cxii. 563 and 1170). Batelli came to nearly the same temperature, *i.e.* 687°·7 (364°·3 Cels.).

[14] The former according to Ramsay, the latter to Batelli. Very slight variations in the constitution of the ether fully account for the difference.

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299° below the Fahrenheit zero and nitrogen to −315° in order to be liquefied; while the critical temperature of hydrogen must be still lower—somewhere about 360° of cold. This is why Professor Dewar, who liquefies air in an open tube—that is, at the ordinary atmospheric pressure—could not yet liquefy hydrogen in the same way; and Amagat saw this gas, at the ordinary temperature of our rooms, remaining a gas, even under a pressure of 2,800 atmospheres, when it was squeezed within one-thousandth part of its previous volume.[15]

Various theories have been advanced to explain the state of matter at and above its critical temperature. Professor Ramsay in 1880[16] and Jamin in 1883 expressed the idea that in such conditions the liquid is not entirely passing into its gaseous state, but—the densities of both liquid and gas being equal—liquid molecules float in the equally dense gaseous medium. On the other side, Cailletet and Colardeau,[17] who have worked a great deal upon this and cognate subjects, came to the idea that the liquid and the gas have *not* equal densities at the critical temperature, and that they form a homogeneous mixture, or solution, in all possible proportions. Mind does not easily accept the conception of two different states of matter in the same conditions, and the French explorers turn the difficulty by appealing to the unknown. Approaching the subject from a very general and purely theoretical standpoint, Van der Waals yielded, however, a new support to Andrews's ideas. His admirable equation, which expresses the state of matter under varying conditions of pressure and temperature, and which has already rendered great services in the theory of solutions,[18] perfectly well applies to matter in its liquid, gaseous, and critical states. Wroblewski, Amagat, Pellat, and many others have also studied that intermediate state of matter.[19] And finally, the Italian professor, Batelli, has lately made a wide series of experiments relative to the critical temperature,[20] and his researches, together with those of Stoletoff and Galitzin in Russia, touch upon some very interesting new points connected with this wide subject.[21]

[15] *Comptes Rendus*, February 12, 1894, t. cxviii. 328.

[16] *Proceedings of the Royal Society*, xxx. 323 *sq.* See also his very suggestive lecture before the Royal Institution on May 8, 1891, which embodies his later researches (*Nature*, xliv., 1891, 274).

[17] *Comptes Rendus*, 1889, t. cviii. 1280.

[18] An account of these last researches may be found in a previous 'Recent Science' article (*Nineteenth Century*, May 1892).

[19] The history of all these researches has lately been given by Gerber, 'Die kritische Temperatur' (*Programm des städtlichen Realgymnasiums zu Stargard in Pommern*, 1893), which is well spoken of in German scientific reviews.

[20] In his already-mentioned lecture Prof. Ramsay has touched upon the most important subject of work done by gas in its expansion, and the manner it is done below and above the critical temperature. However, these researches are not yet sufficiently advanced to be discussed in this place.

[21] Angelo Batelli, 'Sulle proprietà termiche dei vapori' (*Memorie della Academia delle Scienze di Torino*, ser. ii. vols. xl. to xliii.); 'Sullo stato della materia nel punto

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It must be remarked, first, that the experiments of Batelli do not contradict the facts observed by Cailletet and Colardeau—they rather explain them—but they do contradict the hypothesis of the French physicists. Unless the word solution be understood in a sense very different from its current sense, the critical state cannot be described as a solution of the gas in the liquid, because both have the same density. That state of matter is really what Andrews represented it to be—that is, an intermediate state; and Van der Waals's equation (as modified by Clausius) perfectly well applies to it. However, the transition from the state of a perfect liquid to the critical state is not sudden; it is accomplished within a certain, though very small, range of temperature, and it takes some time before the last traces of the liquid have vanished in the gas. This is why cloudy streaks are formed as soon as, the pressure remaining unaltered, the slightest cooling takes place within the apparatus.[22]

Altogether, Batelli holds the opinion that at the exact critical temperature there is no real and full passage of the liquid into the gaseous state; but that the cohesion between the particles of water is so much broken that they can keep together no longer, and are disseminated through the vapours. There they gradually disintegrate, till the whole becomes a perfect gas. Many observations of modern chemistry bring us, indeed, to the supposition that gases consist, not of isolated molecules, but of *groups* of molecules, or particles, which are different from the aggregations taking place in the liquid state; so that, when a gas or vapour is condensed, several groups of molecules must coalesce to form the liquid particles, and as it approaches to saturation the complexity of its molecular groups grows. In fact, Robert Helmholtz's and Mr. Aitken's researches into the electrification of vapours, and the explanation of these facts lately given by J. J. Thomson, yield strong support to the views of the Italian professor. And these views are very attractive, as they give us a new generalisation. Atoms combine in molecules while matter is undergoing chemical condensation; and molecules combine into particles of a growing complexity during

critico' (*Atti del Instituto Veneto*, t. i., 1891–92, 1615, and t. ii., 1892–93, 685); the first memoir is also in *Il Nuovo Cimento*, 1893, t. xxxiii. 22 and 57; 'Sulle isobari dei vapori' (*Rendiconti della Academia dei Lincei*, 1893, seria quinta, ii. 171).

[22] This is also why, in Batelli's curves for carbon dioxide (*Rendiconti*, p. 172), traced upon Amagat's data, there is a sort of 'reminiscence' of the previous abrupt passage from one state into the other. Galitzin's experiments (Wiedemann's *Annalen*, Bd. l. 521) also confirm this view. In two memoirs (the first of which has been translated for the Graetz *Physikalische Revue*, 1892, Bd. ii. 44, and the second appears in the Russian *Journal of the Physical and Chemical Society*, 1893, vol. xxv. No. 9), especially in the second, Stoletoff has made some very fine restrictions relative to Batelli's interpretation of his own most scrupulous experiments, and he has indicated in how far they are conciliable with Andrews's (and Mendeléeff's) views, and what part must be left to molecular disintegration.

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its physical condensation from the gaseous to the liquid, and from the liquid to the solid state—not to speak of the still bigger cosmical agglomerations.

They are the more attractive as attempts are being made to show that matter also has its critical point during its passage from the solid state to the liquid. Thus, an attempt has been made to explain the well-known anomaly of water, which attains its maximum density at a temperature of thirty-nine Fahrenheit degrees,[23] by supposing that it consists, in the vicinity of the freezing point, of two sorts of molecules: some of them being molecules of ice, while the others are molecules of water. And Barus[24] has found that naphthaline has a critical temperature for its passage from the solid state into the liquid, and that the two states gradually merge into one another. A new corner of the veil thus begins to be lifted, and hope is being raised that we shall soon know what a solid is, in the same sense as we know what a gas is, when we view it from the standpoint of the kinetic theory.

III

Few branches of knowledge can rival the physiology of plants in the variety and philosophical bearing of the problems recently brought under discussion by its students. For many years past a great deal of uniformity prevailed in the teachings of plant physiologists—the Würzburg botanical laboratory, under Julius Sachs, being the chief centre from which knowledge of, and theories about, plant-life radiated over the learned and the learning circles. But many similar laboratories and centres have lately grown up in connection with the leading universities, and each of them has given origin to some new school, which either embraces the whole life of the plant, as the school of Schwendener, or at least covers some portion of it, as the schools headed by Wiesner at Vienna, De Vries at Amsterdam, Vöchting at Basel, the neo-Lamarckians in France, and so on. The great problems of organic life having been forcibly brought to the front, physiologists endeavour to find their solutions where vital phenomena can be studied in their simplest form—in the world of plants.

At the same time, a deep modification is accomplished in the views upon vital processes altogether. The merely physical explanations of life-phenomena in plants which have hitherto been in vogue are no longer found sufficient; and in the younger schools, as

[23] The temperature of maximum density approaches zero as pressure increases, as shown by the remarkable experiments of Amagat. Under a pressure of 42 atmospheres it is 37°·9; under 93 atmospheres it is 35°·6, and it falls to 33°·1 under 145 atmospheres, going below 32° when the pressure attains 197 atmospheres (*Comptes Rendus*, May 1, 1893, t. cxvi. 951).

[24] *American Journal of Science*, xlii. (1892) 125.

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well as in the latest works of Sachs himself, the tendency is deeper to penetrate into the molecular, chemical, and vital phenomena which are going on in the cells and their protoplasm contents. This tendency is well apparent in the present revision of the theories of growth, of which Francis Darwin lately gave such a lucid summary in his presidential address before the British Association in 1891; and, in fact, it appears in each of the numerous branches into which plant physiology is now subdividing; but in none is it better illustrated than in the latest researches into the causes of the movements of plants and the modifications produced in their organs and structure by gravitation, light, and other external agencies.[25]

Everyone knows how plants are sensitive to the influences of light, gravitation, and moisture. Everyone has seen plants stretching and bending towards a window, and redressing in a few hours if we have turned the previously shaded side towards the light. The action of gravitation and moisture is, of course, less apparent; but anyone who has watched a germinating seed knows how the radicle finds its way downwards, directing itself towards the centre of the earth, or how it moves towards where it can find moisture. Such movements, of which Darwin has already given such a graphic account, are now eagerly studied; and in proportion as the indirect way in which gravitation and light act upon plants—as mere stimuli, or irritants—becomes more and more firmly established, research takes a new direction. The question is asked, How, and in how far the stimuli modify the inner structure of the plant? In how far are they capable of moulding the organs into new shapes? Experimental physiology thus joins hands with a new, rapidly growing branch of research—experimental morphology—in which the artificial production of new forms through the action of external agencies is studied.

Those who find pleasure in observing and meditating upon the infinite variety of shapes of flowers must have made the remark that those flowers which grow from the ends of upright stalks, like the tulip or the daisy, are generally regular: their petals are of equal size and shape, and they are regularly distributed round the axis of the flower. Even when the flowers grow in clusters, they remain

[25] Francis Darwin's address must, of course, be recommended to the general reader. So also E. L. Gregory's sketch of the two schools (Sachs's and Schwendener's) in *American Naturalist*, vol. xvi. (1892), and P. Geddes's charming little book *Chapters in Modern Botany* (London, 1893) in Murray's *University Extension Manuals*. The best guides to modern researches are Sachs's *Lectures on the Physiology of Plants* (Oxford, 1888), a real and beautifully written encyclopædia of plants' physiology; Prof. Vines's *Lectures on Physiology of Plants* (Cambridge, 1886); and especially the text-book of Julius Wiesner, *Elemente der Anatomie und Physiologie der Pflanzen*, 3 vols. (Vienna, 1885–88), which includes latest researches, and, let us hope, will soon be translated into English; Darwin's *Movements of Plants* and J. Wiesner's *Das Bewegungsvermögen der Pflanzen* (Vienna, 1881) still remain two classical works on the subject.

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regular so long as they stand erect at the ends of the pedicels, as in the wallflower, or hang down as in the lily of the valley. But if they grow sideways, or from curved stalks, as the violet does, irregularities appear among them, more or less pronounced: the upper petals differ in shape or position from the lower ones, and the flower becomes symmetrical on both sides of a vertical plan traced through its inclined axis (zygomorphous). Now, roughly stated, the current explanation of such forms, which is due to Darwin, is well known: the irregular form has been evolved through the survival of the progeny of the occasionally irregular individuals which offered better facilities for being cross-fertilised by insects.[26]

However, the modern physiologist, like Darwin himself, is not satisfied with this explanation alone. The selective part played by the insects is out of doubt; but he wants to know, in how far such forms may have had their first origin in the very processes by which a plant responds to the external stimuli of gravitation, light, moisture, and the like. Accordingly, the Basel professor Vöchting several years ago made a series of experiments in order to see whether the different actions of gravitation upon the upper and the lower parts of a flower which grows sideways may not be the first cause of its irregular shape. These experiments may be taken as typical for all subsequent researches.[27] He took plants which usually bear slightly irregular flowers, such as the willow epilobe, the Clarkia of our gardens, the campion of our roadsides (*Silene inflata*), and the like, and fixed them upon the klinostat, a slowly revolving apparatus, often resorted to in botanical experiments. Setting the apparatus in motion, he thus made gravitation act equally on all the petals of their unfurling flowers. The result was, that the usual irregularities in the size and disposition of the petals did not appear: the differentiating action of

[26] A very original modification of this view has been advocated, as is known, by the Rev. George Henslow. See his volume of the International Science Series, *The Origin of Floral Structures through Insect and other Agencies*, London, 1888.

[27] The literature of the subject is simply overwhelming. The following deserve, however, a special mention: Vöchting, 'Ueber Zygomorphie und deren Ursachen,' with plates well illustrating the obtained changes (Pringsheim's *Jahrbücher*, xvii., 1886, 297), and his later researches upon the influence of light upon blooming in the same periodical (1893, Bd. xxv. 149); also Noll, in *Arbeiten des botanischen Institut zu Würzburg*, iii. 1887; W. Pfeffer, on the action of weight upon growth of tissues, in *Berichte* of the Saxon Academy, 1891, p. 638; his address on irritability before the Congress of German naturalists in 1891, and his researches into 'energetics' (*Abhandlungen* of the Saxon Academy, 1892, Bd. xviii., part 3); Wiesner, upon the influence of the ovula on the curving of flower stalks, in *Berichte der deutschen Botanischen Gesellschaft*, 1892, Bd. x. 12, 552, and 605; also the Vienna Academy's *Sitzungsberichte* for the same year; Max Scholtz, 'Die Nutation der Blüthenstiele' in Cohn's *Beiträge zur Biologie der Pflanzen*, 1892, Bd. v. 373; Schwendener and Krabbe upon the absence of proportionality between turgor and growth in Pringsheim's *Jahrbücher*, 1893, Bd. xxv. 323; and upon sap-movement, in *Sitzungsberichte* of the Berlin Academy, November 3, 1892; Noll, *Ueber heterogene Induction; Versuch eines Beitrages zur Kenntnis der Reizerscheinungen in Pflanzen*, Leipzig, 1892; and many others.

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gravitation upon the upper and the lower petals having been removed, the flowers were not irregular. Neither did the usual irregularity appear when the stalks of the buds were so propped up on freely growing stocks as to keep the limb of the flower in a horizontal position, whether turned upwards or downwards. The same results were obtained by Vöchting later on, by making buds of irregular flowers develop on the klinostat, so as to receive light in equal proportions upon all their petals. In this case regular flowers were obtained as well, at least with certain species; while both Schwendener and Baranecki, by making climbing plants rotate on the same apparatus, obtained plants with upright stems, or even induced twisted stems to unfurl.

Now it is known, and has recently been confirmed by Pfeffer, that the mere weight of an organ fosters the development of the tissues which support it. When a heavy fruit has to be borne by a thin stalk, the cells of the latter acquire stronger cell-walls, and new tissue is formed. 'Use' itself, as Pfeffer remarks, increases the strength of the tissues, and function creates the necessary organ. But in the above-mentioned cases, studied by Vöchting or by Schwendener, the self-adaptation appears to be of a much more complicated nature. Wiesner has proved, indeed, that at least with the species experimented upon (*Clivia nobilis*), it is not the mere weight of the lower petals which gives them an abnormal development, but their geotropism—their tendency, yet unexplained, towards growing downwards. They may be supported, and nevertheless pursue their usual development. And on the other side, Max Scholtz has shown that when flowers grow on curved stalks, it is not the weight of the bud which curves the stalk, but some cause residing in the growth of its ovula. If he cut off the bud and attached instead a small stone of equal weight, the stalk redressed itself. If, however, only the petals, the sepals, and the stamens were taken away, while the pistil remained, the stalk continued to bend; it only would redress when the ovula was extracted from the pistil, or the pistil itself was removed. The bending is thus not a simple mechanical process: it depends, in some way unknown, upon the life-processes which are going on within the flower—mechanical processes, too, but cellular and molecular, and not due to the action of masses.[28]

It is thus evident, as already indicated by Darwin, that gravitation and light are acting in such cases, in an indirect way, as stimuli or irritants; and very often, Noll remarks, one of the two stimuli, after having produced a certain effect upon the plant, simply permits the other stimulus to have its full effect. This is also why intermittent light irritations, as indicated by Darwin, Wiesner, and quite lately by Romanes, may have upon the plant the same effect as con-

[28] Similar results have been arrived at by Schwendener and Krabbe.

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tinuous light. Gardeners know, indeed, that the watering of a plant not only supplies moisture, but also has a stimulating effect upon vegetation; and light seems to act in the same way. However, other factors must also be taken into account, especially the activity of assimilation and the intensity of transpiration, and the balance between the two; the combined effects of light and dryness of the atmosphere, the contents of iron, salt, and phosphates in the soil, and so on—all of them representing a complicated network of agencies, each of which is capable of altering both the inner structure and the outer shape of a plant. It must be said that only now physiology begins to find its way in this labyrinth of simultaneously acting agencies; but it is the more interesting to watch its first steps in that direction.

IV

For a number of years Gaston Bonnier has been carrying on, in the Alps, the Pyrenees, and partly the Carpathians, a series of experiments relative to the effects of a change of altitude upon plants. In the Alps, for instance, he chose two stations, one at Chamounix (3,440 feet above the sea), and the other at an altitude of 6,660 feet. The plants to be experimented upon were taken from among such species as grow in their wild state at both altitudes alike; and in order to avoid individual differences which might have affected the results, each two stocks—one of which was planted at Chamounix and the other in a sunny place, protected from cattle, on a high altitude—were obtained by dividing one mother-plant, taken from the valley, into two parts; and if seeds were resorted to, they were taken from the same mother-plant. Then, after a couple of years, when both the high-level and the low-level individuals had been well acclimatised, they were compared as to their shapes, structure, and physiological functions—the comparison being extended over a considerable number of individuals taken from a number of species. All possible precautions for avoiding errors had thus been taken, and the results showed a great deal of agreement.[29]

[29] In this domain the literature also grows very rapidly. The following give an idea of the general drift of researches: Gaston Bonnier, 'Cultures expérimentales dans les Alpes et les Pyrénées,' in *Revue générale de botanique* (1890), t. ii. 513, and general summing up in *Comptes Rendus* (1890), t. cxi. 377. Leist's observations seemed to contradict Bonnier's researches, which are now fully confirmed, especially as regards improved assimilation, by A. Wagner (*Sitzungsberichte* of the Vienna Academy, Bd. ci. 487). J. Wiesner's 'Form-Aenderungen von Pflanzen bei Cultur in absolut feuchten Raume und in Dunkeln,' in *Berichte der deutschen botanischen Gesellschaft*, March 1891; and Vöchting in same periodical, August and September 1891. Palladin's researches into assimilation and transpiration are but partly translated into German (*Berichte der deutschen botanischen Gesellschaft*, viii. 1890); the remainder in Russian *Trudy* of the Kharkoff Naturalists, vol. xxv. (1891), and especially xxvi. (1892), 67 and 127; also Geneau de Lamarlière in *Comptes Rendus*, cxv. (1892), 368 and 521, and A. Mayer (summed up in *Berichte*). Lhôtelier on the origin of

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In most cases the high-level individuals had already undergone notable modifications. As a rule they were smaller in size; their internodes were shorter, while the underground parts had taken a greater development. The leaves were smaller but thicker in proportion to their reduced size; they had a thicker palissade-tissue and contained more chlorophyll. Finally, when the plant had not been planted too high—each species having its own limit of altitude at which it prospers best—the flowers were more brilliant in colours and more fragrant. And when the comparison of physiological activity was made in the Chamounix provisory laboratory, the high-level individuals proved to be, as a rule, more efficacious machines for storing up food and reducing waste. They worked best in the laboratory, and they had stored up, during their lifetime, more starch, sugar, volatile oils, and colouring pigments. In short, in a couple of years, without the interference of selection, the plant had accommodated itself to take better advantage of the bright light and short summer of the Alpine summits. More light, and perhaps the invigorating changes of temperature, had shaped its organs for obtaining a more rapid assimilation and a reduced waste.[30]

As to a deficiency of light and its effects upon the development of flowers, we have the latest researches of Vöchting, which confirm and explain the experience of gardeners. The scarcity of light had, first of all, the effect of diminishing the size and the numbers of flowers. With some species (such as *Stellaria media*, or *Linnaria spuria*), which by themselves have a tendency towards self-fertilisation, the flowers (which, even under natural conditions, often are not sufficiently opened to admit insects) did not open at all, and their opening could be modified at will according to the amount of apportioned light; their shape was also modified to some extent; while some plants, after having been kept for three years in a subdued light, lost the very habit of blooming and began to propagate in a vegetative way, by means of rampant offshoots, though remaining at the same time in good health and vigour.

Of course, in all such cases the deficiency of light acts in an indirect way, by altering the proportions between assimilation, which is intense in broad daylight, and transpiration, which, as known, is reduced in darkness. It is also very probable that the alterations produced in the leaves of plants grown in the shade, or in

prickles and thorns, in *Bulletin de la Société botanique de France* (1890), xxxvii. 176, and *Comptes Rendus* (1892), t. cxii. 110; Lesage on the effects of salt in the ground, and watering with salted water, in *Comptes Rendus* (1892), t. cxii. 672 and 871. Also Pfeffer on chemotaxy, Noll on adaptation of algues to saline media, Pierre Bastit on growth of mosses in water, and so on.

[30] In more light, as already once alluded to by Beketoff, not in an unconscious selection of seeds by men, lies probably the secret of the wonderfully rapid maturation of barley in the Yakutsk province of Siberia, where the crop follows sowing time in a couple of months. Experiments relative to this point would be most desirable.

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the relative sizes of their stems and leaves, are really due, as Professor Palladin maintains, to an alteration of the usual proportion between the two processes. When the conditions are such that the transpiration from the leaves is increased, relatively to the transpiration from the stem, the development of this latter is hampered, and the internodes become shorter, in proportion to the size of the leaves; and *vice versâ*. This connection between the transpiration and the form of the plant would explain why plants grown by Wiesner in a very damp atmosphere and in the dark would sometimes show a deficient development of the leaves, while the stem grew to an abnormal length, or why the leaves took full development while the internodes were very short. The experimenter thus has again in his hands a means of modifying the exterior aspect of the plant by placing it in conditions which more or less favour transpiration from its different parts.

Lhôtelier's researches on the formation of prickles in a dry atmosphere and under the full action of sunlight further confirm the wonderful plasticity of plants and the rapidity of their adaptations due to this agency. He takes, for instance, four stocks of the barberry-plant, all twelve months old, and, after having cut off their stems a few inches above the ground, lets them grow under glass bells; but whereas the air is kept very moist under two bells, it is kept very dry under the two others; and the results are strikingly different. In the moist air the plants have strong leaves, with fully developed blades, only slightly indented, and with long stalks; while in the dry atmosphere the first leaves only attain a full development of their green blades; the following ones are less and less developed; and from the sixteenth leaf upwards they have no blades, and their nerves are transformed into prickles. The common hawthorn behaves in the same way, and the cause of the change is evident: in a moist atmosphere the surface of evaporation is increased, while it is reduced in dry surroundings. Moreover, almost identical results are obtained when the same plants are grown either so as to receive full sunshine and light from all parts of the horizon, or so as to get light from the northern part of the sky only. These latter have full blades on their leaves, while the leaves of the former are transformed into prickles, to avoid a too strong evaporation. With hawthorn or furze, the prickles are two to nine times longer in the fully exposed individuals than in those which have been shaded. In short, growth in different conditions of moisture itself produces the structures best adapted for avoiding excessive evaporation.

And, finally, we may mention the experiments made to explain the well-known features of plants growing close to the sea. Already Moquin Tandon, in his *Tératologie végétale*, and Willkommen, in a somewhat forgotten work on the littoral and steppe-vegetation of Spain, had shown that plants which have fleshy leaves when they

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grow in a soil impregnated with salt, acquire the common membranous leaves when they are grown in a common garden soil; while plants which are not halophytes at all acquire the distinctive features of that class when they are grown in a soil containing salt. Lesage in France has lately made experiments in this direction, and they fully confirm Willkommen's views. The presence of salt in the soil, as well as in the atmosphere, and the influence of the wind by the seaside rapidly produce the desired transformation; and the same alterations can also be obtained by merely watering the plant with a weak solution of table salt. Several adaptations, which were considered as slowly accumulated accidental variations, can be obtained —we thus see—very rapidly, as a direct result of environment itself. But while Spencer's 'direct adaptation' is thus every year proved by new and newer researches, it would evidently be a great mistake to imagine that all adaptations have been obtained exclusively in this way; Sachs, who has, perhaps more than anyone, contributed to promote the direct accommodation view, is therefore the first to indicate the limits of variation through the action of environment.

It would, perhaps, be desirable to conclude this very rapid, and yet long, review of a wide circle of researches by a discussion of one of the latest experiments of Julius Sachs. He has made our common friend, the potato plant—an originary from dry regions—develop in a very moist atmosphere the same network of aërial roots, which is characteristic of the epiphyte plants—the orchids, the aroids, the ferns, which grow on the surfaces of the trees in the moist tropical forests.[31] But these researches have brought the veteran physiologist to such important and far-reaching conclusions as to variation in plants altogether, and especially as to its possible direction and limits, and the periods of plant life during which variability is greatest, that it will be preferable to return to this work on some other occasion. The above-mentioned researches, and many more which could be mentioned besides, already prove that it lies, to a great extent, in man's hands to modify the shape, the structure, and the general aspect of plants—not only on the long and circuitous way of selection of casual variations, but also by the direct method of appealing to environment to produce the desired variations, and to make a start with them. This is what Nature does every day and everywhere on a gigantic scale.

P. KROPOTKIN.

[31] 'Physiologische Notizen: V. Ueber Latente Reizbarkeiten,' in *Flora* (1893), Heft i. 1.

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THE UTTER CORRUPTION IN AMERICAN POLITICS

It has long been the custom of would-be reformers of British affairs to point to America as the country of good government, of pure and noble principles, of liberty of thought and of action, and as the land where the downtrodden European workman can assert the supremacy that has been denied him so long. The United States is the one country, according to these gentlemen, where popular representation really prevails and where the will of the people commands immediate attention through their representatives.

One of the commonest inquiries a foreigner in America has to answer, and one which is often put to him within a few hours even after he has first landed, is: 'Well, and what do you think of this country, sir?' The answer is expected to be one of unqualified praise; but whatever it may be, the first impressions of this country as obtained in transit from the docks to the hotel usually are cheerless in the extreme. Unless the traveller has been so ill-treated by Father Neptune that any land is welcome, I fear he will think that none of the better streets of any European city present an aspect so cheerless, so calculated to depress the intelligent immigrant to this country, as does that first drive from the North River docks to any of the up-town New York hotels. When he has emerged from the confusion of the dock and landed himself in a cab for his up-town drive, the traveller plunges at once into a labyrinth of crooked, narrow, and ugly streets crowded with heavy, noise-making waggons. What sky is visible in these narrow lanes between the tall rows of warehouses on either side is cut up into innumerable little squares by a maze of overhead wires, and is at times cut off altogether by the lines of overhead railway, from which drop constant showers of hot ashes. But it is not of the overhead nuisances that the wayfarer has most to complain. If he looks out of his window he sees underneath him what he may believe to have been at one time intended for a pavement of Belgian blocks. It now more resembles a rock-ballasted railway bed the crevices of which are filled with ill-smelling refuse of every description. Over this rocky road his carriage bumps painfully, menaced on every side by dangers of collision with the heavy drays

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which speed along unchecked by the policeman's upraised club. At last the traveller emerges from this maze into a wider street, which he perceives is the famous Fifth Avenue boasted of by his American friends abroad. But even here what does he find? He sees a street remarkable chiefly for the variety of kinds of pavement it exhibits, and their various stages of decay. At last he reaches his hotel, and as he resigns himself to its luxury he wonders why Americans who have progressed so far in the sciences of comforts at home and of luxury in travelling should allow the streets of their greatest city to remain in a condition which would disgrace an Asiatic town.

There is no doubt that corruption and misgovernment in American municipal affairs have reached an almost unheard-of point. When it is a fact that any company seeking to construct a work of such public utility as a water-works, a gas-works, or a tramcar line has always to reckon among its heaviest organisation expenses the bribes to be administered to the City Fathers, and when, so long as anyone has a 'friend' on the Board of Aldermen, he can violate the city ordinances and defy the police with impunity, it is time to look carefully into the system that can permit such evils, and see wherein Americans have erred, and how we can best avoid such errors. It must be difficult for Englishmen to conceive that in one of the largest American cities the late Mayor gave strict orders to the police to suppress gambling, and that, after frequently repeating this order fruitlessly, he abandoned the crusade in despair, as the police themselves were influenced by the gambling fraternity not to obey it. Yet this very thing happened not many months ago.

Now, how comes it that Americans, who are proud, and justly proud, of their country, can submit to such mismanagement of their public affairs? I believe that the real reasons are two—manhood suffrage and the almighty dollar; but before beginning to speak of my reasons for making these assertions, let me speak for a moment on the subject of the Constitution and its effect on politics.

In the first place, let me say that the American Constitution, the Constitution of the United States, is perhaps the grandest and best political system of government ever drawn up by members of the Anglo-Saxon race; but in one respect it is weak. It is too complete —it is too perfect, and inasmuch as nothing can be taken from it or added to it without an enormous popular majority, and a succession of legislative forms, which take two or three years to consummate, it is difficult to attack it and unnecessary to defend it. In fact, so great is the reverence felt for the Constitution that since the early years of the Republic it has never been amended, except at the close of the war of 1861–65, and then only in the provisions affecting slavery and the suffrage. This unchangeableness of the Constitution is the great safeguard of the United States. Against it beat in vain the numerous foolish and bad Bills that are passed in the various State Legislatures,

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and it is from a knowledge of the unconstitutionality of many of these Bills that they are passed with so little opposition. 'What is the use,' argue the opponents of a pernicious measure, 'of spending our time fighting this Bill? Let it pass; the Supreme Court will declare it unconstitutional, and it will be as if it had never been.' But now let us see how this very safeguard becomes an evil. In England the will of the Parliament is law, and consequently the Parliamentary arena becomes the field where those who favour the old can defend it, or those who love the new can advance its cause. Hence men of great ability can demonstrate that ability in the House, and can feel that they really control and legislate for the country. But in America all is very different. Back of every vote of the Federal Government, or the State Governments, stands the Constitution, a bar to progress or retrogression. This is one good reason why the American gentleman of ability and good standing has, to a large extent, deserted politics; and now that he has once so deserted them, it will be hard indeed for him to regain his place.

Furthermore, the diplomatic service in America, which is so closely allied with Parliament and the party in power at home, does not attract the American gentleman, to pursue it for his life's career. And why should it? The United States does not need diplomats. She needs a few wealthy men to reside at the various European capitals and entertain their countrymen; but it is better that these men should not be too able or ambitious, lest they should compel America to extend her influence beyond her own continent. And on that continent what foreign service is needed? Practically none. An occasional dispute with Canada and an occasional bullying of a South American Republic is all that ever happens, and it does not need an able diplomat to patch up a quarrel with Canada, which is not allowed to fight, or Costa Rica or Uruguay, which cannot.

So that we see that the American gentleman of ability and high standing has, with a few exceptions, quitted the fields of politics or diplomacy for those which promise a greater reward, and we see the man who, if born in England, would have been Premier or ambassador, a railroad president or a mining king in the United States. It is fortunate for America that her talented men can so employ themselves, and it is, I think, one of the reasons of the unparalleled growth of the prosperity of the States. But the taking of such men out of politics has left that field open to the political adventurer, who takes up politics for the money there is 'in it,' and uses his power and place solely for his own ends. Fortunate is America in that she is so rich she can afford the robberies of such men, and so securely placed that no foreign foe can benefit by their folly and lack of patriotism.

A short time ago I gave (as one of the reasons for American misgovernment) the existence of manhood-suffrage. Before going further,

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I would say that though in most of the States absolute manhood-suffrage exists, in a few of them it does not. In Massachusetts, for instance, there is an educational qualification. In Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Tennessee, a voter, to obtain his privilege, must have paid certain taxes. But, for the purposes of a general sketch such as this, one can fairly assume that every man in America who chooses to register properly has his vote. And now we come to a political feature in which the United States is unique. I suppose Australia, New Zealand, and certainly Canada, may furnish a somewhat similar phenomenon, but in a much less degree. I speak of the various societies of the nationalities that go to make up the population of the United States of America. Never, I suppose, in the history of the world, except, perhaps, during the middle course of the Roman Empire, have so many different nationalities been blended together under one government, or so many divers kinds of men called themselves citizens of one republic. Anyone visiting any of the large American towns must have been struck with the variety of foreign names to be seen on the shop windows. In many of the large towns one may walk half a mile and not see an American name; all will be Bohemian, Italian, or German as the case may be, and whole sections of the town will be given up to them absolutely. In parts of the country in the North-west it is the same. Whole districts are settled by Swedes or Germans, and the English tongue is unknown. Into these fertile fields comes the political 'boss,' and through the votes of myriads of Italians and Bohemians down-trodden Ireland gets her revenge on the Anglo-Saxon race. The ascendency of the Irish in the lower grade of politics in the States is very remarkable. They are absolutely supreme in some cities, such as New York and Boston, and in nearly all wage a generally successful, though sometimes hard-won, battle with their stubborn enemies the Germans. It is a disputed question among Americans whether the unquestioned supremacy of the Irish or their occasional defeat by their Teutonic foes is least injurious to the country. Occasionally (let Ulster take heart), when Ireland is completely triumphant, she is merciful, and though the government of New York is probably the most corrupt in the world, yet Tammany on the whole rules well, and appoints reasonably good officials; whereas in a city like Chicago, where the supremacy is divided, though the Americans can occasionally slip a good man into office, yet ordinarily the race in power has to cater to the worst elements in its own party to enable it to maintain a precarious sway. I have heard Englishmen exclaim against the admission of the utterly ignorant at home into the voting class; but will it be believed at home when I say that there are men now voting in the United States who are ignorant whether they live in a Monarchy or a Republic? Not long ago, before a Committee of the Senate, which

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was engaged in investigating the question of admission to citizenship rights of alien immigrants, an Italian, on being questioned, said that he had been duly qualified as a voter for two years past. On further questioning it transpired that he understood that the government of the United States was a Monarchy administered by an Italian sovereign. This was not an exceptional case: there are many 'citizens' of the States of equal ignorance, and, of course, a still larger number who, ignorant of the English language and of the theories of a Republican Government, are simply the tools of their better-informed countrymen. It is the existence of this class of utterly ignorant voters of various nationalities, whose sentiments are frequently those of only hatred and contempt for those who in Europe had been their enemies, and who are their neighbours in America, that renders possible the utter corruption in American politics. It is their vote that places in power the venal politicians who control the strings of municipal and, to a large extent, of State politics. Every nation almost which has representatives in any number on American soil is kept alive in the breasts of its children, in all its ancient customs, its likes and dislikes, by societies formed originally for social purposes and for obtaining rights, but now corrupted into mere political machines. It can be readily understood that an ignorant Polish immigrant just landed in this country, and urged by one of his own race to join the Polish Society of the town he happens to be in, should gladly consent, and in return for the benefits conferred by his patron, the leader of the Society, should vote as directed. It matters not to him whether McCarthy or Schneider be his Alderman. He knows neither their names, nor what the office or its duties or emoluments are. He votes as he is told to do, after having sworn to be a faithful citizen of a nation whose language he does not understand, and subscribed to a constitution which he is unable to read. In the meanwhile his 'boss,' to use an American slang political expression, is making the best terms he can for himself with the chiefs of one or the other of the great political parties in that particular spot. And so it goes on; the ward bosses sell their followers to the campaign chiefs, and these in turn to others, and so on up the ladder. Few people know the utter corruption, of the lower stages at any rate, of American politics. Besides the foreign societies there are several bodies of American-born people, which, like the Grand Army of the Republic, though organised for other purposes, have generally become mere political engines.

Now for a few words on the second of the two reasons I have quoted as the springs of the evil, the almighty dollar. Although Englishmen are taunted by being called a race of shopkeepers, their cousins in America deserve the term in a far greater degree. The race for wealth, the creation of wealth, the possession of wealth, has been until quite recently the sole object of the American's existence.

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Success in business is the standard still whereby the American is judged, and it is the aim of the American tradesman to make money and establish his children and himself as gentlemen and ladies at the fashionable resorts, rather than to strive, as his English cousins would do, after the civic honours of his native town. Nor are the higher grades of Americans less indifferent. Municipal reform clubs are common enough in all the large American cities. To them belong many highly respectable gentlemen, who meet with due gravity at the semi-annual banquets, and over their nuts and wine listen approvingly to the wise and witty speeches of visitors from similar clubs. Shortly before election time circulars are sent out by these excellent institutions calling upon all honest folk to vote for So-and-so for Mayor. But the political fowlers have had their snares laid for the bird long ago; the candidate of purity and reform is neglected in most of the wards entirely, and is laughed at in the rest; whilst his club supporters, often too lazy themselves even to vote for their own man, quietly meet together in mournful festivity and deplore the corruption of municipal affairs, and the defeat of their candidate.

In the midst of this corruption the political reformers stand aghast. Occasionally matters become so bad that a coalition of the respectable elements of the population of a large city is formed, which sometimes defeats the professionals. Then, for a short interval, the affairs of that city are managed by honest but usually second-rate men, but at the lapse of their term the professionals have rallied their forces: the reform party is weakened by disappointment, and the old *régime* is re-introduced; and the yoke of the professional is bound with yet more galling thongs on the neck of the unhappy people.

But it may be asked, 'Why do not the respectable element stay combined and elect good men to municipal offices, and why are the national party politics ever allowed to interfere in the city government? Is the respectable element really inferior in number to the disreputable? And if not, why is it so lax?'

To answer these questions we must recollect that politics are not, as I have before said, generally followed by gentlemen in America; and further, that for men of ability in the middle classes politics do not present such a remunerative field as private enterprise. No dignity, or very little, is attached to even the highest municipal honours, which have to be secured by a miserable pandering to the wire-pullers, the saloon-keepers, and political bosses. It is very difficult for the party of reform in the States to find suitable candidates of the highest grade; and if men of inferior ability are elected by the efforts of the reformers, their inability to cope with the work of purification is pretty sure to lead to their desertion by their late electors, and their consequent overthrow at the hands of the political schemers.

Another grave difficulty all would-be reformers of American municipal politics have to contend with is the strong tendency of voters to

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vote the 'straight party ticket.' It is very unfortunate for America that the strife between the Republican and the Democratic parties should have been carried into municipal affairs; and to find a reason for this it is necessary to turn back the page of history a few years and glance at the causes for the bitterness of party feeling. During the time of the civil war between the Northern and Southern States party feeling ran high. As a general rule the Democratic party, the older party, the party of State rights, was the party of the rebels; while the Abolitionists, the Northern or Union party, was Republican. To be a Democrat in the North or a Republican in the South was almost to be marked as an enemy to the country, according to the belief of the opposite party. After the war was over the feeling between the parties still continued, and the struggle was transferred from the battlefield to the polling-booth. As the parties gradually spread from the parts of the country to which they had been originally confined, the conflict between the Democratic and Republican parties extended to almost every town in the United States. Men voted as their fathers had fought; to 'scratch' a candidate from the straight party ticket was regarded as a crime, and the battle was carried out of national into municipal politics. This tradition of voting has not yet died out. Many Republican gentlemen still hestitate to 'scratch' from their ticket a rascally aldermanic candidate if he be a Republican and substitute in his place some respectable Democrat, whilst it seems impossible for any Southern Democrat to believe that a decent Republican Administration can be formed in any city. Fortunately, there are signs of a change, and as the real distinctions between the two parties are passing away, so it is to be confidently hoped the imaginary distinctions formed by tradition will soon be done away with also. With the disappearance of these party distinctions from the field of municipal politics, it is to be hoped that one of the great barriers to the introduction of purity into municipal government will also have disappeared.

It would be an invidious task to pursue still further the search into the details of American municipal corruption. When one can state as a fact, a melancholy well-known fact, that corruption has reached such a height in some of the greater cities that 'friends' of officials can either avoid altogether the payment of taxes, or pay but a fraction of the sums paid by their neighbours; when those who are blessed with 'a pull' in the water office, or its kindred branches, can quietly avoid all payments of rates; when policemen, on being appealed to by the fleeced to protect them from the gambler's agents, reply that 'they cannot find the game' that is being played under their very eyes; when these crying evils, and scores of others like them, are rampant in every American city, surely it is time for those of us at home who laud Republican institutions to the skies to pause and carefully consider what are the causes of this fall from Republican

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ideals. I have already glanced very briefly at one or two of the primary causes which appear to me to have been the original reason for the decadence of politics in the United States. It may be well now to consider what are the best remedies to apply to correct these evils.

Most of the would-be reformers of American politics cry aloud for 'Civil Service Reform.' In defence of this cause they waste their breath, and against the rocks of corruption dash the waves of their eloquence. While to me also Civil Service Reform appears an essential feature of the proposed purification, yet it is, in my opinion, the second step in the great work. It is useless to try to reform the candidates and the office-holders so long as the mass of the active electors is susceptible to bribery and corruption. It is too much to ask of human nature, and not a very high grade of that, to demand that the aldermanic candidate on the one side shall use none but the highest and purest of means, shall appeal only to the reason and not to the passions of his constituents, while his more unscrupulous opponent is plying those same constituents with more potential reasons in the shape of unlimited whisky and lavish bribery. No; to reform American politics, it is needful to go below the office-holders and purify the electorate, and after some impression has been made there, an improvement of itself will appear in the quality of their representatives. It is, I fear, too late for the United States to retreat from its adoption of manhood suffrage, probably the worst mistake ever committed by its rulers; but, having made this mistake, it behoves all true friends of the United States to cast about and see in what way the mistake can best be obviated. In the first place, an immediate restriction of immigration should be adopted; or if the restriction of the admission of immigrants be not deemed practicable, then a stringent rule should be made prohibiting ignorant foreigners being admitted to the rights of citizenship. It is absurd to say that an Italian, a Polish, or a German immigrant landed but a few months on these shores and still unacquainted with the English language can be fitted to exercise the same electoral right as Grover Cleveland or W. K. Vanderbilt. It is an injustice to the college youth of this country, trained from their youth up to a knowledge and appreciation of the rights of American citizenship, to deny them a vote because of their years, while the Scandinavian or German boor, because, forsooth, he is of man's estate in years, should be raised arbitrarily from his childish incompetence and granted the suffrage. Limit the suffrage to those who have been several, say ten, years in this country, and who are proved by an examination, not by a mere formal farce, to be eligible to the rights of citizenship. Let the admission into the rights of an American citizen be a privilege to be sought after, and let the position of the admitting judge be one of honour and consequence. We talk about the education of youth, and of the

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duties of citizenship; we hear on all sides Americans boast of the glories that a citizen of the United States has of right; and yet we see this same citizenship prostrated in the dust, and receiving annually into its midst thousands upon thousands of foreigners too miserable or too worthless to be retained in their own country.

But, besides thus restricting the influx of the foreign element, Americans should use every effort to raise the standard of knowledge among the rising generation. To the credit of America, this is being done. Probably the system of public education in the United States is as complete as anywhere in the world, and to keep up this high standard should be the chief aim of all good Americans.

If one can assume that the admission into citizenship rights of a selected proportion of immigrants only be adopted, and if education is properly maintained, we shall soon find an improvement in the electorate. As the electors begin to realise the responsibilities as well as the advantages connected with their voting power, they will begin to cast their votes more carefully and select men more fitted to represent them. Then will come the time to strike for Civil Service Reform, and do away with the absurdly short terms during which the present incumbents of offices in the United States hold their places; and with the increase of the length of time will come of itself an improvement in the class of candidates. My ideas may be Utopian, but they appear to be well founded. You cannot grow grapes on thorns nor figs on thistles. To improve the officers one must improve the voters, and to limit and improve the latter should be the first care.

AMYAS STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.

Chicago: *February* 1894.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

No. CCVII—May 1894

THE LOVE ODES OF HORACE

FIVE SPECIMENS

OD. I. 23.

To Chloe.

1. As the kid upon the hill,
   Of its trembling dam in quest,
   With an idle fear possest,
   Lest the woods, the wind, should kill,

2. Chloè flies me. Should the trees
   Bend to breath of spring new-born,
   Should the lizard stir the thorn,
   Tremble heart, and tremble knees.

3. I no tigress at thy back,
   No Gætulian lion I:
   Ripe for mates, no more be shy,
   Tread no more thy mother's track.

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Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloë,
Quaerenti pavidam montibus aviis
Matrem non sine vano
Aurarum et siluae metu.

Nam seu mobilibus veris inhorruit
Adventus foliis, seu virides rubum
Dimovere lacertæ,
Et corde et genibus tremit.

Atqui non ego te tigris ut aspera
Gaetulusve leo frangere persequor:
Tandem desine matrem
Tempestiva sequi viro.

OD. III. 7.

To Asteriè.

1. Why these tears, Asteriè?
Earliest breeze of spring
Him, with Thynian wares to see,
Him, the youth, all clad in truth,
Back to thee will bring,

2. Gyges. Him wild Goat-stars vexed,
Far as Oricum;
Drove him blustering Notus next:
Sleepless nights, and cold that bites,
All his limbs benumb.

3. Then from one, his hostess pale,
Couched in subtle tone,
Comes to him a crafty tale:
'Chloè sighs, and Chloè dies,
Dies for thee alone.'

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4. Tells how nigh, through guilty dame,
(Silly Proetos won
Cruel plot of blood to frame,)
Slander's breath had done to death
Chaste Bellerophon.

5. Tells of Peleus, how he fled
From Hippolytè,
Nearly numbered with the dead:
All that leads to passion's deeds,
Many an artful plea.

6. Tell as well Icarian seas!
He doth nothing care.
Thou, lest young Enipeus please,
Please too much, so near to touch
And to view, beware.

7. Though along the Martian course
None like him can ride,
None so wheel the fiery horse,
Nor can swim to match with him
Down the Tiber's tide,

8. Nightly shut thy door; nor gaze
When the pipes are shrill;
He will scold thy prudish ways;
Scorn to hear, and persevere
Hard, and harder still.

Quid fles, Asterie, quem tibi candidi
Primo restituent vere Favonii
Thyna merce beatum,
Constantis juvenem fide,

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Gygen? Ille, Notis actus ad Oricum
Post insana Caprae sidera, frigidas
Noctes non sine multis
Insomnis lacrimis agit.

Atqui sollicitae nuntius hospitae,
Suspirare Chloën et miseram tuis
Dicens ignibus uri,
Tentat mille vafer modis.

Ut Proetum mulier perfida credulum
Falsis impulerit criminibus, nimis
Casto Bellerophonti
Maturare necem, refert;

Narrat paene datum Pelea Tartaro,
Magnessam Hippolyten dum fugit abstinens;
Et peccare docentes
Fallax historias movet:

Frustra: nam scopulis surdior Icari
Voces audit adhuc integer. At tibi
Ne vicinus Enipeus
Plus justo placeat, cave;

Quamvis non alius flectere equum sciens
Aeque conspicitur gramine Martio,
Nec quisquam citus aeque
Tusco denatat alveo.

Prima nocte domum claude, neque in vias
Sub cantu querulae despice tibiae,
Et te saepe vocanti
Duram difficilis mane.

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OD. III. 10.

To Lyce: in Bloom.

1. Hadst thou a savage mate, a home upon
The farthest banks of Don,
Thou couldst not tearless leave me, pining sore,
To shiver at thy door.

2. Thou heard'st the creaking doors, the moaning trees
Between the palaces;
Saw'st how, in clear cold air of Jove, the snows
To icy coating froze.

3. Away with pride; lest Venus turn to curse,
And rope with wheel reverse:
No prude thy father gendered; meant not thee
To act Penelopè.

4. Though neither gift, nor force of prayer, can mend thee,
Nor lover's paleness bend thee,
If that Pierian girl thy spouse enslave,
Yet still thy suppliants save.

5. Spare me, though cruel as the Moorish snake,
And hard as oaks to break,
For flesh and blood will bear no more the strain,
Nor soak in floods of rain.

Extremum Tanain si biberes, Lyce,
Saevo nupta viro, me tamen asperas
Porrectum ante fores objicere incolis
Plorares Aquilonibus.

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Audis, quo strepitu janua, quo nemus
Inter pulchra satum tecta remugiat
Ventis, et positas ut glaciet nives
Puro numine Juppiter?

Ingratam Veneri pone superbiam,
Ne currente retro funis eat rota:
Non te Penelopen difficilem procis
Tyrrhenus genuit parens.

O quamvis neque te munera nec preces
Nec tinctus viola pallor amantium
Nec vir Pieria pellice saucius
Curvat; supplicibus tuis

Parcas, nec rigida mollior aesculo,
Nec Mauris animum mitior anguibus.
Non hoc semper erit liminis aut aquae
Caelestis patiens latus.

OD. IV. 13.

To Lyce: in Decay.

1. Lyce! me the gods have heard,
Made thee beldame at my word:
Still a beauty, thou dost think,
Saucy still for sport and drink.

2. Though with creaking voice thou woo,
Cupid lags: hath work to do
With young Chia's blooming cheeks,
And her mouth that music speaks.

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3. Obstinate he passes by
Oaks dried up: he shuns thee; why?
For he cannot wrinkles bear,
Blackening teeth, and whitening hair.

4. Cean purples, gems that blaze,
Will not bring thee back the days
Writ in annals, known but past,
Of the time that fled so fast.

5. Beauty, colour, gesture's grace,
All are gone. Not this the face,
Not the passion-breather, she
Once that stole myself from me.

6. After Cinara, thou wert great,
Form and charm. But Cinara, Fate
Quickly took, and left us thee
Grey and worn fac-simile,

7. Old as a decrepit crow,
That warm youths might see thee so,
Scourging thee with laughter's lash,
Once a flambeau; now an ash.

Audivere, Lyce, di mea vota, di
Audivere, Lyce: fis anus, et tamen
Vis formosa videri,
Ludisque et bibis impudens,

Et cantu tremulo pota Cupidinem
Lentum sollicitas. Ille virentis et
Doctae psallere Chiae
Pulchris excubat in genis.

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Importunus enim transvolat aridas
Quercus et refugit, te quia luridi
Dentes, te quia rugae
Turpant et capitis nives.

Nec Coae referunt jam tibi purpurae
Nec clari lapides tempora, quae semel
Notis condita fastis
Inclusit volucris dies.

Quo fugit venus, heu, quove color? decens
Quo motus? Quid habes illius, illius,
Quae spirabat amores,
Quae me surripuit mihi,

Felix post Cinaram, notaque et artium
Gratarum facies? Sed Cinarae breves
Annos fata dederunt,
Servatura diu parem

Cornicis vetulae temporibus Lycen,
Possent ut juvenes visere fervidi
Multo non sine risu
Dilapsam in cineres facem.

OD. III. 15.

TO CHLORIS, A CRONE.

Wife of Ibycus the poor,
Play thy knavish tricks no more.
All thy plots new scandal make.
Thou art near thy funeral wake,
Cease to sport with girls at all,
Cast not o'er the stars a pall.

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What may fit with Pholoë,
Need not, Chloris, fit with thee:
She a Thyad's part espouses,
Whom the beaten timbrel rouses;
Dwellings of the youth she storms.
To her passion she conforms,
And, by love for Nothus bid,
Capers like a wanton kid.

Dress not thou to play the lyre,
Nor to crimson rose aspire;
Spin Lucerian wools for tire;
Nor, old crone! when at thine ease,
Drain the wine casks to the lees.

Uxor pauperis Ibyci,
Tandem nequitiae fige modum tuae
Famosisque laboribus:
Maturo propior desine funeri
Inter ludere virgines,
Et stellis nebulam spargere candidis.
Non, si quid Pholoën satis,
Et te, Chlori, decet: filia rectius
Expugnat juvenum domos,
Pulso Thyias uti concita tympano.
Illam cogit amor Nothi
Lascivae similem ludere capreae;
Te lanae prope nobilem
Tonsae Luceriam, non citharae decent
Nec flos purpureus rosae
Nec poti vetulam faece tenus cadi.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

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SHALL INDIAN PRINCES SIT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS?

WE are all aware of the lightning-like rapidity with which in these modern days the thoughts of mankind are flashed from one end of the civilised world to the other, but there are few who realise how great is the influence of these ideas in countries where we least expect it to be felt. Of course we know that Japan has astonished the world by the sudden manner in which, within the space of a few years, it has thrown off the garments of an Eastern civilisation, and both literally and metaphorically has adopted the ill-fitting garb of a Western constitutional monarchy. But we look upon Japan as the exception which proves the rule, and we are apt to point to China and India as countries which for generations may yet be expected to present an impenetrable front to the attacks of modern thought.

No doubt in one sense this is perfectly true. It will probably take many generations before the 300 millions of people who inhabit India have so thoroughly turned their backs on the customs and thoughts which have come down to them from remote antiquity as to be open to the influence of the West, but not the less is it a fact that the India of to-day is not the India of fifty or even of twenty-five years ago. A gradual but steady change of thought is taking place in the minds of the growing class of educated natives. They form at present an infinitesimally small proportion of the population, but education is spreading, and as it spreads so will it leaven with Western ideas an ever larger number of India's teeming millions. These changes in thought and action are not confined solely to those portions of India which are directly under British rule, but are to be witnessed in some native states, the rulers of which, educated and brought up under British influences, have in after years endeavoured to put into practice the ideas which they imbibed in their youth. Some of these native princes are gentlemen of high culture and intellect, speaking English without the slightest accent, keenly alive to all that is passing in the world, and sincerely desirous of governing their territories both wisely and justly. Several of them have widened their minds by travel, have visited Great Britain, been presented to their Empress, and have

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made themselves acquainted with other portions of the vast Empire over which her rule extends. Many more would follow their example if it were not for the hindrances which the caste system throws in their way. These are difficulties, however, which will annually diminish, as more and more of the princes and nobility of India follow the example thus set them, and break loose from a bondage which, in the case of several of them, has ceased to recommend itself to their intelligence. Many of these men possess wealth and local influence, but, owing to the system of Indian administration, are debarred from taking any part in public affairs outside their own dominions. What I have said of some independent native rulers applies in a lesser degree to the rajahs whose territories lie within those portions of India which are directly subject to the British Crown. Deprived of all opportunities of exercising their talents, their influence, their wealth, and their energies in the public service, is it wonderful that some of them should sink into listless sensualists or discontented idlers?

The interests of the British Empire demand that no effort should be spared to tighten the bonds which unite Great Britain to her Eastern possessions. In a country like India, where birth, rank, and social position still retain their power over the minds of men, no means should be neglected of giving the princes and nobility some opening for their energies and ambition beyond the narrow confines of their own territories, of encouraging them to employ their great wealth and influence in the service of their country-people, and of utilising the conservative forces which they represent in the best interests of the Empire at large.

I think most people will agree with me that, although India was conquered by the sword and probably for some time to come will have to be held by the sword, Britain would be wise to lose no opportunity of identifying, as far as practicable, the interests of the inhabitants of both portions of the Empire, and of showing the people of India that their union with Britain is conducive to their own political, social, and material welfare.

It must be apparent to every thinking man that, however much local government may gradually be developed in India, it is entirely out of the question that Great Britain, at all events for many years to come, should even consider seriously the idea of admitting to her Parliament any representative elected by the people of India; and yet I think there can be no doubt that it would conduce greatly to the advantage both of Hindostan and of Great Britain could an arrangement be made with safety to the interests of the Empire, by means of which it would be possible for some of India's sons to raise their voices in the Imperial Parliament, even though they should express none but their own individual opinions.

Now, although it may not be possible to admit representatives of the people of India into the Commons House of Parliament, what

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should hinder the Crown from summoning to seats in the Upper House some of the most distinguished natives of Hindostan?

This object may be attained in several ways. The Crown with the sanction of the House of Lords might, on the recommendation of the Governor-General, create a certain number of native life peers, say two for each Presidency; or the native princes and aristocracy of India might, subject to the above sanction, be invited to submit to Her Majesty the names of some of their number for the honour of a life peerage; or they might be invited to elect as candidates for the distinction double the number of persons proposed to be raised to the dignity of the peerage, and Her Majesty might express her willingness to choose from amongst the candidates those whom it was her pleasure thus to honour, or both plans might be adopted, and half the number of life peers proposed to be created might be recommended to the Crown by the Governor-General, and half by the native magnates.

Many, doubtless, are the arguments which will be brought against the proposition which I have made, and most of the following have already been suggested. It will be said: (1) That the princes and rajahs of India would not desire such an honour. (2) That they would not consider it an honour. (3) That they are not fitted by character or education to take part in the government of a great Empire. (4) That they in no way represent the people of India. (5) That even if they accepted the honours of a peerage they would never leave India or attend Parliament. (6) That if they did, they would lose caste, be degraded in the eyes of their people, and their influence amongst them would be diminished. (7) That if they came to Europe they would lose Eastern virtues, learn Western vices, and return to India morally and physically degraded. (8) That it would create endless jealousies and heartburnings. (9) That either they would speak and vote in the House exactly in the sense they considered would be pleasing to the Government of the day in order to obtain further honours at its hands, or else they would utilise their position to give vent to race, religious, or class jealousies and enmities, or to further their own selfish interests in opposition to those of the people at large. (10) That the admission of Indian princes and nobles into the House of Lords would vastly increase the difficulties which the authorities at present have to contend with in the government of India. (11) That it would be impossible, without causing offence, to regulate the precedency in Parliament of the native princes and rajahs both amongst themselves and in their relation to the British peers. (12) That no recognised body of nobles exists in India, and that if the suggestion were carried out of recommending to the Crown, by means of a system of election, the names of certain magnates as life peers, it would be very difficult if not impossible to draw up a list of rajahs and princes whose position

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would justify their being intrusted with the responsibility of recommending some of their number to the Crown for the honours of the peerage.

These and doubtless many other arguments could be brought to bear against the admission of natives of India to the House of Lords; but even though it should be proved that some of these objections were well founded, it appears to me that the advantages of obtaining within the walls of Parliament some independent expressions of native Indian opinion far outweigh the arguments which have been urged or are likely to be urged against the proposal.

Let us take the above objections seriatim and consider their value.

Whatever may be the opinion of the majority of the princes and rajahs of India, the only two with whom I have spoken on this subject both expressed themselves as pleased with the idea. They are semi-independent sovereigns, their dominions are widely separated from each other, and one of them, if not the most powerful, is one of the wealthiest of native rulers. Notwithstanding the fact that these princes rule their subjects without other interference from Great Britain than that exercised by the British agents resident at their courts, and that the territories of the most important of the two are larger than some European countries, they both regarded the idea from a personal point of view, and would evidently welcome the possession of seats in the House of Lords as an honour and a privilege, so long as the acceptance of such a position did not involve any abdication of their present semi-independent sovereign rights.

If such men look upon the possession of a seat in the Upper House of the Imperial Parliament as an honour, we need be under no apprehension as regards the feelings of the less important princes and nobles of India who are entirely subject to British rule. It is doubtless true that some of the magnates of India are not fitted by education or character to take part in the government of a great Empire, but there are others who are eminently capable of doing so, and who prove their capacity by the admirable manner in which they rule their own states and territories.

If the doors of Parliament are to be closed to all who cannot bring satisfactory certificates of proficiency in the art of governing, I fear a not insignificant proportion of the existing members of both Houses will have to make up their minds to resign their seats, and I am afraid that certain disclosures made in recent years have shown that neither House can boast that men of dubious character are entirely unknown within its walls. If Indian princes ever sit in the Imperial Parliament, whatever be the principle of selection, whether they are summoned by writ on the recommendation of the Government, or whether they are chosen, like the Irish and Scotch representative peers, by the votes of their fellows, it is most unlikely that the disreputable

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and the incapable will be selected. In either case it will be the interest of those in whose hands rests the responsibility of nomination to choose the men who will do the greatest credit to the Empire and to their order, and whose elevation will redound to the honour of India.

The proper answer to the fourth argument of my hypothetical objector is that the House of Lords lays no claim to be representative of the people either of Great Britain or of Hindostan, and that if the princes and rajahs could in any political sense be said to represent India, their proper place would be in the Lower and not in the Upper House of Parliament. The fifth, sixth, and seventh objections may be taken together. There are doubtless still many natives of high caste and rank who conscientiously object to cross the ocean; but this superstition is rapidly dying out, and many of the most important princes of India have successfully overcome the prejudices engendered by religion and caste, and have repeatedly visited Great Britain and Europe. Without doubt also only those princes would be recommended to the Crown for a life peerage who were willing to visit occasionally the capital of the Empire, and to take their part in the labours of the House of Lords. The means of communication between India and Great Britain are now so perfected that it takes a man no longer to reach Bombay from London than it often took our fathers and grandfathers to journey to Dublin. When my father was a boy at Eton the Irish lads were always granted an extra fortnight's holiday, in consideration of the time it took, or was supposed to take, to reach home, whilst now a man can transfer himself from England to India in a fortnight plus one day.

Whatever prestige an Indian magnate might lose by occasional absences from home would be amply compensated for by the public knowledge that he was able to raise his voice in the Imperial Parliament, that he could influence by his vote and arguments the course of legislation, Indian as well as Imperial, and that as a member of the Legislature he was necessarily in personal contact with the rulers of the Empire, It is possible that Eastern magnates visiting Europe might learn some Western vices, but unless we are prepared to acknowledge that Christianity and civilisation have failed in their missions, we surely may be justified in entertaining the hope that some of these Orientals might return to their homes with characters strengthened and improved by the acquisition of Western virtues.

The conferring of honours, whether at home or abroad, sometimes leads to jealousy and heartburnings, but we do not consider this a valid reason for discontinuing the practice, nor is there any cause to believe that the creation of native life peers would be more conducive to discord than is at present, say, the distribution amongst the same class of the order of the Star of India.

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In answer to the ninth objection, why should we imagine that native princes holding seats in the Upper House for life would either be so weak as only to vote as the Indian authorities desired, or so selfish and ignorant as to use their position exclusively for their own personal interests, or for those of their own race, order, or religion?

No one has a right to speak thus disparagingly of an entire class without being able to bring forward the strongest proofs in support of his accusations. But no such proofs are forthcoming. The evidence which is to hand shows that several of the native rulers and rajahs are men of talent, of education, and of character, genuinely desirous of bettering the condition of their less fortunate countrymen, firmly convinced of the advantages of British rule, and desirous of furthering the interests not only of India but of the Empire.

The presence in the House of Lords of half a dozen or of a dozen Indian princes, granting them to be all as weak and as selfish as the objection presupposes, would not endanger the British Constitution. The only result of such conduct on their part would be that they would forfeit the respect of their colleagues and consequently deprive themselves of all influence in the Upper House, and possibly run the risk of forcing the Crown to decline to create any new native peers as vacancies occurred in their number.

The answer to the tenth objection is that the arm of the British Government, especially in India, is long and powerful, and that if a native prince misbehaved, the fact of his presence in the House of Lords would not prevent the Government from visiting him with the punishment which might be his due.

I do not regard the eleventh and twelfth objections as serious. If on general grounds the creation of Indian life peers be considered advisable, ways and means could easily be found of surmounting the difficulties suggested, which after all are only matters of arrangement and detail. For instance, if it were thought desirable that the Crown should be partly or entirely guided in its choice of life peers by the votes of the magnates of India, the difficulty of deciding on the several claims of princes and rajahs to be included in the electoral body could easily be settled by confining the right of voting within the ranks of those to whom the British Government have already accorded the much-esteemed honour of being received on state occasions with an artillery salute.

With respect to precedency, the native prince or rajah would in the House have to accept the position due to the rank accorded him as a peer of Parliament, irrespective of any higher title he might possess, in the same way as Irish or Scotch peers, who are also peers of the United Kingdom, often in the House sit by titles inferior in dignity to those under which they are known in their own countries.

The addition of a dozen or of half a dozen life peers to the

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Imperial Parliament could not possibly do harm, and the direct identification of India with the governing powers at home might be the means of awakening a genuine feeling of loyalty to the Crown and Empire amongst powerful and influential classes in Hindostan, some members of which at present, if not hostile, are indifferent and not seldom discontented.

The people of Great Britain, absorbed in their own local concerns and politics, are apt to forget that they are citizens of a world-wide Empire, that Her Majesty is not only Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, but also Empress of India, that she rules over more Mahomedan subjects than the Sultan of Turkey, and that the Hindoos who owe her allegiance are greater in number than the whole of her Christian subjects in Great Britain and Ireland, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and the Cape.

The presence of Eastern princes and magnates in the House of Lords would bring these facts home to the imaginations of the people, and would add not a little to the picturesque and romantic atmosphere which surrounds the Gilded Chamber.

Canada is already represented in the House of Lords; why should not India also have her peers in that assembly?

There are few Britons who would not welcome some practical step towards the fulfilment of the popular idea of Imperial Unity, if not of Federation, and here is a decided step which might be taken in that direction. What should hinder the Crown from summoning to the Upper Chamber the most distinguished sons, not only of India, but of the Empire?—and thus there might gradually be collected within the walls of Parliament a veritable 'Bundesrath,' or Imperial Council—a nucleus of men versed in affairs, brought together from every part of the Empire, indigenous to their respective soils, whose opinions would have weight in the Assembly of the nation, and whose influence in their own countries would conduce towards unity and harmony of sentiment and action throughout the entire extent of Her Majesty's dominions.

MEATH.

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DEMOCRATIC IDEALS

DEMOS is awakening. He has staggered to his feet, although he has not yet rubbed the sleep out of his rheumy eyes. And we may rely upon it that he will make huge displacement when once he is stirring. As yet he seems to be no better acquainted with his duties than with his rights. But there is a keen apprehension in the minds of those who have hitherto governed him, that he may shortly understand the meaning of that historic phrase, 'The spoils to the victors.' On all sides it appears to be taken for granted that, sooner or later, the most advanced nations of Europe will make the experiment called Social Democracy. What, then, I may be permitted to ask, are the principles whereon that new order of things will be established? In the words of Æneas, *Quo res summa loco, Pantheu? quam prendimus arcem?*

Now I observe at the outset that we are dealing with unknown factors, and with possibilities of no simple texture. The very terms of our equation are waiting to be defined. When I speak, in accordance with a certain well-known usage, of the 'proletariat,' a learned friend imagines that I mean the 'residuum'; while the word 'Democracy' is no less vague. But I have no desire to indulge in claptrap or declamation; and I shall be much obliged to the philosopher who will invent short and easy terms to designate the three classes which at present make up our economic system. The largest, as it is in the social scale the lowest, of these, I shall call the 'wage-earning' class, or the proletariat; and I mean all those who possess no capital except their labour. I say, then, that an Imperial Democracy, wielded by the proletariat so defined, has never existed in any country ancient or modern. That immense Third Estate which we call the working class has not been suffered hitherto, even in America, to shape its own destinies. In our day, at length, the trial seems likely to be made. For the world-wide confederation of labour is becoming solid ground on which the proletarians will plant themselves with confidence; and it is sure to disarray the politics, as in time it must profoundly affect the laws, of every modern State, be its constitution on paper what it may. From this cardinal assumption I shall start, viz. that the wage-earners, conscious of their newly acquired influence, are com-

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bining, and will combine more and more. To what end, then, and with what result?

As we are told in many books, the new order, which was founded in 1789, rests upon 'science and industry.' But the science meant is physical, experimental, and altogether divorced from religion. Its effect on the governing classes throughout Europe has been to produce either scepticism, or indifference, or blank unbelief. The Christian creed has lost its supremacy in the public order. Education in the State schools of France and Italy has been secularised, that is to say, has become atheistic or antichristian. Elsewhere it ascends, step after step, to Universities of which the guiding principle is philosophic doubt. 'Culture,' though not simply equivalent to apostasy from the ancient beliefs, is regarded by a very great multitude as incompatible with them. In fifty years, as Carlyle wrote, now a quarter of a century ago, it may well have come to pass that 'all churches and so-called religions' will have given way before that liberty of conscience which Cardinal Newman denounced as mere 'liberty of self-will.' They may be driven back into the catacombs, there to abide until the wheel of time, if ever it shall, has brought round its revenges. For science, it cannot be denied, is acting upon the European intellect as a rapid and all-powerful dissolvent, breaking up the ideal synthesis by which men have heretofore shaped their speculations and more or less guided their various activities. The instinct out of which Protestantism rose has never had so wide a scope as now. Every man makes his own religion; or, if he be that way minded, goes without one. Not a mere veil, but a wall of brass, reaching up to heaven, divides this world of sense and feeling from the next, if any there be on the other side. Concerning that unseen, the wisest of moderns decline to hazard a guess, and the average well-to-do citizen troubles himself as little as may be. The infinite, the transcendental, the supernatural, are allowed at most a poetical value as the symbol of abstract thinking, or, in other words, are dealt with as the Mythology of metaphysicians. When criticism denies miracles, it is understood that Theism itself has thereby ceased to be an explanation of the world's existence, although not Theism but the Christian Gospel is the direct object of attack. However, it would be excessive to imagine that cultivated persons whose minds have been formed on the system of education now in vogue, are hostile to the old faith. They busy themselves with interests of no such distant reach. Their science, literature, and morality are all of the present. They take short views, live for to-day, and may be classed as Epicureans, or Pessimists, or Pagans; but hardly ever as men who are in trouble about their souls. To all these, knowledge, whether of human life or of the forces of nature, implies a complete severance from the beliefs in which past generations have lived and died.

Analytic science, then, which has banished God, freedom, and immortality from the lecture-halls thronged by our rising youth,

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seems little likely to nourish in them a sense of 'the wonder, and the beauty, and the terror,' in the presence of which their fathers adored with trembling. Kant's 'Dream of a Ghost-seer,' though they never heard of it, avails with them as an *argumentum ex absurdo*, fatal—not only to the existence of a divine power in man whereby he lays hold of the intangible, and contemplates things invisible to the sensuous understanding—but to the conception of Duty itself as distinct from a nicely estimated calculation of advantages. The devil's dust of Agnosticism fills our lungs. The air is choked with it and the sky blackens with it as in a London fog. Rivalling the conjuror's sleight of hand, easy eloquence, and belief in the good nature of the crowd he is addressing, this and the other scientific personage comes forward to manipulate his atoms and his molecules, to blow his glittering soap-bubbles over the heads of a distinguished but untrained audience, and to conclude with a burst of rhetoric that we need only change our definition of matter, and the hypothesis called Theism will be relegated to the shades where 'entities and quiddities, the ghosts of unknown bodies, lie.' There is a mysterious Something, no doubt, and religion so far was justified as a piece of rude, unscientific guess-work, on a level with the primitive imagination which invented it. But whatever that Something may be we can always, the new teachers say, discount it for an equal quantity of matter, and that should be our chief concern. With energies not of a spiritual kind, and with some genius for mechanical arrangement, we may reason backwards and forwards, they tell us, to the hydrogen cloud out of which we came, and into whose fiery depths we and our Cosmos shall one day vanish.

Literature is following, as it always must, the metaphysics, or anti-metaphysics, which prevail in its time; and we observe accordingly a marvellous decline in the poetical value of the writings now held up to our admiration. A crude and violent Realism, falsely so called, usurps the place of honour, while trifling personal gossip fills our journals, and is advertised as their most notable attraction at every railway bookstall. The common schools have their anthology of English classics for the fifth standard; yet, to argue from the staple talk and favourite reading, whether of high or low, it does not seem that Shakespeare and Milton have communicated their own deep insight into life, or their essentially spiritual view of man's nature, to a generation which buys M. Zola in the English version so long as he is to be had, and tolerates or delights in police reports, stretching over miles of newspaper, that would fittingly decorate the walls of the Pompeian Museum at Naples. But literature is only a visible embodiment of the thoughts which are rankling in human hearts. I hasten to speak of the dreary conditions of existence that make it what we see. These prurient and ungovernable passions, exhibiting themselves, to the shame of a nominally Christian land, before judges

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in the Divorce Court and magistrates administering the law as best they may in dingy neighbourhoods, where vice and ignorance brawl the livelong day, are effects as well as symptoms of the plague within. By what one name shall I describe it? Consider the mingling of a half-decayed Feudalism with discredited Puritanism; of Bible phrases and religious cant with covetousness, greed, and overreaching; of philanthropy with usury; of a white slavery at home with the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts; of the capitalist system which insists on its 'margin of unemployed' if wages are not to swallow down profits, with the anarchy known as representative government! How is it possible to find a head and centre in this weltering chaos, where no principle rules, but only chance, competition, and what the elder Mirabeau contemptuously nicknamed 'blind man's buff'? It was Edmund Burke who defined law as 'embodied reason.' I should be curious to find out the system of reason which would reconcile the various phenomena of English society at this moment. Its elements hold together, indeed, by virtue of the wonderful cohesive power which we call habit, custom, or perhaps 'stupid conservatism.' But the force of habit is continually exposed to fresh assaults; and that combination of worldliness and Bible worship which was renowned for two long centuries under the name of Puritanism has at length begun to stagger, to lose confidence in itself, and to reel beneath the blows of science, critical as well as economical. Its young men dream dreams and its old men see visions. The keystone of the real English Constitution—not that according to De Lolme—is getting shaken out of its place, and the edifice shows rents and fissures in every direction.

Whether, as the late Mr. Arnold often declared, Puritanism has dealt in 'grotesque and hideous delusions,' it is not for me to say. Delusions or not, they are now flitting into the dark. Perhaps no form of speculation with which antiquarians have troubled themselves is so completely extinct in the land of its birth as the doctrine of Luther. Nearer home, Calvin, Knox, and their Evangelical descendants have done whatever stroke of good was in them and have become bloodless shadows; but they still furnish an excuse to no small multitude for renouncing that Christianity which could have produced them. It is better, I grant, to believe in no God at all than to flatter and cringe before an omnipotent Devil. Rightly or wrongly, so it is that modern men conceive of the Moloch worshipped by Supralapsarians and their kind, who, to please himself, foredoomed a majority of the human race to everlasting perdition. But leaving these matters, I remark that Puritanism did, in fact, exalt the horn of the middle class, appropriating not only the world to come, but the life that now is, to its severe votaries. They acted, it will be urged, with a single eye. Yes, and it was an eye to business. The Fifth Monarchy has turned out to be the reign of Mammon. Nay,

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even Hobbes's Leviathan—the type of extravagant Socialism—eats grass like an ox. The benighted medieval Catholic, who cannot help feeling, in his superstitious way, that the Sermon on the Mount was intended to sketch an ideal Christian man, is filled with amazement when he reads the Puritan history. It was a hard and stern existence, as he perceives, having in it neither grace nor loveliness, given over to fear of Satan and to copious witch burning. It suffered in the laity, whether men or women, a thousand times less freedom—I speak of things lawful and according to conscience—than was permitted in the bad old days of monasticism. It was sacerdotal, or clerical, in everything but name, to an intolerable degree. And certainly, wherever it gained the upper hand, it 'banished joy.' But all this tyrannical asceticism, unbounded as it was, failed to establish, nay, it never so much as dreamt of preaching, the counsels which by earlier Christians had been called 'of perfection,' as bodying forth the life of the Master in His chosen disciples. To St. Paul, 'covetousness' was 'a serving of idols.' Nothing daunted, the elect Puritan served his idols from morning till night. Christ had been the very pattern of renunciation, beginning His Gospel with the austere yet tender announcement, *Beati pauperes spiritu*. But the predestinate heir of the kingdom, when he had broken down the carved work of the sanctuary with axes and hammers and overthrown the altar, turned to his yard-measure and his system of double entry, in a frame of mind to which poverty was the one great evil of life, and the good gifts of God meant a large fortune speedily amassed. The intense worldliness of Evangelical religion has furnished many a theme to satirists and philosophers. Even Mr. Harris, the well-known prophet of Santa Rosa, enlarges on the 'Pharisaism and Philistinism of the trading and fund-holding classes,' whose riches, according to him, are derived, in this world, from 'the plunder of the unearned increment,' and in the next from the sacrifice of the Son of God in their favour. At all events, when the bourgeois system of competition was most flourishing, then Mammon reigned; and the worshippers upon whom he showered 'barbaric pearl and gold' were the enterprising, the missionary, the Puritan middle class. In Holland, England, Scotland, America, the story presents absolutely the same features; there seems to be a perfect coincidence between the character of the men and the kind of eminence to which they aspired. They resented the interference of the State, and were all for free trade, so to call it, in religion, within the limits of a narrow Protestantism. But their devotion to commerce was unremitting. They were the Jews of Christendom, who listened in their synagogues every sabbath-day to Moses and the Prophets, while during the rest of the week they practised usury with a good conscience, void of offence towards God and man. Could it have been possible for the Bible to lose credit in their eyes (it has happened to their children)

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one might have predicted that Benthamism would take its place, for Benthamism alone was the method of ethics which justified their six days' conversation on 'Change and their 'self-regarding' traffic in the labour-market.

Bentham, indeed, has come, but many things have followed him which were never anticipated. The French Revolution, though at first, by ruthlessly sweeping away kings and nobles, it made room for the trading class to come up higher, was not likely to grow exultant over so mean a triumph. The Divine right of capitalists runs on a very unlucky parallel with the Divine right of kings. It is but a prose version of that old and now exploded doctrine. When we have grasped the principle that public authorities are, from the nature of the case, conditioned, as philosophers would express it, by the body politic of which they form the instruments, it requires no long meditation to see that capitalist owners of the land's resources stand in exactly the same position as the feudal aristocracy, and cannot plead, any more than they, exemption from the higher laws which ought to regulate the commonwealth as a whole. Right government is, indeed, neither a contract nor an organised hypocrisy; still less can it be a matter of counting heads. But of all conceivable oligarchies, none is so vile as the ring of confederate money-makers, plotting how they shall compel the labouring multitude to struggle among themselves for the lowest wage. We may say to them, with the Eastern proverb, 'If you were sheep, you would be blind and lame; if you were water, you would be froth; if you were wool, you would be refuse.' Yet into the hands of such men has the government of modern States since 1789 been committed. Make what deductions you will on the score of progress from the tables of misery drawn up by competent observers; still it remains a fact that material civilisation has brought to extreme depths of vice and suffering numbers so vast that they would form a people in themselves. Too truly has it been said, 'Thou hast multiplied the nation and thou hast not increased the joy.' Mercantile greed and bourgeois economics must answer for the wilderness of dark cities and the brutalised villages, on which, as on an immeasurable dust-heap and mountain of abomination, our colossal wealth has been raised to its present height.

The fruit of science, therefore, cultivated in the prevailing spirit, is nescience—disbelief in wisdom, truth, love, and whatever light or beauty the senses cannot apprehend. And the fruit of industry is the servitude of a whole people. The heart is diseased, and the body suffering in all its members. The heart, and the head too! Selfishness, covetousness, deadly atheism as regards every interest but self-interest! Think now whether an economic slavery was not the fated outcome of such no-beliefs, and of action so turned from human ends, as we have been considering! How could it grow to

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any good? The Puritans who had it in mind to restore 'Christ's Crown and Kingdom' did not, and could not, restore either. It was not in human nature to be patient under a rule of life so joyless, so bitterly cruel, so inquisitorial and forbidding, as that which they set up. The political reaction came almost as soon as the bonds were imposed. Charles the Second, with his riotous Cavaliers and mere heathenism, seemed infinitely preferable to the saints who sought the Lord at Westminster. But the true social reaction tarried long. It has begun at last, and there can be no question that it will run its course. The artisans, the mechanics, the very countryfolk, familiar with the sights and sounds of Puritanism, and constantly invited to believe in its 'grotesque and hideous delusions,' have, on the whole, little or no sympathy with the religious past, nor can they be set down in a veracious catalogue as mostly Christian. Of course they have unconsciously imbibed many of the ideas which it is usual to associate in England with the Bible or the Church. It could not be otherwise. Yet we must bear in mind that of the millions who form our immense proletariat, only a small fraction attend worship of any kind, or have been taught the language—to say nothing of the principles—in which the governing classes are wont to express their so-called beliefs. The multitudes are waiting, not impatiently, to be converted.

To establish not only a Democracy, but a Christian Democracy; to show that physical science, conversant with its own limits and powers, is the vestibule of a sacred, living faith; to cleanse trade, commerce, and property from covetousness, and turn competition to a rivalry in rendering the best and noblest services to the household of which we are members; to make, in brief, a new beginning of the Kingdom of Christ in this England of ours, is an enterprise so heroic under the confused circumstances of the time that even to salute it from afar may seem rash and overweening. We shall see our Democracy indeed, never fear. In one kind or another it will be set up. There is a growth, if not of intellect, yet of intelligence; and authority, addressing itself to forty millions 'educated' in Free Elementary schools, with science and industry moving onward at their present rate, will of necessity take a very different shape from that in which the middle ages or the eighteenth century beheld it. I say 'authority,' and I cannot forbear adding that even religious rulers who claim for themselves a mission from on high, will find that the methods of teaching and arguing which were suitable to a rude population, will insensibly undergo change when every one that heeds them at all is accustomed to read much, were it only in the newspaper. What, let me ask, is the religion to which the coming Democracy will turn for guidance?

Perhaps it will be said, to none at all. The French artisan is a disciple, as we commonly hear, of advanced secularism. His creed may

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be summed up in the Nihilist device, *Ni Dieu, ni maître.* Have we grounds for supposing that his English comrade will be more of a Christian, when he has been fully disciplined by the leaders whom at present he delights to follow? What should be our inference from the union which has ever prevailed between the landowners and the Church of England on the one hand, as between Dissent and capitalism on the other? Is there a religious, or even a sectarian, interest with which the welfare of our working-men is bound up? They pay no tithes and swell few subscription-lists. With certain notable exceptions, they are neither clerical nor anti-clerical, but as indifferent to the life of the churches as though they were American millionnaires. I am far from laying the blame at their doors. Sunday Schools and Board Schools afford but a meagre substitute for the Christian teaching to which English children are thought to have some claim. The Nonconformist principle, in virtue of which our Board School system has been introduced, makes, I regret to say, as directly and distinctly for secularism as Mr. Arnold's stream of tendency made for righteousness. It disestablishes not only the Church but the Bible, in spite of the daily reading without note or comment. Who can wonder if, among the working-class, non-Christians may be counted by the million? And why should they cease to be in the future that which, by no fault of their own, they have been during the last seventy years and more?

It is not a question that I can pretend to answer; but some good may be done by stating it. For myself, did I rely upon what in England goes by the name of sectarian zeal, I should not have deemed it worth while to write a syllable on the prospect of a Christian Democracy. I say, there is the problem. And I add my conviction that if agnostic science gets down to the multitude who are now climbing to the seats of power, it will work the same ruin among them which it has wrought in the Universities and among the educated classes generally. With your systems of mechanical philosophy, your principle of the Greatest Happiness, your Bentham for a moralist, and your Spencer for a prophet of the Unknowable, you will establish no lasting Commonwealth, but only a victory of the many utilitarians over the few. We shall look on at a scramble for enjoyment, not the manifestation of divine and human righteousness; 'there will be nothing found of real or true in the rubbish heap but a most true desire of making money easily and of eating it pleasantly.' A desirable Utopia, and worth dying for, is it not? Instead of a bourgeois Oligarchy as now, we shall behold a bourgeois Democracy, or the middle class enlarged until it includes the nation! No ideals, but only appetites, while the Scripture is abandoned to blear-eyed pedants, that the daily and hourly newspaper may reign in its stead. The spiritual world long forgotten; the chivalry of barbarism itself discredited; an infinitude of knaves and poltroons

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surging to the front, gorged or famished, but always intent on securing the good things of this lower and lowest world at the least expense to themselves; careless atheists for whom there is no Last Judgment save death, which in a moment is over and need not be painful! It would be a most singular, most sordid, euthanasia of Christianity and civilisation. Yet who shall say it is impossible? The event depends on ourselves; not on committees, clubs, or esthetic excursions and alarms, but on every man and woman who is determined not to cast away for ever the Christian birthright, as a vesture that is worn out and doomed to the fire.

Let us plainly understand what that birthright is. I shall be told by some that it is an abstract scheme of salvation; justification by faith without works, or again by works without faith; or that I mean the principalities, powers, and dominations which demand allegiance in the Great Name. But for the present I put metaphysics of every kind aside, nor am I talking of organisations. There must be dogma in its place, and keepers of the Divine Tradition certainly. But neither dogma nor organism has the principle of life in itself. The Christian religion means the living Christ, or it means nothing that mankind will not sooner or later allow to pass into oblivion, as it has already broken with so many fair schemes, and majestic hierarchies, and widespread institutions, which in their day have governed the world. I say that neither science, nor culture, nor the enthusiasm of humanity will make up to a nation for the loss of faith in God and an Hereafter. I cannot revere, and I will not fall down in worship before, the human animal whose reason is quenched in deadly scepticism and in sensual fumes. The widest prospect I have ever seen is that which stretches beyond death and the grave into the kingdoms of Eternity; and I am more than amazed when serious teachers inform me that to shut it out from my sight is a mental enlargement. That which I look up to in my fellow-man is not his cunning to pursue pleasure, nor his skill in tricking it out, but the loyalty I discern in him amid temptation to the infinite nature of Duty. What I commune with in him is an immortal spirit whose aspirations I share, and whose ideal I strive in his company to attain. I can never be persuaded that there is any nobleness in snatching at pleasure, and disguising my appetite under the mask of justice or benevolence. Whether one wolf feeds or many, they on him or he on them, I think is no question for the moral judgment, and I care not how it may be answered. I will reverence a man when I see him, knowing full well that the Eternal and Infinite reveals Himself most fruitfully in the best of men. But for that very reason, considering past and present as deeply as I may, the sacred books and inspired histories, the thoughts of mankind since they began to meditate upon their own nature and the law within, I perceive that if any fact is sure, if I am still to keep my belief in the

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Most High,—then am I constrained to recognise the unique greatness, the personality at once so distinct and so human, of which the New Testament holds the record. Christ is the goal of the ages because He is the Son of Man.

Now, I ask myself, what is the aim, from first to last, of the Democratic Movement, did it know its own mind, or the ideal which has inspired it? Is it not to defend and exalt our human personality? Its champions are aware that until a certain high stage of consciousness has been reached, it is in vain to think of men as governing themselves, for they neither can nor will. The watchwords of '89 are all derived from the sense of personal worth as the foundation of society. Freedom is only the normal condition of one who cannot be a mere chattel, and who owns no sovereign except his Creator. Equality means that it is reason which makes us persons, and that none ought to have dominion over his fellows in the old slavish significance, which carries with it an implied difference of species between man and man. Fraternity is the modern rendering of the golden rule of Christ. Thus the root and stem and blossom of the tree of liberty are nothing else than the sacred right of each man to be himself. In the light of this great charter, the distinctions of rank, wealth, and authority become mere means for carrying out a divine purpose; since it is plain, on the doctrine of personality here suggested, that in the end every man stands or falls to his own master. But there is not the shadow of that personality remaining in systems which resolve reason, conscience, and free-will into clusters of sensations. The agnostic, who leaves out God from the scheme of things, is fittingly yoked with the utilitarian to whom man is but a complicated piece of machinery. If we desire that our new masters shall not be caught in the meshes of fatalism where liberty becomes the idlest (as it would be therein the least intelligible) of words, we must clearly establish it, not on mere arguments howsoever valid, or on the self-will that retains the power while it has lost the standard of ethical determination, but on the 'realised ideal' in Whom it has been everlastingly vindicated. It is not by school-logic, nor by political checks and contrivances, that freedom of the only kind worth defending is to be made secure. The spiritual force in man must be stayed on a life at once infinite and yet near to him, familiar to his daily apprehension, while far above him in grace and dignity. For every individual soul, it is requisite that it should *balance* the whole world under pain of losing itself and being carried away in the rush and roar of things foreign and extraneous to it. What is the power within on which it shall rest? Something more it must be, let us not doubt, than decrees of majorities and of parliaments, or a Social Contract though signed by tens of millions. There is no charm in the name of Democracy to ward off despotism. The people that believe in slavery will be slaves. Against whatsoever tyrannies threaten,

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from above or below, the one unshaken liberty is that which we shall find in the depths of man's spiritual nature, whereby he is prepared for resistance, for martyrdom if so be, in the strength of an Example which has not died away into a memory, but which manifests the living God here and now. The true Democracy is that in which the mind and heart of Christ have become the portion of all alike, according to the measure wherein each can receive of Him. It works from within outwardly. It communicates to all those high gifts which do not waste when they have been distributed on every side—a knowledge of the ideal truth, wisdom, and poetry, and the sense of our immortal destinies. The best things are common, nay universal; there can be no monopoly of them except by forgetting their real nature and so losing them ourselves. But when spiritual freedom is attained, the lesser goods will be shared on a just plan, according to the needs and capacities of individuals. Shall we call these views Utopian? Show me, then, a wise authority in the past which has not legislated on the principle that money, land, commodities of whatever sort, the moment they acquire a use for mankind, do thereby put on a spiritual consecration? They, too, are symbols, or even functions, of the Infinite; 'the ground whereon thou standest is holy ground.' It is vain to imagine that the things of a man will ever cease to have a transcendental value. Treat them mechanically; put your trust in systems of wood and iron; endeavour to fix them in formulas which you may carry about in your waistcoat-pocket, and see how surely the letter killeth and the system comes to nought.

Formulas and laws are as indispensable as a vessel in which to carry water from the fountain. They are sometimes as empty. But their whole purpose becomes null and void, if the spirit which should give them a meaning be absent from them. Shall we never learn what the French Revolution was sent to teach us, that out of the corrupt will come nothing but corruption? 'Ah! yes,' it will be said, 'life comes out of it.' I answer that life comes from the seed of life, and makes an end of corruption by its innate vigour. But how if 'all is wrong and gone out of joint; the inward spiritual and the outward economical'? if 'head or heart, there is no soundness in it'? As I look round at the phenomena which are illustrated or photographed in the literature, politics, and social aims of the day, I cannot help asking myself, From what quarter is the divine life to strike down into this moving mass? Are we about to hear of large drafts upon hope and the future, which will be protested in the coming years like those which were drawn so confidently by the men of the first '89? It was a bankrupt age. It could produce a Robespierre and a Napoleon, but there its creative efforts came to an end. The guillotine and the sword of a new Charlemagne were strange births, in answer to radiant Pollio Eclogues and hymns of fraternal equality.

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Let us hope we may have gained by that spectral, half ludicrous, and wholly disappointing experience. But our own trial is beginning. My faith is small, I confess, in leaders or prophets who do not even pretend to establish their teaching on the transcendental; who reason and calculate as though the human race cared only for 'bread and the circus'; and who are preparing—unless I do them grievous wrong — to varnish over with a little estheticism the ugliness of brute appetite. Destroy much of the social edifice they may and will; for the agnostic, however well-intentioned, is doomed to be a Nihilist. As the spirit chorus sings in *Faust*, 'Die schöne Welt, du hast sie zerstört'; these men roll up the heavens like a scroll until no place is found for them. By what magic shall they, who are ignorant how to create a particle of their worshipped hydrogen, kindle the breath of life when they have blown it out?

> Once put out thy light,
> Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling Nature,
> I know not where is that Promethean heat
> That can thy light relume. When I have plucked thy rose,
> I cannot give it vital growth again;
> It needs must wither.

Are there the elements of a true Christian Restoration in the English people? That is, for us, the question of Democracy.

William Barry.

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INTELLECTUAL PROGRESS IN THE UNITED STATES

I SHALL not presume to write upon the physical characteristics, the productions, or the progress of the United States in population or wealth, nor yet upon religious and moral development. There is, nevertheless, something fairly our own, which, it seems to me, is not so well understood. We have met with much success in the solution of some of the problems of the material world, but the mental qualities behind these, about which no formal histories have been written, are less known. It ought, therefore, to be interesting to ask and attempt some answer to the question: How have this new people dealt with the problems of mind?

A mistake is often made in the point from which we are viewed. Because our people are English in the principal branch of their ancestry, because the English language has held on its conquering way amongst us, it has been supposed that we could not be other than the English people, transplanted into new and different scenes. However much we may be less than this, we are certainly different. During the earlier years of our existence, at a time when many of the conditions entering into the character of modern England were in process of formation, we were separated from all the world. Our original character as a people was laid deep and unchangeably in the influences that produced the Rebellion and the Commonwealth. The Restoration and the Revolution, which moved England so profoundly, were comparatively unknown and almost unfelt amongst the struggling band of enthusiasts that made up the colonies across the Atlantic. The pendulum did not cease to swing in the West any more than in the East, but its motion was less violent. In England the impulses of Puritanism were violently checked by other and entirely different influences; in America they continued their dominance until worn away by contact with modern ideas and conditions.

Except for these changes, produced gradually and without noise or revolution, we have had little, of human building, to tear down. The constructive forces have had a fair chance to do their work. We had no feudal institutions, no kings or recognised leaders, no privi-

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leges conferred by birth, no central authority in religion, and almost no myths, superstitions, or traditions of our own. Although we could not escape from the ideas that trammel or weaken the race, we were so far removed from many of these that some were lost and others fell into a disuse scarcely less fatal. Then, too, as a people we have never done anything in a corner. None of the springs underlying our history or institutions are concealed from view. We had none of the controversies incident to the Reformation, no disputes about Queen Bess or Queen Mary, no direct part and little indirect interest in the Rebellion, the Restoration, the Revolution, or the questions of Episcopacy or succession. We have never had any doubts about the policy of giving every child an education, or every man, whatever his station in life, a responsible share in government or society.

The narrow religious conditions that surrounded the early colonists made impossible anything like a general persecution for opinion's sake. Consequently the few that broke out affected only an insignificant number, some of whom merely 'moved in' and did the world another service by opening up other communities in which men might, in reality, worship God as they chose. In such colonies as Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland, persecution for opinion's sake was unknown. In others, like New York, New Jersey, and the colonies south of the Potomac, there was so little that the current of events was scarcely ruffled. The truth is, that the few settlers, scattered over vast areas, were held together by the law of self-preservation which is said to be the primary one in man's nature. They were compelled to associate against savages whose numbers they could not know, but who, in their rude way, were always organised. Selected as the colonists were, their chosen leaders had little occasion to question men's opinions on the great disputed points of religion, concerning which there was substantial agreement. But they were compelled to unite for self-protection, whether their religious convictions were in agreement or not. They were quite as much under the necessity of union as were the members of the Continental Congress in which, while the work of signing the Declaration of Independence was going on, Benjamin Franklin said, with grim humour, 'We must hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately.' This was the kind of harmony the colonists had from the beginning, knowing that any want of it, either in appearance or reality, meant destruction both to individuals and communities.

So, while the world little knows how its time and energy have been consumed by those myriads of men on every continent who have imitated the fallen angels in reasoning high

> Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
> Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;
> And found no end, in wandering mazes lost,

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and while the Puritans who exiled themselves to America contributed their full share to this profitless discussion of the decrees and attributes of God, they had too much to do in the way of conquering the natural difficulties of a new world to permit these insoluble problems to take all their time or powers or, with savages all about them, to set up a new Inquisition. Besides, it must not be forgotten that, however fanatical these people may have seemed or have been, however unfair it would be to try them by the standard of to-day, they were strong, virile men, of active minds, deficient, it may be, in imagination, but abreast of the knowledge of their times, studious of the mysteries of the universe, and anxious and determined to do what they could to give their children and associates a training which should fit them for successful contact with the world.

In accord with this idea they founded Harvard College in 1638, only 18 years after the planting of the earliest colony, had a free school in Salem in 1640, in Boston in 1642, and in 1647 projected a system of free elementary and grammar schools for every town, something then unknown in the Europe from which these struggling colonists had come. It may not be amiss to recall the archaic English in which this system had its beginning:

> Y^t^ learning may not be buried in y^e^ grave of o^r^ fath^rs^ in y^e^ church and comonwealth,' so ran this document, 'the Lord assisting o^r^ endeavors—It is therefore ord^r^ed, y^t^ ev^e^ry township in this iurisdiction, aft^r^ y^e^ Lord heth increased y^m^ to y^e^ number of 50 household^rs^, shall then forthw^th^ appoint one w^th^in their towne to teach all such children as shall resort to him to write and reade; . . . and it is furth^r^ ordered, y^t^ where any towne shall increase to y^e^ numb^r^ of 100 families or household^s^, they shall set up a gramer schoole, y^e^ m^r^ thereof being able to instruct youth so farr as they may be fited for y^e^ university.

It is scarcely necessary or pertinent to discuss the intellectual history of the United States from the early days to the present. It was only natural that, in the matter of books, a long period of dependence upon the mother country should precede original investigation and enduring contributions to literature. Physical wants were to be supplied, the homes of the colonists were to be made first safe and then habitable, their political institutions were to be placed upon a firm basis and adapted to their new surroundings and necessities, and the qualities which could, in any way, contribute to these results were to be cultivated. A people who probably knew the English Bible better than any that ever existed, and who were firmly convinced that it could supply their intellectual and political needs, could afford to wait for the triumphs of polite learning or to leave the few ready for such culture to the ever-growing literature of the language they had inherited. Every student has had occasion to remark that, almost from the beginning, the people from the United States were fairly independent of the mother country for men to fill the learned professions and for teachers in college and school. At no time was

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there any lack of clergymen of ability and character; of physicians fairly instructed, according to the light of the times, in the healing art; of lawyers to defend public and private rights, or of teachers properly fitted for the various duties always awaiting them.

So, too, no people, old or new, ever gave more intelligent attention or honest devotion to the vexed questions surrounding human government than did those of the United States from the beginning of their life as a community. Our public men, especially in the earlier days, were well trained for their work, fully conscious of the responsibilities resting upon them, instructed in the theory and expert in the practice of politics. Twenty-nine out of the fifty-five members of the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, were college graduates, and most of the remainder had made places for themselves by character and knowledge. It was no mere holiday task to create a government under conditions almost entirely new, to maintain a society which should be at once simple, practical, and in harmony with the principles and policies to be tried, and should also recognise the necessity, in a democracy, of training all the elements of the population to know the rights and understand the duties incident to power. The meaning of democratic government was well defined by Dr. Franklin when he said: 'The *all* of one man is as dear to him as the *all* of another, and the poor man has an *equal* right, but more need, to have representatives in the legislature than the rich one.' If this theory was to show itself to be either correct or safe, the obligation existed to give the child of the poor man a chance to know his rights and his duties.

This has been the theory and the practice from the beginning. The common school has reached with us a development unknown in any other country, because practically impossible in a state of society not almost purely democratic. This system is the foundation upon which all our schemes of education are erected. As it has a place in every State, old or new, great or small, it may not be amiss to give some account of the development it has attained.

In the first place, it is truly a 'common school.' In its ranks may be found, side by side, the children of the rich and of the poor, each equal to the other and neither superior nor inferior by reason of place, or birth, or fortune, to any other. In the next place, it is free. No child can pay a fee, however small, to attend it, and none, clad with regard to decency and comfort, who subjects himself to its discipline, can be excluded. Last, and perhaps most important of all, the system is universal. Families may go from one state to another, they may come from foreign countries as permanent citizens or as temporary dwellers, and in each neighbourhood they will find, in some stage of development, rude it may be, a free school of which their children at once become part and parcel. Much of its work is crude, many of its teachers are narrow in life and knowledge,

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daily sessions are often held in buildings which no school of architecture would deign to claim. But everywhere they do the same work. They train seven-eighths of the 15,000,000 children who regularly find their way into an American school of some kind. Three-fourths of our people, children and adult, know no other scholastic training than that given in the schools supported by the taxes that all freely lay, pay, and use.

According to the latest available reports, 14,512,778 persons were receiving instruction in schools, public and private, in 1890, of which 88 out of each 100 were the pupils of public free schools. The total expenditure for the support of common schools in the same year was $143,110,218 (29,407,217*l.*), an average of $2·29 (9*s.* 5*d.*) for each inhabitant and $17·22 (3*l.* 10*s.* 10*d.*) for each pupil in attendance. Of the entire number in school, 96½ in each 100 were in receipt of elementary instruction, 2½ in the 100 of the secondary instruction afforded by high schools, seminaries, and academies, while nearly 1 in each 100 was found in university, college, or professional school of some kind. Of school houses there were 224,839, worth $324,876,494 (66,757,733*l.*). Of the vast sum of money collected for school purposes less than 6 per cent. came from the income of permanent funds, only 18 per cent. from taxes levied by the States in their central capacity and by them distributed to the schools; and less than 8½ per cent. from miscellaneous sources, the vast remainder, nearly 68 per cent., being the proceeds of taxes levied by the citizens of communities upon themselves each year. The average daily attendance of those enrolled in the common schools increased from 59 in each 100 in 1870, to 64 in each 100 in 1890, and the average per capita of expenditure from $1·64 (6*s.* 9*d.*) to $2·29 (9*s.* 5*d.*) within the same period. This increase was not the result of laws compelling attendance, but of the natural interest in education. This is shown by the growth of the total expenditure for schools from 1880 to 1890 from $78,000,000 (16,027,947*l.*) to $140,000,000 (28,768,110*l.*), a gain of 79 per cent., while the rate of increase in the population was not quite 25 per cent. On the basis of school attendance, each person in the United States, on the average, will, on the existing basis, receive four and three-tenths years of 200 days each of instruction, while in some of the older States the average rises to more than six years. The period of free public instruction is not limited to the age of fourteen, as in Germany, but includes everybody between four, five, and six years of age as the time of beginning, to twenty-one as the maximum. Even of the coloured population, one in each 5½ persons belonging to the negro race, in the old slave States, is found in a free school of some kind, and of them more than 24,000 are teachers in schools, 6,000 are preparing themselves in what are known as normal schools, to teach their own people, nearly 800 are students in theological seminaries, about the same number are students in colleges,

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and they find their way in considerable number into law and medical schools.

It is evident that the cost per pupil is naturally greater owing to sparseness of population and large areas of territory than it could be in an older country, or than it will be a generation or so later. The highest cost rate in other countries, with a ratio of attendance even approaching that to be found amongst us, is Saxony $2·28 (9s. 4½d.), Switzerland $2·03 (8s. 4d.), Canada $1·85 (7s. 7½d.), while the cost in some of our own less thickly settled districts rises to $2·76 (11s. 4d.), $2·81 (11s. 6½d.), and $3·34 (13s. 9d.) per capita of population. In the United States, taking the entire country, one person out of 4¼ of the population, old and young, is under some kind of instruction, and in one great quarter containing twelve States the proportion rises to one in four. In Bavaria, which has the highest rate of any European country, the ratio is one in 4¾; in Germany as a whole it is one to 5⅓; in the United Kingdom, not quite one in six; in France, one to about 6⅝; in Austria-Hungary, one to 7¼; and in Russia, one to 32¼. On the American Continent our neighbour Canada has so successfully carried out the idea of free education that a little more than one in five of her entire population are under instruction of some kind.

The great machine of free elementary education is thus organised. Its development has not been fitful or limited to certain favoured localities, although it has reached a higher degree of perfection in the older States than in the newer, in the north than in the south, and in cities than in rural communities; but the idea of free education has found universal acceptance and application. In nothing else has there been any development of the socialistic idea now so prevalent in all the older countries. We hear nothing of old-age pensions, or employers' liability bills, or State insurances, or civil pensions, or of the various other new schemes for equalising human conditions, and outside large cities we have never known much about poor rates as important factors in local taxation. But the logic of democracy has, from the first days of our existence as a separate people—an event which long preceded our political independence—demanded that every child should have a fair start in the race of life, and that in order to get this he should have a chance to get, at the expense of society, a foundation upon which he might build.

The religious question, once thought so difficult, has not proved itself so in practice owing to the concentration of elementary education in the hands of the State. Parochial or other private schools have not attained a high degree of efficiency owing to the lack of money to compete with the almost unlimited funds at the command of the State schools. Besides, religious instruction has come to be regarded as the proper work of the home and the church.

In secondary education, the grade between the elementary and the

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higher, only 60 per cent. of the entire number of 367,033 students are found in schools supported by the State. The fear was once general that the high school might be developed to the injury of the elementary, but this has not proved true in practice, as a constantly enlarging proportion of pupils get their elementary training from the free school and a like increasing proportion seek their higher training in private schools, some of which are of the grade and character of those known in England as public schools, *i.e.* foundation or proprietary schools, which prepare pupils for college or university. The majority are, however, more in keeping with the grammar or day school, which, in general, does the same work. As a rule, instruction goes on under the eye of the parent until the pupil is prepared to enter upon his work in college or university.

Of the higher education, 26,775 students were in training in 1890 to become teachers, mainly in public free schools maintained for the purpose; 6,349 in agricultural or technical colleges, probably about equally divided between public and private; 35,806 in schools of law, medicine, or theology, almost wholly private; 11,992 in colleges for women and 46,131 in universities and colleges; a total of 135,242 who were pursuing, formally, the higher studies.

Of colleges and universities, colleges being separate institutions and not merely teaching bodies inside of, or connected with, universities, and universities being in general institutions that include associated academic and professional schools, there are of various degrees and kinds 415, with 7,918 instructors, mainly of professorial rank; 43,638 undergraduates, and 1,998 pursuing post-graduate courses of study. There are 471 endowed professorships, generally in older States, 172 fellowships, and 4,775 scholarships. In 1880 the productive funds of the institutions in existence at that time were about $37,000,000; these had grown to $66,000,000 in 1890, while the total increase of such funds for institutions both new and old was more than $75,000,000 during the decade. Of the entire number 316 were private denominational institutions, the various sects being fairly represented according to their number, wealth, and relative importance.

Our colleges take small account of honours and invite little competition for scholarships. It is scarcely possible, in a society organised as ours is, to develop such a system; besides, it is not necessary. The great number of colleges and their uniform distribution, the merely nominal cost of tuition, the facilities existing in almost every one for helping boys to work their way; the readiness to give employment to young men during vacations—all these take away much of the necessity for scholarships in the English sense of that word. In the older colleges special funds have been formed during late years, for the purpose of extending aid to young men who may need it. Once started, these will, as a rule, maintain themselves intact from returns made each year by former beneficiaries. The average

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age at graduation has been increasing gradually, showing better facilities for secondary education, more rigid requirements for entrance, and a curriculum so much more severe that more mature mental powers are demanded for its mastery. In spite of the general prevalence of the elective system, and the supposed tendency to what is known as the scientific course, more than 60 per cent. of all the students in colleges are pursuing the branches that lead to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Formerly, young men who wished to carry their training beyond the usual course of study were almost compelled to do so in foreign universities, but since the establishment, a few years ago, by a princely bequest, of Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore and the revolution of some of the older colleges, so great an improvement has taken place in the large institutions, and so many new ones have been founded, that more than 2,000 young men and probably a thousand young women are pursuing the highest studies in our home institutions.

It may be conceded without argument that many of these colleges are small—some little more than high-grade academies or fitting schools. They are the result, in many cases, of local pride, of the determination to afford the best possible opportunities to the youth of a given part of a State, or of the desire of certain religious bodies to provide their children with the higher instruction. They are a development from the common schools, a direct result of demand and supply. Under different circumstances their multiplication might not be commendable, even if possible; but in a society highly organised, every college becomes a new intellectual centre, a rallying-point for serious-minded people of mature years as well as for pupils seeking an opportunity for the acquisition of knowledge. In spite of their number, fully two-fifths of the students in regular courses, and probably three-fourths of those pursuing professional studies, find their way into less than forty universities and colleges. When I hear the complaint made, as it is sometimes, of the increase in such institutions, I cannot forget that just seventy years ago a little college at Brunswick, in the then new state of Maine, sent from its portals in a single year Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and Nathaniel Hawthorne, while in the previous year it had graduated a man who afterwards became President of the United States.

The University extension movement inaugurated by Oxford and Cambridge some years ago has been adopted by more than a hundred colleges and universities in every part of the land. It has, in fact, been mainly the improvement and absorption of the circle known as the 'Chautauqua,' which had something of a religious foundation. The latter has now more than fifty branches, with a total membership of at least a half-million students of one degree and another. So deep has been the interest in University extension, that a seminary has been opened for the systematic training of lecturers for the extension society in which the students are for the most part

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graduates of leading colleges, and are thus, to all intents and purposes, pursuing a post-graduate course of studies for the special purpose of teaching others.

In professional education great progress has been made during recent years, not only in the number and character of those who come under its influence, but in teaching and results. Most of the recruits for the learned professions are taught in regular schools, private tutors no longer holding an important place in the system which provides training for those who are to be their successors in professional life. In the year under consideration these schools contained 14,884 students of medicine, 4,518 of law, and 7,013 of theology, or 26,415 in all. A growing proportion come each year with improved preliminary training, that is, more of them are graduates of colleges, in theology the proportion being 63 per cent. of all that enter. The day has passed when any aspiring young man can obtain a licence to practise physic or law whether he knows anything or not, or to preach the gospel merely because he thinks he has what was once known as a 'call.' As competition becomes keener, the standard of merit is raised. Every advance in medical science is welcomed and studied, and as many original contributions to experiment and to medical literature are made as in any other part of the world. There is no important centre of population that does not contain young men who, though trained in our own schools and hospitals, have added a course in the best schools and hospitals of England, Germany, or France. Nearly the whole body of young lawyers get their special training in law schools. The formal division into solicitors, barristers, and counsellors does not exist, but practical experience in the practice of municipal, State, federal and international has developed such complicated conditions that a most minute division of work has naturally followed. The body of common law, including, as it does, decisions in the various Federal courts and those of every State court, no less than those of England, is so great as to make the law even more intricate than in an old country where custom and organisation have specialised its practice.

In theology, the absence of an established church, the resulting freedom, and the rivalry between all sects, have made it necessary to give special attention to the training of the clergy. Larger average demands are no doubt made in the matter of preaching than in any existing society. The traditions of the earlier Puritan times, when the minister was the practical dictator of the community, and the absence of liturgy and form in the service, have given even an unnatural prominence to the sermon. In spite of the complaint heard continually, with us as everywhere else, of indifference to religious teaching, I do not believe that there has ever been a time when a more universal or intelligent interest was manifested in the deepest questions relating to man's destiny.

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Technical schools of a high grade are found everywhere. In a few cities they bear a close relation to the general public system of education, but, as a rule, they are left to private enterprise, some being regularly organised colleges with teaching bodies, while others are conducted by railways and large manufacturing corporations for their own special purposes.

Perhaps in nothing else are better facilities provided than for the study of science. The latest apparatus, methods, and experiments, whatever their origin, make their way promptly into the laboratories and lecture-rooms of even small colleges, where they would not be looked for, and original investigation finds due recognition and reward. In most communities some benefactor with money and local pride—not necessarily what is known as a rich man—comes forward to provide the improved facilities for carrying on study and experiment. Scientific societies making a special study of chemistry, geology, botany, zoology, or biology are to be found in every State. Academies of science, with cabinets and collections of various kinds and in different degrees of perfection, exist prosperously in all the larger cities. Every college, small or great, draws about itself a circle of scientific students and collectors. These compete with each other in studying surrounding conditions, in perfecting a collection of local specimens, and in making exchanges with like societies in other places. Every State has its geological survey, its agricultural stations, and other agencies for conducting scientific research, and for publishing the results of this work at the public expense. In the various departments of the general Government at Washington, about twenty scientific bureaus are concentrated, each carrying on some important work, with a trained body of scholars and specialists, the publications of which are everywhere recognised as valuable contributions, and are, I find, the envy of scientific students in countries where a less liberal public support is given to such special studies.

Much attention has been paid to the development of public libraries, and they are looked upon as a sort of complement to the free schools. There are now about 6,000, and the increase goes on at the rate of two or three hundred each year. As a rule they are founded and supported by local taxation, though in many cases the original buildings and collections have been presented by some public-spirited citizen who leaves their support to the public. Much study has been given to cataloguing and to care in management. Libraries for students exist in all the large cities and in connection with the most important of the colleges. In addition to this, our people—as all English collectors have found to their cost during recent years—probably have more book-buyers than any other nation in proportion to population and wealth.

Philosophical, literary, and historical societies find general support, and the results of their researches, often only of a local character,

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are published, and contribute something to the enlargement of the general stock of knowledge. Social intercourse, so far as organised efforts are concerned, partakes more and more of a studious character. Literary societies, meeting about from house to house, taking up one course of studies and then another, and attracting the best local talent to their service, give many a young man and woman both the impulse and opportunity to enlarge their mental horizon, and at the same time to help others and to gain recognition for themselves. I find people here expressing surprise at the great number of my countrymen who visit Stratford. No doubt many of the 6,000 Americans who go to the literary Mecca on the banks of the Avon each year are drawn by idle curiosity, but no man can compute the number of those who go as students profoundly interested in the great master of all literature, and who return to study his writings and life more intelligently, and to teach something to the millions who cannot follow. I feel safe in expressing the opinion, formed from a close knowledge of many parts of the United States, that no less than 5,000 organised circles for the study of Shakespeare are in active operation. Many of these are small and unpretentious, some are never heard of in a public way—even in a land and time where publicity reigns—but just as it is impossible to give a really bad representation of Shakespeare's plays, so it is equally impossible to carry on, either individually or in an organised way, a fruitless study of his wonder-working mind. It is a cause for some pride that we have been able, as co-inheritors of the English language, to contribute our mite to the study of the works of the master who did so much to fix that language on enduring lines. Neither are we indifferent to the fact that it has remained for one quiet student of Shakespeare, working away in his own almost unapproachable private library in Philadelphia, to give the world a variorum edition of Shakespeare that reflects honour upon the language of the hundred and twenty millions of people who speak it, and upon the name of Horace Howard Furness.

It might naturally be thought that the one thing in which we should be lacking would be the study of history. In the sense that an older people know it, the matter of time, it might be said that we have no history. But there is probably no State so new that it has not an historical society gathering up not only the traditions, but the recollections of its earliest settlers. Even in those which have been for less than 50 years recognised entities in the Union, societies and organisations exist in many counties, bringing together an account of every little element that has contributed to their development. In all the older States the history of every important county and town has been studied and written and published. Much of this is the very chaff of history, but it does contribute something for the future, and it illustrates what I have already said about the lack of concealment or mystery in our annals.

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The theatre has not had a development radically different from that in other parts of the world. It has found universal acceptance, making appeal to a larger number, and to more elements of the population, than at any other period of the world's history. It has thus become democratic—a fact sometimes overlooked, I fear, by its critics. The result of this is that the demand for a visible interpretation of the acts and motives of men has far outrun the supply. Whereas one performance would once satisfy, there are now probably fifty. The mass has become so great that any attempt to try it by former canons is futile; and so the criticism that the standard of plays has declined is unjust, when the character and the vast number to whom appeal is made are taken into account. In spite of this expansion, the number of high-class representations is no doubt much larger than ever before, whatever the effect upon their average may be. In America, the character of acting is not greatly different from that of any other country. There are theatres innumerable in villages, towns, and cities, into every one of which some sort of a company finds its way many times a year. Plays, old and new, tragedy and comedy, are repeated over and over again. As is now quite universally the case, every actor, whether genius or buffoon, gets a hearing, one now scoring a success, and then the other. Shakespeare finds representation by every rank of actor in every kind of building, from a barn to an opera-house. The classic dramas of the language are played with intelligence, and are in constant demand. Of great actors we probably have our share, and we also give the warmest welcome to every visitor who can either teach or amuse, and surrender our dollars with a profuseness of which report has reached every barnstormer or budding prima-donna throughout all Christendom. It is only a few months since two of the greatest ornaments of the stage in the English-speaking world were still among us in the persons of Edwin Booth and Joseph Jefferson, both of whom had really done something for the English-speaking stage. We have not contributed much of permanence to the drama of the world; but how many enduring plays have been written in any language during the past fifty years?

The development of the newspaper has been something phenomenal. The whole number is nearly 19,000, about one in ten published every day. They have many faults, as the newspaper—which is only the history of each day, written before its close—must have. The faults are perhaps somewhat exaggerated with us, owing to the wider range of news topics. Their sensationalism, scrappiness, and dogmatism produce something of mental dissipation in cases of over indulgence. But the majority of newspapers, everywhere and of every grade, are conducted with honesty and conscience by men who have learned both what the public wants and in what they can hope to lead it. The influence of this history of a day—read by millions of

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people—is incalculable, and, in general, it is good. It leads many persons farther into the study of some question about which they had received a hint or a scrap of information. Nowhere is this great engine of modern civilisation better used or appreciated than with us. In addition to the news it pours into its columns, day by day, it publishes every year thousands of articles on the most important and interesting topics. Nowhere is it so thoroughly encyclopædic. It was once the fashion to insist upon the truth of Pope's line:

A little learning is a dangerous thing,

but the field of knowledge has now become so vast that we must recognise the limitations of time, and insist that if a little be a danger none at all is fatal. Our newspapers give thousands of persons first a faint idea of the existence of something before unknown, then a little insight, and, last of all, the thirst that can only be quenched by deep draughts at the fountain of knowledge. In brief, they draw out the faculties of uncounted millions who otherwise would neither learn nor have the desire to learn.

The educating influence of city life everywhere cannot be exaggerated. The intimate knowledge of men, as well as of facts and events that must come from this association, produces mental acuteness and gives men a better insight into the things of this world. The city, in spite of its deficiencies, has become the one real censor of modern life. With us it is recruited continually with the best blood that the country can furnish, not from a peasantry but from a class who, during many generations, have made a place for themselves by their independence, self-government, and strong qualities of body and mind.

The moulding power of travel, both at home and abroad, is enjoyed to the full by our people. Of the vast army which visits Europe each year, some are drawn by fashion, some by curiosity, still others by business; but the majority, of whatever age, are only students, more or less profound, of conditions and institutions otherwise known only by report. The effect of all this upon our life is greater than any man can understand or know without actual contact with our people.

The lecture platform, though no longer used so generally as it once was, is still no mean element in our intellectual life. It is employed by scholars, teachers, and travellers, rather to impart knowledge than to praise ourselves, to which use it was much devoted in other days. The most profound students of history, politics, manners, and art, contribute the results of their researches and find appreciative and well-trained hearers. Every man with something to say gets a warm welcome, courteous treatment, and eager listeners, as the greatest critics, historians, and scientists from all parts of the world have had reason to learn.

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The study of music has greatly increased during recent years. Much of this is due to the influence of Germany and to some extent to that of Italy, but more to larger leisure and opportunity and improved taste. The study of music is now pursued at home effectively, and each passing year there is an improvement, not only in the character and number of performances, but in the taste that fixes a higher standard. When it shall become possible to apply to musical development a little more of the spirit of business organisation manifested in other things, we shall cut no mean figure in this art. Schools for the promotion of musical study are finding general development, and private philanthropy devotes a fair proportion of its gifts to this purpose.

In architecture we have developed at an amazing rate since the Centennial Exposition directed attention to our shortcomings, and since the great tide of travel set Europeward and showed our people that they must get away from the formless and characterless buildings of earlier days and adapt the existing styles of architecture to our climatic, social, and political conditions. The buildings shown at the Chicago Exposition indicate a great advance. The necessities of our cities and their rapid growth have produced a combination of use and beauty in business buildings that bids fair to lead to an entire change in style. Cathedrals will come in due time, and a revolution in buildings for public purposes is impending. Public sentiment in large cities now demands that the style of such works shall be left to trained artists and architects, a fact that promises much for the future.

Our literary progress has been rapid and continuous. When Sidney Smith asked, with not ill-founded contempt, 'Who reads an American book?' our grandfathers were indignant; but we have changed all that because we find that everybody now reads American books and in many cases to our special wonder. If we once puffed our writers, did not others do the same? The proportion of those once thought to be great writers and who now lie buried beyond resurrection by favourable notices in the pages of reviews, magazines, and newspapers, is, perhaps, no greater on our side of the Atlantic than on this. Our critics, even though they deliver judgment as critics do everywhere, *ex cathedra*, are not infallible, nor is provincialism unknown even where it has no distinct name or geographical position. In the days when everybody writes or reads fiction, it is not surprising that we, in the United States, should strain our eyes in the act of looking for the great novel, or that we should be impatient when it does not come. Every intelligent people in the world reads bundles and bales of the veriest trash in the vain hope of finding a fair amount worth preserving, only to discover, too often, the truth of Lowell's lines, that

> Reading new books is like eating new bread,
> One can bear it at first but by gradual steps he
> Is brought to death's door of a mental dyspepsy.

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But the rare story, the careful study of institutions, ideas and men, the fine critical essay or conscientious editing—all these are signs that our writers are turning themselves with success to the study of the serious side of life. The constantly lengthening roll of American names, added to those who have made immortal contributions to a real English literature, is a source of pride to America as well as to the world. Our people know and appreciate every recognised English writer, living or dead, and no man who makes appeal to the world with a thought or a book can ignore or belittle the echo certain to reach him from the other side of the Atlantic. Our people study more and more the writings of the best authors in foreign countries, and the number is not small nor the standing contemptible of those among them who keep fairly abreast with all contemporary thought.

In the fine arts, we are, as it might be supposed, less active than an older people. But in appreciation of art, so far as this is possible under existing conditions, we are liberal buyers of the best for both public and private collections. Only five years ago it was estimated that three-quarters of the best French pictures found a market, year by year, in the United States. Our artists, like those of Russia, Spain, Holland, and Hungary, are trained in the French methods, and in discussing their work it is not possible to assert that we have a distinct school of art apart from the greater one in which the artists of so many countries have learned their lessons, and from which they have taken their methods. Some of our engravers are doing excellent work, and in the field of cheap illustration, which brings home to the multitude at least some perception of the beautiful, they are probably far in advance of similar developments anywhere. Sculpture for public purposes is nowhere greatly above contempt, but our parks and streets are not, perhaps, subjected to more discredit in this way than those of the newer cities of the old world.

Activity in politics is a necessity among a people who, in small things no less than in great, tax themselves. Public affairs become then more than a sort of legerdemain, and rise to moral power and greatness as agencies to repress human passion, to reduce favouritism to its lowest terms, to humble the vain and to make opportunity for the weak. In order to produce this result, the most unceasing activity, bringing the highest mental powers into action, is a necessity. No people know better than those of England the educating influence of great political agitations. With us slavery; the question of maintaining intact a Union in complete harmony with the great national tendencies of the age; the establishment of sound and honest finance; the struggle to overthrow the mediæval system miscalled 'protection'; the government of the great aggregations known as cities, and the assimilation into one harmonious whole of millions from other lands —all these issues, past and present, have rendered futile the fear

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formerly expressed by many high-minded men lest the time might come when we should cease to have a grievance, and, living contentedly in a condition of material prosperity, forget the elements that make for mind and morals. But with great problems never wholly solved, together with frequent elections, universal publicity and intelligence in demand, the delusion has been corrected that machines of government or society can go on without the continued warfare that has been said to be the state of nature. We hear a great deal at home, and I sometimes hear its echoes here, about the corruptions of public men, of the going down into the gutter of practical politics, and of the degradation incident to actual participation in public affairs; but every man who has had an opportunity to see must know that, with all its faults, the business of the public is managed with as much honesty, as great devotion to noble ideals, and as much efficiency as any other. There are bad conditions in politics and some bad men, but I have never heard that it was given to human effort to escape from these entirely; while the constant struggle, the impulse that moves millions of people to take an unselfish interest in their government, not only makes free institutions possible, but develops the highest powers of the human mind. The one thing that, to my mind, gives interest to the history of the last three hundred years, and makes its lessons useful to mankind, is the fact that during this period more men have given time and talents to the study of government than to all other intellectual pursuits together.

I have thus passed in review the main features of our intellectual life, and have tried to show how we deal with them, how one generation meets its obligations to its successor. I have had no desire to write with rose-water, and no intention of claiming for the people of the United States exemption from the perils to which humanity is subject. It has been a favourite complaint, both at home and abroad, that we suffer from having no leisure class into whose hands we can commit the things of mind, including good manners and æsthetic tastes. My observation has led to the conclusion that the line between a so-called leisure class and an idle one is, like that between most modern states, little more than imaginary; that the people who do their own work are everywhere compelled to take upon themselves the extra burden of the world's work; that we may esteem ourselves fortunate that, in the industrial condition of our people, we have received an answer to the prayer of the wise man of old when he asked, 'Give me neither poverty nor riches'; and that, as everybody knows more than anybody, the highest possible results can only come to humanity when all men are encouraged to learn and to know many things, and to learn and to know them well. Geographical position has compelled our people, during the formative period in our history, to find vent and employment for their energies among themselves. We have had no colonies and no foreign relations worth the name.

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But we have, nevertheless, transplanted schools, congenial associations, and political institutions from one new community to a newer one, thus covering a continent and showing the possession, in the highest degree, of the colonising instinct that has carried English institutions and the English language round the world.

One can but think that such a people are worthy of imitation in many things, and of study in all. We are no longer unduly sensitive to criticism nor hungry for praise. As the first-born of England, we think ourselves entitled to demand a share of the inheritance belonging to primogeniture, and that, too, in spite of some waywardness in childhood and some boastfulness in the vigorous youth upon which we have entered. We no longer resent the neglect with which, happily for ourselves, as we now know, we were treated in the early days. So we may at least venture to expect the kindly word, the scrutinising study, and the active co-operation of England and all the world in helping us to work out our destiny.

GEORGE F. PARKER
(*Consul of the United States, Birmingham*).

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SIMON RYAN THE PETERITE

(*CONCLUDED*)

III

THE morning after the christening Mrs. Wraggles was surprised by meeting her punctual and precise master at the door of the library at an earlier hour than usual. He stood for a few seconds irresolute; opened the door as if about to enter, then stepped back and passed out of the house. Neither she nor any one would have dared to shut that door when Simon had left it open, nor open it when it was shut.

The hours went by. Electa, sitting at her open window, listened to the ringdove cooing to his mate yonder in the tree, heard the ploughmen in the distance talking to their horses, watched the sunbeams dancing in the foliage, or was it the leaves that were dancing for joy in the morning light? What a glorious world it was! Yes! Simon was right, it was glorious. Paul of Tarsus could not change *that*. Alas for the nightingale that had grown songless now! When would he sing again? She would ask Simon by and by.

But where was Simon? She grew restless; went in and out of the library, began to level the books on the shelves, examined the queer old furniture, wondered how Mrs. Wraggles could keep it so free from dust; went back to Mrs. Wraggles in the kitchen, found that the good woman was getting seriously uneasy. The bailiff had come for his day's orders, and gone away after waiting an hour and more.

'Can anything have happened, Mrs. Wraggles?'

'I don't know, deary. But I know what's agoing to happen. There's only one end to it.'

She looked slyly at the poor girl, who had not the faintest suspicion of her meaning; she only thought of her dead father and dead mother. Would *he* die too? She snatched up her sun bonnet.

'I'll go and find him. I *must* find him.'

She darted out on her search.

Mrs. Wraggles chuckled merrily to herself.

'You'd no need to find him, my deary. He's all right. You've found him sure enough, for all his jerrytantrums!'

But Electa was gone. She found him walking much more slowly than usual. He was thinking, dreaming, or was he awake? He took no notice of her. She took him by the sleeve and led him to

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the house. Not a word passed. She brought him back into the library, seated him in the high-backed chair, left him, and passed out, closing the door behind her.

The dinner hour passed. It was out of the question to let him go on without food. Mrs. Wraggles appeared with the tray.

'Bid the lady Electa come to me!'

She came.

'Electa, what was that you meant to ask me?'

'Ask you, Mr. Ryan? There are a hundred things I'd like to ask you!'

'No, there was only one to-day. Only one.' She was startled, almost frightened. Could he really read her lightest thoughts? She had never seriously meant to ask him the question. Somehow a shiver of revolt came upon her. Why should she ask? He rose from his chair. One step nearer to her and the words seemed to come through her, not from her.

'When will the nightingale sing again, Mr. Ryan?'

His eyes were on her, coldly watching her.

'Was that all? The nightingale sings to his mate in the nest, Electa. The poets say it is all for love. When will he sing again? When he finds his bride in her home!'

He came to her side. He put his hand upon her head, she felt it trembling violently; he had never touched her so before. What did he mean?

'Mr. Ryan!'

'I bid you no longer call me by any other name but Simon.'

Her dying mother's charge came back upon her with a tumult of conflicting emotions. The room was swimming round; she had no will of her own; she knew it. Was consciousness going? With a desperate effort she drew away from him. Her eyeballs throbbed so painfully that she was compelled to close her eyelids; she could not speak, she leant against the table. Her very personality was going from her. A cry broke from her lips—'Simon!'

'Electa! I bid you be my wife. I am about to take you as my wife. Your dying mother saw it all and knew it would come.'

She answered never a word. She rushed to her room and flung herself upon the bed. There Mrs. Wraggles found her some hours later. It was a hot September evening, but she was deadly cold. When good Mrs. Wraggles folded her in her arms she wept like some stricken child. By and by she recovered. She began to speak.

'He bids me. He bids me. What am I to do? He bids me—but, he only bids me! Oh what can I do, Mrs. Wraggles?'

Next morning, punctual to the moment, Simon was in the library at the usual hour. At Simon's call she came, looking very wan; she almost shrank from him as he drew near. He took her face between his two strong hands and held it up to himself. The crimson

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blush mantled over her cheek and brow, but she did not look at him. He held her so for a few moments, her arms hung loosely by her side.

'Mrs. Wraggles tells me you have eaten nothing since yesterday morning, Electa! I have not tasted food since we dined together last. When was that?' He took his hands from her face and pressed them hard to his own forehead. He seemed to be in physical pain.

'Mr.——— Simon!'

He started. There was a sudden flash of joy that gleamed in his eyes, and a smile upon his lips which she had never seen before.

'We will break our fast together. Shall we?'

He had never gone so near consulting her wishes before. They both needed food—neither spoke. At last he broke the silence.

'Well! Electa—well?'

'What my mother bade me do with her dying breath—that I will do—obey you, Mr. Ryan.'

He walked fiercely up and down the room, his hands clutching each other with convulsive grips. He was fighting with himself. It was so hard to be calm. It was she who was unmoved now. Since last night she had grown from a child into a woman. She was rigid as marble and as cold. With him it was doubtful whether he would not break out into frantic violence. At last he stopped before her.

'"Mr. Ryan"—remember! Mr. Ryan will never bid you do aught again while his life lasts. No! not if your mother rose from the dead and came to him as an angel of light. Never! never! If it is to be no more than "Mr. Ryan."'

'Oh, Simon, Simon! Forgive me. I did not mean it. God forbid I should mean it, when you have been my only friend. I will marry you as you bid me. You, Simon . . . dear!'

He came to her again, and again took her face between his hands. Now she looked bravely into his eyes. He reeled, dropped his hands, he dared not trust himself to look again.

'Will you marry me on Thursday week?' It was Tuesday then.

'So soon? Oh, Simon! Must it be so?'

A whole world of difficulties came crowding into her thought. She put them all by.

'Simon! Did you never love—*love*—any one in all your life? I thought when people married . . . they . . . Well! . . . I thought there was love then. . . . Simon, did you never *love* any one?'

'Never, as the nightingales do, Electa! It will come. Be not afraid! There was a love passing the love of women that was buried in my dead brother's grave!' His lips quivered, his whole face worked; he turned away, took down a book from the shelves, —made as if he would read it. She slipped quietly out of the room.

. . . . . .

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There was much commotion and excitement in the house. With the delicate feeling of a born gentleman and an honourable man, Simon provided that Electa should at once be received into the Rector's family. He insisted on the good clergyman accepting a liberal allowance, and sent him twenty pounds in advance 'for the first month.' Mr. Benson was a widower, with two unmarried daughters of a certain age—which usually means a very uncertain age. They took the little maiden in and fondled her. She was beginning to open her heart to them and even ventured to caress the younger of the two, meekly, timidly.

On the day before the appointed Thursday—of which Electa had never spoken, even to Mrs. Wraggles—came a missive from Simon requiring the attendance of Mr. Benson, and requesting that he would bring Electa and his daughters with him. To the surprise of all, as they entered, there sat Harry Clarke, now a portly gentleman with a red face, very grave, but for all that very jovial-looking. A man of business, every inch of him; but a joyous and frolicksome man of business too. He was dressed in the full dress of the time. A blue 'tail coat' with gilt buttons, a white waistcoat, and a lace frill to his shirt. How well I remember those blue coats and brass buttons in my boyhood. The Rector and his daughters were quite unprepared for the scene. Electa was preternaturally calm.

'I have called you in, sir, to marry me to the lady Electa!'

'No waste of words at any rate, Mr. Ryan,' said the Rector testily. 'Marry you? Much more easily said than done. You seem to think you can be married in this room under the——!' He stopped, for the coffin was gone. Confusion fell upon him. Harry Clarke's face wrinkled up into deep seams of gathering laughter, which resolved itself into nose-blowing and an irrepressible cough. There were voluminous and serviceable Bandanas in those days—the friends in need.

'You will marry me where I please and when I please!' said Simon curtly, his voice rising in sharp, angry menace. 'I think you have not brought your surplice, and you men of Paul can do nothing without the tent maker's sail-cloth. Go and fetch it, sir!'

Electa walked straight to him and put her hand upon his arm.

'Simon! Hush! Hush! Be pitiful! Be courteous!' The calm, simple dignity of the girl was irresistible. 'God save the Queen!' shouted Harry, as he slapped Simon on the shoulder. 'For, by George, Si! you've won a queen! Now, hold your tongue and let me speak!'

After something like apologies offered and frankly accepted, the Rector did go and fetch his surplice. For it turned out that Harry was the bearer of a Special Licence from the Archbishop of Canterbury, for the which a terrific fee had been paid. The seal alone sent a shudder through the minds of the Rector's daughters.

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While their father was gone, some of the furniture was moved by the ladies, and a small table was placed before the great window. 'It really does look more churchy now, doesn't it, Electa?'

Harry produced a tray of wedding rings which he had brought down with him. Electa tried one after another. At last she chose the right one. 'There, Si! Don't you drop it, man. Fits like a glove!' Electa had taken off her hat and laid her gloves in it: poor grey thread gloves. When she took her place at the extemporised altar her hands were bare and her soft hair somewhat frayed. One of the young ladies offered to smooth it. 'No! He takes me as I am. Let it be!'

Thus they were married. Harry Clarke managed to get rid of the parson and his daughters. To the Rector he was charged to deliver a splendid honorarium. The poor man wanted it badly, and had never dreamt of such an extravagant fee.

'Now, Si! I've only got another hour! Look alive! Pleasure first but business afterwards. Mrs. Ryan must know all about it!'

'The lady Electa, if you please, from henceforth!'

'As you will! You lucky old dog. Thus stands the matter. Thirty-seven thousand and odd pounds to your credit at Childs' bank. You give half to the lady Electa, and she is to have that half paid into the Bank of England and only she is to draw upon it. Here's a cheque for eighteen thousand five hundred, which I am to pay to the lady's credit as directed. First and foremost, sign that. Next, here's my authority to take the lady's signature. Three times, if you please. Thank you! Now that's done. Lastly, I mean to have a bottle of champagne, old Si! If you haven't got such a thing, I've brought the article in my portmanteau!' He bounced out of the room, followed by her whom he called old Straggles, bearing a tray with some choice venetian glasses, which they had hunted up from one of the stores of miscellaneous articles of which the house was full.

'Pop you go!' he filled the glasses, forcing one into Simon's hand and another into Electa's.

'Here's to friendship renewed and wedlock cemented. The God of Simon Peter bless you, old man! I think she'll bring you straight —I know she will—if only you'll let her!'

His post-chaise was at the door in another moment, his hand was in Simon's. 'May I, Si?' he cried with a roguish look. 'May I? You old fox!'

Simon flung his arms round her neck and kissed her lips.

'Yes, Harry, you may—now!'

He had one minute's 'talk and tip,' as he called it, with Straggles.

'That's over, Mas'r Harry!'

'Good job too, Straggles!'

'He's older 'n me!'

'Pooh! He's only fifty-five!'

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'And she's just seventeen!'

'I wouldn't *she* her, if I were you, Straggles. Mrs. Ryan's old enough. That's all right!'

'What's three time one, Mas'r Harry? You can't alter that anyhow!'

He lit a big cigar, jumped into the post-chaise, and was gone.

And this was the wedding festival of Simon Ryan and the lady Electa.

IV

There were changes in the household. Simon exacted from his wife the closest personal attendance. He could not bear her to be out of his sight.

She became his daily pupil and scribe. All the morning was spent among the books. She acquired something more than a respectable acquaintance with Greek, a certain facility in translating Latin; her mother had taught her a smattering of French, which she pronounced ridiculously. Simon would now and then laugh with an odd chuckle at her blunders; but he was always patient with her and he had never been so happy in his life. The Petrine monomania seemed to be leaving him slowly. Now and then, however, he would recur to the old dogmatic tone and frighten Electa with, what she dreaded, solemn ravings about the 'tent maker'; getting excited and restless, walking up and down the *aisle* and talking to himself, forgetting she was near him. The Benson ladies tried to get admittance to the house. Sometimes they were grudgingly allowed to walk with Electa in the grounds, but never for long. He would come upon them and scowl forbiddingly. One day she expostulated good humouredly with him. 'Simon! I do believe you are jealous of Mary Benson. How silly you must be!'

'Yea, Electa! with a godly jealousy! It is not meet that these Paulite women should have their way. They plait their hair and are not afraid with any amazement.' He wandered on incoherently. It was hours before he was himself again.

Shortly after the marriage he forbade Electa any longer making her own dresses. She should have a maid. There was a fine, handsome girl in the parish who had been apprenticed to a dressmaker, become engaged to a young tradesman in Camford, and had been heartlessly jilted by him. The girl came back to Carlton humbled and soured. She was glad to be taken as the lady Electa's attendant, and with her work as sempstress she united the duties of parlourmaid. Mrs. Wraggles whimpered and chafed, but in the library she was quite superseded. Simon had once heard her in loving talk with Electa call her 'my deary!' It was an unpardonable offence. Prudence, when she came to present herself before Electa, called her 'my lady.' Simon signified that she was engaged. Prudence justified her name and never forgot to speak of her mistress as 'her ladyship.'

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They had been married just two years. It was 'chill October,' there were fitful gusts from the north-west showering down the leaves; the day was closing in; Simon had been mumbling to himself at intervals during the afternoon. It was a bad sign, and Electa was disturbed and anxious!

'Electa, let us walk!'

'No, Simon. I can't walk to-day—not now!'

She rose from her seat, wearily went to him, played with one of the buttons of his waistcoat, her head bowed. 'I shall not be able to walk much now, Simon!' He looked hurt and sullen.

'Don't you know? Can't you guess, Simon?'

The glory of a great joy lit up her whole face—'Simon!'

He threw up his arms above his head, clasped his hands with a wild cry: 'Eternal Father! Hast Thou heard and granted?'

The child was born—it was a boy. Mr. Benson brought a little silver font to the library and baptized the child—Marcus.

The funniest tales were told of the doings and sayings of the father of that child. I must needs pass them by.

Up to this time there had not been a fireplace in any bed-room of the house except in Simon's own. The 'young usurper' necessitated many changes. Harry Clarke, now quite restored to favour, came much more frequently to Carlton than formerly. A nursery had to be built—and a regular nurse was of course added to the establishment. Simon was for ever in and out of the nursery—'interfering,' as the nurse tartly complained. The child never cried. He looked out of his big eyes and seemed to be inquiring; but he evinced a reluctance to be handled by his father and would stretch out his little arms to Electa or the nurse when Simon took him awkwardly out of his cradle.

'You mustn't take him up by his clothes that way, sir! You'll do him a mischief. Won't he, my pet?' Nurse took him out of the parental arms and fondled him with a show of decided ownership. Simon went down to Electa in the library. 'I won't have that woman about here any more, Electa; she's a thief!' 'Oh, Simon!' 'I tell you she's stealing Marcus my son!' Electa had become quite light-hearted and playful in her new happiness. All fear of Simon was passing away. It was months since he had had one of his mumbling fits upon him. He seemed to be gradually losing the Peterite craze. Now she called him a silly old Simon, coaxed him, remonstrated with him, told him she couldn't do without the nurse. It was nonsense! He began to walk up and down with his hands behind him muttering to himself: 'Wives, be in subjection! . . . a meek and quiet spirit—meek. Sara obeyed Abraham!' She became very uneasy—ran up and fetched the child, who seemed to understand her; held him up to his father and put his little arms round Simon's neck. 'Steal him, my blossom? Who can steal him, my blossom?' The door opened and

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in bounced Harry Clarke. He saw the situation at a glance. 'Well done, Si—to perfection!' Then, in a stentorian voice he sang,

'Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.'

There was no resisting his cheery greetings!

Simon recovered himself. He gave back the child to his mother, who hurried away to the nursery; but she did not feel safe. She had a foreboding that something was wrong.

It became clear that he was jealous of the nurse—violently jealous. He would not go into the nursery; he moped and he called for 'Marcus my son,' but would not take him at any hands but his mother's. Then he would go and hide himself for hours in one of the little rooms of which he kept the key. Prudence vowed she'd find out what he was up to. Audacious Prudence! Peeping through the keyhole one day she spied the coffin of polished oak of which she had never heard, the lid thrown back on its hinges, and Simon sitting in it, staring wildly. She did not lose her presence of mind, but ran down to Mrs. Wraggles and told her. Mrs. Wraggles, who was of a loving and forgiving nature, bore no grudge against the girl. She bade her keep her own counsel if she wanted to stay where she was. 'I ain't a bit surprised,' she said. 'I've been a-thinking Master's been getting thin o' purpose to get into that gaudy old coffin again.'

. . . . . .

'Simon! Marcus knows all his letters now—every one. He's beginning to spell. This morning he spelt B-A-D and B-O-Y.'

His education had begun! The child, now three or four years old, was under his mother's tuition. Every morning he was brought into the library, and there sat his parents—she teaching, he looking on from the high-backed chair; the child standing between them, or making pothooks and writing copies at a little desk which was his own. He got on amazingly. He had no difficulties; it all seemed to come by nature.

Once again Harry Clarke bounced in upon them in his irrepressible way while they were at lessons. That irrepressible Harry! That irresistible Harry! The child jumped from his seat, ran up to him, caught him by his trousers, and made as if he would climb up to him. Harry picked him up with a shout, tossed him up into the air, caught him, tossed him up again, then buried his little face in his long bushy beard, and looked at him merrily.

'That is Marcus my son!' said Simon, gloomily knitting his brows.

'There's no doubt about that, old boy! There's the prophet, and there's the queen, and here's the Markey, and I'm granny, ain't I, Markey?'

'Marcus, if you please, Marcus my son!'

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'All right, Si,' and in his jovial way he shook hands with Electa. Simon's hand made no return to his pressure. Marcus drew nearer to him. He picked him up and sat him on his knee. Marcus employed himself in examining his watch-chain, whereby hung a great assemblage of trumpery, from a compass down to a steel pen, which he vowed was the first steel pen made in Britain.

Harry had come down on some business that required prompt attention. An extravagant offer had been made for one of Simon's small estates in Surrey. Harry strongly recommended the sale. Simon, from the day of his marriage, had left himself entirely in Harry's hands. He could not do enough to show that he had taken back into favour the friend of his youth and early manhood. This morning he hesitated. What need to sell? Why part with the inheritance of his fathers? Harry saw there were clouds in the horizon, but his unfailing tact forsook him not. He dropped the subject, rattled on, put the child down, who by a happy chance ran straight to his father to show him a tiger's claw which Harry had slyly torn off his chain and put into the little hand, closing the fingers over it. Simon bent over little Marcus and took his face between his hands, as once before he had done to another face some seven years ago. Electa watched him, wondering. The shadow passed from his face; his voice changed; the evil spirit had gone. 'So you won't sell, eh? Then there's an end of that. I guess there'll be a kick-up in Tokenhouse Yard; and what'll my client say? Whew! I'm going to smoke in the grounds, as you call 'em.'

'I will sell, Harry! You know best. I will sell! The proceeds —corruptible things, silver and gold—shall be dealt with as before—an equal division.'

'Simon!' said Electa, hurriedly. 'I hate your doing this. What use are all these thousands to me? I've never drawn a cheque in my life, and I should not know how to do it. Don't give me any more, Simon dear!'

'Never drawn a cheque yet, my lady?' and he opened his mouth and big eyes, and held up his hands and looked so comical that little Marcus laughed a little repressed laugh, and would have laughed more but that he was afraid.

'Come, my lady! I've got something to sell, and you must buy it. Bid her, Simon; let the queen obey the prophet. I've bought a rocking-horse for Marcus, as big as a donkey; but he sha'n't have it unless the lady Electa buys it, and draws a cheque for it, too! *You* buy it? Not you, Si! Not for all the wealth of the Indies. Only the lady Electa—only her first cheque shall buy that horse! Prudence! come and lend a hand.' He flung himself out of the room, and returned with an enormous package, which he and Prudence between them carried into the aisle. Sacking, and string, and tow, and paper were stripped off, while Simon sat silent, quite mastered

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by the rollicking vehemence of his friend—Marcus in great excitement, but in more fear than hope.

At last the wrappings were all removed, and lo! a piebald steed of unusual size on gilded rockers was galloping upon the sacred aisle, Harry swinging it till it seemed likely to topple over.

'There's my horse for sale. It goes to one bidder. I mean to make a haul by that horse. Cheap? No, you are not going to get a bargain out of me. Price, a ten pound draft on the Bank of England, and that draft signed by her ladyship!'

She went to Simon; he taught her her first lesson in drawing cheques. Harry took the draft, and put it into his breast pocket.

'Now you may laugh as you like, I'll join you. Fifty per cent. on cost price isn't a bad morning's work. Hold him on, Si, we'll give him a ride.'

. . . . . .

Harry Clarke's visit was soon over. Simon was restless again next morning. Marcus came as usual for his lessons. Simon began to walk up and down and to mutter, '. . . Unto them which believe. . . . What of them that believe not? . . . He is a man of Mammon. . . . He is of Apollos. Firty per cent. . . . Mammon! Mammon!'

She went up to him, led him back to the old chair. 'Now, Marcus, read that again to father.'

After the lessons were over he broke the silence. 'Electa! *Has* he a grandchild?'

'Who? Mr. Clarke? No! Not yet, not yet!'

'We must guard him—keep him from being led away. Electa, he is a chosen generation!'

'Who, Simon?'

'Marcus my son!'

. . . . . .

It soon became evident that Simon was becoming the victim of a new delusion. He was jealous of everybody—of everything. The rocking-horse was taken into the hall. Marcus was fascinated by it, was for ever talking to it, 'grooming' it, riding on it. Simon began to hate it as a rival. One day it was packed up and sent back to Harry with a request that Electa's draft might be returned. Harry was seriously vexed and hurt; but he knew his man and he made all due allowances. As to the draft, it never was presented for payment, that was the last thing the worthy Harry had ever thought of—but return it—not for all the world!

The nurse was summarily dismissed on Marcus's fifth birthday. Simon after that would not allow mother or son to be out of his sight night or day. He undertook all the tuition himself. Marcus became dreadfully interested in the lessons, for he learnt with extraordinary rapidity.

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In a year or two he had left Electa far behind, but he began to walk in his sleep and to dream continually. Electa saw the danger, but she had no choice but to submit; Simon's strength of will mastered her; she lived in a state of continual dread of what might come. One night, as she lay miserably thinking—thinking—thinking—and all to no purpose, the fountain of her tears quite dry, Simon breathing deeply in profound slumber by her side, Marcus crept from his bed at the other end of the great bedroom, so noiselessly that she did not hear his step. 'Mother,' whispered the boy, 'you're not sleeping; I don't sleep now, so I know!' She threw her arms round his neck and kissed him fondly. 'Go back, darling; you'll wake him up and make him so angry.' He left her without a word. Simon turned in his sleep. 'Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?' he murmured. 'Yea, Lord! yea, Lord! and Marcus my son'; he was sleeping again. When the lesson began next morning Marcus was for the first time listless—leant his head upon his hand; then he fell forward Electa caught him in her arms. She called loudly for Prudence 'Send for Dr. Rawdon! Quick! at once.' By good luck the doctor was just passing the lodge; in five minutes he was examining the boy, who was lying unconscious, his mother supporting his head and bathing his face with water.

Dr. Rawdon was an able and sagacious man. He was noted for never talking of his patients to others; their secrets, he used to say, were their secrets; it was infamy for a medical man to divulge what only he could know. This had won him the confidence of Simon, who was just a little afraid of him.

'How old is the boy now? He must be past twelve, isn't he?'

Yes, he was nearly thirteen. The doctor gently lifted his eyelids, put his hand upon his head, looked very grave. He soon came to himself. Simon stood a little way off, looking stupid and bewildered.

'Take him to his room, ma'am, and lay him on his bed.'

'He sleeps in our room, Doctor. He has done so for years.

'He must never do that again. Mr. Ryan! if you don't take care you'll lose this boy; you're working him to death.'

From that day the teaching came to an end; Marcus was left to his own devices as far as books were concerned. He had a bad fortnight of it. He slept himself into a recovery; but he was frail and languid. Electa took possession of him; Simon's occupation seemed gone. She sent for an upholsterer to fit up what had been the nursery. It was done regardless of expense, but the man was told there must be no silk or satin and no gay colours. It assumed a dull, dreary, massive appearance. Heavy *rep* curtains and ugly armchairs and sofas, solid, costly, and new. The boy ripped open one of the over-stuffed sofas, and made Prudence make him a comfortable cushion or two. From this room Simon was excluded by the

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doctor's orders. Marcus was proud of the tremendous four-poster, with its stiff drapery, and revelled in the great fluffy feather bed, and was soon gay and bright in the pride of possessing a room of his own.

Simon began to live apart now. His Peterite fancies returned in fuller force than ever. He took his meals in state, demanding that Electa should stand behind his chair and Marcus at his side. It was the homage due to him from the wife and son whom he had almost renounced. He was engaged upon a new and important volume—an expansion of the pamphlet which had so signally failed. Marcus was allowed to go out and roam among the plantations, now grown into thick woods, that had been neglected for years, but outside the park palings he was sternly forbidden to roam. Sometimes he would even climb the trees and look out on the illimitable world beyond. How far did it stretch? And where was that Rome where Simon Peter died with his head downwards? And Babylon, with that vast temple? Was Peter's wife like his mother, who bore her name? How could he get to Babylon? Did she stay and die there when the great Apostle went away to martyrdom? He became a dreamer. When the birds sang he answered them. Would he ever get to know their language?

V

It was during this period that I, by what seemed a mere chance, had gained admittance to the curious household. At my second visit Simon was waiting for me with a plot against me. He made a dead set at the young parson who had been rash enough to declare that he was prepared to learn from those who were qualified to teach him. I had hardly taken my seat before I was bidden to listen to the voice of truth. To my dismay I was told that he was going to read me the first chapter of his 'Message to the Perverted.' For more than an hour did I submit, and I was rewarded for my patience and humility. My reward was an opportunity of talking to Marcus. I was very careful in my approaches. I talked lightly, gaily. Simon listened and was evidently glad I should go on. There was not the sign of jealousy, and when I began to walk up and down the aisle the old man's face assumed an expression of half-amusement. I think he took it as a compliment that I should imitate him! Electa kept her place behind his chair, always with downcast eyes, but I felt she was watching me. Marcus would every now and then walk beside me, trying to keep pace with my long strides. One day I began to ask him some conundrums. He never guessed them, but when the answer came he would clap his hands with childish glee and run to Simon. 'Did you hear that, father?' and sometimes break into a laugh. It was all so new to them all, and so evidently new that to me it was almost painfully pathetic. During all this time—for my

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visits extended over several weeks—I had hardly exchanged a word with the lady Electa.

. . . . . .

One day I called much earlier than usual at the Manor House. I had only another fortnight to remain at Carlton. The spring had set in with much less than its usual severity. The tassels were red upon the larches; the primroses were smiling graciously on the banks; the blackthorn was almost going off; the leaves were unfolding in the sunshine. Simon looked up wearily, his face in his hands. Electa was standing behind his chair, her chin leaning on her folded hands.

'Mr. Ryan, may Marcus take me through the woods and show me the way?'

'Young sir, Marcus my son may take you where you will. And you may take him wherever he fain would go!'

The boy jumped up from his usual seat in the window. He seized me by the hand and hurried me along, as if afraid lest the permission should be retracted. For the first time I noticed what ought to have been plain to me before—that there was that dangerous yellow hue on his cheek which always tells a sad tale—the patch of carmine grew deeper, then faded away; the pupils of the eyes were distended, and as we reached the air he coughed a short, hard cough once and again.

'You take me first and then I'll take you!'

It was uttered in a kind of hurried gasp, and in great excitement.

'Where shall I take you?'

'Take me to the church. I want to see the inside of a church!'

To the church we marched.

Some one had lately presented an organ to the parish, and one of the neighbouring clergy happened to have come to try the instrument. Mr. Benson himself was blowing the bellows. We passed through the lodge gates defiantly, and when some fifty yards from the church Marcus stopped with parted lips and put his hand upon my arm. 'What's that?' He had actually never heard a musical instrument before in his life. He hurried in at a run. Just as we got inside the porch that overwhelming outburst in Beethoven's *Hallelujah to the Father* broke forth as if with a greeting of rapturous praise. Marcus made one step forward, and clung for support to the back of the nearest seat, staring at vacancy, trembling and haggard. The Rector pointed sternly to the lad to take off his hat. Marcus heeded not—stood there as in a trance, a deadly pallor upon his face. Suddenly the music stopped, for the wind was out. Marcus uttered a piercing cry and covered his face with his hands. Sobs came from him with such violence of emotion that I threw my arms round him to support him. It was several minutes before he became

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calm. I took him back to the house. We had not walked two miles, yet he was almost prostrated before we reached the library, and he looked very ill.

'Mr. Ryan, I'm afraid Marcus your son is very, very far from well! I am going to send Dr. Rawdon to look at him. I pass his house on my way, and it is time for me to get back. Electa darted an eloquent look of gratitude at me. Marcus was lying listlessly on one of the old sofas.

'There's a voice that bids me not say nay to you to-day, young sir!'

Next week I could not get over to Carlton. The week after I went to say farewell. Simon had grown slow and feeble, I think he must have had a slight seizure. He was quite alone. Where was the lady Electa? 'She hath forsaken me!' was all he answered. The truth was, she was with her son. There had been a sad revolt from his authority. Marcus was desperately ill, Dr. Rawdon with almost brutal frankness told her the boy was dying. The mother found her courage and resolve in the face of the dreary prospect. It came at last to this. 'Simon, if I *must* choose, I take my post beside my son! You may curse me, you may kill me; I will never leave my boy again.' From that time she never left the poor lad's bed. For the disease, as often happens, had developed with frightful rapidity, and he had not a month of life remaining.

I raised my voice intentionally. Prudence came in without knocking; all the old ceremony had gone. The very servants looked angrily and reproachfully at the old man.

'My lady wants you, sir!'

With some remaining dignity he rose, though feebly.

'Young sir, last time, you know, you took from me Marcus my son; now I will take you back to him!'

I stayed not long in that sick room, it was too painful for us all. I rose to go.

I tried to say farewell, but I was choking. Simon was the first to recover himself. He was the prophet with a call once more.

'Bear witness, young sir! I have towards you used hospitality without grudging, and I have spoken to you as the Oracle of God. I count it not strange, concerning the fiery trial that is coming on my house, as if some strange thing were happening. As for you, you see but a little way, but you will not feed your flock for filthy lucre. No! The man of Tarsus will not lead you astray! The lady Electa, with me, saluteth you, and so doth Marcus my son. Greet ye one another with a kiss of Charity!'

He came slowly to me, and kissed me on the cheek. He felt my tears upon his lips and kissed me on the other cheek, shuddered, and sat down, pointing to Electa. I kissed her forehead. Marcus tried to raise himself and sank back—'Kiss him, mother! and

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then'—looking at me tearfully—'Kiss me!' She raised my hand and kissed it. Then she put her son's arms round my neck as I bowed over him. I suppose I left that sad room on my own feet, but I only remember finding myself in the hall. 'God bless you, sir, and reward you,' said Prudence, handing me my hat. 'You've brought them three together once again at last!'

. . . . . .

Marcus died. Nothing would induce Simon to attend the funeral. When Electa declared she would see her boy in his grave, Simon moaned a protest, then assented; then insisted that all the house should go and leave him alone. He was obeyed. Harry Clarke came down and managed everything. When they came back to the house Simon was gone. He had been sadly shaken of late, and his speech affected, but he still took his slow and tottering walks in the grounds. There they searched for him, waited, became more and more alarmed. Suddenly Prudence glared in at the library door.

'Mr. Clarke!'

He started up and went out to her, scared by her look of horror.

'Mr. Clarke! he's upstairs!'

They found him lying in the old coffin—dead!

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

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ASPECTS OF TENNYSON

VII

As a Humourist

Poetry and humour seem at first sight to have no very conspicuous affinities with each other; and were it not for the ghost of Shakespeare, with its incorrigible habit of rising up in rebuke of rash dogmatisings on this matter, one might be tempted to assert a natural antagonism between them. But the poet who created Falstaff and the humourist who imagined Hamlet, and who, moreover, was just as evidently born to create the jocund knight as to imagine the melancholy prince, has only to recur to the mind of the incautious theorist in order to reduce him to confusion. One need not, however, be deterred by reverence for that illustrious shade from hazarding the more modest proposition that poetry and humour, in their highest form, are not much given to keeping house together. No one, I suppose, will deny that it requires a spacious genius to take both of them in, and give each of them room to move about in. Nor will it be disputed, I imagine, that though there should, doubtless, be free communication between the two housemates, it is their usual habit to live and work on two opposite sides of their common dwelling, and look out from their windows on two totally different aspects of the world. Life to the humourist is, as a rule, almost the exact opposite of what it appears to the poet: it is life viewed from another side, a side as completely hidden from the poet as is the averted face of the moon from the astronomer. That the selfsame object has often both a poetic and a humorous aspect is, of course, a matter of common experience to many an ordinary mortal among us with no more than a fair natural perception of humour and the average educated man's appreciation of poetry. But to feel the poetic element in the constitution of things with the intensity of a great humourist is not given to many poets, just as the abnormally acute sensibility of the poet to the poetic side of things is a rare gift of the humourist. And even when the two powers are, so to speak, intellectually combined, it is a thousand to one that they are not accompanied by so equably balanced a temperament

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as to admit of their being equally cultivated and practised. In much the majority of cases it is poetry that wins. The situation of Garrick in Reynolds's picture, where Comedy seems plainly getting the better of Tragedy, is reversed, and the more energetic and passionate of the two impulses prevails. The poet, especially in youth, has a way of silencing the humourist: he is apt to insist, in season and out of season, on being heard. And when once his voice has become known and familiar, when once the minstrel has collected round him an eager and admiring circle of listeners, as Tennyson by almost the very first notes of his music succeeded in doing, his place is unalterably fixed. He has been definitely labelled 'poet,' and put away, and the human mind fights hard against all demands for the construction of new 'pigeon-holes.'

The reluctance of even a high critical intelligence to admit Tennyson's command of the humorous is amusingly illustrated in Fitzgerald's comment on one of the poems of 1842. It was not, indeed, undeserved by the particular piece—the unlucky 'Skipping Rope'—which called it forth; it is the generalisation founded on it which is so widely at fault. 'Alfred,' said Fitzgerald, 'whatever he may think, cannot trifle. His smile is rather a grim one.' Well, that depends on your definition of 'trifling,' and on the kind of smile you consider 'grim.' In one sense, undoubtedly it is true that Tennyson could not trifle. He had not that kind of airy wit which enables its possessor to triumph over the triviality of his subject, and to make us forget the frequent flimsiness of the jest in the grace and spirit of its metrical treatment. He had, unquestionably, no striking command of that instrument of playful verse which Moore, for instance, touched with such exquisite address, and which, indeed, has never lacked its masters among us from the days of Prior to those of Praed. That limitation of his art he showed plainly enough in *Amphion*. To contrast the uncouth but unamusing gambols of the trees in this poem with the quaint charm of the 'Talking Oak's' conversation, is to feel at once the extent of Tennyson's dependence on his subject in this class of composition, and how essential to the success of his 'trifling' was that undercurrent of tender poetic sentiment which is as conspicuously present in the latter of these poems as it is absent from the former. But to have imagined that Tennyson could not trifle, in the sense of treating a purely fanciful subject with admirable lightness of fanciful humour, was inexcusable on the part of a critic with the poems of 1842 before him. There is assuredly no grimness in the smile that broadens over his contemplation of the head-waiter at the Cock, as *Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue* proceeds. The poet seems to me to trifle fairly well with the myth of that 'something-pottle-bodied boy' who was snatched up for apotheosis in the very act of 'knuckling at the taw.' For it was at that moment, as we know, that this modern *minister fulminis ales*

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stoop'd and clutch'd him, fair and good,
Flew over roof and casement,

while those steeple-perched watchers of his flight,

His brothers of the weather, stood
Stock-still for sheer amazement.
But he, by farmstead, thorpe and spire,
And follow'd with acclaims,
A sign to many a staring shire
Came crowing over Thames.
Right down by smoky Paul's they bore
Till, where the street grows straiter,
One fix'd for ever at the door,
And one became head-waiter.

A reader, I think, must himself be of a decidedly saturnine disposition if he finds anything grim in this rich Aristophanic burlesque of the Rape of Ganymede—a burlesque, indeed, which no one would have relished more heartily than that daring jester at Olympus who wrote *The Birds*. But, in truth, the genuine and genial humour which bubbles up through the whole of this poem rarely gets full justice done to it. The English are essentially a serious people, and not, or not as a race, remarkable for that kind of spiritual elasticity which enables a reader to adapt himself instantaneously to an author's change of mood. It is advisable for the poet, as a rule, to tell our excellent public in some plain preliminary fashion when he means them to laugh, and, having told them this, to stick to his intention. If he allows any touch of melancholy to creep in, and still more if he is imprudent enough to *begin* with a touch of melancholy, it is all up with him. He will never get them to believe after that—or not, at least, in the course of only two or three hundred lines of metre—that he has written a humorous poem. And hence it is, no doubt, that the pensive strain of meditation into which, after the first stanza or so, the *Lyrical Monologue* passes seems to have fixed the character of the poem for the public, and that for once that one hears a quotation from its passages of the purely comic, we hear a dozen times of how the 'child's heart within the man's Begins to move and tremble.' The furthest limit of the public condescension to the poet's humour is to quote, as the inveterate quoter has already quoted to death, 'the eternal want of pence That vexes public men.' No one seems to remember that inimitable couple of lines which describe the waiter as

watched by silent gentlemen,
Who trifle with the cruet,

two lines in which the passion of hunger, as exhibited under the restraints of civilisation, has received its perfect and final expression. No one ever quotes the two delightful double quatrains, not alterable in a single word, except to their injury, with which the poem concludes:

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Live long, ere from thy topmost head
The thick-set hazel dies;
Long, ere the hateful crow shall tread
The corners of thine eyes:
Live long, nor feel in head or chest
Our changeful equinoxes,
Till mellow Death, like some late guest,
Shall call thee from the boxes.

But when he calls, and thou shalt cease
To pace the gritted floor,
And, laying down an unctuous lease
Of life, shalt earn no more;
No carved cross-bones, the types of Death,
Shall show thee past to Heaven,
But carved cross-pipes, and, underneath,
A pint-pot neatly graven.

The proposed achievement is a triumph of appropriateness, and the pewter-pot would have the merit of introducing a new metal into heraldry.

Humour, rich and full-bodied, but, as only the non-humorous require telling, no more wanting on that account in subtlety and distinction of flavour than need be that great wine which was the poet's favourite, abounded, in fact, in Tennyson's view of life and mankind. Nor is it only in his professedly and premeditatedly humorous pieces that it comes out. Its limitations—if one can call that a limitation upon humour which, perhaps, in strictness is merely a disability from a certain order of wit—are obvious enough. He had no gift of mockery, absolutely none. No writer, I should think, either of prose or verse, with a tithe of his imagination or a twentieth part of his power over language ever failed so signally as he in his attempts to use it for a satirical purpose. It may have been matter of temperament rather than of art, but so it was. Between the date of 'Rusty Christopher' and that of *Maud*, nearly a quarter of a century later, there seems to have been no growth in his mastery of the weapon. The hero of the great monodrama—for great it is, and if unequal in conception, yet, in execution, of an even splendour which the poet has never surpassed—shows abundant malice of intention in his sneers at his mistress's brother and the rival suitor for her hand. But he makes mighty little of his subject. The

jewell'd mass of millinery,
That oil'd and curl'd Assyrian Bull,
Smelling of musk and of insolence,

is not effective, except as vigorous abuse. And

a lord, a captain, a padded shape,
A bought commission, a waxen face,
A rabbit-mouth that is ever agape,

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has but the same sort of success. The indignant lover is seeking, of course, to excite our scornful mirth at the objects of his disdain; but his description leaves them ignoble only, not laughable. We feel no temptation to smile at the images which he conjures up. The young man is too angry to be tellingly sarcastic. One can feel that his contempt is so passionate as to be painful to himself; and a certain element of exhilaration, a joyful sense of superiority—it matters not whether real or fancied—is necessary to a successful use of the weapon of ridicule. No doubt it may be said, and is, perhaps, the fact, that the failure here is dramatically appropriate, and results necessarily from the moody, self-conscious, and somewhat hysterically emotional character of Maud's lover; but the poet himself, when denouncing in his own person the odious or contemptible, displayed to the last the same systematic preference of the wrathful to the contemptuous mood. He is a Juvenal always, a Horace never. The second *Locksley Hall* abounds with opportunities for combining ridicule with denunciation; yet it is denunciatory throughout. In the two hundred and seventy to two hundred and eighty lines of which the poem consists there is not a single ironical couplet. Contempt the most scathing for the follies and corruptions that sixty years have bred breaks forth a score of times throughout it; but the contempt is always fierce, never mocking. The frown never relaxes, the flash of the eye is never exchanged for a twinkle.

This lack, however, of what may be called the unsympathetic form of humour is not, after all, the worst of deprivations. Those with whom this form predominates, and still more those who exclusively use it, are not often humourists of the highest class, the one great exception—for aught I know, indeed, the solitary instance to the contrary—being Swift. That strange genius left out of account, the master-humourists of the world, from Shakespeare and Cervantes to Sterne and Fielding, and from them to Dickens, and, on the best side of his genius, to Thackeray, have been masters also of the sympathetic humour, and have therein accomplished their greatest work. So, too, was it with Tennyson. So was it not only with his creative humour, not only with that sense of the humorous which found literary expression, but with the humour which was part of the man, with the humour which shone out so delightfully among his intimates, and played with so genial a radiance and warmth on human life, on human character and events. In all these forms, it was merely the reflected glow of broadly human sympathies. It seems, as we have seen, to have been simply incapable of being stirred to life through the critical intelligence alone. Tennyson might be moved from that side to angry scorn, but he never in that mood moves others to the kind of laughter in which malice sometimes compels even amiability to join. But let his sympathy once be touched, and at once the stream of humour flows bright and free. How sweetly, for instance,

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it ripples through the poem of *The Princess!* Do you not feel as you listen to its placid murmur that already, well-nigh fifty years ago, this poet had penetrated to the heart of that great Woman Question which is agitating so many humourless minds at the present day, and that he has reached it by the aid of the only guide that knows the way to it—by the power of humorous sympathy? Critics more than one have spoken disparagingly of *The Princess*, and its technical faults of construction are obvious enough. But if the design and fashioning of the work leave something to be desired, its fabric—a warp of the sweetest poetry shot with a woof of the kindliest satire—is of unsurpassable charm. The poem is instinct throughout with the poet's profound tenderness for the pathetic side of modern feminine aspirations and unrest, yet also alive throughout with his keen sense of the underlying comedy of it all. Let those who undervalue this exquisite piece of work consider how its subject would have fared in the hands of anyone who simply brought to it a humour unsoftened by sympathy, or a sympathy unchastened by humour. Let them endeavour to imagine the sour epigrams of the one, and the sickly gush of the other, and they may then, perhaps, better appreciate the qualities which make *The Princess* what it is. For my own part I confess to finding it, if not one of the poetically greatest, yet the most humanly complete of all the poet's works. I know no other, at any rate, which shows so many facets of his genius, or gives anything like so adequate an idea of that rich matrix of natural temperament from which the precious ore was won.

But its more special bearing on the subject of this article is in its illustration of the fact above insisted on, that Tennyson's humour was essentially of the sympathetic type, the type to which all the greatest of the world's possessions in this kind belong. At the date, however, of the publication of *The Princess* the time had not yet arrived for him to prove his fellowship with the great masters of the humorous. He had not yet shown that supreme power of theirs whereby they are able to accomplish feats as marvellous, in a different way, as those of the poet, and to transform the outwardly unlovely things of the world as magically as he reveals their hidden loveliness. The secret of that magic is, of course, sympathy. You feel that the greatest creations of the master-humourists are what they are because the attitude of their creators towards them, grotesque or even ignoble as are many of their traits, was one of kindly tolerance, if not of affectionate regard. You feel that Falstaff would not have become *our* Falstaff, the world's Falstaff, if Shakespeare had not liked the fat knight more than he despised him; and that Don Quixote would not have been the possession for ever that it is if Cervantes had not loved the Don and Sancho with an equal love. In other words, you are conscious in both these cases that the finest fruit and blossom of creative humour

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have drawn their sustenance from a parent stem deep rooted in a soil of sympathy; and it is with precisely the same feeling that you study that immortal creation by which Tennyson's claim to rank as a great English humourist is for ever established.

There are some worthy people, no doubt, who would be shocked at, and might dispute, the proposition that the said immortal creation was born of the sympathy of its creator. 'Have you read *The Northern Farmer*, in Tennyson's last volume?' wrote Dean Trench to Bishop Wilberforce; 'every clergyman ought to study it. It is a wonderful revelation of the heathenism still in the land, and quite the most valuable thing in the book.' This, to be sure, is a thoroughly professional view of the work, and somewhat wanting consequently in breadth of critical appreciation. 'Every clergyman ought to study it' is particularly good. It almost recalls the temporary stimulus which was given to the sale of the first edition of the *Lyrical Ballads* by the idea that 'The Ancient Mariner' 'contained matter of professional interest to seafaring men. *The Northern Farmer*, of course, is a good deal more than a 'wonderful revelation of heathenism.' It is also a wonderful revelation of animalism, of egotism, of Toryism, and probably of many other *isms*; and the sum of them all is a figure disquieting, no doubt, to the conscience of the Christian divine, as it is repellent to æsthetic sensibilities and irritating to modern enlightenment, but animated also with a certain sturdy vigour, with which the poet, one feels, is in fullest sympathy, and radiating an unconscious humour which endears the gross old pagan to us, as it obviously endeared him to that heart in which, far rather, one might say, than in the head, he had his birth.

Tennyson was fifty-five when he published *The Northern Farmer*. Whether he had had it long in manuscript we do not know. But that that strong, rude georgic figure had been slowly and silently shaping itself in his mind for many years, and had acquired statuesque solidity in his imagination before he reproduced it 'in the flat,' with all that Shakespearean breadth of handling, yet minuteness of insight into detail, that has immortalised it as a literary portrait—of this we may be sure. One cannot doubt that the poet must have held converse with many such a farmer in his youth, and have glowed again and again with humorous appreciation of that measureless complacency with which he surveys his life; that undoubting faith that the alternation of a conscientious tillage of the soil with regular indulgence in the simpler and coarser pleasures of the senses is the highest, perhaps the only worthy, occupation of man. Years before the poem appeared the penetrating eye of the poet had no doubt read his subject through and through, and seen it from every side, and the kindly finger of the true humourist had been laid on all those artless foibles which so effectively set off the one or two rude and primitive virtues of his nature—the comic vanity, the *naïf* selfishness, the profound

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heathenism, the surviving touch of superstition, and withal the genuine, if somewhat boastfully proclaimed, devotion to duty, and the native fortitude which supplies the want of philosophy and religion, with more to spare than, perhaps, the religious or the philosophical always have to show. And the result is, that of the seventeen quatrains which make up the poem there is hardly one which does not add a fresh and vivid touch to the wonderful picture.

Its first and last impression is one of delightful solidity of character and fixity of habit. It is the note of Toryism in its most humorous and, to a Tory critic, its most endearing form—the Toryism which is rooted in the sanctities of use and wont, and to which a nightly draught of malt liquor may in the long course of years acquire a sort of ritual consecration.

> Git ma my aäle, fur I beänt a-gooin' to breäk my rule.

What if the medical man, a mere "viewy" ideologue, has forbidden it?

> Doctors, they knaws nowt, fur a says what's nawways true:
> Naw soort o' koind o' use to saäy the things that a do.
> I've 'ed my point o' aäle ivry noight sin' I beän 'ere,
> An' I've 'ed my quart ivry market-noight for foorty year.

The parson is not much better. He has been there, talking his peculiar lingo—"'The amoighty's a taäkin o' you to 'issén, my friend,'" and telling him of his sins. His exhortations evidently strike the old man as well meant but unpractical, except, indeed, on one point. His 'toithe were due, an' I gied it in hond; I done moy duty boy 'um, as I 'a done boy the lond.' His theology is not Pauline, but rather of the school of St. James the Less. Works are his strong point, not faith. And he evidently doubts the value of the dogmatic teaching on which his spiritual adviser relies.

> Larn'd a ma' beä. I reckons I 'annot sa mooch to larn.

And the parson makes an unfair and, indeed, ungrateful use of his knowledge of parochial scandal. For

> a cast oop, thot a did, 'boot Bessy Marris's barne.
> Thaw a knaws I hallus voäted wi' Squoire an' choorch an' staäte,
> An' i' the woost o' toimes I wur niver agin the raäte.

Which leads up naturally to that immortal and everlastingly quoted 'Confession of an Uninquiring Spirit.'

> An' I hallus coom'd to 's choorch afoor moy Sally wur deäd,
> An' 'eerd 'um a bummin' awaäy loike a buzzard-clock ower my 'eäd,
> An' I niver knaw'd whot a meän'd, but I thowt a 'ad summut to saäy,
> An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said an' I coom'd awaäy.

But the importunate shadow of Bessy Morris again reappears, and is dismissed by him in a line less frequently recalled, but, as a flash

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of humorous genius thrown upon a comically callous egoism, surely no less deserving of immortality:

> Bessy Marris's barne! tha knaws she laäid it to meä.
> Mowt a beän, mayhap, *fur she wur a bad un, sheä.*
> 'Siver, I kep 'um, I kep 'um, my lass, tha mun understond;
> I done moy duty boy 'um as I 'a done boy the lond.

Again, as to 'justification by works,' had he not stubbed Thornaby Waste while the parson, with his airs of superiority, was reading one sermon a week—a piece of land, too, which, in addition to its natural difficulties of reclamation, was haunted?

But the sense of duty triumphs over superstition, and ghosts themselves must yield to the spirit of serious agriculture.

> I stubb'd 'um oop wi' the lot, an' raäved an' rembled 'um oot.

Then after a picturesque touch of reminiscence, again there returns upon the old pagan the bitter thought of his interrupted life-work, and of the blind dealings of the Supreme Being with so substantial a farmer:

> Do godamoighty knaw what a's doing a-taäkin' o' meä?
> I beänt wonn as saws 'ere a beän an' yonder a peä;
> An' Squoire 'ull be sa mad an' all—a' dear a' dear!
> An' I 'a managed for Squoire coom Michaelmas thutty year.

Blind dealings indeed! But once more that heart-tickling vanity of his returns to his aid, and something almost like a simper of fatuous complacency breaks the failing voice:

> Loook 'ow quoloty smoiles when they seeäs ma 'a passin' boy,
> Says to theseén naw doubt 'what a man a beä sewer-loy!'
> For they knaws what I beän to Squoire sin' fust a coom'd to the 'All;
> I done moy duty by Squoire an' I done moy duty boy hall.

And, after all, a man may be well out of a world of new-fangled, uncanny agricultural inventions and ignorant self-sufficient doctors who set up their medical fads against the habits of a lifetime.

> What atta stannin' theer fur, an' doesn bring ma the aäle?
> Doctor's a 'toättler, lass, an a's hallus i' the owd taäle;
> I weänt breäk rules fur Doctor, a knaws naw moor nor a floy;
> Git ma my aäle, I tell tha, an' if I mun doy I mun doy.

And so, with a last hearty swig, he dies. Dean Trench's comment on his 'heathenism' was undoubtedly justified. Or if the word seems too harsh, let us describe his character as lacking in spirituality. But it is his humorous glory to be totally unconscious of the want, to be unconscious of any want which should mar his sense of self-contained perfection. We think of the infinite complexities of refined, civilised, developed humanity, the preciosities of the finical, the yearnings of the 'soulful,' the self-questionings and self-torturings of the 'introspective,' and, turning

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from them to this huge amorphous lump of Lincolnshire clay, so placidly convinced of itself as the flawlessly-fashioned model of human excellence ('What a man a beä sewer-loy!'), we feel the heart swell joyously with a new sense of the vast incongruities of life and the imagination exalted and quickened as by a sudden widening of the horizons of the world. It is only the great humourists who ever stir these emotions, and even they, Shakespeare only excepted, but seldom. The Old-Style Northern Farmer is a Shakespearean creation through and through.

His successor of the New Style is, I daresay, equally true to life, and the humorous insight which has gone to the delineation of the portrait may have been little less remarkable. It is not for the reason assigned by Dryden for the decline of English drama under the Restoration—not for the builders' 'want of genius,' that 'the second temple was not like the first.' It is that the New-Style Northern Farmer was in himself a far less humorous figure than his ancestor. In him the georgic mind has become self-conscious. His principles, his rules of life, have ceased to be instinctive; he has begun to reason about them, and in condescending to this the profoundly comic arrogance of his ancestor's attitude towards the world disappears. He is growing an imagination, too, and even cultivating a sort of art, than which nothing could have been more foreign to the reclaimer of Thornaby Waste. The fanciful refrain to which his horse's hoof-beats set themselves could never conceivably have rung in the older man's head:—

> Dosn't thou 'ear my erse's legs, as they canters awaäy?
> Proputty, proputty, proputty—that's what I 'ears 'em saäy..
> Proputty, proputty, proputty—Sam, thou's an ass for thy paäins:
> Theer's more sense 'i one o' 'is legs nor in all thy braäins.

The rustic cynicism of his advice to his son to marry for money and not for love is really little grosser in substance than the ordinary worldly wisdom of the towns. Consequently, it has an air of not being wholly unconscious, which, of course, detracts in a great measure from its humorous effect. No doubt there are subtle touches of undesigned self-portraiture, as where the father complacently hints that he has himself had his day of romance and disinterested amativeness as a youth, and was only saved from imprudence by the wise counsel of one who was in a double sense a friend. The 'but' in the passage is particularly pregnant.

> Warn't I craäzed fur the lasses mysén when I wur a lad?
> But I knaw'd a Quaäker feller as often 'as towd ma this:
> 'Doänt thou marry for munny, but goä wheer munny is!'

Still, on the whole, it nowhere touches the epic simplicity of the other poem, save in such a passage as

> Proputty, proputty's ivrything 'ere, an', Sammy, I'm blest
> If it isn't the saäme oop yonder, for them as 'as it's the best.

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Tis'n them as 'as munny as breäks into 'ouses an' steäls,
Them as 'as coäts to their backs an' taäkes their regular meäls.
Noä, but it's them as niver knaws wheer a meäl's to be 'ad.
Taäke my word for it, Sammy, the poor in a loomp is bad.

Here, it is true, we find once more the *naïveté* of the older world. And Tennyson's command over this abundant fount of humour remained with him to the very last. Among all the proofs of the astonishing longevity of his intellectual powers, the fine lyrical work of his extreme old age is, perhaps, not more wonderful than the richly humorous poem, in the dialect and manner of *The Northern Farmer*, which first saw the light of publication in the year of the Laureate's death. *The Churchwarden and the Curate* is a study in the comically ignoble which has its affinities with the elder rather than the younger of the two rustic figures portrayed some thirty years before. The cynicism of the Churchwarden's counsels of servility can afford to be coarser, because they are infinitely more artless and less self-conscious than the cynicism of the New-style Farmer's mercenary maxims. Profound as it is, we feel that it does not transgress the limits of legitimate comedy, and that we can indulge our pleasure in its broad effects without critical misgiving.

An' soä they've maäde thee a parson,

says the Churchwarden to the Curate, adding, on further reflection, the delightful encouragement:

Well, sin' there beä Chuch-wardens, ther mun be parsons an' all,
An' if t'öne stick alangside t'uther the Chuch weänt happen a fall.

As to himself, he admits, with the true contrition of one who has erred and strayed from the true path of success in life:

Fur I wur a Baptis' wonst, and ageän the toithe and the raäte,
Till I fun that it warn't not the gaäinst waäy to the narra Gaäte.
And I can't abear 'em, I can't, for a lot of 'em coom'd ta-year—
I wur down wi' the rheumatiz then—to *my* pond to wesh thessens theer.
So I sticks like the ivin as long as I lives to the owd chuch now,
For they weshed their sins i' *my* pond, an' I doubts they poison'd the cow.

Then, looking at the young cleric just beginning the world, the old man's thoughts revert to those who have risen to ecclesiastical preferments, and to the probable arts by which they rose:

Ay, an' ya seed the Bishop; they says 'at he coom'd fra nowt—
Born i' traäde. Sa I warrants he niver said haäfe wot 'e thowt,
But 'e creeäpt an 'e crawld along, till 'e feeäld 'e could howd 'is oän;
Then 'e married a greät yerl's darter, an' sits o' the Bishop's throän.

Even so and by the same judicious tactics had he, the Churchwarden, laid the foundation of his own fortunes. For had he not caught Master Harry as a boy in the act of stealing his apples, and said to him, 'Keep 'em, an' welcome, for thou was the Parson's lad'?

An' Parson, 'e 'ears on it all, and then takes kindly to me,
An' then I wur chose Chuchwarden, and coom'd to the top o' the tree;

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Fur Quoloty's hall my friends, 'an they maäkes ma a help to the poor,
When I gets the plaäte fuller o' Soondays nor ony chuchwarden afoor:
For if iver thy feyther 'ed riled me, I kep mysén meeäk as a lamb,
An' saw by the Graäce o' the Lord, Mr. Harry, I ham wot I ham.
But Parson, 'e *will* speäk out, saw, now 'e be sixty-seven,
He'll niver swap Owlby and Scratby for owt but the Kingdom o' Heaven;
An' thou'll be 'is curate 'ere, but if iver tha meäns to git 'igher,
Thou mun tackle the sins o' the Wo'ld, an' not the faults o' the Squire.
An' I reckons tha'll light of a livin' somewheres i' the Wowd or the Fen
If tha cottons doun to thy betters an' keeäps thysen to thysen.
But niver not speäk pläain out if tha wants to get forrards a bit,
But creeäp along the hedge-bottoms, and thou'll be a Bishop yit.

That Tennyson's feeling for humour of the subtler and more subdued kind was equally deep and true there are abundant indications scattered here and there throughout his serious poems. The finest and most sustained example of it in his works had, indeed, been given to the public only a few years before (1885) in the *Spinster's Sweet-Arts*, an exquisite study of demure, old-maidenly selfishness, which Miss Austen herself would not have disdained to own. But it is undoubtedly by his stronger rustic portraits—by his Northern Farmers and the Churchwarden—that he will live as a creative humourist; and the broad, free handling of these essentially dramatic masterpieces makes us wonder the more at the timid conventionality of touch which marks his treatment of the ostensibly humorous figures which occur here and there in the Tennysonian theatre. The apparent paradox, however, is doubtless susceptible of a comparatively simple explanation. That Tennyson possessed the instinct of imaginative comedy in a measure which was only underrated because of its inability to sustain comparison with his surpassing lyrical gift appears to me undeniable. But, to revert to the metaphor with which, on an earlier page, I endeavoured to illustrate this matter, one cannot but feel that humour and poetry, housemates as they were in that spacious and genial nature, yet occupied separate and unconnected chambers therein, and held no dramatic communication with each other. There was none of that magnificently free and equal intercourse between them which was one of the terms of their Shakespearean cohabitation. The humour of Tennyson had not that paramount and indefeasible right of audience which is exerted in favour of the crapulous Porter, even in the house of murder, and which demands a hearing for the clownish jests of gravediggers while the funeral train of Ophelia is at the gate of the churchyard. It is little reproach to any dramatist to have lacked that which few dramatists have possessed at all, and only the greatest of all in supreme perfection; but it was no doubt for want of this 'solidarity' between these two elements in his genius that Tennyson, engrossed with the poetic aspects of his dramas and the serious aspects of his characters, was unable to contemplate from the

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humorous side the scenes in which they moved. It was for this reason, one cannot but suspect, that his dramatic humour so habitually takes shape in one or other of those depressing forms of made-to-order pleasantry which is known to melodramatic playwrights, I believe, by the attractive name of 'comic relief,' but which is certainly a relief most difficult to receive in the grateful spirit of the sentinel in Hamlet.

All is not said, however, on the humour of a poet when one has merely reviewed its various embodiments in the poet's work. It has another and a most important, if less direct, relation to his art; for a sense of the humorous, and, the more alert the better, is a constituent factor of immeasurable moment in the composition of the highest and sanest kind of poetic genius. If we hesitate to call it an essential and indispensable ingredient therein, it is only because one thinks of Shelley, who was wholly without that sense, yet a supreme poet, and of Wordsworth, who managed to be a great poet without it, but who would have saved himself a hundred times from declining from poet into preacher if he had had it. It is not well to deal in universal affirmatives or negatives on this subject; and there is no need to discuss the question how far that perfect sanity of genius which we all recognise in the world's greatest masters of thought and expression is capable of existence except in company with, or as including, the sense of humour. Enough that they were united, if in any great modern poet, in the poet Tennyson; and that it is truly fortunate for his art and for his time that they were. For nearly half a century he filled the foremost place in English literature; for more than half that time his authority was unquestioned and his influence unbounded. No English poet had filled such a position for two hundred years, when it was as greatly and as sanely filled, though, of course, for a much shorter period, by Dryden. The later like the earlier Laureate was an innovator and a pioneer, an inventor of new poetic methods, the fashioner, it may almost be said, of a new poetic language. If any man ever had, and felt himself to have, a mission, it was Tennyson; and we all know how that feeling 'doth work like madness in the brain' of him from whom a humourless nature has withheld the faculty of self-detachment and the power to stand apart and contemplate one's personality and work from the standpoint of the spectator. Think how many poets there are and have been who, even if no one else will take them seriously, take themselves with absolute solemnity—nay, who contemplate their own poetic genius with the bowed head of adoration, and speak of it with the bated breath of the worshipper. And then think, if such a one had been suddenly raised to that height of fame on which Tennyson stood for the greater part of a long life of intellectual activity, what fantastic tricks he would have played with English poetry, what blind alleys of mistaken method he would have led her into, what *ignes fatui* of ideals he would have set her

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chasing. If the poetry of our age has bowed down to no strange gods, if its literature has followed no false fires, it is mainly because the greatest of Victorian poets was also a humourist to the core, and because the poet in him worked ever, even at full flood-tide of inspiration, under the eye of that Comic Spirit who kills extravagance with a smile.

H. D. Traill.

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MODERN SURGERY

THE dawn of modern surgery may be said to have arisen barely a buarter of a century ago, when surgeons first began to learn how to treat their operation wounds, and discovered that most of the complications associated therewith were due to preventible causes. Probably the majority of surgeons will be prepared to admit that previously to that date the successes in surgery were due more to good luck than good management. Moreover, in former days there were collateral influences at work which tended to play havoc with the surgeon's results. Hospital wards, for example, were contaminated with the foulnesses arising from defective drainage, and in a hygienic sense were disgracefully at fault. Even the medical staffs and the students attending at the hospitals were apt to suffer in health, so much so that both the healthy as well as the sick had to pay some penalty in consequence of the insanitary condition of these institutions.

But a change for the better took place in the course of time. A handmaid to surgery arose in the form of sanitary science. No sooner were the principles of modern sanitation applied to hospitals than surgeons at once began to obtain better results in their cases, and the mortality from operations began to decline. Erysipelas, for instance, that infective disease of indefinable origin, became less frequent and less to be feared as a complication of wounds. Blood-poisoning, whose origin afforded so frequently an insoluble problem to surgeons, began perceptibly to diminish, until at last some sort of rivalry arose between the surgeons of different hospitals as to which hospital could show the best record for operations in the after-treatment of which no symptoms of blood-poisoning developed. But looking back over the comparatively short period of twenty-two years, when I was a student at St. Bartholomew's, how primitive, in a sense, was the treatment of wounds then in comparison with that which obtains now! Carbolic acid in 1872 had just begun to be acknowledged as a useful antiseptic in surgery. It was talked about a great deal, and brave efforts were made to conform to the principle, then rapidly coming into recognition, of employing it in the treatment of all wounds. But the only carbolic preparation which was deemed to be efficacious was that of carbolic oil. Carbolic oiled lint was considered

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to be the 'up-to-date' dressing of all wounds at this period, and surgeons who continued to resort to water-dressings and poultices for amputation and other wounds were regarded somewhat askance by their colleagues, and, perhaps, pitied for their want of prescience. In some cases a decided affection, amounting almost to superstition, for the new antiseptic appeared to be displayed, and new appliances were introduced for the purpose of more freely using it. For instance, over each bed in the surgical wards of St. Bartholomew's belonging to the late Mr. —— a test tube was fixed, containing a little carbolic oil, in which was kept immersed a camel-hair brush. Each time that the patient's wound was dressed, the camel-hair brush was withdrawn from the tube and the wound delicately anointed with the oil; then the new dressing was applied, and it was hoped that all would be safe for the next twenty-four hours, when the process of dressing would be repeated. I may here point out that at the period of which I am speaking the frequent dressing of wounds was deemed to be a *sine quâ non* in the successful progress of a case. Seldom was it that more than twenty-four hours were allowed to elapse before a new dressing was applied. The surgeon always liked to have a look at the wound, just to 'see how it was getting on,' and the excuse for doing so was the opportunity afforded of changing the dressing. Of course, in the cases in which poultices and water-dressing were used the wound frequently came under observation, owing to the exigencies arising from the nature of the dressings employed. This matter of the frequent dressings of wounds by surgeons in former days is a most important one, as will become, on comparison with the rule followed now, more apparent later on. Strictly speaking, however, it was the only method which presented itself to the right judgment of surgeons, and the nature of the dressings was such that it must certainly have been in the interests of the patients that the practice was followed. There was, nevertheless, one serious objection to it, and that was it interfered with the primary healing. 'Primary' or 'immediate' union of a skin wound is the result which surgeons always like to obtain, and while primary union is the rule in the present day, in former times this achievement, when it occurred, could more often be ascribed to the kindness of Nature rather than to any assistance which she obtained from the methods of surgical treatment adopted by the surgeon.

The dawn, however, of the new treatment which was ultimately destined to revolutionise the whole subject of wound treatment, and to lead surgeons into paths of surgical enterprise which could never have been dreamt of in earlier times, was at hand. Sir (then Mr.) Joseph Lister was at work in his laboratory in Glasgow, and in the wards of the Royal Infirmary at Glasgow. He had conceived the idea of the antiseptic treatment of wounds, and was engaged in elaborating out of it a system which ever since has borne his name. In brief, his method was based upon the assumption that the inflammatory changes

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occurring in a wound, associated with suppuration, were due to microbic infection. Here was a conviction which seemed to convey with it an infinity of problems, the solution of which might redound to the credit of surgery. What a vast field for speculation and experiment it seemed to open out! The fact, however, having been established by incontrovertible scientific evidence that it was the presence of pathogenic germs in a wound which caused all those deplorable complications of blood-poisoning of which surgeons had so much to complain, the next step in the evolution of the system was comparatively an easy one. Naturally the only thing to be done was to insure the exclusion of all possible sources of infection. In order to arrive at this desirable condition of things, the most elaborate measures were deemed to be necessary. Evidently at the first a very serious view was taken of the wickedness of germs, and of their illimitable power to propagate evil. The science of bacteriology could hardly then be said to be in existence, and all micro-organisms consequently were able to do very much as they pleased. But 'their time came' when bacteriology blossomed into a science. The bacteriological laboratory is now the 'Scotland Yard' of micro-organic life. There is so much known of the evil ways of germs that whenever an indefinable disease breaks out, or an epidemic occurs, the first questions asked are: What and where is the germ? Then the bacteriologist, like the detective sent down from the central police office, proceeds to take up the case, and it is seldom now that he fails to drag the evil-doer before the tribunal of science, and furnish proofs by which the micro-organism can be afterwards identified.

In the early days of antiseptic surgery one of the appliances which was held to be the most indispensable was the carbolic spray. No operation was ever undertaken, and no wound was ever examined, except in a dense cloud of carbolic acid solution evolved from a hand or steam spray. Long ago, however, the spray was discarded; no surgeon now-a-days deems it to be essential. On the Continent, curiously enough, the spray at one time was immensely popular. In one of the Paris Hospitals in 1880, I remember seeing a surgeon operating with the thermo-cautery, and during the whole of the time the spray was being vigorously applied over the part which was being dealt with. With the two elements of fire and (antiseptic) water it could only have been a brave and robust germ which could have withstood these terrible preparations designed for its destruction.

But the great principle inculcated by the antiseptic system was the inexorable need of absolute cleanliness in the treatment of wounds. This was the primary lesson which the system taught. However, as has so commonly been the case with all innovations, surgeons did not at first fall in with the teaching. It was only gradually that they accepted Sir Joseph Lister's propositions, and decided to adopt antisepticism as a routine method of treatment. But little by

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little the new form of wound treatment began to make headway, until now thorough antisepticism is, or ought to be, indissolubly bound up with every surgeon's work.

There was, however, another lesson which the principle of cleanliness as laid down in the antiseptic system inculcated, and its effects have been far-reaching to a degree which can be described as nothing less than marvellous. In this connection it is essential to point out that the justifiability of an operation, from a surgical standpoint, is entirely a question of results. If the results be good, then the surgeon is justified in placing the benefits which may be derived from the procedure within reach of the patient. If, on the other hand, the results be bad, and the risks to life great, then the operation, whatever it may be, cannot be regarded as a legitimate undertaking, or one to which surgeons, jealous of their art, could freely give their sanction.

Many operations during the pre-antiseptic days were on the borderland of being regarded as unsurgical. Some even were actually condemned, as being almost criminal, and as reflecting unmeasured censure upon those surgeons who had the temerity to attempt them.

Since, however, the introduction of the principles of antisepticism a change has come over the scene. The other lesson which surgeons have learnt from the system is—confidence. Having now full knowledge of how their operation wounds in former days did badly, they now know how to prevent untoward accidents in this direction, and the confidence thus gained has led them far afield in surgical enterprise, and has prompted them to undertake many an operation which otherwise would have been considered unsurgical, to the great gain of humanity both in the relief from the physical and mental suffering obtained and in the saving of life.

One of the most interesting features which the scientific treatment of wounds has brought to light is the amount of interference which certain tissues will now tolerate without showing inflammatory resentment. Two instances of this will suffice. First there is the peritoneum, the lining membrane of the abdominal cavity. In former days the surgeon always dreaded having anything to do with the peritoneum. It was always so ready to retaliate by becoming inflamed. Like a spoilt child, its resentment seldom appeared to be reasonable, and the worst of it was that when the peritoneum did become inflamed the patient was always placed in peril of his life.

The result of all this was that operations involving the peritoneum were avoided as much as possible by surgeons. If they did interfere with this highly ill-humoured membrane, they never could foretell what the result would be. Sometimes all went well—no one pretended to explain how—and then the cure was very naturally made the most of. Most commonly, however, the reverse was the case, and thus the large number of surgical affections occurring in con-

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nexion with the peritoneum were for the most part deemed to be beyond the pale of legitimate surgery, owing to the mortality with which the attempts at surgical relief were associated. But another membrane competed with the peritoneum in the intolerance to interference which it presented, and that was the synovial membrane, or the lining membrane of joints. This membrane, too, was always calculated to inspire surgeons with great misgiving when it was openly wounded. Truly, there was reason for this misgiving, inasmuch as external wounds of joints in olden days were frequently disastrous in their results. The joints became acutely inflamed; this inflammation was often followed by their destruction, and in order to save life amputation had frequently to be resorted to. When we reflect that the only treatment available in the pre-antiseptic days for wounds of joints was rest, the application of cold and of leeches to subdue inflammation, can surprise be felt that the results were so disastrous to the hapless patient?

What is now the picture presented by peritoneal surgery, and the surgery of wounded joints? Cheerfulness and confidence on the part of the surgeon, and gratification at the relief obtained on the part of the patient. Operations involving the peritoneum are now among the commonest in surgery. This formerly ill-natured membrane is no longer dreaded. Surgeons of the present day know exactly how to deal with it. They have learnt that it was the intrusion of germs, and not the surgical interference which the peritoneum resented. Now-a-days, provided due respect be paid to its natural idiosyncrasy against micro-organisms, the peritoneum may almost be handled with impunity. Nevertheless, whenever it is dealt with surgically, the greatest care is always taken to treat it with a considerable degree of 'surgical politeness,' that is to say, to a special 'toilette' of antiseptic solutions or sterilised water, with a view to the removal of all sources of irritation, the establishment of absolute cleanliness, and the destruction of all pathogenic germs which might have invaded its surface. In a general sense, the same remarks apply to the surgery of the joints, and the untoward and disastrous results which used formerly to distinguish these latter forms of injury have, happily, now become a thing of the past.

The elaborate, and yet withal indispensable procedures adopted by antiseptic surgeons preparatory to undertaking an operation would probably appear something marvellous in their minuteness to the casual observer. The attention, almost extravagant as it would seem, paid to the smallest details, would tend to excite in the mind of the latter person rather pity than admiration. So much of it would seem to be unnecessary, and the whole exhibition of carefulness would be suggestive of the action of a man who was merely indulging in one of his special fads. But this would be a false conclusion at which to arrive. In the pursuit of cleanliness—cleanliness that is, in a scientific sense—no

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detail is so insignificant that the surgeon, in the interests of his patient, can afford to overlook it. There are three locations, so to speak, the absolute cleanliness of which must be above suspicion before the operator is justified in proceeding to his work. These are the surgeon's hands, his instruments, and the integument covering the part of the patient's body at which the operation is about to be performed. How is the requisite cleanliness in each case secured? So far as the hands are concerned, by profuse scrubbing with a nail brush in soap and hot water, followed by a thorough drenching in some antiseptic solution, as that of 1 in 2,000 of perchloride of mercury; so far as the instruments are concerned, by sterilising them, that is by boiling them in water, or by passing them through the flame of a spirit lamp, or placing them in a steam steriliser, and then, when the operator is ready to begin, by putting them into a receptacle containing an antiseptic solution, as for example, that of carbolic acid. Lastly, so far as the patient's integument is concerned, by washing the part first thoroughly with soap and water, having previously shaved it if necessary, and afterwards with a perchloride of mercury solution, or if the part be greasy, by removing all the greasy material by scrubbing it with ether. Without going into further details, these are the cardinal precepts of the science of operating in the present day. Of course, each wound which in this manner is made under aseptic conditions, as it is called, is kept aseptic, by the use of antiseptic dressings, until healing has taken place. The results of this method of treatment of wounds are nothing less than wonderful in comparison with those which the earlier surgeons were able to obtain. What happens, after, say the amputation of a limb now-a-days? The rule is—nothing. Nothing, that is to say, beyond the uneventful convalescence of the patient. The dressings are not touched, unless the temperature and the pulse of the patient indicate, by some disturbance, that it would be expedient to examine the wound. The temperature and the pulse are the surgeon's guide; he takes his cue from them. Nothing can be amiss in the wound if these remain normal, and thus it follows that a large wound, such as that following an amputation, heals soundly from first to last without any suppuration. What a contrast with that which obtained in former days! Suppuration then was thought to be an indispensable part of the healthy process of healing. In the present time, on the contrary, a surgeon is held to have failed in his practice of the principles of surgical cleanliness, if, in the course of his operation wounds, originally aseptic, suppuration occurs.

From the foregoing remarks it will be gathered how vast have been the strides in this department of the art of surgery. Surgeons have now every reason to be satisfied, so far as the *technique* of their operations are concerned. In this particular, it would be difficult to conceive whence further improvement could come. But all this

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elaborate carefulness, this striving after scientific cleanliness, this deliberate methodism in the treatment of wounds, only goes to show how the science of surgery is being evolved, and how, also, its progress as an art is being sustained by the intellectual capacity of those whose calling in life it has become.

From these generalities I will now descend to particulars, and in doing so I will attempt to answer the question—What is the evidence of surgical progress during the past few years, as displayed in the introduction of new operations, new methods of surgical treatment, new appliances for the relief of surgical suffering? In order to deal with this part of my subject, I propose to take *seriatim* the various parts and organs of the body, the modern surgery of which illustrates best the progress which has been made in this regard; and the first organ which seems to call for notice is the brain. What, then, is the surgery of the brain, in the present day?

The first point which attracts attention in this connexion is the marked illustration, comprised in the surgery of the brain, of the interdependence of the sciences upon which the profession of healing is founded. The present gratifying position of brain surgery has been almost entirely the result of the work of physiologists, that is to say, saving for the knowledge of the localisation of the functions of the central organ of the nervous system, of which we are now in possession, and which has been entirely the result of physiological inquiry, the brain would still have remained an inaccessible organ to surgical relief.

Until comparatively recent times there was no means of knowing with any certainty what the symptoms presented by brain lesions implied. In all brain cases except those where the brain had been severely injured, and the nature of the injury was very definite, it was impossible to pronounce any opinion with respect to the special part of the organ which was involved. In process of time, however, the idea presented itself to certain physiologists of making some effort to localise the functions of the brain, in other words to ascertain what parts of the brain were specially associated with the various movements performed by the body. The investigations into this subject have been productive of most valuable results. The first step in this original inquiry was made by Broca, who pointed out that the condition, technically known as aphasia, in which the patient loses the faculty of converting his ideas into articulate speech, was associated with a definite lesion of the posterior part of the third left frontal convolution. From this small beginning, in 1861, our knowledge of the subject has gradually progressed, until in the present day it may be said to be complete; in brief, the doctrine of the localisation of the cerebral functions is now fully established. The chief workers in this special field of physiology were Hitzig and Ferrier, and the mode by

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which their investigations were made included experimentation upon the brains of dogs, monkeys, and other animals. It was mainly, however, from the monkeys that the most important results were derived. I mention this merely for the purpose of recalling how many just reasons exist which render legitimate the performance of experiments upon animals, in the elucidation of facts of supreme moment to humanity at large. Saving for these experiments and the knowledge so gained from them, surgeons would not have been in a position to adopt those measures of surgical relief which have since resulted in the rescue of many a patient from certain death. Undeniably humanity owes a debt of gratitude to our reputed Simian ancestors, but 'necessity has no law,' and surely if, by the sacrifice of a few monkeys, mankind would benefit ever afterwards, it must be admitted that in this instance at least the means was justified by the end. Thus, then, by the knowledge of the localisation of the cerebral functions, medical men are now in a position to estimate the precise locality of a lesion of the brain. The extent to which this knowledge is applied is shown by the rules which obtain respecting the exact seat of operation when trephining becomes necessary. After, for example, an injury to the skull associated with symptoms of paralysis indicating some cerebral lesion, the precise locality of the operation on the skull is determined by the nature of the paralysis which is present. Whether it be paralysis of the arm and leg, or of the arm only, or if there be facial paralysis with aphasia, or whatever the special form may be, in each and every case the trephine has to be applied over a particular and distinct part of the skull. The reason of this, of course, is that the symptoms point to a particular locality of the brain being involved, and in order to reach the seat of the disease the surgeon applies his trephine over that part of the skull opposite to which his knowledge teaches him that the lesion will be found.

In France certain French surgeons have paid a good deal of attention to the operative treatment of idiocy in children. A fair number of cases have now been recorded in which operative interference has been carried out with most gratifying results. The cases coming under this category are those in which, as it is assumed, there has been premature union of the bones of the skull in infancy, in consequence of which the brain has been unable to develop. This interference with the development of the brain is attended with symptoms, more or less marked, of idiocy, which short of operative measures does not admit of any treatment. The operation, technically known as craniectomy, has for its object the removal of some portion of the bony covering of the brain, thus allowing of the expansion and development of the organ. It is not needful here to describe further the various details of the procedure, but the following case may be

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cited of the benefit which may be derived from its performance. The case was that of a little girl eight years of age. The history showed that when she was fifteen months old she was only able to walk with difficulty, while at eighteen months it was noticed that her intelligence was deficient. At the age of eight, when she first came under the notice of the surgeon, the physical development was quite normal, but her intelligence was that of an infant. The child had been sent to school, without, however, ever being able to learn even her letters, she could not talk intelligently, neither had she any idea of danger; several times, without the least apprehension of the results, she had nearly thrown herself out of the window. She walked always with her head down, and never could fix her eyes on anything. Under the circumstances, any operative interference seemed to hold out but little chance of good resulting. However, the parents insisted, and the surgeon, fortified by their earnest entreaty, consented to perform the operation. The result was certainly remarkable. The day following the operation the child took notice of everyone; asked for something to eat—a thing she had never done before in her life—and cried for her parents. In eight days' time the wound had soundly healed, and before leaving the hospital she was able to amuse herself, and to walk well, while the good progress continued after her return home.

With all the knowledge which we now possess of brain lesions, of the symptoms with which they are associated, and of the procedures which may be adopted for their relief, brain surgery would still be impossible in the absence of antisepticism. The brilliant results which surgeons have been able to claim in this department of their art has been largely the outcome of this method of wound treatment. It needs no demonstration to point out that in dealing with structures such as those involved in brain surgery, the operator must leave no trace of his work beyond those procedures which are necessary; if the life of his patient is to be saved, no latitude can be allowed for septic infection of the wound, or for suppuration; from first to last there must be no complication arising from the operation if a good result is to be secured. Happily, however, under strict antisepticism, no misgiving need be felt in this respect, and in their methods to avoid wound infection antiseptic surgeons have full confidence. Most serious injuries to the brain are now recovered from, those even involving extensive fracture of the skull and loss of brain substance. Some remarkable instances of successful results from these injuries have been recorded, the credit for which can be attributed to antisepticism. It is interesting to note in this connexion that the brain and its membranes in no way resent the free application of antiseptic solutions. Just when the use of carbolic acid was first beginning to attract attention, some doubt was felt

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whether it would be wise to employ this powerful drug in brain injuries. I well remember a clinical lecture in my student days given by a surgeon upon cases of compound fracture of the skull, in which he described the case of a youth, aged seventeen, who was admitted into the hospital for a severe injury to the frontal bone. The violence of the blow had been such that a quantity of brain matter was protruding and damaged beyond repair. The surgeon, most properly, as we know now, thoroughly washed the whole of the brain surface with a solution of carbolic acid, and, 'would you believe it, gentlemen,' he said, 'the patient never had an unfavourable symptom, for the wound healed soundly and he made an uninterrupted recovery?' He deduced therefrom the principle that brain wounds should be treated with carbolic acid in the same way as wounds of the soft parts—a substantial advance in wound treatment, seeing that this was in pre-antiseptic days.

Illustrative of the progress which has also been made in the treatment of gunshot wounds of the brain, I may mention the following example. A man fired two bullets from a revolver into his head above the temple on the left side. He did not become unconscious until the following day, and then the serious symptoms commenced; convulsive movements began on the right side which ended in that side becoming completely paralysed. On the third day after the receipt of the injury it was decided to attempt some operative interference with a view to affording relief, and the skull over the seat of the injury was trephined. The bullets were found lying upon the surface of the brain over that portion which is technically known as the third frontal convolution on the left side. They were at once removed, as well as several large blood clots, together with that part of the brain substance which was seen to have been severely injured. The wound was plugged with antiseptic dressings, and the patient taken back to bed. Three days after the operation good progress to recovery was being made; the paralytic symptoms had quite disappeared, as well as others which had been noticed. Ultimately the man was discharged from the hospital quite well.

Closely identified with the surgery of the brain is the surgery of the spine, in connection with which a few observations may now be made.

Speaking generally, the improvement in this department of surgery has also been highly satisfactory as the result of the progress of surgical science, and, here it may be mentioned, that far above all the remarkable instances of surgical progress which have recently occurred must be placed the classical case in which a tumour of the spine was successfully diagnosed and removed. The history of the case reads more like a romance in surgery than a record of actual facts. Very briefly I may here refer to some of its details. A

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patient had suffered for three years from severe localised pain beneath the left shoulder blade, when he came under treatment. The source of the pain was involved in the greatest obscurity; nothing definite could be assigned as its cause. As time progressed, however, paralytic symptoms developed first in one and then in the other of the lower extremities; and these symptoms were subsequently succeeded by complete paralysis of the lower half of the body. The conclusion was then arrived at, that the case was one of compression of the spinal cord, and, by the process of reasoning technically known as the method of exclusion, the opinion was formed that in all probability the pressure signs were due to a tumour. Under these circumstances an operation afforded the only chance of escape from certain death, after intense suffering. But the suggestion was no sooner submitted to the patient than he expressed an urgent desire that it should be carried out, without any delay. The operation was performed, under, of course, the strictest antiseptic precautions; the spinal canal was opened, and a tumour was found pressing upon the cord. The tumour, together with some portion of the nerve to which it was adherent, was removed, and, without entering into further detail, it need only be mentioned that the patient made a complete recovery, all the paralytic symptoms and pain disappeared, ultimately leaving him in excellent health. This was the first occasion on which a tumour involving the spinal cord had been exposed and successfully removed, and the issue of the case undeniably shows that the operation in question can be legitimately added to those surgical procedures which the science of the day has rendered justifiable.

Another great advance in connexion with the treatment of the surgical disorders of the nervous system is shown by the good results which have been obtained after operations undertaken for the union of divided nerves. Until quite recent years the importance was not recognised of restoring the continuity of an important nerve which had happened to be divided in a wound. Of course, nowadays surgeons know that it is just as absolutely essential to suture a divided nerve in a wound as it is to check the hæmorrhage by tying the arteries.

Unless the continuity of the nerve be restored, loss of motion and sensation will result in the parts to which the nerve is distributed, a contingency which is obviously attended with the most serious disadvantages when the part happening to be affected is, say, the hand. But even where the omission has occurred to bring the ends of the divided nerve together, and the usual results have followed, many cases have been recorded in which the functions of the nerve have been restored by a subsequent operation of suturing. In one case of this description which recently occurred, a little girl was severely injured in the right arm by the bursting of a soda-water

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bottle. The wound was treated at the time *secundum artem*, but the main nerve of the limb, which had been divided, was unattended to. Four months after the accident, however, a surgeon cut down upon the injured part, after perfect healing had taken place, for the purpose of restoring the continuity of the nerve whose functions had remained in abeyance. He found the divided ends of the nerve about an inch apart, and after freeing them of the thickened tissue by which they were surrounded he then proceeded to unite them with silk sutures. The result was that on the following day the power of sensation in the parts supplied by the nerve had largely returned, and the recovery of muscular power was beginning to be established.

In keeping with the principle that there must be no solution of continuity of a nerve if its functions are to be properly maintained is the method now adopted by surgeons transplanting nerve tissue from one part to another in order to fill up a 'gap' which from some cause or another may have arisen in a nerve. The best instance of the practice of this method which has been recorded occurred in connection with a case under the care of a surgeon at Leeds. A small tumour was removed from the median nerve in a patient's arm, and in the course of the operation a portion of the nerve itself was taken away; this was naturally followed by the loss of sensation and motion of the parts supplied by the nerve. After, however, the lapse of forty-eight hours, a piece of healthy nerve from a leg which had just been amputated was obtained, and with the borrowed piece of tissue the continuity of the patient's nerve was restored. The result was perfectly successful, the recovery of the lost power being complete and permanent. The process of transplanting tissues from man to man, of which the above is an example, or from the lower animals to man, has in recent years come to occupy an important position in surgery. It might be thought that a piece of nerve, of bone, or of skin, removed from all its normal connections would at once die, and would be useless for any purpose of grafting. But such is not the case. Provided strict antisepticism be observed and the transplanting process be carried out in absolute accordance with surgical principles, the transplanted tissue will live, and by uniting with the tissues in its new situation will in every respect ultimately fulfil the functions of that the place of which it has taken.

The progress of modern surgery is, perhaps, shown most of all in the treatment of surgical affections involving the peritoneum. Here the successes of surgery have been most gratifying. In order to gather to what extent the advance has been in this regard it is only necessary to turn to the pages of the early numbers of the medical journals. What disclosures are there to be found of failures in surgical practice, and of the crudeness of the principles which then guided surgeons in the practice of their art! Not only was the diagnosis

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generally at fault, but nothing, of course, was known of the surgical treatment of these cases. But the surgeon was not to blame. It was the knowledge of the science and art of his profession which was wanting. So far as he could, he relieved his patients, but it was seldom that he could do much. It is not extravagant to say that patients innumerable then succumbed who nowadays could have been readily relieved by surgical interference, and their lives saved. To read the records of the cases published in the journals in question can scarcely be done with complacency by the light of modern surgery: the conviction becomes so strong of the opportunities which were lost, of the mistakes made, and of the unnecessary suffering permitted to exist, that the self-imposed task of glancing at the records of the surgery of the past is by no means an attractive one. Still, in this connection, it is essential to remember that the medical journals continue as heretofore to discharge their function of recording contemporary medical literature, and who can say how we shall be judged by those who follow us? Despite the present satisfactory position of modern surgery, it may be that future generations of surgeons will have much to cavil at, so far as our methods of surgical treatment are concerned. Perhaps they might not be able to improve upon our results, for at no time have these been better; but they might have a good deal to say respecting the means by which we arrived at them. Quite possibly in the present day certain surgical procedures are capable of improvement in detail—it would be absurd to suppose that this was not the case—but time and experience only can show how improvement can be effected, and in the meantime surgeons have ample reason to be satisfied with their methods, in consequence of their good results.

A perusal of the reports of cases published in the early numbers of medical journals brings to light another noticeable feature which tells again in favour of modern surgery. The practice of surgery in olden days was a very leisurely business, that is to say, whenever patients successfully withstood the shock of a major operation, and were left with a large wound to heal, weeks would generally have to elapse before convalescence could be established. The wounds had to heal, as it is called, by granulation—just the slowest process which Nature could possibly be called upon to adopt—and nothing could be done to expedite matters. The consequence was that if a man after an amputation of his thigh was out of his bed in six weeks' time he might consider himself fortunate. But under the present system a great economy of time has been effected in this regard. Surgeons have found that Nature can be wooed into healing wounds of the largest description by 'the first intention,' under the influence of antisepticism. The normal period now for an amputation wound to be quite soundly healed is within fourteen

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days, in the course of which, perhaps, the dressings have only once been changed. As soon as the wound has healed the patient is allowed to leave his bed, and thus he is able to be discharged to a convalescent home quite a month earlier than would have been the case twenty-five years ago. No demonstration is needed to show how valuable this economy of time must be to hospital patients who happen to be the 'bread-winners' of families. Throughout the domain of surgery a great saving of time has been effected in the healing process, and the good feature associated with this rapid union is the reduction to a minimum of the complications and risks to which all patients with wounds are exposed. A very perilous accident in earlier days was a compound fracture. When, for example, this injury occurred to the leg, the patient was to be congratulated if he did not require to undergo amputation of the limb. To the surgeon compound fractures were always a source of anxiety. They had such an unenviable record for 'doing' badly. There was no certainty that dire complications such as erysipelas and general blood-poisoning would not arise; indeed, it was more often than not that abscesses formed about the seat of injury, necessitating active surgical treatment. In the light of modern science it is not difficult to explain how all these untoward results occurred. The explanation is that the wound became infected with virulent germs; these increased and multiplied in the deep recesses of the tissues surrounding the fracture, and thus the inflammatory signs rapidly developed. But how great is the improvement nowadays in the treatment of compound fractures! Provided the violence has not been too severe, neither the life of the patient nor his limb are imperilled by the receipt of such an injury. After thoroughly treating the wound antiseptically, the surgeon aims at converting the compound fracture into a simple one, by endeavouring to secure primary union of the skin wound. All the complications usually associated with these cases are thus banished; limbs are saved, the period of treatment is much curtailed, and a long convalescence avoided!

I now propose to make some observations upon the modern surgery of the eye. The eye is a small organ, and the area is therefore a very limited one for the introduction of new procedures for the relief of its surgical affections. Indeed, it may be said that only one commanding discovery has ever been made in connection with the surgical treatment of diseases of the eye, and that was Graefe's great discovery of the operation of iridectomy, or removing a portion of the iris for the relief of glaucoma. But the results from this operation have been most brilliant. Patients in a condition of groping blindness, with a certain prospect of becoming absolutely blind within a very short time, have by means of iridectomy in glaucoma had their sight restored to them. Sometimes one eye has been lost from

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some cause, and the other has become glaucomatous. The sight, therefore, in the remaining eye has been doubly valuable; but here, again, blindness has been averted and vision regained by the operation. Nearly everything depends in this class of cases upon the time when the surgeon is called in. The earlier the patients come under treatment, the more satisfactory are the results; but if the disease has been allowed to persist for some time after all vision is lost, then the patient cannot expect much, if any, improvement from the treatment. Graefe treated his first case after this method as long ago as the year 1857, and, practically speaking, the operation has maintained its position from that time till the present, as the only trustworthy method of dealing with glaucoma. Contrasting the results of the treatment of glaucoma in the present day with those formerly obtained, the difference is marvellous. In 1838 a well-known authority wrote:—

> No treatment will avail in checking glaucoma and preventing complete blindness. The prognosis is unquestionably most unfavourable. I have seen many cases of glaucoma treated, but never with success.

It is evident, therefore, that succeeding generations have had good cause to be thankful to Von Graefe for his discovery. A perusal of the standard works on ophthalmology, published about fifty years ago, is calculated to raise emotions of a considerably diverse description in the mind of an ophthalmic surgeon of the present day. Indeed, it would be safer for a surgeon in whose nature cynicism was a developed feature not to undertake such a task—he would find so much material upon which to exercise his faculty. Our predecessors in this branch of the healing art, of course, had difficulties to contend with which do not now exist. But experience shows that they were always equal to the occasion. Their confidence, for example, in diagnosing diseases of the back of the eye, whose presence could only be demonstrated by the ophthalmoscope—an instrument which had still to be invented—was remarkable. They talked blithely of inflammation of the retina, of the optic nerve, and of other structures of which the back of the eye is composed. The universal expression descriptive of all these conditions, was the now obsolete one 'amaurosis,' and patients were said to be suffering from amaurosis, arising, for example, from retinitis, optic neuritis, and so forth. The term, of course, only means blindness, and, blindness being a symptom and not a disease, its use conveyed very little information either to the practitioner or the patient. The curious point, however, was that all these ocular affections, confined to the back part of the eye, were never considered to be beyond the pale of diagnosis. The methods of arriving at the diagnosis were, to say the least of it, 'somewhat peculiar;' nevertheless, the fact remains that the earlier surgeons

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were able to talk about retinitis and other such affections the recognition of which even with the aid of the ophthalmoscope requires a good deal of teaching in the present day. Our predecessors were, however, in these matters mostly wrong. A funny instance of an error in this respect may be given. In one of the most popular standard works on ophthalmic surgery published fifty years ago, amaurosis is described as 'arising from congestion or inflammation of the nervous optic apparatus by over-exercise of the sight'—and the author then goes on to say:—

> Literary men, engravers, and others, whose occupation is at once sedentary and requires constant exercise of the sight, are frequently affected with this amaurosis. The repose of Sunday has a remarkable influence on the subjects of this disease, tailors, and others, observing that at no period of the week do they see so well as on Monday morning.

As a detail of the surgeon's observation and experience all this was probably quite true. But by the light of modern science there was nothing more serious the matter with the tailors and literary men than that which a pair of spectacles would have effectually relieved! Another feature in connection with the modern surgery of the eye may be mentioned, and that is the treatment of that deformity, in most cases distressing to the patient and his friends, known as 'squint.'

The most common form of 'squint' is that in which the globe of the eye is turned inwards. Fifty years ago 'cross-eyed' persons must have been much *en évidence*, judging from the forms of treatment laid down in the standard text-books of that period for the relief of the deformity. Nothing was then known of the science of its causation, and the treatment of it, of course, was entirely at fault. Most elaborate reasons were assigned in the endeavour to account for its appearance. One distinguished author attributed 'squint' to

> the bad custom which nurses sometimes have of laying a child in such a position in its cradle that it sees the light, or any other remarkable object, with only one eye.

Reading between these lines, it is almost impossible to avoid exclaiming, 'Poor nurses, poor children,' for under these circumstances a nurse would be certain to be censured for her alleged carelessness, and a child as it grew older would be certain to be subjected to treatment of a rather excessive disciplinary character for having had the audacity to acquire a 'squint.' But it was in the treatment of this affection that our predecessors excelled themselves gravely. It was laid down that one method of curing a squinting eye was, 'to make a child look often in the looking-glass,' because 'the child will see the squint and correct it'! It was further pointed out that this was a useful means of cure 'when volition is sufficient, as it sometimes is, to prevent the squint.' Imagination pictures a child being despatched

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to its bedroom every day for half-an-hour for the purpose of gazing at itself in the looking-glass and having to perform this inane task with the same regularity as that of learning its scales on the school-room piano. Again the expression 'Poor children!' unconsciously suggests itself. When the 'cure' after this method was unsatisfactory, doubtless the failure was attributed to some defect in the 'volition,' for which, of course, no one could be blamed except the child. In some cases the squint was attributed to a child's bad temper, but the eventualities suggested by the mention of such a subject as this had better be left undiscussed.

It would rather seem, perhaps, from the foregoing observations that I am wishful to say hard things concerning the work and practice of the ophthalmic surgeons of earlier days. But I do not wish to be thus understood. Relatively speaking, there were just as skilful ophthalmic surgeons fifty years ago as there are in the present day. The former improved their art, and left it better than it was before their generation, and the same process of improvement is still being carried on. Strictly speaking, perhaps, owing to the immense progress of science during the last quarter of a century, it is scarcely fair to draw any comparisons between the teaching of the earlier professors of the healing art and that which now obtains. But while this may be the case, the reflection must nevertheless be admitted to be a legitimate one, that we of the present generation have reason to congratulate ourselves that, so far as the practice of medicine and surgery is concerned, our lot was not cast in an earlier age.

No reference to the modern surgery of the eye would be complete which did not include some remarks respecting the good effects arising from the employment of antiseptics in eye surgery. Strict antisepticism carried out in connection with cataract operations has yielded most excellent results. Indeed it may be said that in consequence of this treatment the 'failures' have been reduced to a minimum. In former days the great source of anxiety to a surgeon was whether or not an eye, after a cataract extraction, would suppurate. Just in the same way as wounds of other parts of the body almost invariably suppurated, so after operations upon the eyes uppuration was a common occurrence. But suppuration meant of course destruction of the eye, in other words, failure of the operation. For the most part, when this untoward result occurred, the cause was attributed to some pervading unhealthiness of the patients at the time of the operation. In some cases their blood was said to be 'weak;' on the other hand, it was held that the patients could afford to part with some blood. The following quotation will show how divergent were the opinions on this matter. A very distinguished author wrote in the most popular text-book of his time (1838), that

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it rarely happens but that the operation of cataract is followed by such a degree of inflammation in one or other of the textures of the eye as to require the abstraction of blood from the system. So well established is this observation that some make it a general rule to bleed the patient at the arm in the course of the first twenty-four hours after the operation, whether the pain is complained of or not.

To comment seriously on this line of practice would not be fair. The day is past when this treatment was held to be necessary, and time could not have effected a kinder service for sufferers from cataract. The suppuration of an eye after cataract extraction is now known to be an infective process, that is to say, to be due to the inoculation of the wound with pathogenic micro-organisms. By means, however, of strict adherence to the principles of antisepticism, no infection can take place; consequently suppuration does not occur, and one of the greatest sources of failure of the operation has thus been effectually banished.

In this outline of 'Modern Surgery' I have only dealt with those topics which, without being too technical, have appeared to me to illustrate the subject best. Over and above, however, all that has been mentioned, there remains a mass of facts which could not be discussed in these pages. Probably, no interest could be derived from merely citing here technical details to which the facts would mainly refer. Nevertheless, quite possibly if the public were able to look a little behind the scenes of medical life, and with an intelligent appreciation grasp effectually the full meaning of the advance of surgery within recent times, there would be much which could not fail to excite their admiration. The reproach which used formerly to be cast upon surgeons, that they were mere practitioners of the art—if so it may be called—of butchery, is now never raised up in judgment against them. There is, indeed, as much difference between the operative surgery of the present day and that which was practised in olden times as there is between the finished work of an Academy picture and the pristine daub which used to do duty for the sign of the village alehouse. As a matter of fact, no true comparison can be drawn between ancient and modern surgery—the difference is so vast. On the other hand, a useful comparison can be made between modern surgery and modern painting. Probably the fact has never been fully appreciated, that a successful operation in surgery is just as much a production of art as is a picture whose excellence has gained for it the honour of purchase out of the Chantrey Bequest. The subtle touches of the distinguished painter, which call forth admiration for his work from expert critics, freely find their counterpart in the deft procedures of the skilful surgeon which bring to a successful issue a well-conceived and difficult operation. The painter, however, will always have the advantage of the surgeon in the practice of his art. The former has always the opportunity of

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making good any defects which may have arisen in his work, while the latter can never forget that he has Nature to reckon with whenever he makes mistakes. For the most part, Nature is a kind mistress, and displays a kindly disposition to surgeons. Nevertheless fickleness is one of her features, and occasionally surgeons are forcibly reminded of this inexorable fact by the havoc which is made of their work.

A man to be a good surgeon must be a good 'artist,' that is to say, he must be born with the instinct of his art. The knowledge and experience of his profession will never reach full fruition unless this be the case, nor can we expect the art of surgery to progress as an art without the aid of those who are instinctively surgeons. In former days it was thought that no one could claim to be a good surgeon who was not a brilliant operator. But brilliancy in operating is now one of the last features which surgeons make any effort to cultivate. Obviously, in the interest of a patient, a brilliant operative display can be but of little value. An operation brilliantly performed is by no means the password to a successful result. To onlookers perhaps the display would excite admiration, and might even lead to the operator being congratulated, but the applause might nevertheless prove in the end to have been gained at the price of the patient's life. Thus with a view to his results a surgeon nowadays finds it most expedient to proceed deliberately with his work. No hurry, no effort to appeal to the admiration of spectators, no thought beyond the good of his patient, can be admissible in the practice of modern operative surgery. The reason for this is obvious—the ubiquitous microbe, ever ready to destroy the surgeon's best work, cannot lightly be disposed of, its evil presence is ever hovering around him while operating, and thus, of necessity, caution must be the watchword of the proceedings and brilliancy be supplanted by deliberateness. But the art of surgery must not be measured merely by its display in connection with operations. The mention of this matter recalls another fallacy with which the practice of surgery was formerly associated. The impression was at one time almost universal that a surgeon and an operation were convertible terms—that is to say, that a surgeon never lost an opportunity of operating, even regardless of the necessities of the case. However in former days the practice of surgeons may have justified this opinion, it is only true to say that no such reproach can now be urged against their successors. For, in truth, some of the best examples of modern surgical art are to be found among those cases in which the surgeon has deliberately refrained from operating, or has, in the place of a radical operation, performed one of a modified type with the utmost advantage to the patient. Some thirty or more years ago, the late Sir William Fergusson introduced the term 'conservative' surgery to professional

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notice, and since then a new principle in the art has come to be established, making it imperative among surgeons to avoid as much as possible radical measures in all cases in which modified procedures give prospect of success.

Presumably it is quite unnecessary to point out that the terms 'conservative' and 'radical' as used in surgery are entirely without any political significance. In times, however, of general elections their use by lecturers on surgery are not usually allowed to pass without notice by the medical students. Perhaps I may be permitted to mention an instance in point. During the course of the General Election in 1874, when the banner unfurled by the then Mr. Disraeli was instrumental in gaining many seats for the Conservatives, an eloquent lecturer on surgery happened to have for his theme the treatment of diseases of the joints, during which he referred to the advances which had been made in the results by the introduction of the principle of conservative surgery. Doubtless he found himself unable to dissociate the term 'conservative' from the political events which were then absorbing the attention of the whole country, and it seemed, therefore, quite natural that he should describe the principle, reintroduced by Sir William Fergusson, as due to a 'conservative reaction.' But the mention of these two words had an electric effect upon his audience, for five minutes at least the walls of the sombre anatomical theatre resounded again and again with the cheers of the enthusiastic students. Utter amazement was depicted upon the mobile features of the lecturer at the tumult which he had thus unwittingly raised. He paused, made a vain effort to recommence his discourse, raised his hand deprecatingly, and at length began to show signs of displeasure. But all to no purpose; the students determined to have their cheer, and they had it. When silence was restored, he sagaciously remarked: 'Well, gentlemen, upon this occasion, I apprehend that you will not require me to discuss the question of the "radical" cure'—a happy sally which was fully appreciated.

The great aim and ambition of the modern surgeon is to have good results, and no demonstration is needed to show of what paramount importance this ambition must be to his patients. Obviously the better are the results the greater must be the benefits derived by those upon whom his art is practised. In taking every effort to reduce the mortality from his operations, and to bring relief successfully to his patients, the modern surgeon has an infinitely more responsible and difficult task to perform than was the case with his *confrères* of an earlier age. A successful surgeon of the present time must in his way be a man of considerable scientific attainments—that is to say, his acquaintance with the collateral sciences of medicine and surgery must to a large extent be on a par with his knowledge of that special

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branch of the profession to which most of his attention has been devoted. In the salutary competition, therefore, which exists for good results, humanity profits most. After all, 'by their fruits ye shall know them,' is an expression which is fairly applicable to surgeons and their work; a surgeon's results are to a tolerably trustworthy extent an index of his capacity and value.

HUGH PERCY DUNN.

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THE ENGLISH LIBRO D'ORO

ONE of the most pathetic features in the present social revolution is the gradual passing away of our old landed families, around whose names associations cluster and historic memories are entwined. With every fresh edition of such a work as *The Landed Gentry*, the ranks of the Old Guard are slowly but surely thinned. How many ancient houses still survive among us? What are the names that have escaped the hungry waves of time? Such questions are sometimes asked: they are easier to ask than to answer. From the stately volumes issued by the late Ulster King of Arms, a reply will be sought in vain. Even if one were prepared to read them through for the purpose, their contents would be worthless for our purpose; they remain an unrivalled example of 'window dressing' applied to pedigrees. There does, however, exist a work which, though now little known, was intended to provide the information we seek. In Shirley's *Noble and Gentle Men of England* we have a record, not of the bearers of hereditary titles of honour, but of our *ancienne noblesse* in the true sense of the phrase. As such, it stands on a different footing from every other book dealing with family history.[1]

The lavish distribution of hereditary honours that modern times have witnessed has not only somewhat seriously lowered the prestige of peers and the status of baronets, but has tended to dissociate, in the popular mind, the idea of hereditary rank from that of ancient descent. Such an impression, though natural enough, is unjust, we shall find, so far as concerns the higher ranks of the peerage or baronetcies of early date; but it helps to accentuate the striking truth on which the late Professor Freeman was never weary of insisting, namely, that the fact of our possessing a peerage has actually prevented our possessing a true *noblesse*.

> The growth of the peerage hindered the existence in England of any nobility in the continental sense of the word. . . . The *noblesse* of other countries in England remained gentlemen but not noblemen, simple commoners, that is, without legal advantage over their fellow-commoners who had no *jus imaginum* to boast of.

[1] *The Noble and Gentle Men of England, or Notes touching the Arms and Descents of the ancient Knightly and Gentle Houses of England, arranged in their respective Counties.* Attempted by E. P. Shirley, M.P., F.S.A., 1859, 1860 and 1866.

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There can be no doubt that the class in England which answers to the *noblesse* of other lands is the class that bears coat-armour, the gentry strictly so called. . . . There is no real nobility in England, for the class which answers to foreign nobility has so long ceased to have any practical privileges that it has long ceased to be looked upon as a nobility, and the word nobility has been transferred to another class which . . . in strictness takes in only the peers personally.

The distinctive feature of Mr. Shirley's work was its disregard of titles, and its classification of our landowning houses according to antiquity alone. Hence it may fairly be described as the *Libro d'Oro* of England, the only record of our 'real nobility' in Mr. Freeman's sense of the word, a nobility resting on its own position, not created by the favour of the Crown. From that conception we have wandered further even in the one generation that has passed since his work appeared. Antiquity of descent has become of less, titles and orders of more account; in our age of hurry we have no time for the study of pedigrees or of coat armour; we prefer a 'nobility' ready labelled, and, recognising the change, for good or for evil, houses that might once have proudly declined to abandon the status of ancient squires for that of modern barons are now more willing to exchange their old lamps for new.

The standard of the 'seize quartiers,' though still retained abroad, has always been alien to English ideas, and is, indeed, so little understood by us that it is sometimes supposed to imply sixteen quarter*ings*. Purity rather than antiquity of descent is shown by this famous test, while it was with antiquity alone that Mr. Shirley was concerned. He confined himself, therefore, 'in the first place, to the families now existing, and regularly established either as knightly or gentle houses before the commencement of the sixteenth century,' by which test he wholly excluded 'the families who rose upon the ruins of the monastic system.' He further insisted on descent in the male line alone; and he claimed to exclude every family that had parted with its landed estate. Great were the heartburnings and jealousies caused by his work at the time; but these, he maintained, were due to misapprehension of its scope and insufficient attention to the tests he had carefully explained. His own position as a country gentleman of old descent and ample estate enabled him to perform his task without fear or favour, and, when it was accomplished, to hold his ground in two subsequent editions.

We do not say that Mr. Shirley's history is up to the latest standard; indeed, one has only to glance through his pages to see that, while eschewing, as he then believed, 'absurd pretensions of ancient lineage,' he accepted legends wholly exploded by the genealogical research of the last thirty years. The real drawback, however, for our purpose of his work is that he arranged it on the principle not of a 'tripos,' but of a pass list. All families that could satisfy his tests figure on an equal footing: families that date almost from the

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Conquest, figure by the side of those that emerged in the fifteenth century; titled or untitled, historical or obscure, they are all jumbled together without an attempt to distinguish them. The raw material for a list of our oldest houses is here, but only an expert could pick them out or arrive at any definite results.

The first point to strike one is that, in all England, Mr. Shirley was only able to find some three hundred and thirty families fulfilling even his requirements. And yet, we must remember, his test of antiquity would not take us halfway to the Conquest, while had he insisted on continuity of position his list would have been still more restricted. It has further dwindled since he issued the last edition of his work by the extinction in the male line, or the severance from the land, of not a few among the houses that passed his tests. Nor is it probable that further search would add to the names he admitted; for, having seven years in which to revise his work, it is probable that the names we do not find in it were omitted for reasons satisfactory to himself. Perhaps the most striking omission is that of the Dukes of Beaufort, who since the marriage of Sir Charles Somerset with the Earl of Huntingdon's heiress (1492) have held, in the male line, the historical estates of her house, including the castles of Chepstow and of Raglan, famous in the Civil Wars. For that omission we can only account by the technical plea that Sir Charles Somerset could not, for obvious reasons, inherit arms from his ancestors. So too the illustrious name of Byron, associated not only with poetry, but with loyalty and Norman blood, was expunged, after the first edition, on account of a flaw in the descent. That the system adopted by Mr. Shirley has unsatisfactory results is seen in the exclusion of such families as those of Devereux, premier Viscount (1550), with its plainly Norman name, of Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon (1529), or Herbert, Earl of Pembroke (1551). The two first of these had, as barons, been raised to the peerage so far back as 1461, but the third is probably excluded on the ground that its founder, like his brother-in-law, Sir Charles Somerset, was of illegitimate birth.

On the other hand, the author, in our opinion, admitted certain claims of very doubtful validity. We cannot think that an ancient family, which, having gone down in the world, has recovered itself by means of commercial pursuits, after centuries of comparative obscurity, has any right to a place in such a work. When a house has ceased for hundreds of years to have any connection to its county, the charm of old association is altogether broken. Apart, however, from this, as we deem it, mistaken principle, Mr. Shirley was, at times, too ready to accept a doubtful pedigree. It would be invidious to mention names, nor is it possible, within the limits of an article, to attempt the revision of his work. We can only, therefore, take it as it stands, after cautioning the reader that, in principle and in practice, it is exposed to certain criticism. The author, after all, frankly admitted

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that it was, at best, an 'imperfect attempt,' and, with all its shortcomings, it may fairly claim to contain within its covers a record of our oldest landed houses.

Of the three hundred and thirty families admitted within its portals, eighty-one had seats, at that time, in the House of Lords, one (Fairfax) was represented in the Peerage of Scotland, and twelve, we reckon, in that of Ireland. As to the latter, it is needful to remember that Irish titles were conferred not only on cadets of English families settled in that country, but also on such ancient English houses as Pennington (Muncaster), Dawnay (Downe), and Hotham (Hotham), at a time when such dignities were deemed a convenient middle term between an English baronetcy and an English peerage dignity. Excluding from our purview all Peers of Scottish or Irish families—with which Mr. Shirley's book was not, of course, concerned—we may say, as the broad result of our analysis, that the oldest families are as well represented within as without the Peerage. As this is contrary to popular belief, we propose to offer proof, in some detail, of our subject.

If a well-informed person were asked to name two typical families representing our feudal aristocracy, he would most probably select those of Neville (Abergavenny) and Courtenay (Devon). It is a singular coincidence that both alike owe their titles to the straining of a point in favour of their illustrious descent. The Nevilles were allowed by James I. to retain the barony of Abergavenny, to the lasting confusion of our peerage lawyers, and the earldom of Devon was recovered by the Courtenays in 1831, although it had been deemed extinct for nearly three centuries, by a decision which was much questioned. Although the date assigned to their earldom is only 1553, it had been held by their family so far back as 1335, while a grant of precedency, in our opinion, carries it back to the days of Stephen, and places it thus on a par with the famous earldom of Arundel. This may be deemed a novel view, but the case is exactly parallel with that of the dukedom of Norfolk, which is wrongly assigned by every authority to 1483, though the true date of its creation is 1514—if that of Devon be 1553—and of its precedency, according to us, 1397. The founder of the family was Reginald de Courtenay, who came to England under Henry II. The Nevilles, in spite of their Norman name, are, as is pretty generally known, of the old Northumbrian stock, and we are not prepared to dispute the assertion of the Duchess of Cleveland that 'few—probably none—of our great historic houses can rank with them in their pride of place.' One is tempted, however, to rank not far below them 'the great historic house' of Grey, with its 'long and superb pedigree,' of which, as in their case, a solitary offshoot is still represented in the peerage by the Earl of Stamford and Warrington (1628). Lord Walsingham's family (De Grey) is possibly of common origin, but the Ripon 'De Greys' were merely Robinsons, and Earl Grey represents a distinct

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border family, itself of ancient standing. The Nevills and the Greys were summoned as barons to what historians deem the first true parliament (1295): both families, in their various branches, contrived to hold innumerable dignities of every rank in the peerage; but, while Neville attained an earldom so early as 1397, and a dukedom in 1469, Grey had to wait for its earldom till 1465, its marquisate till 1475, and its dukedom till 1551. Lastly, there is another point of resemblance in the fact that, but for the attainder of those dignities respectively, Lord Abergavenny, it seems, would now be Earl of Westmorland (1397), and Lord Stamford Marquis of Dorset (1475).

Proceeding with our list of the feudal nobility, we should place next the house of Berkeley, whose comparatively modern earldom (1679) must not blind us to their feudal greatness. Mr. Shirley's description of them as 'the only family in England in the male line retaining as their residence their ancient feudal castle' became, unfortunately, for well-known reasons, inapplicable so far back as 1810, while their ancient barony has been severed from the earldom since 1882. The castle, however, from which they took their name has been always our most perfect example of a surviving feudal 'stammhaus,' and the Berkeleys enjoy the rare distinction of having been already 'barons' in 1166. They were summoned as such to the parliament of 1295, and attained, by a lucky marriage, the further dignities of Viscount (1481), Earl (1483), and Marquis (1489). Next to them, perhaps, should come the Pelham-Clintons (Newcastle), though their founder was deemed a *novus homo* in the days of Henry I., to whom, like other able officials, he owed his elevation. Summoned to parliament as barons in 1299, they attained an earldom (1572) in Edward Clinton, who had previously (1558) been recognised as second baron of the realm. If we have not, as yet, mentioned the premier Earl (Shrewsbury), it is because the Talbots, though their ancient earldom dates from 1442, and their pedigree, it would seem, from at least the days of Henry I., were not first summoned as barons till 1331. This famous surname, by the way, was originally, we believe, a Christian name. The name of the Talbots naturally suggests that of the Stanleys (Derby), whose earldom (1485) was preceded by a barony (1456), and whose possession of Knowsley dates back for more than five centuries. Close upon their heels follow the Howards, who sprang from a barony (1470) to a dukedom in 1483. This sudden rise was due to their sharing with the Berkeleys the vast inheritance of the Mowbrays, to which these two families then succeeded. It is strange to think that the Berkeleys may then have looked down upon the Howards, as almost a 'new' family compared with themselves. The Cliffords should, perhaps, have been mentioned earlier among the feudal nobility, having sat as barons so far back as 1299, though they did not receive an earldom till 1525. Their existing barony dates only from 1676. Lord Middleton's ancestors, the

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Willoughbys, were summoned as barons from 1313, though his own barony is four centuries later in date; and those of Earl Delawarr (1761), who is also Lord West (1570), have sat as peers, with little interruption, for some five centuries. We may close the list of those families whose ancestors were peers before the battle of Bosworth with the Stourtons, who enjoy the unique distinction of a barony held in the male line since 1447, besides claiming to be premier barons in right of the titles of Mowbray and Segrave, of which the abeyance was determined in their favour (1877) as heirs general (with the Petres) of the house of Howard.

So common is the loose assertion that such or such a family dates from the Conquest, that it may sound a startling assertion to say, as we do advisedly, that we doubt if even one of these eleven selected houses can *prove* a direct descent from a companion of the Conqueror. The Talbots, Cliffords, and Clintons trace to the days of Henry I.; the Greys date only from the close of the twelfth century. The Berkeleys, it is now agreed, are descended from Eadnoth, an Englishman, whose son Harding lived in the days of Henry I.; and the Nevills are not of Norman origin, but of the old Northumbrian stock, one of those houses that chroniclers describe as 'de magnâ nobilitate Anglorum.' According, indeed, to the accepted view, their ancestors, like Ouida's Lord Avilion, were earls 'in the days of Ethelred;' but we are not satisfied that their ancestry is proved beyond the days of Henry I. All this would have sounded somewhat shocking to Mr. Shirley, who believed many strange and wonderful things, and whose criticism is left far behind by the sceptical genealogist of to-day. Not that the latter denies the possibility of any given family having come over with the Conqueror. He only claims to record a verdict of 'not proven.'

Of the feudal nobility there are few representatives outside the House of Lords. At their head undoubtedly stand the descendants of the house of Ferrers, 'the sole remains,' in Mr. Shirley's words, 'of what was perhaps during the middle ages the most powerful Norman family in England.' Present at the battle of Hastings, magnates in Domesday Book, earls in 1138, magnates again in the great return of 1166, their pedigree, for the Norman period, defies all rivalry. So recently as 1889 the Duchess of Cleveland could still write, in her work on the Battle Abbey Roll, that a 'last offset of the stately tree' flourished among our landed gentry; but in a new edition of Mr. Shirley's work it would be sought for in vain, though the line that fought on the hill of Battle is still represented, we believe, in the service of the Queen.

Of the Scropes of Danby Mr. Shirley asserts that 'their descent is unbroken from the Conquest;' but the Duchess of Cleveland finds them first in the returns of 1166, to which, as a record of the nobles and gentry, insufficient attention has been paid. The forthcoming

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edition, by Mr. Hubert Hall, of the *Red Book of the Exchequer* will, doubtless, make them better known. The Scropes were first summoned as barons in 1350, and obtained in 1397 the earldom of Wilts. We may add, perhaps, the Bassets of Tehidy, as collaterals of a house which from 1264 onwards figured largely among the baronage, and, possibly, those of Beaumont and of Wake, both now among the baronets.

Returning to the House of Lords, we note the sharp division of date between the Tudor creations and the dignities of feudal times. Among the former the Seymours take the lead, with a viscounty (1536), earldom (1537), and dukedom (1547). The fact that, since at least the thirteenth century, they had been country gentlemen of good estate reminds one that the Tudor nobles were by no means all of new family. The St. Johns, for instance, whose barony dates from 1559, and to whom Lord Bolingbroke (1712) also belongs, are the first peers we have yet come to who enjoy the distinction of male descent from a great tenant *in capite* in Domesday Book. His seat at Basing passed from them through heiresses to the Paulets, and is closely associated with their marquisate (1551), which had been preceded by a barony (1539) and an earldom. Earl Poulett (1706) is head of the family, which were already landed gentry early in the thirteenth century. Mr. Shirley admitted the Cavendishes also, and the Russells of 'Kingston Russell,' though both families were really founded on the spoils of the monasteries. The Russells, whose name is clearly Norman, seem to have been seated in Dorset within a century of the Conquest, though we cannot find authority for the statement that their name occurs in Domesday Book.

The old view that in the English peerage we have a comparatively modern body created from an ancient gentry has held, especially till recent times, a considerable amount of truth. The marquisates of Northampton (1812) and Cholmondeley (1815) belong to Compton of Compton Winyate and Cholmondeley of Cholmondeley respectively; the earldoms of Durham (1883), Lonsdale (1807), Scarborough (1690), Portsmouth (1743), and Ashburnham (1730) represent the names of Lambton of Lambton, Lowther of Lowther, Lumley of Lumley, Wallop of Wallop, Ashburnham of Ashburnham. Lord Clinton is Trefusis of Trefusis, and Lord Camoys Stonor of Stonor; Lord Wrottesley (1838) is Wrottesley of Wrottesley, and is believed to be the only peer descended in the male line from a founder of the Order of the Garter. Uninterrupted possession of the manor from which a family derives its name is a test of antiquity which speaks for itself; but the Peerage contains not a few families that can rival these in antiquity of descent. Lord Bagot (1780) is Bagot of Bagot's Bromley, which house Mr. Shirley pronounced 'coeval with the Conquest,' and which claims, though in error, to have held Bromley even in Domesday Book. Like so many other nominally 'Conquest' families,

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it is traced, we think, to the twelfth century. The Curzons, who now hold three seats in the House of Lords, have owned Kedleston no less long. Lord Falmouth's family were seated at Boscawen, according to Mr. Shirley, in the days of John, and the ancestors of Lord Poltimore (1831) at the manor of that name under Edward I. Melton-Constable has been held by the Astleys (Lord Hastings) since the time of Henry III., and Merton by the De Greys (Lord Walsingham) since the fourteenth century. Sefton has belonged to Lord Sefton's ancestors so far back as we can trace them; and Frankley, we read, to the Lytteltons since the days of Henry III. Lord Onslow's family, again, was once Onslow of Onslow, and Lord Mount-Edgcumbe (1789) is descended from Edgcumbe of Edgcumbe, as is Lord Grantley from Norton of Norton.

Nor has the Peerage, even now, ceased to be recruited from the houses found in Mr. Shirley's work. Baronies, it would seem, are not unwelcome, though baronetcies have become too commercial. Since the appearance of its last edition Gerard of Bryn has become Lord Gerard, Acton of Wolverton Lord Acton, Knightly of Fawsley Lord Knightly, Knatchbull (Hugessen) Lord Brabourne, and Northcote of Pynes Earl of Iddesleigh; Lord Donington was a Clifton of Clifton, Lord Wolseley is descended from Wolseley of Wolseley, and Lords Lingen and Sandford were offshoots respectively of Lingen of Longnor and Sandford of Sandford; Patten (Winmarleigh) might be added to the list were it not already extinct. The Tyrwhitts, again, have entered the Peerage by succession to the barony of Berners, and in Lord Zouche another Curzon has been similarly added to the House of Lords. Additional peerages have also been conferred on the houses of Howard, Grosvenor, Russell, and Greville; and in Lord Roden an Irish peer has been given a seat in the House of Lords. Against these additions we have to set the extinction of the Grenvilles in the Dukes of Buckingham, and of the Rawdons of Rawdon in the last Marquis of Hastings. The result, to date, of all these alterations is, as near as we could reckon it, that ten dukes (adding Beaufort) fulfil Mr. Shirley's test, the only ones excluded being those of Manchester, Wellington, Northumberland, and Leeds. We leave, of course, out of the reckoning Portland, as held by a foreign house, and those of the descendants of Charles II. Four marquises are also qualified in addition to the four we have named already—namely, those of Ailesbury, Bristol, Bath, and Townshend. The family names of no fewer than forty-eight of the earls are found in our *Libro d'Oro*, but only five viscounts, and, we think, some forty-five among the barons. We do not vouch, of course, for the absolute accuracy of these figures, but they give us a grand total of 116. The number of *families*, however, would be some twenty less, as sixteen of these houses hold thirty-eight seats between them. It will, doubtless, be observed that the *vieille souche* is much less

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strongly represented in the two lower ranks than in those above them.

We have again to lay stress on the fact that some ten or twelve of Mr. Shirley's families are represented in the Peerage of Ireland, and that his book is not concerned with Scottish, Irish, or even Welsh families. The feudal Peerage, as we may term it, of Ireland is of a remarkable character, from the tendency of the Anglo-Norman settlers, *Hibernis Hiberniores*, to preserve their lands and titles in the male line. Such houses as those of FitzGerald, FitzMaurice, Butler, St. Lawrence, and other *conquistadores* impart to the Peerage of Ireland a splendour and a distinctive character which all the reckless creations of the last century cannot quite efface. The Peerage of Scotland, fortunate in escaping a similar addition, has preserved unimpaired its aristocratic character. Although the comparative lack of early evidence in Scotland makes it difficult, if not impossible, to trace families so far back as in England, yet we cannot, for instance, rival twenty-six earls of Crawford, all of the house of Lindsay, just as we have nothing to compare with the FitzGeralds, whose youthful head is now the twenty-fifth bearer of the historic earldom of Kildare. We are speaking, of course, of male descent, and of continuous tenure, not of such an earldom as that of Mar, which, on Mr. Shirley's principles, would be somewhere near the bottom of the list.

Although, as we have seen, the House of Lords is still rich in *ancienne noblesse*, it must not be supposed that baronets and squires of lineage no less ancient are by any means scarce. Among the former, of early creation, there are several striking cases, for the well-known practice of purchasing the rank went hand in hand with ancient descent, just as purchase in the army was connected with an aristocratic system. Indeed, it is one of the most striking features in Mr. Shirley's book that some seventy-four of its families—between a fourth and a fifth of the whole number—hold baronetcies created within half a century of the institution of the order (1611–1661), while the baronets of 1611 are well represented in its pages. From this we see that the earlier baronets belonged to a class very different from those now created. The Gresleys of Drakelow (1611) claim, apparently with justice, lineal male descent from Nigel de Stafford, a Domesday tenant-in-chief, who is supposed to have been one of 'the royal Toenis,' as the Duchess of Cleveland terms them. It was said of this house, a century ago, that, 'in point of stationary antiquity, hardly any families in the kingdom can compare' with it. The Corbets, now of Moreton-Corbet[2] (1808), were, even in Norman times, a mighty house in Shropshire; and baronetcies were bestowed on four of its branches by the first two Stuarts. Of the Wakes (1621) we have already spoken. Burdett (1618) is one of the few existing

[2] We follow Mr. Shirley throughout in his territorial designations.

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surnames found in Domesday Book. Of the 'von' class, as we may term it, we have still Tichborne of Tichborne (1620), Trelawny of Trelawne (1628), Clifton of Clifton (1611), Egerton of Oulton, formerly of Egerton (1617)—a baronetcy merged for a time in the earldom of Wilton—Acland of Acland (1844), Shuckburgh of Shuckburgh (1660), Chetwode of Chetwode (1700), and in Lancashire Hoghton (now De Hoghton) of Hoghton Tower (1611), and Trafford (now De Trafford) of Trafford (1841). It is true that, even in early times, there may have been some such cases as that of John Throckmorton (*temp.* Henry V.), who, as Leland maliciously records, was 'the first setter up of his name to any worship in Throckmorton village, the which was at that tyme neither of his inheritance or purchase, but as a thing taken of the sete [city] of Wircestre in farme, bycause he bore the name of the lordeship and village;' but, so far as we know, the above instances are genuine. But no less ancient, perhaps, are such houses as Bedingfeld of Oxburgh (1660), Swinburne of Capheaton (1660), Thorold of Marston (1642), Musgrave of Edenhall (1611), Carew of Haccombe (1661), Lechmere of Hanley (1818), Tempest of Broughton (1841, 1866), and Tancred of Boroughbridge (1662). But Oglander of Nunwell (1665) is extinct since Mr. Shirley wrote, and so is now Clavering of Axwell (1661), ending in heiresses, like its parent stem, Clavering of Callaly Castle, a house in direct male descent from a 'baron' of 1166.

Among the gentry there are still not a few families, as Fuller put it, 'of stupendous antiquity.' In Shropshire alone—a county fortunate in the historian of its feudal times—we have Sandford of Sandford, Gatacre of Gatacre, Plowden of Plowden, Eyton of Eyton, and Oakeley of Oakeley. In Gloucestershire, Kingscote of Kingscote is all but coeval with the Berkeleys; in Derbyshire, Okeover of Okeover traces, not indeed, as Mr. Shirley says, to 'the period of the Norman Conquest,' but certainly to that of Henry I. For other counties, Polwhele of Polwhele, Fulford of Fulford, Legh of High Legh, Aldersey of Aldersey, Cotes of Cotes, Kelly of Kelly, Congreve of Congreve, and Fursdon of Fursdon, hold, we believe, their own. By their side we may place FitzHerbert of Norbury, Strickland of Sizergh, Mainwaring (Mesnilwarin) of Whitmore, Giffard of Chillington, Selby of Biddlestone, Dayrell of Lillingstone Dayrell, Dymoke of Scrivelsby (though the pedigree, says Mr. Shirley, 'is not proved' beyond the days of Edward III.), and other no less ancient territorial houses. For space has only allowed us to select from the list.

We may fairly claim to have shown at least that, in spite of certain ridiculous pretensions which have caused scepticism of long descent, there are genuine instances of ancient lineage in many of our landed families, and some in which a pedigree can be traced to the Conquest, or rather to Domesday Book. In the natural course of

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events, and perhaps with increasing velocity, these cases will diminish in number. To the house of Ferrers we have already referred; and in three of our northern counties, since Mr. Shirley wrote, there have similarly ended in heiresses the lines of Townley of Townley, Irton of Irton, and Grimston of Grimston Garth. Essex has lost two of its five families, and one of them its oldest. Rothley Temple, Macaulay's birthplace, and for four centuries the seat of the Babingtons, was advertised for sale the other day. One by one the ancient houses 'are entombed in the urns and sepulchres of mortality,' and their counties know them no more. But they have their share in that story of England which is part of her inheritance for ever.

J. H. Round.

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THE PROFITS OF COAL-PITS

NOTHING became more apparent in the course of the late coal strike and of the conferences between coal-owners and men, and discussions in the press and elsewhere arising out of it, than the extreme ignorance on the part of the public, and even of the representatives of the miners themselves, of the elementary conditions of the coal trade and of the principles upon which the question at issue depended.

The public may well be excused for not having mastered the details of a subject of no little complexity; but it might have been expected that those who undertook to be the guides of some 200,000 men in a matter of such importance to their well-being would have shown a better acquaintance with the subject. Yet it was abundantly evident that they had for the most part regarded the question only from the point of view of the men, and their very natural desire to maintain, if possible, the rate of wages at the level of recent years, and that their ideas of the financial condition of the coal industry and the factors on which the capacity to pay wages depends were of the most limited and erroneous description. In view of the possible recurrence of disputes such as that of last year it does seem very desirable that the governing elements of the problem should be better understood. It may therefore not be amiss, now that the struggle is over and there is a truce between employers and employed, to illustrate the financial economy of the coal trade in such a way as to show what are the conditions on which the profitable working and wage-paying power of a colliery depend.

Before proceeding, however, it is to be observed that there is, of course, considerable variation in different colliery districts and in different collieries in the same district, both as regards the cost of production, the selling price, the demand, and the markets available. Thinness of seams, greater depth, heavier pumping charges, bad roof, or other causes may raise the cost of working. The distance from the best markets will vary, so also will the nature and extent of the fluctuations in the demand for the coal, which depend on its character and the purposes for which it is in request.

Clearly, therefore, no figures can be presented that will exactly

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represent the position in every or any district; but the general conditions are practically the same, and a statement based on any fairly normal collieries will reliably illustrate the principles applicable to all. In the following remarks I have drawn mainly on experience derived from collieries in the district with which I am best acquainted.

The capital employed in a colliery, including the original and subsequent development, sidings, plant of all kinds, and working capital, though of course subject to variation, may be taken at about 10*s.* for every ton of annual output,[1] so that a colliery which produces for sale 500,000 tons in a year represents a total capital of some 250,000*l.* What, taking one year with another, is a fair and reasonable return to look for from this capital? The business is one of a very fluctuating character. There are occasionally periods of inflation, when the profits are excessive; they are invariably followed by periods of depression, usually of much longer duration, in which little or no profit is realisable. Moreover, in any individual colliery profits are liable to disappear entirely, apart from rise and fall of markets, in consequence of accidents, failure of the seams, faulty ground, or other contingencies impossible to be foreseen. I know a case of a colliery which, after having returned substantial profits, made a loss every year for fifteen years in succession. It is also to be noticed that some time must always necessarily elapse before a colliery can be developed sufficiently to earn profits, and during this period the capital is necessarily unproductive. Now there are many opportunities for investing money far less risky and fluctuating than the coal trade by which a return of 5 per cent. per annum or upwards can be obtained. It seems, therefore, not unreasonable to expect a return somewhat higher than 5 per cent. on colliery capital. Further, it must be remembered that the life of a colliery is limited by the extent of workable coal that can profitably be won from it, and therefore in addition to interest an annual sum must be provided for the redemption of the capital sunk. Taking all these circumstances into consideration, an annual return of 10 per cent. on the capital, to include both interest and depreciation or redemption of capital, is surely a very reasonable remuneration. To put the same thing in other words, no man would embark his money in colliery property unless he had a fair prospect of obtaining at least this return for it.

Taking, then, such a colliery as we have supposed, with a capital of 250,000*l.* and an output of 500,000 tons in the year, there must be an annual profit of at least 25,000*l.*, or 1*s.* per ton of output.

Next, as regards working cost. This, of course, varies considerably; but, assuming the colliery to be working full time—that is, six days a week—and wages to be at their present rate, it will probably be between 5*s.* 6*d.* and 6*s.* 6*d.*, let us say 6*s.*, per ton. It is im-

[1] This is rather an underestimate.

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portant to note how the cost is made up, especially as wild statements have been made on the subject, one assertion being that only 1*s.* 6*d.* per ton is paid in wages to the men. The following is very closely the distribution of the cost throughout the year, based on actual experience:—

Wages	69·26
Materials	15·26
Royalties on coal raised . . .	7·70
Surface rents	1·52
Rates and taxes	3·15
Salaries, general expenses, &c. . .	3·11
	100·00

It will be seen that nearly 70 per cent. of the whole cost is paid in wages.

It is interesting also to notice, with reference to the cry for the abolition of royalties in the interest of labour, that the sum paid for royalties is only one-ninth part of the amount of the wages bill.

Further, in order to properly understand the economy of a colliery, there is another matter of the utmost importance to be considered, and that is the proportion of the working cost that consists of fixed charges. This is one of the most powerful factors affecting the profitable working of a colliery; without a due appreciation of it it is impossible to understand the relations of price and tonnage, on which the profit and wage-paying capacity of a colliery depends. Fixed charges—that is, expenses which are constant and independent of the amount of business done, and which must be incurred week by week whether the concern is working full time or standing altogether idle—are incidental to every business. Rent, rates and taxes, salaries, repairs, &c., must be paid whether business is brisk or slack. There is, however, this difference between a colliery and a manufactory: If a mill or workshop be idle for a considerable time, a good many establishment charges can be temporarily put down. The owner can stop his machinery, discharge many hands, put the key in his pocket, and wait for better times. But in a colliery there can be no stopping. The pit must be kept clear of water, the roads and roof require constant attention and expenditure, the horses must be fed and attended to, and, consequently, the pumping and winding engines must be kept constantly in steam. All these items, together with the other general expenses I have mentioned, involve a heavy expenditure, and it follows that the fixed charges of a colliery represent a considerable item in the working cost. In such a colliery as I have taken for illustration they will probably amount to about 700*l.* a week, and this sum must be spent although not a ton of coal is raised. Suppose now our colliery to be in full work, it will produce about 13,000 tons of saleable coal in the week. The 700*l.* divided over this tonnage is equal to 1*s.* 1*d.* per ton nearly. Therefore, as we have taken the

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whole cost per ton at 6*s.*, the portion of the cost, exclusive of fixed charges, is 4*s.* 11*d.* per ton. In other words, the total weekly cost of the colliery is 700*l.* plus 4*s.* 11*d.* for each ton raised.

If, now, trade falls so that the colliery is only able to work three days in the week, the tonnage produced being only one-half of what it was, the fixed charges rise to 2*s.* 2*d.* per ton, and the entire cost of production per ton becomes 2*s.* 2*d.* plus 4*s.* 11*d.*, or 7*s.* 1*d.* per ton. When the colliery was working full time at a cost of 6*s.* per ton, a selling price of 7*s.* was sufficient to yield the 1*s.* profit required. It will be seen that the result of working half time is not only to halve the tonnage, but, assuming the price to remain the same, to sweep away the entire profit and convert it into a loss.[2]

The consideration of these facts will throw much light on several fallacies which have been put forward by representatives of the miners and others. One is, that owners might profitably restrict their output in order to maintain the selling price. The figures given show that if the coal-owner reduces his working days from six to three, his profit is reduced by 1*s.* 1*d.* per ton; and as he sells only half as much coal, he requires 2*s.* per ton profit instead of 1*s.* to yield the same weekly profit. So, unless he is able to raise the price 1*s.* 1*d.* plus 1*s.* (or 2*s.* 1*d.* per ton), he is a loser by the transaction. But this is utterly hopeless to expect—in fact, unless the conditions of general trade are materially altered, any artificial rise in price operates adversely to the coal-owner, both by restricting demand and inviting the competition of coal from other districts, or even from abroad.

The men have also asserted that coal-owners act against their own and the men's interests by reducing the price of coal, in order to get orders and so make a reduction of wages necessary. This is the same fallacy in another form. The cost per ton when working six days a week being 6*s.*, and when working three days being 7*s.* 1*d.*, it is obvious that it pays the owner better to work six days at a selling price of 6*s.* 6*d.* than to work three days at a selling price of 7*s.* In the one case he gets a profit of 6*d.* on 13,000 tons, or 325*l.* in the week, in the other a loss of 1*d.* on 6,500 tons, or 27*l.* in the week. In fact, in order to get the same weekly profit in the latter case he requires a profit per ton of 1*s.* on the lesser tonnage, and in order to realise this must have a reduction of 1*s.* 1*d.* per ton in wages, which is equal to 26 per cent. of the present rate of wages.

It must not, moreover, be forgotten that the reduced price, by stimulating consumption in iron-making and other coal-consuming industries, tends to improve the demand, whilst prices unduly raised have of course an opposite tendency.

[2] In speaking of the selling price of coal at a colliery it must be remembered that the *average* price of all the coal raised is meant. The better qualities of coal will realise a considerably higher price, but the average is reduced by the always considerable proportion of inferior coal and slack, which is only saleable at very low rates.

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The all-important principle to be recognised, and which cannot be too strongly emphasised, is that so long as a colliery is not working at or near full time, *tonnage and not price is and must be the primary factor in determining the profit, and therefore the amount of wages the coal-owner can afford to pay.*

It is impossible to leave the subject without a few words on the present cry for 'a living wage.' Every one, and employers especially, must wish that working men should be able to earn wages that will enable them to live in comfort as well as make provision for old age or illness in the future. But to put up the cost of production for this purpose to a point which the state of trade will not bear, and which either kills the demand by enhanced prices or renders it impossible to work except at a loss, must be a suicidal policy.

In order, however, to rightly appreciate the unreasonableness of the demands made it is necessary to examine them in detail. The daily wage of a collier may be taken as varying from 6*s.* to 10*s.*, according to his skill and the conditions of the stall in which he works. No one suggests, not even the miners themselves so far as I am aware, that this wage is inadequate, but their contention is that, owing to slackness of trade, a miner often only gets three days' work or even as little as two and a half days a week, and they argue that 15*s.* or 18*s.* is not a sufficient weekly wage, and therefore the standard daily wage should be increased, so as to make the wage adequate.

Can anything be more unreasonable or impracticable? If the miner, and therefore the pit, is only working three days in the week, that is the very time when trade is slack, prices low, and, as I have shown, owing to small output, the colliery-owner's burdens are heaviest, and when he is most probably losing money, and that, according to the reasoning of the men, is the time when wages should be raised so as to enable them to earn in three days the wages they formerly earned in five or six.

In other words, the weekly earnings of the miner are to be practically guaranteed whether there is or is not sufficient trade to keep him employed, and consequently in case of extreme depression the wages may rise to a point at which it is absolutely impossible to work the pit at all.

In what other trade is such a demand made? Has not the bricklayer, the carpenter, or the dock-labourer, and every other artisan to take his chance of employment, and when his employer suffers through slackness of trade to suffer with him? So long as the claim of the workman is directed to attaining a fair wage for a fair day's work it is legitimate, but when it takes the form of requiring a fair week's wage when only a fraction of a week is worked it becomes impossible and absurd.

Are there, then, no ways in which it is possible to adjust the rela-

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tions of coal-owners and miners in the varying condition of trade without resort either to the barbarity of strikes or the tedious and invariably unwieldy process of arbitration?

One plan, that of the sliding scale, in which the day's wage rises and falls with the price of coal, has been tried with, at times, considerable success; but, although undoubtedly a step in the right direction, it is open to the objection that, as has been shown above, price alone does not always correctly represent the wage-paying capacity of the coal-owner.

There is another plan which has been more than once suggested, and which, if the miners could be persuaded to have confidence in it, would, I believe, work far more justly and satisfactorily. I allude to profit-sharing. On this plan the coal-owners would be entitled to a minimum interest on their capital and the miners to a minimum daily wage, i.e. such a daily wage as could be paid under the most depressed condition of trade; the whole of the profits remaining after these payments being divided equally each year between owners and men, and the men's share being divided among themselves in proportion to their individual earnings during the year. The men would of course be entitled to appoint auditors or accountants of their own to examine the accounts, but it is essential to the successful management of the colliery that it should be left entirely and exclusively in the hands of the masters. Such a system, if cordially accepted by men and masters, would, I believe, soon be recognised as enormously to the advantage of both. There would be established and felt a unity of interest that would practically abolish the trade disputes and strikes that at present interfere so much with the prosperity of trade. But who shall persuade the men to lay aside their attitude of suspicion and their inveterate distrust of results obtained from the books of their employers?

Could this be accomplished, and could they be induced to see that with proper safeguards and checks they would be safe in so throwing in their lot with the owners, and in trusting to their self-interest for an intelligent management of the business in which both are interested, the results that would be realised in general prosperity, contentment, and absence of friction are not easily to be estimated.

G. P. Bidder.

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LIFE IN A RUSSIAN VILLAGE

On one side of the one street of our village, cottages stand side by side, of wood, one-storied, each with an outhouse, equal to itself; on the other side are somewhat larger dwellings in little gardens. It is 6 P.M. and the cows are coming home. A white cow that always leads the line marches down the centre of the roadway over the rough cobble stones, a yellow-haired child laughingly threatens it with a stick, disturbing rather the dignity of the herdsman, a boy of ten in long boots and a red shirt, than the self-possession of the beast. At the end of the rows of houses the road dips to a wooden bridge across a little river, wherein all the folks bathe in the long summer days. Close to the bridge on the banks of the weedy stream is the cemetery. The wooden crosses bear no names. My companion says it is cheap to be buried here. In Petersburg, forty miles away, it costs you 200 roubles for a nice place in a good cemetery, besides a rouble or two for the gravedigger. A cheerful youth, though he does read mathematics and classics and sciences without number in the Gymnase at the capital, and takes a morbid interest in comparative necrology. Cheerful too are the peasants on this July Sunday. The unmarried girls have their hair plaited down their backs, and they and their married sisters with head kerchiefs wear gaily coloured gowns, and bow politely to one another, and talk and laugh, and heartily enjoy the day of rest in the middle of the hay-cutting season. The men for the most part boast good black coats, and embroidered cotton shirts, and excellent long boots, often of polished leather, and always with concertina-like crinklings at the ankles. As much as 12 roubles or 25 shillings is often paid for a pair of such boots. But this, of course, is their holiday attire, in which they walk past the house of the head man, where a notice above the door proclaims the fact that taxes are received. That such payments do not engender feelings of discontent and resentment against the Czar, is amply proved by an incident which occurred this morning in church. In the Greek, as in the Roman and Protestant Churches, a prayer for the royal family forms a part of the ordinary service, but the Greek priest also reads out the names of persons to be prayed for, which are written on slips of paper, and handed up by members of the congregation. Such names are generally those of deceased members of private persons'

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families, but to-day the late Emperor Alexander the Second, his present Majesty, and several other princes were prayed for over and above the statutory prayers, by the request of someone in the church. Nor has the emancipation which the late Emperor effected terminated the satisfactory relations which often previously existed between lord and serf. At nightfall bands of singing peasants marched along the roads, the women wearing ribbons or gifts of the like nature, and the men with money presents in their pockets, from their former master, who on this his name day has been congratulated in person by all his old serfs, not one of whom had gone empty away. The sun, sinking below the horizon, on the vast and somewhat monotonous plain, left behind it an apparently contented village in Makarief. There was once more wood around it, and the peasants say too much was cut down, that the wife of the landlord might see the dome of the church, five miles off, from her bedroom window. But now that one-third of the commune land is lying fallow, when once the hay is in, the peasants will be glad to fell more forest, and burn the roots, and bring more of the landlords' land under cultivation, for they either get the wood gratis, or a sufficient money payment, in return for their pains.

The big brawny peasant sitting on the bench with his cap in his hand is called 'the Baron,' and the title is hereditary in his family. It seems his grandfather was famous as the possessor of an unequalled appetite, and that his master, who often came to see the serfs dine in the field, would good-humouredly refer to the subject, and generally said, 'Here is our friend who has the appetite of three.' One day, however, the serf replied, 'There is nothing wonderful in that, your excellency.' 'No?' replied the master. 'No, indeed,' rejoined the serf; 'I know a man who eats as much as three hundred.' 'Who can that be?' said the astonished master. 'Now consider, your excellency, if it is not yourself. Are not three hundred slaves working daily, and do you not eat all the produce of their labour?' They work hard, these peasants. My next-door neighbour is a man who makes his own bread, and cultivates enough land to grow all the corn he wants for his family. In the short summer of four months he is up daily at four o'clock, or earlier, and is at work till 9 P.M. Just now he mows the hay in these early hours, and later in the day it dries in the sun, and can be carted into the barn, for at night and in the early morning the grass is wet with dew. By his bad luck my neighbour's children are girls, and too young to help him. A boy of ten years could have watered the horse and have helped in various ways, but of his five girls only one can assist at all. He prays devoutly for a son or two, for just now he works till 11 P.M. every night, and sometimes the stress and simultaneous pressure of different agricultural operations force him to rise again two hours after midnight. He can rest in the long winter, when the snowdrift rises up above his windows and

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his wife is busy spinning, but most of the villagers cannot. They are busy gathering wood for use and for sale, and many of them take their horses into Petersburg, and become cabmen. And on bitter nights, when the breath freezes instantaneously in moustache and beard, it has happened that one or two of our peasants have been frozen on the little boxes of their diminutive carriages. A dram too deep, a drowsy nod, a few minutes' sleep, and the benumbed driver awakes no more. Just now it is hard to believe that such a fate can have overtaken any one, for the thermometer marks 78° in the shade, and in the small rooms of a wooden cottage the heat is intensely felt. The neighbouring landlord wants to get his work done, and his agent is offering a rouble and a rouble and a half a day, but Ivan must look after his own field first, and just now it is a struggle with all to get through their work. Where the soil is ungrateful, as it is here, a landlord, when he has paid all expenses, finds a very small balance of profit left in his pocket. But for the forests, few estates around us would pay expenses.

The admirable work on Russia of Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace continues to be the standard authority on that country, and not one of its successors has in any way approached its thoroughness and excellence. There is only one question on which I should venture with extreme diffidence to express an opinion at all at variance with that of Sir Donald Wallace, who, however, on this point wrote so soon after the emancipation as to make it impossible for him, as he expressly stated, to fully estimate its effects. I think the losses of the landlords have proved greater and more universal. He says many were, no doubt, ruined at the time, but the emancipation only showed them that they were ruined. Well, Russia at the moment occupies a foremost place in the comity of nations. With an immense army and a growing navy, with improved communications, with a government perhaps adapted to her needs, and a generally contented and patriotic population, she preserves the peace throughout Northern Europe and Asia, and in the older continent continually manifests that tendency to extend her frontiers which is the outward and visible sign of vigorous youth and of growing power. Her subjects, as a whole, it may safely be said, are contented, for they certainly have no sympathy with the small party of Anarchists. Here we have a picture of a great and prosperous Power. But its credit notes are inconvertible. It promises the holder 3*s.* 2*d.* for every rouble note. The holder cannot get any money out of the Government for his paper, and the foreigner will only give him 2*s.* 1*d.* It may certainly be said, from this point of view, that the Government is not solvent. If, then, any financial or political crisis compelled the Russian Government to pay off all its debts, reducing its army, neglecting to add to its navy, and ceasing to extend its dominions, for this purpose, that Government might reasonably consider that

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the events which showed that it was ruined, actually caused its ruin. And such was the case with many, perhaps with the majority, of the landlords. They may have been embarrassed, generally were, but they kept their heads above water and held their own. So has the Government been embarrassed, and yet it more than holds its own. It is not, I think, a sufficient answer to assert that the landlords really profited, because, when once they learned that they were ruined, they took to occupations and began to occupy positions which they had formerly scorned. It might be good for the Russian Government to place its affairs on a sound financial basis, but the process, involving as it must a large reduction in the army, would inevitably result in its descent from the proud position it now occupies in the world. In short, I think that the experience of the thirty-two and a half years which have elapsed since the emancipation shows that the landlords, as a class, suffered enormously. The redemption money paid by the State was soon spent, too often abroad and in riotous living (whence arose the still existing impression that Russians are always rich), and the second and third generations occupy a very different position from that of their forefathers.

To return to our village. To-day I paid some visits. The peasants receive with much natural grace and hospitality, and exhibit with pride the kitchen stove on the top of which they sleep in winter, and the room facing the street in which they breakfast and dine. On the walls are generally pictures of the Czar and of the royal family, the outhouses adjoin the back of the cottage, and the eternal samovar is the chief feature of the interior domestic economy. Sugar is looked on as rather a luxury, though all use it. Generally a lump is dipped in the tea, and sucked from time to time by the poor, or dissolved wholesale by the rich. It is an exciting occupation to follow the indefinite branch of the imperfect aspect, or the semelfactive perfect aspect of unity of a Russian irregular verb, from its birth in the back of the mouth, around a rolling lump of sugar, past a hedge of white teeth, through a pair of half-opened lips, till it strikes upon the ear with all the full majesty of the most complicatedly compound and irregularly perplexing part of speech that ever was invented since the time of the Tower of Babel. The milk is placed on the table in an earthenware pot, and a dipper floats upon the thick white fluid. One objection to the dipper is that you can hardly use it without putting your fingers in the milk; a greater objection is that the same thing happens to other people's fingers. Outside the window grow some tall shrubs, probably not less than six feet high. The housewife says, 'The hares ate the top off that one in the winter'! They subsist upon the tops of such shrubs as preserve any leaves at any altitude above the snow line. She spoke quite seriously. There is not a single individual in our village who would laugh at a stranger. This is as true as any general

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statement can be, but they do laugh to this day at the mistake of an Englishman who long ago came on a visit from the capital and was introduced to a ring of village maidens, who were dancing quadrilles in the gloaming on the boarded floor of the bridge across the river. He was trying to learn Russian and anxious to say something on all occasions. But when he shook hands with the leader of the dance in the middle of the ring, his newly acquired words got mixed in his head, and meaning to apologise for his gloved hand he said, 'I hope you will all excuse me for wearing trousers'!

Just now, oddly enough, we awake at 5 A.M. to the sound of the trumpet. Long lines of waggons roll along the street. Yesterday two carriages emblazoned with imperial crowns passed by, and two Circassians witched our little world with wondrous horsemanship. One of them threw down a nut and picked it up as he galloped past, to the delight of several women who were—and I think the soldiers knew it—looking on. Officers ride by, maps sticking in their belts. I saw a colonel determining with mathematical accuracy the position on the chart of a railway station which stared him in the face. We take part in these manœuvres. The village has been called on to furnish supplies in nines—nine men, nine horses, nine carts, nine feeds of forage, and by the literal way in which the starost is proceeding, I should imagine, nine cabbages, nine beetroots, nine samovars, and nine lumps of sugar. He called his people about him as he sat on a bench in our 'boulevard'—the word is well enough, for he himself calls it a 'gulvar.' He has been to Petersburg and knows what he is about.—First of all, nine men. Eight come forward, and saying they have cut and dried their hay, volunteer for service; but a ninth cannot be found. They draw lots, and chance decides who shall be sacrificed for his country.

I left them, for I saw it was nine o'clock, and I had to be at home if I wanted any tea. You cannot ring the bell and get tea when you want it in our village. The setting of the samovar is a function, and that you do not really enter into the spirit of the ceremony is obvious from the fact that you cannot drink tea scalding hot, nor touch with the tips of your hardened fingers the outside of the glass containing the fluid, which your neighbours swallow as easily as a glass of cold water. It is said that the long cold winter develops this love of intensely hot drinks. I insist on a boiled egg for tea, as some kind of compensation for a three o'clock dinner. I did not eat my first egg without learning something, for I left it uncracked except at the end whence its contents had been extracted. It seems the whole shell must be crushed. Why? Why! because if it is not, the hen will never lay another egg! But in fact excellent reasons exist for complying with the local custom in this behalf. Consider for a moment that this empty egg shell goes out into the yard, and that those gentle cannibals, the farmyard fowls, like egg shells, which are

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very good for them, and supply the material for the covering of new eggs. If once they are tempted to break up an apparently whole egg with an almost intact shell, may they not do the same one day with a full egg, and who shall blame them if they do? Fowls must not be tempted, so crush your egg shell with your thumb in your saucer, and all may yet be well.

Amongst the many great merits of a docile, loyal, and tax-paying peasantry a love of cleanliness cannot be numbered. Their houses are unfortunately filthy, and I believe there are more fleas in any one cottage than there are soldiers in the Russian army, and the cooking and serving of the viands makes a trial of a pleasure, while even going to bed loses much of that calm content which the operation usually inspires. Yet the people do bathe. There is a bath house, not near the river, but near a gutter flowing into it, and here you can be steamed and scalded like a pig before his sacrifice, and beaten with bough brooms, and rubbed with bast. You can get anything there but clean cold water. Now that it is summer, however, all those who can get away from their work bathe in the river. A place is set apart for ladies, but there is little constraint. It is close to the bridge, crossing over which you can see nymphs of all ages, between seven and seventy, splashing about in the water, or prettily grouped on a rock in mid-stream, where they look like Rusalkas or Russian water-nymphs. It must not be supposed that these ladies, because they dress and undress *sans gêne* upon the grassy bank, are at all careless of their reputations. Although here most of the husbands spend the long winters in Petersburg driving cabs, cases of infidelity are very rare, and are altogether condemned by public opinion. It is true that an engaged couple very frequently anticipate the staider pleasures of the honeymoon, but the lady's complaisance in that case is by no means comprehensive and is strictly confined to her future husband. Young marriages often occur. A wife of eighteen lives a little way down the street. Her husband is still younger; but the fact is, his father wanted an extra hand, and he chose a wife for his son because he wanted her services himself. People who work hard need good food and plenty of it. The newly married couple when they get up take tea as weak as it is hot. At ten o'clock they have breakfast, milk, curds, potatoes and the remains of yesterday's dinner, and very likely a fish cake, an excessively nasty dish. At twelve o'clock comes dinner, consisting of cabbage soup, gruel, vegetables, and sour milk; and, on holidays and feast days only, meat. At four o'clock they drink tea and eat bread and cheese. Supper still remains and is taken when the cows come home. In the centre of Russia the peasants are richer, and in most parts they kill a pig or a sheep, or perhaps an old cow, in the autumn, when there is no more grass on which to feed it. Then they eat voraciously. But, indeed, all Russians have enormous appetites. Here the peasant is very well

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apparelled, though the women unfortunately have abandoned the beautiful national costume for a style of dress which, I believe, is considered to be French. Indeed, when they dance on the 'boulevard,' as they do nearly every night, the valse and quadrille are chiefly in favour, and not the more interesting Russian dances.

Once in the year the quiet village awakes, and its ever-present loyalty is excited to fever-heat. Dragoons gallop around it, infantry regiments march through it, guns force their way along its narrow streets, the trumpet sounds and the peasant throws down rake, pike or sickle, and is off to see his adored Czar or Czarewitch, beloved Empress, or at any rate some member of the Imperial family. The soldiers are friendly with the rustics and on the best of terms with the ladies of the village. Nothing can exceed their good temper, or indeed their good behaviour. One pretends to give a playful tap on the wrist to a pretty girl as he passes her, another opens his arms in a comprehensive fashion, many say 'How do you do, ladies?' and one horse-gunner distinctly winked, but not a rude word was spoken. An officer rides up to our little crowd saying, 'What a mass of people! Immense! If you want to see the heir apparent, two versts further on would be a better place.' The village policeman rushes up to two or three girls, and politely begs them to move back a little. The rumbling noise of approaching cannon is now heard. An artillery officer approaches a comrade of the infantry to ask him what is going forward, and the latter explains by one shrug of his shoulders that he has not the remotest idea. Just now two peasants appear with the alarming intelligence that the woods are full of soldiers. Of the crowd, the men admire the artillery horses from the south of Russia, and compare them with their own little cobs, and the women praise the dragoons, who have just appeared down the broader main street. No one cares about the enemy, but a girl with a long plait of yellow hair down her back hazards the opinion that the dragoons belong to the attacking forces. 'Oh, she knows all about the soldiers,' says an old woman sitting under an ash tree, and all laugh at this simple witticism. A train of waggons next goes along the now dusty road; the carts contain everything from Circassian beef to top boots in trees. Most of the men are of lofty stature, very fine fellows, dusty and dirty of course, but sufficiently well clad. 'There won't be any dinner to day,' remarks a housewife. 'Well! we can't see this sort of thing always,' is the response, which seems to express the sense of the meeting. Attention is now diverted to an aged peasant, who relates to all and sundry how he and many others went the night before to the tent of the Czarewitch to offer their bread and salt; how his Imperial Highness did not send out a general to receive their offerings, but came himself and spoke kindly to them and thanked them for their visit. The general satisfaction seemed too deep for words; but another old peasant seemed to give adequate expression

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to the feeling of the crowd when he remarked quietly, 'It is always thus with the Russian royal family.' The starost and the volost now appear upon the scene, both wearing their chains and medals of office. The former is head of this village, the latter of a group of villages of which it forms one. The volost has been twice elected: a good man and a just judge, but decidedly severe. When he puts on his medal and issues an order, if it is not obeyed somebody 'eats stick.' He gets about 600 roubles, perhaps 100*l.* a year, for the purchasing power of the rouble may be considered in Russia to be unaffected by adverse exchange. To strike the volost, when he has his chain on, is punished by exile to Siberia, but no one does strike a magistrate elected by the people. The Russian communal system has many most admirable features, and the Government wisely preserves the simple self-governing commune, an organisation radical in its type, yet the strongest supporter of autocracy. An agitator would have short shrift among these loyal peasants, who possess, almost to a man, that feeling of strong personal attachment to the monarchy and to the royal family which is also present in England, and which her Majesty in her latest message to her people declared to be 'the real strength of the Empire.' Last year, during the famine, the Czar decided to have but two court balls in St. Petersburg, and he set aside for the suffering a portion of a fund accumulated for unborn princes of the royal family. Society, as a matter of course, followed the Sovereign's example. It was soon considered improper to spend money in entertainments while the people were suffering, and what was saved was given to the poor. These facts were made known throughout the length and breadth of the Empire, and very naturally added to the affection with which the people habitually regard the occupant of the throne, particularly one who, like his present Imperial Majesty, is Russian of the Russians. Fragments of a handkerchief of the Empress, torn to pieces by a loyal crowd, are treasured as if they were mementos of a martyred Stuart or a Marie Antoinette. Nor are the rich in Russia forgetful of their poorer neighbours. I gave a man I met on the road a lift, and he told me how the local magnate with whom the princes were spending the day had sent him to hospital in Petersburg when he was sick, had written to his son, an officer in the Guards, to tell him to go and see him, and to the doctors, had paid all his expenses, and finally sent him home in his own carriage. Nor are such acts of unselfish kindness and generosity at all uncommon around our village, a sojourn in which teaches a traveller that, if the rouble does not exchange at par, there is a good deal that is sound in the heart of Russia. Taxation is heavy, but the peasants seem to understand that a large army is a necessity, and I believe, as a body, they would not, if they could be got at, vote for any reductions which would make it unable to cope with the formidable armaments of their neighbours. It is most

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unfortunate for Russia that the voice of the small but loudly articulate band of discontented agitators should alone be heard without its vast plains and beyond its illimitable frontiers. It is a pity, too, that natural sympathy with a few, who have been dealt with summarily under administrative process, should induce palliation or extenuation of atrocious crimes, which have done more to impede progress in Russia than all the acts of a hundred autocrats. The people are indeed right, and display a greater knowledge of the history of their country, in holding that the autocrats have, with few exceptions, been their friends.

'Great God! did I leave my box open?' says an excited female in the crowd. A quiet smile goes round. 'Ah, here's a big gun!' cries another. 'Yes, we are coming to take your village,' said a fair young officer, who rode beside it. Some business is now provided for the starost. While a carter looked at the soldiers, his horse got loose and ate his neighbour's barley. The village magistrate orders the arrest of the offending animal and says he will estimate the damage by-and-by after inspection of the field, and will release the horse when the amount is paid. We feel a little disappointed as several musicians go by, their music sticking in the tubes of their trumpets, but the loud discharge of a cannon just beyond the potato field silences all comment, and everyone rushes to see the guns fired upon the enemy, who appear for a few minutes across a broad fallow, but presently are lost behind the oats, uninjured, but, as the umpire will probably decide, a good deal disorganised by this broadside fire. A little man beside me cries, 'Glorious!' 'Brave boys!' and the horses attached to the limber rear, start and curvet as the smoke dissolves in the powerful morning sun. Hardly have the guns been hurried off the field, when the Grand Duke Vladimir, the Grand Duchess, and the staff ride by receiving the respectful salutations of the people. Next comes a troika, three horses abreast with profusely plated harness, the coachman wearing peacock's feathers in his round hat. In spite of this he is not proud, and says to a small boy as he passes, 'How do you do? How's your father?' 'Pretty well, thank you, Alexander Konstantinovitch,' says the little boy. And was our village taken? I cannot tell; but if it was, the conquered were spared.

Next day there was the more to do after the holiday, and it is wonderful how the Russian peasant gets through his field work during fasts, rigidly observed, for about 150 days in the year. The following menu will show that even those who can afford a first-class dinner do not have a very nourishing meal at such times. This is a good dinner!

Pickles
Soup made of water, flour, radishes, ice and salt
Potatoes Mustard Olive oil
Sweet cakes
Cranberries Strawberries Raspberries
Tea.

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I was invited quite lately to sup with the lady who supplied me with milk, and so saw what peasants in fair circumstances eat on their fast days. My hostess's husband had been a willing worker in his day, and once attempting too much he lifted so heavy a beam that his entrails were torn asunder, and he died. The widow faced the situation and successfully brought up two sons, who with herself formed the company at supper. The eldest 'went for a soldier,' and is considered in the village to be a somewhat doubtful character. He is unmarried, but was once engaged to a chambermaid in Petersburg. The village looks askance on such alliances. Footmen and maidservants are not in their eyes assertors of the dignity of labour. Did not Ivan Ivanovitch marry a Petersburg maid, and is not his house one of the most uncomfortable in the village? Was she not so sleepy one morning at the threshing floor that she went on listlessly walking round with her flail, when all the others had gone home to breakfast, and was actually locked in the barn? However, the catastrophe was averted, and the erratic soldier remains a bachelor, much to the inconvenience of his steady younger brother, who wishes to enter into the holy estate, but is restrained by considerations of delicacy, and by a proper regard to the precedence due to seniors, from making the first plunge. The brothers took off their coats and sat down in their red shirts, while their mother placed on the table three wooden spoons and two steaming bowls of mushrooms cooked in olive oil; butter and all products of the cow being forbidden. The industrious brother reached out his arm, and from beneath the sacred ikon in the corner produced what looked like a brown oblong Rugby football. It was bread, and he made the sign of the cross on the crust, as well as on his own breast of course, and proceeded to cut off enormous slices, together with which the mushrooms were taken. A bowl of black currants completed the feast, and the hostess explained that the dinner would have been better if she had not been occupied all the afternoon in steaming and scrubbing four ladies from Petersburg, for it was Saturday evening, and Russians bathe once a week. To-morrow, Sunday, there would be a dinner of four dishes. 'Come to us whenever you can,' said she. Meanwhile a glass of cold milk satisfied the requirements of the situation alike from the host's and guest's point of view. The conversation naturally turned on village affairs. I expressed surprise that fast fare was sufficient for men in hard work. 'Well, we don't do badly on it,' said the industrious brother, rolling up the sleeve of his red shirt and displaying a very good arm; 'as far as keeping up your strength goes, nothing more is needed than bread and water.' 'Fare good enough to work on! I should think so,' said the lady of the house. 'Why, look at Thoma Ivanoff over the way. He's seventy-five and does his fair share. And doesn't he beat his son (aged forty!) when he comes home drunk, as too often happens! Two months ago he fell

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out of the loft in his barn on to a plough and a droshki below. He was hurt. Indeed, for two days he ate less than his daily pound of bread, but he mended all right, and never even called in a doctor.' If there were any intention in all this of pointing a moral, or of talking at the soldier, the gun missed fire, for the net result was that the prodigal son held his tongue and used his teeth, and so got most of the mushrooms.

Apropos of drunkenness, of course there is too much of it, and it is painful to see children laughing as anxious women lead home staggering husbands who have left their day's earnings in the tavern. But though, individually, the people of our village may be said to look with leniency on a little over-indulgence in one of God's gifts, yet, as a corporate community, they are dead against drink. Witness the proceedings of the commune. It strongly supports the starost, who is well known to be almost a fanatic temperance man, and the other day, when one of the villagers died intestate and without immediate heirs, it passed over several persons possessing pretty plausible claims, because they were not sober members of society. The powers of the commune in this behalf are exercised with a strict regard to the public as opposed to the individual welfare. Last February a land-owning widow wanted to sell to an outsider, but by no possible means could she get the elders to consent. It is not very often, of course, that they have a case of succession to decide. Most holders of communal land have children, many dispose of their shares by gifts *inter vivos*, but any question that does come before the commune will certainly be decided upon public grounds. The peasants, too, get much more out of the land than the lords do. Round about us the owners of estates really live on their woods, which they are cutting down as fast as they can. Besides this source of income they have, however, another, in the pretty little villas they build and let in the summer to families from Petersburg. The peasants, by the way, do the same. Every other house in the village is just now occupied by strangers, mostly small tradesmen, or clerks, or poor families with children to educate, who must soon return to the Gymnase—not the gymnasium of our early English schooldays, but a school in most cases under Government direction, in which they have to struggle with a really desperate curriculum. The 'dachniki,' as they are called, to distinguish them from their peasant landlords the 'krestyane,' are on excellent terms with the permanent inhabitants, than whom, indeed, they are for the most part only a little more prosperous, and they occupy these summer quarters for three or four months every year. There is, perhaps, a *soupçon* of condescension in their really kindly relations with their humbler friends, but they, too, are dwellers in our village, and I will try to describe them. There is Vasili Alexandrovitch. He is a man of good education, and, knowing everything, is

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naturally a little dogmatic—the Sir Oracle of the 'gulvar.' What he knows not is not knowledge. He is very friendly with, and really kind to, the peasants, and he will tell you, in case you should misunderstand the situation, that he is a proud man, a Dvoryanín—a gentleman, as we should say in England; a nobleman, as they say here, where most noblemen are called princes—and possessed of a pedigree signed by the Emperor Paul. He can afford to stoop, and will, to his orthodox brother the Russky peasant, but words cannot express, not even the riches of the Russian language can describe, his attitude towards tradesmen. His pronunciation of the word 'kuptsi' might be taken as an object lesson in the grammar of contempt; and as to a Jew, he is satisfied that the children of Israel —God's chosen people—are indeed beyond the pale. He can hardly travel by the same train as a Jew, and his feelings towards the Germans can only be conveyed by a further draft upon the inexhaustible wealth of his native tongue. But as he stoops to the peasant, he can rise to the throne. No one knows better than he that the present Czar is the living embodiment of the real Russian national feeling. He knows what the Emperor's views are on all subjects. And he can tell a British subject that of all the sovereigns of Europe Queen Victoria is, as all such sovereigns acknowledge, it seems, the most profoundly versed in questions of etiquette, to which he himself attaches a great—but who shall say an undue?—importance. In the morning, after a jaunty walk around the village, the good man reads Homer and Byron—much preferring the latter —in Russian translations, lying on a sofa in the drawing-room bedroom; but a little later he will peel potatoes in the dining-room bedroom, or shell peas, generally into the oldest hat in the house.

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.

He does not read Horace, but 'les beaux esprits se rencontrent,' and he has said just the same thing to me himself.

His patriotism is of the order of the burning fiery furnace, and he is tremendously and aggressively orthodox. There is something of dignity about him when he reads prayers before the sacred picture, blinking at the burning lamp, while his children stand around him, and his wife in an access of religious fervour kneels and bows repeatedly till her forehead touches the unswept floor. He is hospitable and knows it. 'Take a cigarette,' he says; 'no refusal. Glory be to God, we are neither Jews nor Germans.' The politics of Europe to him are child's play, and he knows to a hair not only exactly what is going to happen, but exactly what effect it will have upon the funds. And yet he is content to continue to be positively poor.

The life of his children is one continual round of grinding hard work. Has he a daughter, she will just have beaten the record by completing the highest course in a year under time, winning a silver

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medal and ruining her health. Has he a grown-up son, that son has just done with the Gymnase, and is about to face examiners who will grind his brains to powder before he is admitted into some special institute, whence he will emerge to place his foot on the first rung of that ladder which leads at the end of his life to the rank of general and an income of 20,000 roubles (2,000*l.*) a year and a pension of 1,200 to 1,800 of the same unstable symbols. True his service at the institute will count for his pension. True he will be absolved from all payments for tuition as a good and faithful pupil, and so will save his father 100 roubles a year; but how he will work! Think of it, happy English schoolboy with well-bathed body in nice clean flannels. At least ten hours a day hard work, no exercise, no games, a tight uniform, and a tin sword to wear in and out of season. Has Gospodeen Propositus a younger son, the youth will be going through that particular stage of the *Inferno* which his elder brother has just left behind him. You will find him sitting on a haycock reading Cornelius Nepos. Even the youngest one will hardly like to be called a boy, though he is always kissing his mother, over and above the three kisses of obligation on hand, head, and cheek, which parent must receive from child at the termination of every meal. The younger boy's schooling costs only 75 roubles a year, and he will soon work all night as well as all day, and be exempted from payment as a youth of promise. He too wears a uniform, without a tin sword, and if he passes first in every class his future offspring will pay half fees when their time comes. His mother, who will probably know German and French almost as well as Russian, will think little of learning just enough Greek and Latin to start the boys in their classics and help them with their lessons. Their industry is admirable, but living in a hayfield they will keep every window as carefully shut as they would in Petersburg in a frost of 35° Réaumur. At night each one will sleep wherever he falls prostrate over his candle, slain by Cornelius Nepos, the unknown x, or a conic section. The student's uniform coat will do for a pillow, the sofa or two chairs for a bed, and there he will lie till the hiss of the self-boiling samovar warns him that it is time to moisten the tips of his fingers under a tiny trickle of water over a sink in the kitchen by way of ablutions, to take weak tea and to resume the dreary grind that welcome sleep had hardly interrupted. What wonder such heads sometimes lose their equilibrium, if the springs of life are poisoned in hot, unhealthy, airless homes, and brains addled in the forcing house, so that the ungrateful recipient of a gratuitous education turns and bites the hand that fed him. Some of these students do not like peeling potatoes, but prefer

> to put the world to school
> And govern continents by rule.

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They are always quite sure about everything, and have the profoundest contempt for those to whom infirmity or experience has denied the gift of omniscience. The youth's own studies leave him little leisure, but what he has he devotes to teaching others. He seizes a text-book as an English boy seizes a cricket bat or a racquet, and revels in the fairy pages of a dictionary. He does not join in 'touch last' and other games in the boulevard. If you run down the street of our village a friendly moujick will very probably offer to race you to the bottom of the street, but the student with a translation of Herbert Spencer in his pocket is not likely to accept the challenge, nor does he find any pleasure in talking to the old soldier who has retired after twenty-two years' service on a pension of thirty-six roubles a year. He cares for nothing in heaven above or the earth beneath, but only for text books and examinations. Even among the students, however, there are exceptions. For example, there is Gregor Palovitch. He knows, and of course we all know, that a horn is blown about five o'clock every morning, as a signal that cattle sheds are to be opened and the occupants let out into the fields. He procured a horn and blew it at midnight, whereupon the sleepy peasants got up and half dressed before they discovered the fraud. They all have clocks now, though not long ago they guessed the time by comparing the position of the sun with a mark upon the window. Public opinion condemned this practical joke, as it is sufficient to have to get up at 3 A.M., to thresh and winnow by way of introduction to a long day spent in ploughing the land, in which the rye is soon to be sown, there to spend the long winter beneath the snows till the thaw of the next spring discovers its tender stalks. The villagers are also incensed with some person unknown who wounded with his or her sickle a well-known and popular dog, who could have committed no greater crime than pawing the offender. The interesting patient lies at the door of one of the cottages with his head bandaged, and receives universal sympathy. The peasants love animals. The village patron saints, I had almost written local deities, are Florus and Laure, who watch over the interests of horseflesh. Next week there will be a great procession in their honour, with priest and cross and much feasting and dancing. Apropos of their religious beliefs, we have amongst us a great many staravers, or old believers, who will have nothing to do with a priest. At their marriages, generally performed in the woods, bridegroom merely promises bride to take her for better or worse, and though the ceremony has no legal sanction, he generally fulfils the engagement. The number of these sectaries is said to be decreasing, greatly to the satisfaction of the orthodox, who believe that no good thing, moral, social, political or religious, can proceed from any other source than the Greek or, as they call it, the rightly worshipping Church.

Ivan Maleeneen, or, as we should say, Jack Raspberry, can tell

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whoever cares to listen all about the evil effects of dissent, though I must say I heard a different tale upon the Volga, where dissenters most do congregrate. In that part of the country a village that looks so prosperous as to attract attention will invariably prove on inquiry to be other than orthodox. By the way, Jack Raspberry himself deserves a word. He came out of the Foundling Hospital at Moscow, and when called upon to choose a name, could think of none better than that of his favourite fruit. Among the stories he knows, and is always ready to tell, is one of the foundling who boldly proposed to call himself Bonaparte! And this in Moscow, and thirty years nearer the French invasion than the year of grace in which I write.

Tolstoi has pointed out that it was in fact the patriotism of the Russian peasant, and not the schemes and strategy of Russian generals, which brought about the destruction of Napoleon's hosts, and Turgenieff has described the loyal moujick and the treatment the agitator against the Government receives at his hands. But no one can comprehend this simple and admirable creature who has not seen him in his home, contented with his hard labour, kindly and courteous to all alike, devoted to his king and country. It may be that in parts of Russia he is overtaxed. In Makarief, however, he does not complain, and I have only attempted to describe our village. But let us hope that there are many thousands not less, but even more, fortunate, in the broad plains of Russia.

J. D. REES.

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THE NEW AND THE OLD ART CRITICISM

THE art-critic, that figure so familiar to us all, who may be seen at every Exhibition of Old Masters, laying down the law as to the excellence of this or that picture, and renaming most of them, with a total disregard of the printed labels, has long been the butt of well-deserved ridicule. But is there not something that may be said in his favour? Does the printed word of a Gallery Director settle all questions for the art-student? Has the field really been so thoroughly explored that there is no room left for original work and discovery?

The truth is that there is scarcely any branch of the 'Humanities' upon which so little thorough and scientific labour has been expended. It may seem at first a very arrogant and very revolutionary proceeding to question the knowledge or the good faith of those in authority over the great picture galleries, yet I venture to assert emphatically that this is the beginning of wisdom for the student of Renaissance art. Out of the innumerable proofs which crowd to mind I will take two by way of illustration—the Louvre 'Raphaels' and the National Gallery 'Botticellis.'

The catalogue of the Louvre is well known to be so old and infirm that it is scarcely worth serious criticism, yet, as it still goes on repeating those decrepit attributions which are responsible (among other crimes!) for the 'Raphaelesque' ideal which has had such a baneful influence upon the so-called 'classical' school of France, it will not do to pass it over with the contemptuous silence it deserves. Moreover, public galleries forming, in all civilised states, a part of the system of public education, their official teaching is not limited to the special student, who, after all, may be trusted to rectify mistakes. Their influence is perhaps greatest of all upon the unsuspecting public, in forming whose taste they play so great a part.

To begin with, there are fourteen pictures in the Louvre unhesitatingly ascribed to Raphael. Four of them are genuine, although one, 'La Belle Jardinière,' is so repainted as to be, except for the composition, almost worthless. The other genuine pictures are the two small panels of 'St. Michael' and 'St. George' in the Salon Carré, and the portrait of Baldassare Castiglione in the Long Gallery. Of the remaining ten ascribed to Raphael, one is by Perugino, one

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by Bacchiacca, one by Sebastian del Piombo, one probably by Innocenza da Imola, one, if not actually by Pierin del Vaga, at any rate by some pupil of Raphael who stood close to him, while no less than five are by Giulio Romano. It is impossible here to go into the detailed proofs of authorship in each separate case, although I should be glad to do so if I had the space.

What is the result of this misnaming? The most obvious result, considering that there are more Giulio Romanos called by Raphael's name than there are genuine Raphaels, and considering also that three of these Giulio Romanos are important works, far larger and more imposing than any of the genuine Raphaels in the gallery—the obvious result, I say, is the impression that Raphael's general style was identical with Giulio Romano's. That is to say, that Raphael had very little sense of colour, that he was often vulgar, that his surfaces were smoky, his shadows black, and his flesh tints either scorched or frozen, and that his sense of composition was frequently more theatrical than dignified. The practical result of such a mistaken view of Raphael may be clearly traced in the French works of the early part of this century hanging in a room close at hand, which are modelled upon this supposed Raphaelesque style.

This, however, is not the worst. Turning from the Giulio Romanos, which, whatever their faults, show at least some consistency of character and execution, turning from them to the pretty but feeble Perugino ('Apollo and Marsyas'), the sentimental Bacchiacca (popularly known as a portrait of Raphael by himself), the theatrical Sebastian del Piombo ('St. John'), the academic Innocenza da Imola ('Holy Family'), and the charming but slight Pierin del Vaga ('St. Margaret'), the resulting impression of 'Raphael' is inevitably that of an artist of very unequal talents, now too hot, and now too cold, at one moment Venetian in colour, and at the next as frigid as an Italianised Fleming, usually either feeble or exaggerated as a draughtsman, sometimes sentimental, and sometimes brutally indifferent to the interpretation of feeling—in short, an artist with no definite character, but generally speaking of second- or third-rate ability.

Suppose, on the other hand, the directors of the Louvre had public spirit enough to keep their catalogue up to date (a thing that would be required in any other department of public instruction), what would be the result in the popular view of Raphael? From fourteen works, some of them very large and elaborate, it is scarcely possible to help coming to definite conclusions about the author. But it is a very different matter to have only four, two of which, dating almost from the artist's boyhood, cannot be expected to give more than a hint of future promise, while another is so completely repainted as to be no criterion at all, and the fourth is a portrait, in

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which, of course, there was less chance for display of the artist's power as a creator, than in a large imaginative composition. Yet these four, such as they are, are enough to lead an intelligent person to suspend his judgment about Raphael, even if they do not positively attract him. But it is more than likely that they *would* attract, if they were allowed fair play. The little 'St. Michael,' painted before Raphael had come under the influence of Perugino (whom the catalogue, by the way, names as his *only* master), has a glow of colour, a grace of pose, a touch of magic, and a *naïveté* that can scarcely fail to enchant anyone who looks at it carefully. The boy-artist was so obviously occupied with overcoming the difficulties of the human figure that he had no energy left to grapple seriously with other problems. He powders the ground with strange monsters which fail to terrify, and in the background he puts a gleaming tower, such as almost any imaginative child would be capable of painting. All this points to its being a somewhat earlier work than the little 'St. George' hanging near it, where the landscape background has a charm of freshness not less than that of the lovely, fair-haired knight himself. The decision and vigour of his figure, and the foaming energy of his horse both indicate an artist whose great talents are already beginning to unfold. 'La Belle Jardinière,' a picture of some years later, shows, in spite of its repainting, that Raphael was a master of harmonious composition; and the one genuine portrait by him, with its subtle harmonies of ashen grey and brown, is in itself enough to prove that the painter in his maturity was, to say no more, at least as complete a master of tone as Mr. Whistler, and an even more sympathetic interpreter of character. Thus, the result of correct naming in this case would at least save Raphael's reputation, and if it had been done in time—that is to say, a hundred years ago—it might have saved the whole French school from some of the vices against which they have had such a struggle.

Let us turn now to an instance nearer home, the 'Botticellis' in our own National Gallery. Probably there is no painter who of late years has had more nonsense talked and written about him than poor Botticelli, and for this the authors of our National Gallery catalogue are in a great measure responsible. Botticelli is a distinctly Anglo-Saxon fad, and the catalogue, in teaching us to look upon such horrors as the 'Venus and Cupids' and the two circular 'Madonnas' as genuine Botticellis, has probably done more to corrupt taste in a certain set of 'cultured' English and American people than volumes of bad art criticism could possibly have done. The catalogue also wantonly prevented a Botticelli-loving public from gazing with delight upon two of his genuine works, by hiding them under the name of his pupil, Filippino Lippi. Let us stop a moment to consider these things in detail, for in view of the writings of Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Pater, and of the growing generation who get what they call the

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'poetry of their lives' from what they imagine to be Botticelli, it becomes a question of at any rate some importance.

Perhaps it will be as well to clear the ground first of an objection frequently raised, namely, that the pictures are in themselves quite as beautiful and suggestive, no matter by what name they are called, and that therefore the question of attribution is a trivial or merely pedantic affair. The answer to this is easy. The world fortunately never cares for anything but original work, when it can get it, and to mark a thing as a school-picture, imitation, or copy, is to consign it to neglect; and very rightly. What we care for in an artist is not the mere abstract 'beauty.' If that were all we wanted, nature would satisfy our demand better than any art. No line of Botticelli's, or even of Leonardo himself, was ever equal in beauty to the curl of cigarette smoke, no painted brightness ever came near the real sunshine. What we demand is the artist's impression of the world, the enlargement of our own experience through his vision, the quickening of our senses through his interpretation. This being the unformulated but imperative need that lies at the bottom of our desire for art, it is obvious that copies and imitations, when we can get the original, are valueless. They are at the best but blurred shadows of impressions, and we cannot afford to waste our time upon them.

This line of thought would easily develop itself into a volume upon æsthetics, and we must hasten back to our immediate subject. There are five genuine Botticellis in the National Gallery, and these, considering how little Botticelli changed his style, should be quite sufficient to give us, if not an idea of his range, at least a distinct impression of his quality. As the naming of the pictures now runs, it is impossible to form an idea of what Botticelli really was. Of the 'Venus and Cupids,' with their bunches of stiff paper roses, and of the large *tondo* containing a Madonna and Child, I will not speak. They are beneath notice, falling even below the average of the ordinary school work that parades itself under Botticelli's name; and, considering that the direction of the gallery skies them, we are perhaps justified in believing that they do not mean us to take these attributions over-seriously. But what shall we say in excuse for their ascribing to Botticelli the large 'Assumption of the Virgin,' a picture which, *pace* the eloquence of Mr. Pater, is not even of his school, but belongs clearly to the following of Cesimo Roselli? Vasari's time-worn error may perhaps be urged in palliation, but there is no one any longer, unless it be the people who made the National Gallery Catalogue, who puts faith in Vasari's unsifted statements. We come now to the most serious charges of all, the misnaming of the circular 'Madonna' on the screen, and the ascription of two Botticellis to Filippino. To question this 'Madonna' on the screen always arouses a howl of indignation. Placed in that prominent position (where it

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effectually cuts off the view of the sham Leonardo), it is evidently meant to be taken for *the* Botticelli of the gallery *par excellence*, and is actually so taken. Most people, like Mr. Pater, are, by the help of this model, able to find in 'almost every collection of note' 'one of these circular pictures into which the attendant angels depress their heads so naïvely,' and, also like Mr. Pater, they accept them all as genuine. Painful as it therefore is to say so, in the presence of such a weight of popular opinion, I must assert that this is no Botticelli, but that it is, as the carefully hidden signature on the back proves, a picture by the architect, Giuliano di Sangallo. This artist is well known to have been an ardent admirer of Botticelli, and the undoubted drawings in his Siena sketch-book in the Barberini Library, and in the Uffizi, prove that he added direct imitation to admiration. So completely did he seem to see the world through Botticelli's eyes that even his sketches of Roman bas-relief are made to look, not Roman, but thoroughly Botticellian. Yet even in these imitations the architect seems to cling to the use of his compasses and rulers—as we can see in a moment by noticing the face of the Madonna in the National Gallery *tondo*, with its mechanical outline (the evenly balanced lines of the two cheeks connected by a ruler-like line between, which does duty for a chin), with fingers indicated by straight lines running into a flat hand, and with mathematical and lifeless drapery, and machine-made hair. Naturally, when we are taught to enjoy such a picture as a Botticelli, we are taught to overlook his one great merit as an artist, the exquisite quality of his line. With genuine Botticellis the critic may find all the faults he pleases: the anatomy is sometimes not even probable, the hair is more like sculpture than real hair, the types show little variation, the spirit is perhaps somewhat unhealthy—yet, with all these defects, and more, his *line* is always beautiful and alive. I am aware that nothing is a better test of the cultivated eye than an appreciation of really fine line, and that therefore those pictures which catch what I may call the 'literature' of Botticelli, even while they miss his line, may be said to 'do almost as well for most people.' The point is that the gallery, which ought to educate our eyes, by misnaming the pictures, encourages us in our bad national habit of jumping at the obvious literary meaning of a work of art instead of waiting until we have mastered the actual forms in which the artist has incarnated his ideas, and which alone can reveal them. For a peg to hang poetry upon—particularly poetry of the depressed, nihilistic kind which comes over most of us at the age when we begin to realise that we are not the centre of the universe, the only poetical fit except love that many people have—as a peg to hang these feelings, or the tender reminiscence of these feelings, upon, such pictures probably do even better than the real Botticellis, than the genuine 'Venus and Mars,' for example, or the two exquisite 'Adorations' (Nos. 592 and 1033) which go under Filippino's name.

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But a picture gallery is not supposed to serve exactly the same purpose as a manual of poetical selections. We go there to learn about ancient art, and if we are put off with what may be excellent literature but is incontestably very bad painting, our taste, in art at least, has been corrupted.

Two cases alone out of many possible ones have been taken, but enough has been said, I trust, to show not only that there is still a field for the serious student of Italian pictures, but that it is not unimportant that his work should be conscientiously and accurately carried out.

But how does it happen, it will be asked, that pictures are so wrongly named? I am far from wishing to cast any blame upon the men who were originally responsible for most of the attributions which, by force of tradition, still hold their own in many galleries to-day. They often did the best they could with the limited knowledge at their disposal, for it must be remembered that until the days of good photographs and quick travel, it was not possible to have an accurate knowledge of the Old Masters. Until very recent times collectors have been forced to rely chiefly upon engravings or fading memories of the 'grand tour' for their knowledge of the works of the early painters, and we all know how inaccurate are both memories and prints for purposes of fine discrimination. This accounts for the fact that even conscientious amateurs had not learnt until lately to distinguish between originals and good copies, or between related works of the same school. And if this was necessarily true of the conscientious and disinterested collector, what can we say of the others? During the last two hundred and fifty years private collectors have been vying with one another in the possession of 'great Masters,' and it was clearly to the interest of both buyer and seller to attach famous names to their possessions. The nucleus of most public galleries has been one or more of these early private collections, and there has been an unfortunate, although perhaps natural, reluctance to change the traditional attributions. Those who were responsible, for example, for the purchases made for Charles the First, the remnant of whose magnificent collection now forms the nucleus of perhaps the worst-named gallery in Europe—the gallery of Hampton Court—had of course every interest in persuading him that all his pictures were masterpieces. Their interest, the desire of Charles to have a more famous collection than that of his rival Philip the Fourth of Spain, and the unavoidable lack of complete knowledge, account for most of the mistakes in that gallery, mistakes which force upon the most careless observer the conclusion that either the labels are wrong, or the critics who have praised the Old Masters are humbugs! The natural conservatism of the human mind, and the feeling that, after all, it does not very much matter, account for the perpetuation in new labels of these respectable and aged lies. This history,

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with variations, may be taken as a sample of the history of the picture-names in many galleries.

With such tradition and such conservatism, mixed with indifference, leagued against it, the new scientific school of art-criticism can hope to win a hearing from the public but slowly. This new method owes its origin in large part to the efforts of the late Senator Morelli, who was the first art-critic who went to work with the aid of photographs to study Italian art in a really scientific way. Trained as a doctor, the scientific method was second nature to him, and did not desert him when he turned his attention to pictures. In recompense for his labour, he was offered the empty compliment of the directorship of one of the most important Italian public galleries, the Uffizi at Florence. But to the offer was attached the stultifying condition, which, for all I know, may weigh heavily upon more than one gallery director to-day, *that he should not disturb the traditional attributions of the pictures.*

Having said so much to account for the mistakes in the names given to old pictures, it is necessary to say a few words about this new scientific method which attempts to set them right. In what sense is it new? In what sense is it scientific? What does it add to the enjoyment of art?

It is new in the sense I have already indicated, namely, that the accurate knowledge of the originals upon which any scientific study must base itself, is, in the case of old pictures, only now becoming possible through the improvements and spread of photography, and the conveniences of modern travel. By these means Morelli and his friends and followers have succeeded in placing the study of art nearly on a level with the accuracy of the natural sciences.

Unfortunately, the conservatism or self-interest of the authorities is not the only obstacle with which the new science has to contend. Art is so much of an 'extra' in the lives of most people that they can hardly bring themselves to think of it seriously, and the idea of using the two words 'art' and 'science' in connection seems like a mere paradox. The old idea that Art is the product of Genius, and that Genius is an unaccountable element thrown haphazard into the work-aday world of cause and effect, still holds its ground—perhaps more in regard to pictures than anywhere else, for little thought has been directed to a subject which seemed to lie so far outside the sphere of ordinary life. Men like to have everything that touches their practical interests as free as possible from the inexplicable and the incalculable, but a subject so remote as art they are satisfied to relegate to the region of mysteries and miracles, and they are even ready to attack furiously anyone who tries to chase them out of this, their last corner of fairyland.

The novelty, then, of the new method of art study is that it brings the scientific spirit and the usual scientific criteria to bear

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upon a subject hitherto left outside the range of science. It regards art as being the same sort of human product as language, or as political institutions, and it studies the art of a nation in the same scientific spirit in which philology or history is now studied. The detailed methods of the study of any science are matters for specialists, and it would not be to the point here to dwell upon them at length. Suffice it to say that with use the method is continually gaining in precision, and at the same time in elasticity. The differences that arise between the various students of this school are only such as must inevitably arise upon the borderland of any new science. Given an agreement in general method, these differences are bound to grow less and less. The scientific method as applied to art has already won a recognised place for itself in archæology, and it is not too much to say that, with the aid of the fresh photographs that are now being made of all the important Italian pictures, in spots however remote, and the new railways that make it easy to study each master in his native town, the criticism of Renaissance Italian art will soon hold as secure a place among scientific pursuits as has already been gained by Greek archæology.

To those who may at first feel that to reduce the study of art to a science is to squeeze all the enjoyment out of it, I must reply that such studies, on the part of the critics at least, are in fact absolutely necessary as a basis for real enjoyment, and that they no more destroy the pleasure art gives than a knowledge of philology destroys the pleasure of literature. In each case they only increase the pleasure to the student, by deepening his interest in the subject. But art stands on a very different basis from language. Language is common property, the house we all live in; while art, particularly the art of a past epoch, is like a strange country, in which most people do not know the way. They require a guide, and if their guide proves incompetent or ignorant, they may be called on to waste the precious coin of their æsthetic enjoyment—in most people, even when genuine, how limited a quantity!—upon so much rubbish that their sensibilities may become blunted to sensations of real beauty. One of the functions of the art-critic, and, above all, of the compiler of catalogues, is to keep people from wasting their time and strength on inferior material.

The second duty of the critic is to point out what is most enjoyable in an unfamiliar art, and tell the sightseer what to look for. His book is like a guide-book to a foreign city, saving the traveller the trouble and annoyance of finding his way unaided, and the risk of missing, in the short visit which may be all he can afford to make, the things best worth seeing. He should call attention to the really characteristic points, so that his readers may not waste their time trying to find a kind of beauty which is not germane to the art, like the disciples of Mr. Ruskin, who travel in Italy with eyes for nothing

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but Gothic (ignoring the fact that Gothic art was utterly foreign to the Italian genius); and who thus miss all the fine Renaissance architecture, in which Italian genius naturally expressed itself.

Another duty—and this is the most difficult of all—is the duty laid upon the critic of explaining, in terms his audience can understand, the meaning of the art of a given time. Adjectives of mere description or praise are soon exhausted. Enjoyment of beauty is a personal matter, and no critic, even when he has brought his followers to a good picture, can make sure that they will be sensitive to its beauty. But he can tell them—or at least set them on the track of finding out—what the picture means. No one, I venture to say, can have a *real grip* on any phase of ancient art until he knows the contemporary history, for it is only then that he can realise what it stands for in the history of the human spirit. Special studies, interesting as they are in themselves, lead up to this, the real point, the real interest of art—for art is a part of the autobiography of the human race, which no one who pretends to culture can afford to neglect.

The new science of criticism, however, is the necessary basis for understanding these pages of human autobiography. Just as the historian must base any accurate and thoughtful history upon genuine and classified documents, so the art-critic must be able to distinguish the genuine pictures from the imitations, and must know to what school and to what master to assign them. The first step of criticism is obviously the one that has already been taken, namely to give a definite and fairly adequate content to most of the important names in Italian art, by restoring to each painter the genuine works that had been forgotten or buried under other names, and by relieving his reputation of the weight of inferior imitations it has had to bear. The idea we associate with a painter's name will naturally depend very much upon whether we admit only great works to be by him, or whether we can also believe that he painted a lot of tenth-rate pictures, such as commonly go under his name. Until this was settled, as it has in the main been settled by Morelli and his school, the connections between an artist and his epoch were, at the best, vague. It now remains for the great historical and æsthetic critics to come forward and help us to understand those records of humanity which the great Italian painters have left us. If a critic attempts to interpret an artist to us without the foundation of such accurate and technical knowledge as I have described, it is scarcely possible he should hit the mark, or, if he hits it, it is only by accident, and occasionally. Mr. Ruskin, using his eloquence to inveigh against Canaletto because he does not know how to distinguish that exquisite artist from his cold and mechanical followers, Belotto and Marieschi; and Mr. Pater, founding himself upon antiquated and superseded methods of art-

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study, and writing with as great poetical fervour about a coarse daub by a local Bergamask painter as about the genuine Giorgione in the Louvre, are only two examples, out of many, of the danger of writing about art, no matter how fine a critical sense you may have, without adequate personal preparation or sound connoisseurship.

It will thus be seen that the scientific art-student who dares to set at defiance the time-honoured traditions concerning Italian pictures has, if he be honest and thorough, a field of usefulness open to him. Mechanical inventions in the way of photography and railways have come to his aid, so that he now can pursue his work scientifically. Accurate observation of characteristics, acute comparison of data, and careful comparison of works of art, alone enable the critic to handle sanely a subject which has been, and to a great extent is still, the happy hunting-ground of the rhetorician and penny-a-liner. Let it once be manifest to the public that his work is no mere pedantry, but of great consequence in the formation of public taste, and even the painters who are usually appointed to the directorships of galleries may end by appreciating the difference between the practice of painting and connoisseurship, and may be brought to acknowledge that the latter only is concerned in the compilation of a catalogue.

MARY WHITALL COSTELLOE.

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SUNSHINE AND MICROBES

NEVER until the latter half of the present century have the full meaning and significance of the ancient Sun-worship been properly understood, for it has required the magnificent generalisation of the conservation of energy to enable us to comprehend how almost every exhibition of force with which we are acquainted on the earth is wholly due, either directly or indirectly, to the influence of the sun through those rays which reach us after traversing 93,000,000 miles of space. Of the whole energy sent forth by the sun we know that only an excessively minute fraction, not more than $\frac{1}{2200000000}$, is intercepted by the earth at all. But in spite of the enormous distance traversed and the small fraction of this radiant energy which we are only able to 'trap,' modern science has shown us that we owe almost everything that we have to its agency, and the remarkable manner in which it controls the phenomena of our earth is daily receiving fresh illustration and support.

One of the most novel and extremely interesting revelations concerning the sun's terrestrial influence has been recently made in connection with the life of micro-organisms. As everyone knows, microbes, whilst capable of performing the most indispensable services to man in such important directions as the breaking up of refuse organic matter, the fertilisation of the soil, the production of alcohol, &c., may and do become extremely objectionable when they venture outside their particular spheres of utility.

The principal difficulty which is experienced in keeping these micro-organisms in their proper place lies on the one hand in their extreme minuteness, which enables them to be easily carried about from one place to another as living dust, and secondly in their extraordinary power of rapid reproduction. Thus they are not only remarkably difficult to exclude from our surroundings, but when once introduced, even only as a few isolated individuals, they often multiply with such extreme facility that they soon force themselves upon our notice in many different ways. This is easily conceived when it is remembered that, under favourable conditions, a new generation of bacteria may be inaugurated every twenty minutes or half-hour. Thus it can be calculated that if such multiplication went on without

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let or hindrance, a single bacillus would in the course of twenty-four hours have given rise to a progeny four times as numerous as the whole population of London, whilst at the end of forty-eight hours their number would be represented by the wholly unmanageable figures—280,000,000,000,000!

On being confronted with such an alarming possibility as this, we are naturally led to inquire, What are the agencies at work which prevent its coming to pass and being realised? Several agencies readily suggest themselves, such as the limited amount of food material available under suitable conditions for their nutriment, adverse circumstances of heat or cold, as well as other unfavourable surroundings, &c.; but it is not to these I would refer, but rather to one agency which has only recently begun to be understood and appreciated, viz. the power of sunshine to destroy these micro-organisms.

It is not a little gratifying to know that the first and most important step in revealing the cleansing and disinfecting properties of sunshine was made in this country about sixteen years ago by two Englishmen of the names of Downes and Blunt. These investigators established the remarkable fact that if certain liquids capable of undergoing putrefaction, or in common parlance of 'going bad,' were exposed to the direct rays of the sun, they remained perfectly sweet, whilst exactly similar liquids kept in the dark became tainted and exhibited innumerable bacteria under the microscope. In this way the lethal action of the sun's rays as regards this world of micro-organisms was shown for the first time, and quite a new aspect given to the healthy and inherent craving which we feel for light in our houses and general surroundings.

Numerous most important and interesting experiments were made by these investigators with the object of finding out how these wonderful results were brought about, and upon what factors they were dependent. In the first place it was ascertained that the oxygen of the air had a marked effect in assisting the sun's work, and that the bacteria suffered more from the sun's rays if the proportion of oxygen was increased, and less if it was diminished, thus clearly pointing to processes of oxidation as being the cause of the phenomenon. Recently M. Momont, in the Institut Pasteur, has obtained more exact information confirming these experiments by exposing the bacilli of anthrax to sunshine in the presence and absence of air, with the result that whilst the anthrax bacilli exposed to the sun in the presence of air were killed in two and a half hours, similar bacilli placed in a vacuum were still alive after fifty hours' exposure to sunshine.

The next problem to be attacked was to ascertain whether all the solar rays were equally responsible for this important result or whether the different coloured rays composing the sun's beams

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produced different effects, as is known to be the case in those important vital processes which go on in green plants.

Many investigators besides Downes and Blunt have bestowed attention upon this interesting question, but it was perhaps first most successfully attacked by Dr. Geisler, of St. Petersburg, now some two years ago. This investigator decomposed the white sunbeams by means of the prism, and then exposed typhoid bacilli to the light of the various parts of the spectrum. The rays at the red end he found had little or no effect at all on the growth of the bacilli, whilst the most powerfully deleterious action was obtained in the ultra-violet, the effect becoming less and less marked in passing from this to the red. On this point, in fact, all investigators are agreed—that the rays which exert this destructive or inhibiting effect on bacterial life are precisely those which also exert the most powerful action on the ordinary photographic plate.

Of much interest also is the comparison made by Dr. Geisler of the potency of the sun and the electric light respectively in destroying bacterial life. Thus, whilst from two to three hours' sunshine was sufficient to produce a most markedly unhappy result in the condition of the typhoid bacillus, it required an exposure of no less than six hours to the beams of an electric arc lamp of 1,000 candle-power, and at a distance of only thirty-nine inches, to produce a similar effect, thus clearly proving the great inferiority in this respect of this most dazzling of artificial lights in comparison with sunshine.

Even if the exposure to the solar rays is not sufficient to actually destroy the bacteria, it may yet profoundly modify their character and bring about the most important changes in their subsequent behaviour. Thus, whilst many bacteria can produce the most wonderful colours—yellow, orange, scarlet, crimson, indigo-blue, violet, &c.—it has been found, at any rate in the case of one of these pigment-producing microbes, that exposure to sunshine for a short time is able to rob it of this beautiful property, and the organism which, under ordinary circumstances, was wont to elaborate a splendid red pigment is, by being submitted to the sun's rays, so degraded as to produce afterwards only a dirty or colourless material.

Much hygienic importance and interest attaches to some investigations in a somewhat similar direction made by Dr. Palermo of Naples, and which have only been published within the last few weeks. The microbe selected for experiment was Koch's cholera bacillus. Now, these bacilli, which are almost universally accredited with the honour of producing Asiatic cholera in man, are also fatal to guinea-pigs in about eighteen hours. Dr. Palermo placed some of these cholera bacilli in the sunshine for various periods of time, and he found that whilst, when he protected them from the sun, they killed guinea-pigs in eighteen hours as usual, after they had been 'sunned' for from three and a half to four and a half hours they were

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perfectly harmless, and the animals experienced no evil results whatever from being treated with them.

The cholera bacilli which refused to kill the guinea-pigs had not been destroyed, nor had their total number suffered any diminution, by the action of the sunshine during this short time, but their inability to work mischief was directly due to the removal *during this exposure of their virulence or disease-producing powers.* More than this, the further important discovery was made that those guinea-pigs which had survived the above inoculation with these sunshine-exposed or insolated cholera bacilli, had acquired immunity towards this disease, or, in other words, were protected from contracting it afterwards, much in the same way as vaccination with cow-pox protects the individual from an attack of small-pox. Thus when eight days later these particular guinea-pigs were inoculated with *virulent* cholera bacilli they were quite unaffected by doses which to ordinary guinea-pigs proved rapidly fatal. *Thus by exposure to sunshine these disease microbes were not only deprived of their sting, so to speak, but were converted into useful servants in protecting their former victims from the attacks of their still viciously disposed brethren.*

We are as yet only on the threshold of this most interesting branch of bacteriological research, but the results which have been already obtained open up the possibility of discoveries of vital importance in hygienic science.

We are logically led when reflecting upon this solar power of destroying bacteria to inquire as to when and where it comes into operation in Nature. It is obvious of course that this action can only go on upon the actual surface of the earth, and that a depth of even a very small fraction of an inch must be quite sufficient to place bacteria beyond the reach of this potent and lethal agency. On the other hand, in the case of water, with its great transparency to light, we might anticipate that this destructive power of the sun's rays would penetrate to very considerable depths.

Nearly two years ago I made a number of experiments on the action of sunshine on the spores of anthrax suspended in water, and I found that in this medium they were able in some cases to survive as much as one hundred hours and more of full sunshine, whilst in ordinary culture materials, like broth and jelly, they are generally killed by a few hours' exposure to the sun's rays. In order to ascertain the cause of this curious phenomenon, I am trying, by adding various ingredients to water, to find out what substances tend to accelerate the action of the sun's rays. Already I have discovered that the addition of common salt greatly increases the destructive action of sunshine on anthrax spores suspended in water, whilst the addition of a similar proportion of sulphate of soda (Glauber's salt) has no effect whatever. These experiments are being continued, and

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I hope to be able shortly to throw some more light on this unexpected and interesting phenomenon. All the experiments to which I have so far referred have been made in the laboratory, and with bacteria in what may be described as a state of captivity. Before generalising from such investigations we always endeavour if possible to test our results by some crucial experiments made, so to speak, in the open-air laboratory of Nature herself.

Already in the year 1886, in my reports to the Local Government Board on the bacterial condition of the water supplied to London, I showed that the number of micro-organisms in the waters of the Thames and Lea was often twenty times as great in the winter as during the summer months. Now, although I do not attribute this increase in the water microbes during the winter months by any means wholly to the great reduction in the amount of sunshine which in our foggy land unfortunately characterises the winter of the year—for there are other important factors calculated also to bring about these seasonal variations in the number of river bacteria—yet there can be no doubt that the presence or absence of sunshine plays some part in producing these striking results.

In order to ascertain the effect of daylight on the bacteria in a running stream two young German enthusiasts lately carried out an interesting experiment on the river Isar above Munich. These investigators sat a whole night by the river bank, from six in the evening until six on the following morning, determining the number of microbes in the water at various intervals of time. The experiments were made towards the end of September, and they commenced their watch about sunset at a quarter-past six in the evening. At this time 160 bacteria were found in about twenty drops of water; but at three and four o'clock in the morning, when the water had therefore been for several hours in darkness, there were more than twice, and even three times, that number of germs present, indicating that in the absence of their deadly foe, the sun, they had multiplied with great freedom—only, however, as was found when morning approached and day wore on, to be kept once more in subjection and reduced in number.

These experiments were made with water taken from the superficial layers only, but it is obviously of particular interest to ascertain whether this destruction of bacteria can take place also beneath the surface of the water, and, if so, to what depth the sun's rays can exercise this inhibitive power.

In the Starnberger See, near Munich, at a spot where the water was fairly clear although slightly disturbed by steamboat traffic, it was found that at about a depth of ten feet below the surface this destructive action on bacterial life entirely ceased. More exact experiments published a few weeks ago by Dr. Procacci, of Naples, in which cylindrical glass vessels were filled with water and exposed to

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the sun from above only, showed that the rays after passing through twenty inches of water had hardly any power to hurt the bacteria present, this slight depth having deprived them of nearly all their bactericidal capacity.

An original and extremely simple method of experimenting on this fascinating subject was devised and published nearly two years ago by Professor Buchner, of Munich. It is so pretty in its conception that I cannot desist from giving a slight sketch of a process which I think may be appropriately described as *photo-bacteriography*, if I may be allowed to coin a new word for the purpose.

It consists in evenly mixing in melted jelly the particular germs upon which it is desired to try the action of sunshine. The jelly is then poured into small glass dishes, in which it rapidly congeals, and the latter are then covered over with black paper; on one side, however, some letters are cut out leaving open spaces in the shape of the particular letters removed. When the dishes are exposed to the sunshine, it is of course obvious that the light can only gain access to the jelly and its bacterial contents through the apertures made by the cut-away letters, whilst the remainder of the jelly is protected and therefore in darkness. After such dishes have been exposed, say, for two, three, four hours, or any time it is thought necessary, they are transferred to a dark cupboard and kept at such a temperature as will best permit of the growth and multiplication of the bacteria present in the jelly. If the exposure to the light, however, has proved injurious, then those bacteria which were in the illuminated portions of the jelly will either have been destroyed, and therefore prevented from giving rise to any growths at all, or their vitality will have been so much impaired that the growth in these parts will be much feebler than in those portions where the jelly remained in darkness. In this manner the letters cut out of the black paper covers will be found visibly to the naked eye delineated or marked out on the jelly by the absence of growth of any bacteria in these particular portions of the dish. Of course any combination of letters may be employed, and Buchner has in this way succeeded in causing the names 'Cholera,' 'Typhoid,' &c. to be inscribed on jelly surfaces by the contained cholera and typhoid germs exposed to sunshine in the manner just indicated.

I do not think, therefore, that I am guilty of any unjustifiable use of language or stretch of the imagination in designating this process as *photo-bacteriography*.

Of course numerous applications may be made of this elegant method, which has recently been much used by Marshall Ward for the investigation of some of the varied problems connected with the action of light on micro-organisms.

Thus modern scientific investigation is daily enlarging the horizon of our knowledge concerning the stupendous influence which the

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sun exerts over almost every detail in terrestrial affairs. The study of these minute living organisms, which have attracted so much attention during the past twenty years, has also served in this most surprising and unexpected manner to increase our admiration of the marvellous dominion which is thus wielded by the sun; and even if we are not quite prepared to revert to the ancient religion of Khuenaten and of the Disk Worshippers of Egypt, we shall at any rate deeply respect the material intelligence and beauty of their doctrines, whilst we shall all endorse the poetic imagery of Plato, when he says that 'Truth is the Body of God, and Light is His Shadow.'

PERCY FRANKLAND.

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RECENT ARCHÆOLOGY

ARCHÆOLOGY is making strides as rapid as those of physical science. Every year brings us not only new discoveries, but new explanations of facts hitherto misunderstood, so that our whole appreciation of ancient life and manners is gradually changing. At least it is changing for those who take the pains to ascertain and weigh the new evidence. There are still many old-fashioned scholars, even among the rising generation, who are content to perfect the grammatical training they have got at the public schools, and spend their time imitating the prose, or even the poetry, of the Greeks and Romans, and to go on re-editing and re-translating with increased precision texts long familiar to the world. This kind of work is much more congenial to the fastidious, and sometimes indolent, spirit of the classical scholar than to plunge into the ocean of archæological research, read researches in several languages, and gather from various and doubtful sources the scattered items of a new theory. It is, indeed, much to be regretted that discoverers cannot agree upon one or two organs wherein to chronicle their news. Even the careful and learned surveys, such as M. S. Reinach's 'Chroniques' in the *Revue Archéologique*, are incomplete, and from holes and corners in Greek newspapers, Italian reviews, French and German periodicals, as well as various English publications, we must gather our knowledge of the advances made by excavations or lucky chances, or new searches in forgotten libraries. It has verily become easier and more practical to seek this information by travelling. If you go to Cairo, and associate with the learned there—'tis a very small society—they will show you, or tell you of, all the novelties. The jewels found in the first week of March in the pyramid of Dashur were exhibited a few days after their discovery in the Gizeh Museum. They will not be adequately described and pictured in any periodical for months. The wonderful discoveries of Dr. Dörpfeld concerning the topography of Athens will not be stated in his journal till next autumn. Any visitor who can fairly claim his attention may now learn from that most courteous and persuasive man the main outlines of his revolutionary conclusions. As the difficulty of wandering through all the learned periodicals increases, so the facility of travelling to the sites of ancient history and consulting the local authorities also increases.

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We are approaching a time when the effective prosecution of classical archæology will become impossible at home, and when all our scholars who desire to know the material side of ancient life must regard a journey to the Mediterranean as an item in the cost of their education.

This has been for years back so thoroughly recognised by the French and the Germans, that they have established at Rome and at Athens schools, not only to train special students, but to act as classical observatories, which all scholars from home may visit, and study the newest points of light, and the working of the newest instruments. It is a great scandal that the English nation has not, either from the public purse or by applying the wealth of English colleges, established a school of the same importance with an adequate and permanent endowment. The generosity of private individuals, which generally outruns the action of States, cannot be expected to rival them when once rulers are intelligent enough to attend to intellectual as well as material progress. So our school at Athens —we have none at Rome—is at a hopeless disadvantage, for which the obvious remedy seems more hopeless still. Another escape from our distressing inferiority will be suggested presently. As it was my fortune to visit again recently the great centre of archæological research, a brief review of the newest results may set some of my readers to aid in this growing and promising study with their interest, their time, their money.

First of all we naturally turn to Egypt, or rather to the southern province of Egypt, Nubia, which is at this moment threatened with a catastrophe worse than an earthquake. If the scheme of the engineers to bar the Nile at the first cataract, and make an immense reservoir for irrigation in Nubia, were carried out, not only would Philæ, one of the loveliest and most historic spots in the world, be submerged, but many of the more southern temples up to Kalapsche would share the same fate, and a considerable population be driven from their homes along the river. As a country of historic interest Lower Nubia would cease to exist. This question therefore affects archæology and future discoveries in the little-known history of Nubia so closely that a few words on the possible loss to our science may well find their place in an article upon our recent gains. To reason with the engineer on the ground of sentiment is futile, for has he not suggested, as a complete answer to our objections, that you can rebuild the temples of Philæ somewhere else? Why not bring the Parthenon to Chicago, or the temples of Karnak to the banks of the Thames? With such people we must needs fall back upon arguments from pounds, shillings, and pence. To take down such buildings, and to attempt to rebuild them with the old materials, would not only necessarily result in failure, but in very expensive failure. The engineers talk of 100,000*l.* being required for this process: we are

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assured that 250,000*l.* would not suffice. A great portion of the old materials would go to pieces in the process; many inscriptions and sculptures would be irretrievably injured; and in the end we should have a new-fangled pseudo-antique restoration upon a false site, which nobody would visit. The pecuniary loss would therefore not be merely a lump sum, but the loss of many thousands now spent yearly by travellers upon the upper country. Let the capital which represents this interest be added to the cost—Mr. Cook could easily estimate it—let us also take in the problem of providing for all the inhabitants along the banks of the Nile in Lower Nubia, whose little farms and villages would be submerged, and we shall come to the reasonable conclusion that any of the alternative schemes—and there are several—would cost less, and do far less injury. That of Mr. Cope Whitehouse is probably the most rational, the most harmless, and the most attractive, were it not originated by a man outside the official hierarchy, and not disposed to court its favour.

In any case, we have invaded Egypt under the pretence of civilising the country, not as the modern representatives of the Huns and Goths who brought the dark ages upon Roman Europe. Any official, therefore, be it Lord Cromer himself, who professes a contempt for the historical monuments of Egypt, and the traditions which make it not only interesting to all the world, but dignified to its countrymen, when they attain to education—any such official should at once be removed from his situation to make place for a civilised man. I will go further and say that if the English nation, which holds Egypt professedly for the purpose of civilising the country, neglects or injures the greatest treasure which that country possesses, the sooner the English nation is ejected, and some more cultivated power takes its place, the better.

But now let us come back to Nubia as it still exists. Mr. Sayce and Mr. Somers Clarke made with me a superficial examination (in the literal sense) as far as the second cataract during this winter. The more remote country, up to Berber, is in the hands of dervishes and quite inaccessible, though in older days travellers could pass through it in perfect safety. We only know it now from the reports of our soldiers, who tell us where they passed great ruins which they had neither the time nor the knowledge to explore. For the Government of the day, with a Prime Minister who has pretensions to learning, absolutely refused Lord Wolseley's pressing applications to have a committee of experts sent with him to that great bend of the Nile which has been avoided even by the older travellers who went to Khartoum and were looking out for antiquities.

But on the surface of Lower Nubia the results we attained were chiefly negative. There was no evidence that any of the great Ptolemies penetrated beyond the first cataract, and other evidence since found showed that the Red Sea route was their only high-road

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to the land of elephants and ostriches. Nor is there any evidence of the Roman occupation by Petronius of the upper country at Primis (Kasr Ibrîm), though Roman soldiers, living for years in a place where writing on stones was common, should surely have left us some graffiti. But the whole Ptolemaic and Roman occupations of Nubia seem to have been confined to the first eighty miles above Philæ (the *Dodekaschœnus* as it was called), and to have ended with the temple of the Sacred Sycamore, which we found in a woful state, ready to tumble over at any moment, and having already lost portions of the walls which earlier travellers in this century had found complete. Such was the case with many of the Nubian temples, where a small outlay would preserve fine and interesting ruins. Thus, at Kalapsche, we copied several inscriptions neglected by earlier travellers and not to be found in the Nubian section of the *Corpus Inscript. Græcarum*. In a few years the walls may fall, and these texts will be destroyed. This was actually the case at other temples, where the texts copied by Gau fifty years ago have disappeared under a mass of shapeless ruins.

It is strange to note that while great monuments of stone, intended to last for ever, fall into decay and ruin, trivial customs, sustained by no higher authority than habit and common consent, maintain their place. The Nubian women dress their hair exactly according to the pattern of the elaborate wigs we see on old Egyptian grandees. The baskets of halfa grass, which every Nubian woman keeps plaiting, are exactly like in form, colour, and patterns to those which have been recovered from tombs of the ancient empire 6,000 years old.

There is another branch of archæology in which we found Nubia very rich and very much neglected. The whole country is studded with remains of Coptic churches, Coptic towns, and there are inscriptions upon the walls of these ruins wherever the surface has not been destroyed. The whole country, which now does not contain a single native Christian, must once have been converted by the Egyptian Church. Old Egyptian rock-temples and shrines were adapted to Christian uses; many mud-brick churches were erected, of various sizes and dignities, on the well-known plan of the churches in Egypt, though not without interesting modifications. There must have come a time when this Christian population was afraid to live in scattered villages along the banks of the Nile, and gathered into the deserted forts of the old Egyptians or Romans, which they filled with small and crowded habitations. The complete destruction of this considerable section of Christianity by Mahomedanism is a passage upon which historians, so far as I know, have thrown no light. In Egypt, under the direct pressure of a proximate Mahomedan government, many Christians still remain. In Nubia, far from the Chalif and the

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Sheik el Islam, with hardly a mosque visible, the change has been complete.

We did all we could to obtain records of Christian Nubia. We copied inscriptions, Mr. Somers Clarke drew plans of the churches and the forts, and the materials we collected ought at all events to be sufficient to stimulate some scholar, who has made an honest study of the Coptic language, to undertake a special pilgrimage, and to recover for us, if possible, the history of Christian Nubia.

The collecting of all the texts may have another important result. It is agreed that the nearest descendant of the old Egyptian language, which is still so imperfectly understood, is the southern Coptic, which is not drenched by Greek words and idioms. In Nubia will be found the purest specimens, and these, together with the mass of Coptic *ostraka* found during the past winter by M. Naville at Gourneh, ought to give students of hieroglyphics considerable help towards solving the remaining riddles in old Egyptian speech. But they must condescend to learn Coptic honestly, not after the fashion of the 'spiritual wickedness in high places,' which my colleague, Professor Atkinson, has so unsparingly exposed in his recent papers published by the Royal Irish Academy.

I have called this at the outset a superficial investigation, for we had neither the means nor the leisure to prosecute excavations. But we saw and found enough to show that intelligent search under the surface would amply repay the labour. One young officer, quartered for a while at Wadi Halfa, Captain Lyons, R.E., has turned his attention to Egyptology. With very limited resources in labour, and still less in time, he has found temples, shrines, forts throughout the country, which are but an earnest of what such a man would find were an intelligent government to give him opportunities. We ourselves found *mastabas* near Anibe, in which we uncovered without trouble wall-paintings of the middle empire. The evidence recovered by Captain Lyons shows that at two epochs only, those of the twelfth and of the nineteenth dynasties, was the conquest of Nubia earnestly undertaken, and this is curiously corroborated by the inscriptions found at the first cataract, and deciphered by Mr. Wilbour, stating that Usertesen the First had cleared a way up the rapids in order to proceed to the conquest of the 'vile negro,' supplemented by a text of Ramses the Second, which speaks of the clearing and opening again of this waterway, which had in the interval been disused.

Egypt is a land where the traveller is constantly tempted to assign to a hoar antiquity the origin of the customs which he sees still in vogue. When the wild Nubian boatmen have conquered the rushing waters, and bring their boat safely into quiet streams above or below the rapids, they break out into the refrain, *Bâbi salaam*! *Bâbi salaam*! (Cataract, hail!) One cannot help imagining the sailors of Usertesen or Ramses apologising for their victory over the difficul-

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ties and dangers of the passage by this salute to the personified gate from Egypt to Nubia. So have I seen the owner of a farm at Thebes encouraging his reapers towards evening, not by serving out beer, but by singing to them and playing his accompaniment on a rude mandolin. The statue of Memnon was looking down upon him, as I suppose it had looked down on similar songs for 4,000 years.

This digression brings us down from Nubia to Egypt, where there is far more care for the monuments of the past, and far more activity in exploring them.

In descending the river we come first to the work of the Egypt Exploration Society, which was going on actively under the direction of M. Naville and Mr. Hogarth all the winter. They were not searching for objects of value, or rifling tombs in search of archæological plunder, but laying bare the splendid temple of Hatasu, built in terraces right into the great limestone cliff which closes the plain of Thebes to the west. High above the Nile, almost surrounded with amber walls of wrinkled rock, which reaches in many pinnacles far into the deep-blue sky, 200 men and boys were labouring in dust and heat, removing the great mass of rubbish which has accumulated about the lower terrace of the temple, either from the detritus of the cliff and the sand of the Libyan desert, or from the ruins of a Coptic monastery inflicted upon the splendid work of Hatasu. For this ambitious queen—every new Egyptologist calls her by some new name—working upon far better stone than the usual sandstone of Egyptian temples, and at a better epoch than any since the old empire, had already shown us in the reliefs upon the upper terrace how much we might expect from the present exploration. The reliefs commemorated her friendly mission of a fleet to the land of Punt (probably the Somali coast), and the curiosities—beasts, birds, trees in pots, gold, ivory—brought back by her sailors.[1] So clear and telling is the representation that it instructs us better than a dozen wordy texts. Now, M. Naville has found hundreds of fragments of a like relief along a second terrace, below the first. The pieces were being carefully drawn and numbered, and if the work is prosecuted but one year more, it will be possible to set them up again more or less completely, and obtain another graphic account of the acts of the masculine queen, which will give us a new passage in her history. It would require too much space to describe the lesser shrines, the altar, the works of later kings, which have also been unearthed. Nor has the Coptic monastery been cleared away without yielding a vast number of *ostraka*, if sherds of white limestone may be so designated, on which the monks of Gourneh wrote their daily affairs, thus giving us many more specimens of that southern Coptic dialect (Sahidic) which is so much in request among the true students of the Egyptian tongue. Such excavations as these are not, indeed, likely to produce surprises; M. Naville is not likely to astonish

[1] They are best reproduced in Dümichen's *Fleet of an Egyptian Queen*.

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the world by telegrams that he has found a hoard of jewellery, or dragged some king of ancient fame from his ineffectual hiding-place. The work of the Exploration Fund seems to me far higher and more honourable. It is not the seeking after curiosities for the cabinet, but after evidence for the history of bygone times. In one of the chambers of this temple there remains shameful proof of what sacrilege archæologists may perpetrate. A great number of tombs were here rifled by Mariette, who was searching for ornaments upon the dead. The remains which baulked his greed are cast pell-mell into a semi-subterranean chamber, skulls, clothes, bones, coffins piled in a fœtid mass, where the old Egyptians had piously swathed limbs in fine linen, and lavished spices to avert decay. If such barbarous conduct is unfortunately beyond the reach of the law, is it to be tolerated among civilised people? Is our respect for the dead, and our protection of their remains, only to apply to the dead whom we remember, and is the solemn prayer of earlier men, that their bones may lie in peace, to be set at naught? Mariette himself is buried in a stone sarcophagus at the entrance of the museum on which he spent his life. In how many years will it become a praiseworthy act of archæological enthusiasm to drag him from his tomb and exhibit him under a glass case in the Louvre as a famous man once honoured with a costly burial? In how many more will it be decent to treat him as he has treated so many others—to drag him from his resting-place in search of his rings and other ornaments, and cast aside the rest, leaving his bones to bleach upon the sand, and the rags of his winding-sheet to blow about the desert? Yet all this is done every day with the Egyptian dead. How can the fellah be blamed for rifling tombs in search of *sebach*, if not in search of valuable antiquities, when he sees his masters doing the same thing to enrich a museum?

These are the reflections which are naturally suggested when the news is trumpeted abroad that the pyramid of Dashur, almost cut in twain, and hideously defaced by Mariette, has been penetrated with more effect by M. De Morgan, and that a number of tombs of the twelfth dynasty have been discovered. The event is so recent that our information is incomplete. We hear that beautiful ornaments, like those of Queen Ah-hotep, have already been found and exhibited in the Gizeh Museum; but that most of the tombs are already rifled. Perhaps it is well. Let the crime of rifling tombs belong to others; to carry away empty coffins, and exhibit them under glass, is not an extreme outrage. But what history have we learned from these coffins? Who is really the wiser or the better because he has seen the ghastly remains of Seti the First and Ramses the Second under glass in the Gizeh Museum? Do the hideous photographs of these remains, scattered over the world, satisfy any better feelings than idle or morbid curiosity? Presently these bodies, like several of their fellows, will turn to corruption, and then how will they be treated?

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They will be buried with the burial of a dog, and no one will know the place where they lie. A more decent, a more reverent, let me even say a more scientific age, which knows how to estimate evidence, will look with contempt on the stupid vulgarity of this intrusion upon the dead, and the exhibiting not only of beautiful ornaments, but of hideous bones, which contain no historical lesson. When the great dead of Dahr el Bachari were found, it was well to protect them from the greed of the fellahin; it was well to take copies of the very few records upon their coffins; I will grant even a point more, and admit that specimens of their jewellery might be stolen for purposes of exhibition. But to drag out the bodies themselves, and expose them to the stare of the tourist, and presently to decay and dishonour, was a proceeding not only indecent and barbarous, but unscientific and idle in results.

When the great French scholars, who represent the most civilised people in the world, behave in this fashion, it would be unfair to use any hard words towards Hamdi Bey, who has succeeded in performing what seemed the impossible, and establishing under Turkish patronage a splendid museum at Constantinople. Most of the sarcophagi he carried off from the necropolis of Sidon had long since been rifled, the bones scattered, the cavities filled with water dripping from the rock, so that the claims of science were not in conflict with those of sentiment and of respect for the dead. One of these monuments has, moreover, revealed to us a new and splendid chapter in the history of Greek art.

But when he came to the tomb of Tabnit, king of Sidon, to which he penetrated with great toil and expense, passing down through chamber after chamber till he found the great stone covering the actual vault, which he hewed in pieces because it was too heavy to move, what did he find? A very simple black granite sarcophagus having no ornament whatever except on the lid, and containing the body of the king with a single fillet of gold round the forehead. There were hieroglyphics (verses from the Egyptian book of the dead) on the lid, but across the foot the following inscription in Phœnician:—'I, Tabnit, priest of Astarte and king of the Sidonians, son of Eshmunazar, priest of Astarte, and king of the Sidonians, am laid in this vault. I adjure whatever person may discover this vault, open not my sepulchral chamber and trouble me not, for there is here no silver, there is no gold, there is no treasure. Here I alone am laid in this vault. Open not this sepulchral chamber, for it is abominable before the face of Astarte. If thou openest this chamber and comest in to disturb me, mayest thou have neither posterity in the life beneath the sun, nor a resting-place among the dead.'[2]

In spite of this pathetic appeal, not only was the whole stone coffin dragged off to Constantinople, but the body of the king was

[2] Cf. the fascinating account of his discovery given by Hamdi Bey [illegible] his magnificent publication, *Une Nécropole Royale de Sidon*.

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packed up in a tin box to be transferred to a glass case, beside the sarcophagus, where not only the skeleton but the very entrails are exposed to the gaze of the tourist! And to what purpose? Had even the mere lid been removed and the rest described and covered up again, we should have lost nothing; nay, rather, the cost in time and money of removing the huge stone cover and then the sarcophagus itself, might have produced, if properly applied, some evidence bearing upon the great series of artistic reliefs which are still unexplained—a great problem in the history of Greek and Phœnician art.

Yet, when I ventured to express my objection to Hamdi Bey, that amiable and courteous man replied that he was only awaiting the Sultan's order to resume his explorations, and earnestly hoping to capture more kings of Sidon that he might expose them in his museum. Even my dear friend Mr. Petrie is not free from the charge of casting out the dead and rifling their tombs, though in his case the coffins have yielded important historical and literary documents. We hear, moreover, that his researches at Coptos during the past winter have been fruitful, not in tombs, but in ancient statues, which he considers prehistoric, and in inscriptions, of which I have seen some of great interest, which will presently be edited by Mr. Hogarth.

To these definite researches we must add the constant additions by purchase to the museums of Gizeh and of Alexandria, upon which I will say a word before passing from Egypt to Greece. The treasures of the National Museum are in the out-of-the-way, ill-lighted, unsafe palace of Gizeh, splendid as a palace, worthless as a museum, except for its ample chambers. Any accident may burn it to the ground in an hour, and, even where it stands, each visit the student pays to it costs him five shillings, a considerable waste of time, and the trouble of either carrying food with him or fasting all the day. And yet there are ample moneys forthcoming and convenient sites upon which a proper building could be erected. It is said that the 'National Party' in Egypt is opposed to any outlay upon such a building. Whether this be so or not, any earnest desire on the part of the English authorities would overcome the difficulty at once. Some day the world will be horrified to hear that the whole palace, with its priceless collection, is burnt to the ground. Then there will be lamentations, recriminations, protestations; all to no effect. Let no one be deceived as to where the real blame lies. If the English controllers of Egypt are in earnest about it, the collection will be safely housed; if not, it is doomed to fall a victim to some slight act of carelessness on the part of a domestic, but really to the deliberate and criminal neglect of those responsible for the welfare of Egypt.

Among the papyri just acquired by the Museum, which I examined, there were a good many fragments in early Ptolemaic

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hands, and with them two fragments from the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer, which will be published elsewhere. There are also several mummy cases made of papyrus, which I longed to take to pieces; but M. E. Brugsch Bey seemed to value the cases as objects of art more than the possible fragments of Greek classical literature which they may contain. For in style and decoration they resemble closely the cases in which Mr. Petrie recovered the remains of the *Antiope*, and the ancient fragments of the *Phædo* and the *Laches* of Plato.

But, as the conservator observed, there is no interest in Greek papyri shown by the visitors to the Museum. It is a melancholy fact that Cairo appears to contain no local scholars; and without local scholars it is not likely that passing strangers will ever attain to a thorough knowledge of documents which require close and reiterated study. But of all the large cities surrounded with monuments of the highest interest Cairo is the most ignorant and careless. You will search in vain there for a young scholar to teach you the elements of hieroglyphics; it is probably the same with Coptic, seeing that the most astounding inaccuracies in recent publications find no native critic to expose them. Is there a single Cairene who can read a Ptolemaic inscription? We may gravely doubt it, so that beyond the staff of the Museum there is nothing done for the elucidation of the mass of evidence there being accumulated.

The condition of archæology at Alexandria, with its humble beginnings and modest aspirations, is far more promising. The Museum is but a preliminary thing; excavations are only just beginning, but there is good reason to think that here will be the centre of a great new revelation in Greek art and history. For hitherto, of all great cities and civilisations, that of early Alexandria is perhaps the least known. There is still a possibility of finding the old palaces, the old museum, the Serapeum, if excavations are begun at once. But in a few years more the modern city will extend over all the vacant ground, and then this avenue of knowledge will be closed. There was a day when all these were tacitly, perhaps were openly, despised, as belonging to what is called the Hellenistic age. It was, and is still, the fashion to value the smallest fragment of the golden age above all the work of a period assumed to be a period of decadence. In literary style there can be no doubt that Hellenism brought with it elements of decay, though the matter of a Hellenistic author, such as Polybius, may be more valuable than that of the most polished classical historian. But the recent discoveries at Sidon have shown us that, in art at all events, the age of Alexander and his immediate successors could produce work worthy of being placed beside the work of Scopas or Praxiteles. That we might, indeed, have already learned from the Venus found at Milo, a statue of even later date. And if the kings or satraps of Sidon commanded the genius of such noble artists, shall we say that the early Ptolemies could not command it,

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or that the artistic work of early Alexandria was inferior to that of Sidon?

But the buildings of the Ptolemaic city lie deep, there are some twenty-five feet of rubbish accumulated over it; along the shore the sea has encroached, and much may lie under the shallow water of the old royal harbour, now unused for shipping. Excavation at Alexandria may therefore be expensive, but great results are certain. What is found by accident, or by the slight probing here and there of the Archæological Society, proves that sufficiently. Most rich citizens of Alexandria have valuable private collections; I saw a number of them when I was there, and there were reports of many other curiosities which had been sold out of the country. One of the finest rooms in the Museum of Athens is the Egyptian collection presented by a rich Greek citizen of Alexandria.

It is the intention of the French Director of Antiquities at Cairo to send all the Ptolemaic monuments to Alexandria, and to gather there the remains of Greek culture which invaded Egypt with the conquest of Alexander. A good many stone inscriptions are there already, among them the solitary epigraphic record we have of Mark Antony; it is the basis of a statue set up by one Aphroditus, a boon companion 'to Antony the great, the inimitable, his god and benefactor.'[3] We only require a well-endowed and properly directed spade to unearth many such monuments. Nay, who can tell whether the origins of Christianity will not receive some unexpected light, or what relics of the several great libraries may not contain theological materials of the greatest moment? Papyri I was lucky enough to find at once, in the pectoral ornaments of Ptolemaic mummies. The documents were only private accounts, or taxing lists, but who can tell when business papers may not concern historical personages, or great historical interests?

The general impression produced upon any intelligent observer who spends a winter in Egypt is, that while every year will add a quantity of materials to the museums, there is wanting an intelligent public, apart from the Museum staff, to classify and utilise these materials. So far the English occupation has done nothing except to raise the prices asked by private dealers in antiquities, and to produce a great deal of smuggling by foreign collectors and the agents of foreign museums. There are wanting enthusiasts in the country, native Coptic if possible; if not, men who will make Egypt their home, and its history the study of their lives. For the interpretation of the evidence is becoming every day more complex. Any one who will be at pains to read Erman's new book on the subject will be surprised and delighted at the admirable way in which he has distinguished things similar, compared things contrasted, and brought out of

[3] Plutarch tells us that '*inimitable livers*' (ἀμμητόβιοι) was the title chosen by these *souls* of Alexandria.

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the long annals of Egypt not a picture of uniformity and stagnation, but one of movement and development, showing all the political vicissitudes which we exhibit in our histories of modern States. A rigid bureaucracy, a feudal and territorial nobility, a priestly despotism, a condottiere sovranty, each takes its place in subordination to, or in conflict with, the hereditary monarchy. The oscillations of the royal power give us the changes in the history of Egypt which are now only beginning to be understood.

But I must not digress into history, and will therefore take leave of Egypt, and pass across the Levant to Greece, which is the other great field of archæology, and that which justly maintains a pre-eminence in the interest of cultivated men. The Sidonian discoveries of Hamdi Bey are great because they are Greek, and the Sidonian kings who obtained the help of foreign artists for their tombs never attained to perfection till they borrowed artists inspired by the sculptures of the Parthenon. Nothing, therefore, conceivable in the way of discovery will ever displace Athens as the real centre of the highest kind of archæology. The antiquities of other nations may be exceedingly curious, and instructive to antiquaries; the antiquities of Greece afford lessons to all cultivated people, and models to all modern artists. Moreover, Athens has charms peculiar to itself, which will soon be discovered, even by the Western public, to excel the charms of more distant cities, especially those of Lower Egypt, of recent years so fashionable. As to climate, that of Cairo is now being found treacherous and unhealthy, whereas the exhilaration produced by the air of Athens more than counterbalances the disadvantage of its lower temperature. Rain in Cairo—and it now occurs about every ten days through the winter—turns all the streets into stagnant sewers, or else the cold winds and constant dust give everybody sore throats and fits of sneezing; in fact, we found the whole population grumbling, and grumbling justly, about the climate. But this is beside the present question. To the archæologist it is vain to seek help or sympathy in his work from the agreeable soldiers, the very agreeable ladies who, if they have any duty, steal time with difficulty from their pleasures to perform it. The few able and hard-working officials who are reforming the administration of the country are too busy to be seen. Fair widows or quasi-widows, endeavouring to drown their grief in gaiety, young soldiers helping to console them, have no interest in ancient history. Local enthusiasts seem not to exist. How different is the case with Athens! Cleaner streets, fresher air, better hotels at half the cost, and, above all, a most intelligent society, make this city the very paradise for a scholar's holidays. Groups of learned men—some of them of European fame—are to be found at the five archæological schools. Numbers of local men possess learning and have an interest in study. Numerous bookstalls in the very thoroughfares remind one of the book trade of Edinburgh; and the kind of book

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exposed in the streets is still more significant—works on philosophy, science, history—a very different catalogue from that exhibited even by our railway bookstalls which appeal to the richer classes.

But the main interest at Athens centres round Dr. Dörpfeld, the head of the German school.[4] For this indefatigable man, who not only makes constant discoveries, but has a rare gift of persuading men to accept his conclusions, has recently been astonishing the learned world by his complete revolution against the accepted topography of ancient Athens. The controversy, if it last, will turn upon a well-known passage in Thucydides (ii. 15) :—

> Formerly what is now the Acropolis was the city, and under it that which lies most directly south. Here is the proof. The shrines of the other Gods (as well as of Athene) are on the Acropolis itself, and whatever are outside lie mostly to this part of the city, I mean that of Olympian Zeus, and the Pythion, and the temple of the Earth, and that of Dionysus in Limnæ, in whose honour the elder Dionysia are celebrated. . . . Here, too, are other ancient sanctuaries, and the fountain, which, now that the tyrants have so adorned it, is called Enneakrounos, but of old, when the springs were open, was called Callirrhoe; this, being close at hand, they used for important purposes, and even now from old habit it is customary to use it for the lustrations before marriage and other religious acts.'

According to the universal acceptation, disputed only by Mr. Dyer in the *Journal of Philology* for 1870, the fountain was by the Ilissus, not south but south-east of the Acropolis, at the point furthest from its solitary gateway, and implying a great area for the oldest city. Yet scholars might fairly have been staggered by the fact that Pausanias in his tour round Athens comes to the Enneakrounos next to the Odeum, and close to the Areopagus, without any hint that he has made a jump of half a mile, or gone off to the valley of the Ilissus. But Mr. Dyer's difficulties were unheeded; the only natural spring about Athens was said to be by the Ilissus, and the jump in Pausanias' tour was considered inexplicable. Now the texts are being justified, and all that was explained away is found to be correct. Pausanias has no sudden hiatus in his wandering; the ancient city did not spread far away to the south-east into the valley of the Ilissus, but lay close round, and to the south of, the entrance to the Acropolis. Dr. Dörpfeld has found, what was so stoutly denied, a natural spring in the rocks of the Museum, or hill south of the Areopagus. There are deep artificial hollows in the rock to gather the water, which flowed hence into the *limnæ*, or basins, where doubtless ancient Athenian women washed their clothes. He has found traces of an old sanctuary to Dionysus in the long inscription of the Io Bacchoi, set up in Roman times within the sanctuary. He has found the stone *lenos* or winepress, a square trough with an exit for the juice into a large terra-cotta vessel; more conclusive than all this, he has found the

[4] He now possesses the honorary title of Professor, conferred by his grateful Government, but without any definite chair or teaching duties.

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great water conduits of the Pisistratidæ, leading to this spot, tunnelled through the rocks in the same fashion as the contemporary conduit of Polycrates at Samos, and probably constructed by the same architect, Eupalinos of Megara. The present high-road lies over the probable remains of the Pisistratid fountain, the Enneakrounos, but ere long this part of the question will be solved, for the enlightened Government of Athens gives the discoverer every facility. Dr. Dörpfeld's theory has not yet been generally accepted—it is too new, too revolutionary; it will make too many dissertations and theories useless; but, one after another, the best German scholars are giving in their adhesion, and if every new indication falls in with the new explanation its success is assured. What strikes the unprejudiced inquirer most strongly is the absurd paradox of the learned, who on the one hand declare Thucydides to be a perfect model of accuracy, while on the other they force upon the simple and clear passage above cited an interpretation which makes him the loosest and vaguest of writers. For the accepted Enneakrounos was not near the entrance to the Acropolis, it was not to the south of it, and implied a huge extent of city instead of a small one.[5] So easily will men explain away the text of an infallible authority.

Beside these startling novelties in the very sanctum of archæology Dr. Dörpfeld's researches at Troy can excite but a minor interest. Yet here, too, he has corrected an established error, and shown a correspondence with legend where most of us had hitherto felt a strong contrast. The city excavated by Dr. Schliemann on the now certain site of the Troy of legend always puzzled us by the comparative smallness of its compass, and the rudeness of its work, as compared with the fortresses of Mykenæ or Tiryns, which Homer describes as not superior to, nay, rather as less luxurious than, sacred Ilion. The pottery of Dr. Schliemann's town was far ruder, the building worse, the whole aspect of the place far inferior. We now know why. Dr. Dörpfeld has found outside, and surrounding this city, on a higher, and therefore more modern level, the fortifications of the town which does correspond in pottery, &c., to the Mykenean work. He holds Dr. Schliemann's Troy to be, therefore, a far older foundation, perhaps 2000 B.C. or older! If this be so, how true will be the words written years ago, that the Homeric poems represent not the beginning, but the decay of an old civilisation, not the first springing into life of a youthful culture, but the experience, and even the sadness, of men who were heirs to bygone greatness, and felt degenerate in comparison with their ancestors.

We turn from the German school to the hardly less-distinguished and older French school, now presided over by M. Homolle, whose

[5] The probable cause of the mistake, which is as early as the Middle Ages, was the reduplication of the old sacred places in the new quarter towards the Ilissus by these very Pisistratidæ.

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researches at Delos have made him so celebrated. The last venture undertaken by this school was the thorough excavation of the remains of Delphi, now rendered possible by the abolition of the village of Castri, which had been built, like many other villages, upon the ruins of the ancient town. The whole outcome of the work is not yet before us, but it is certain that the main features of the topography of the town and its sanctuaries will be determined; and meanwhile we have recovered no less a thing than the *treasury of the Athenians*, a building corresponding to the series of treasuries identified at Olympia, in which each of the well-known cities set up offerings, inscriptions, and made deposits of value, both for the dignity of the city and the safety of its property. For, as is well known, all the celebrated temples, with their sacrosanct enclosures, were utilised as banks. A sketch of the restored building will be published in the forthcoming number of the *Bulletin de correspondance hellénique*, and, what is very interesting as regards the restoration, the numerous inscriptions on the inner walls have helped to replace the very stones in their places. The fitting together of the texts has led to the fitting together of the walls. From the inscriptions we have recovered the walls, not from the walls the inscriptions. Pausanias says it was erected in commemoration of the battle of Marathon. It is not likely that any inscription of nearly such antiquity has been found.[6] The original dedication would probably have been placed on the front outside, but in any case the habit of covering the inner walls of buildings with inscriptions is one of the decadence, and not likely to occur till the days of the Romans. But we must await the publication of these texts before we can venture any more remarks upon them. One, which has already received much notice in the daily press, was kindly communicated to me by M. Homolle, and is therefore within the range of criticism.

It is the text of a hymn or hymns, inscribed on the inner wall of the above-named treasure-house, with the music noted over the text. It is not the first specimen of the kind which has been recovered. But the Greek tunes we hitherto possessed were both few and apparently badly preserved, so that many problems were rather raised than solved by them, and the theory of music, as left us by the Greeks, is still so dark and difficult that few scholars venture to attack it. The present texts and tunes are discussed and commented on by M. Henri Weil and M. Theodor Reinach, men equally competent in

[6] As is well known, the only inscription contemporary with the Persian wars still extant is that on the bronze column of twisted serpents, in the hippodrome at Constantinople. It stands protected by a railing, and with its lower part cleared below the level of the place, so that it now appears to be standing in a pit. The inscription, which is near the base of the monument, is quite illegible, if not invisible, from the surrounding railing, which is perhaps ten or twelve feet over it. The surface of the monument, which is below the present street, will soon be so oxidised that the inscription will be destroyed.

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Greek scholarship and in music, and it is from their articles, just about to appear, that I take my information. The notation of Greek music is well established. It consisted of alphabetic letters, with or without slight modifications, written over the text. Instrumental notes are said to have been written under the text, and with a distinct notation. The indicating of vocal notes by a single line of signs over the text lasted into the Middle Ages, for I have seen at Mount Athos an old service-book with a single line drawn over the text, and marked with figures of which our appoggiatura (∽) seems to be a survival. The monks had, however, lost the tradition of reading it, and a manuscript tract on the subject, dating from the fourteenth century, which I saw in the monastery of Vatopedi, seems to have attracted no attention. I had no time to take even an abstract of the contents.

In the present case M. Reinach has determined from Alypius the scale (Phrygian) and its component notes, which corresponds to our scale of C minor in its melodic form, with some accidentals introduced in one passage. The pitch is a more difficult question. As printed by M. Reinach, the range is too high for any chest voice, but he believes that the ancient practical pitch was one-third lower than that assigned to this scale by the late theorists. The time is given by the metre, which is pæonic, a long syllable and three short, variously placed, or two long and a short between them—in every case $\frac{5}{8}$ in the bar, a measure strange to us, and very difficult to observe. We fall naturally into $\frac{6}{8}$. As regards the accompaniment or harmonising of the air, there is none extant. We turn then, lastly, to the melody, which is far the most important item in giving us an insight into an old Greek performance. I grieve to say that though there is rhythm, and even a recurrence of phrases to mark the close of a period, nothing worthy of being called melody in any modern sense is to be found. The ingenuity of modern theorists is no doubt equal to finding harmonies for any phrase, however awkward; but the fact remains that this music is wholly unlike any modern music, Eastern or Western, and that moderns can feel no chord within them moved by it.

Our first instinct, when we consider the perfection of all the branches of Greek art which we know, is to say that we have not interpreted this department, and that it seems inferior to the rest because we do not understand it. A long study of the extant fragments and of the theoretical tracts leads me to think that this is not so, and that Greek music was inferior to their other arts. Other nations have shown the same inequality of development. Japanese magnates, who fully appreciated the pre-eminent gifts of their nation in designing and in colouring, have said that when they heard a good concert of European music they conceded that in music the Japanese had done nothing worthy of their genius. So it seems to have been with the Greeks. We never hear of a great composer among them. In their

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best days the tragic or lyric poet was also a composer, and set the tunes for his odes. This is precisely according to the modern theory of Wagner; as Wagner was a great musician but a mediocre poet, so I take Æschylus and Euripides to have been great poets but mediocre composers. Had the art of music been really developed, we should doubtless have heard of a division of labour, and the composer would have assumed a distinct position. The theorists did so, and have left us a valuable body of writings from which the early mediæval music derived its principles, and from which our modern theory of harmony is directly descended. So then the Greeks were our forefathers in music, but nevertheless they were bad composers. This is my own conclusion, and I shall be only too ready to modify or abandon it whenever any Greek composition is produced to refute it. As yet our evidence is very defective; the specimens we have are fragmentary and interrupted by gaps; perhaps it were wiser to suspend our judgment and wait for fuller details. Yet the new text seems sufficient for a judgment, and I cannot believe that if all the missing notes were recovered the complete composition would be anything else than hideous from a modern point of view.

Having now reviewed a very wide field and enumerated many striking novelties, it may be asked why I have not recounted the discoveries of the American and English schools at Athens. The cause is merely this: that when I recently visited Athens the excavations of the American school, in the absence of Dr. Waldstein, were in abeyance, though their hospitalities and their educational influences were in full swing. It is peculiarly the function of this school, more than of the others, to bring American scholars into general contact with Greek antiquities from which they are by nature so far removed, and in this way much valuable educational work is being done which does not afford topics for an article on novelties. Yet Dr. Waldstein's researches at the Heræon, near Argos, are recent and striking enough to justify that school to the world as a school of research; and if I do not now describe that work more in detail, it is rather for want of space than for any failure in its interest. The materials already reviewed are indeed enough for a single article.

But I cannot conclude without a word upon the position and prospects of the British school at Athens, which is at the same time an example of the neglect of the English authorities and of the liberality of English citizens. Beside the German and French schools, each supported by State grants, the British must depend on the continuance of wealth and of goodwill among a few private individuals, or among the corporations of Oxford and Cambridge. Although the school has had to struggle against the inadequacy of means, the recent work done, especially Mr. Schultz's drawings and plans of the public buildings of Megalopolis, is recognised as very good. But it is plain that Athens is about the worst choice for a

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centre, seeing that the place is already occupied by powerful, though friendly, rivals. It was a mistake to build a house at Athens. The school should have been located in a small steam yacht, which could have anchored in the fiords or among the islands, and thus brought the library and other property of the excavators close to the scene of their labours. Now they have not only the house in Athens to keep up: they must bring tents or hire lodging wherever they go for research. I need not add that they could have crossed to Asia Minor, and searched the coasts and islands under Turkish sway. Perhaps some day the heads of the Hellenic Society will see the sense of this suggestion, or some liberal rich man who is abandoning the habit of yachting will give his boat to the Society.

Meanwhile there is little doubt that the school would do better to move from Athens, and, if so, I see no place so promising as Alexandria. The reasons for this forecast have already been stated in this article; I have no doubt that the school would receive a warm welcome from the Archæological Society of Alexandria, and every facility from the Controller of Antiquities in Egypt. I will only repeat that as regards this city it is now or never. The ground still lies open. In a few years it will be taken up with building, and the great city of the Ptolemies will be hidden, till the modern city sinks into ruins, and some far-distant Schliemann finds old Alexandria, like ancient Ilion, the first or second stratum of occupation on a soil which has accumulated layer upon layer of subsequent building.

I would fain add another page on the possibilities of Cyrene, but trust that we shall soon hear of such successes there by the private enterprise of an adventurous traveller that forecasts and arguments will be cast aside in the presence of startling facts.

J. P. Mahaffy.

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NILE RESERVOIRS AND PHILÆ

THE International Technical Commission, appointed by the Egyptian Government to consider the various proposals of the engineers of the Public Works Department for the establishment of reservoirs of unprecedented magnitude for the storage of the flood water of the Nile for summer use, has just finished its three months' investigations. Although the Report has not yet been published, there can be little indiscretion in referring to its contents, as the desire of the Egyptian Government and of the Public Works officers throughout has been for the amplest and most unbiassed discussion of the whole question, so that, in the words of Lord Cromer and of Mr. Garstin, the Under-Secretary of State, the course followed may be 'the one best calculated to serve the interests of the country,' and that 'what is wanted is that Egypt shall have the best possible reservoir, whether it be in the Wadi Rayyan or in the Nile Valley itself.' Having regard to the position which Great Britain at present holds in relation to Egypt, and to the fact that she has assumed the responsibility in the eyes of Europe for the proper management and development of the resources of that country, any proposal of such far-reaching magnitude as the establishment of reservoirs, and the changing the system of agriculture of vast areas of land in Middle and Lower Egypt deserves the most serious and unprejudiced consideration of all thoughtful people in this country. The essence of the question is not whether Philæ temple may or may not be more or less interfered with during British occupancy, but whether, whilst having due regard to the susceptibilities of European scholars and tourists, Great Britain has made the amelioration of the condition of the hard-working and tax-laden labourers of Egypt her first consideration, and has not from timidity or a reluctance to face the opposition of those prepared to fight any British proposal in Egypt, postponed until to-morrow reforms which might have been carried out to-day.

Immediately on completion of the four years' exhaustive study of the reservoir question by Mr. Willcocks, the Director of Reservoirs, and his large staff of engineers, Mr. Garstin, the Under-Secretary of State, summarised the results of these studies in a Report to the Egyptian Government which, from its masterly exposition of essential details and its absolute impartiality, would appear to have been rather

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the summing-up of one of her Majesty's judges than the report of an engineer. In this report Mr. Garstin suggested the appointment of an International Commission to revise his own conclusions and those of the engineers of his department, and as a result Sir Benjamin Baker, K.C.M.G., was appointed British Commissioner; M. A. Boulé, Inspecteur-général des Ponts et Chaussées, French Commissioner; and Signor G. Torrecelli, Professor of Agricultural Engineering, Italian Commissioner. In the course of their investigations the Commissioners inspected the Wadi Rayyan depression adjoining the Fayoum Province, or site of the ancient Lake Moeris, and also the route of the thirty-two-mile long canal to connect the depression with the Nile, and the whole of the Nile Valley itself as far as the second cataract at Wadi Halfa.

Up to the present time the chief interest manifested in this country with regard to the vast works proposed by the representatives of Great Britain in Egypt for the improvement of the condition of the most needy of the large agricultural class in that country has been in connection with the ruins on Philæ Island. In Egypt, on the other hand, one hears perhaps too little of the ruins, as, in the opinion of those interested, the question of one temple more or less dwindles into utter insignificance as compared with the vast material benefits which even the most ignorant of the fellaheen know must result from the establishment of a Nile reservoir. This marked contrast in the views of the two countries no doubt must appear strange to the middle and upper classes of the natives, who are constantly being reminded that England is in Egypt, not for her own benefit, but in the interests of Egypt herself. It is, however, doubtless only a temporary phase of feeling in this country, due to an imperfect knowledge of the circumstances of the case. On first impulse probably ninety-nine out of every hundred cultivated persons would say Philæ must not be touched. On a thorough examination of the facts, however, it is no less probable that the same percentage of persons would endorse the conclusions of the Public Works Department and the majority of the Foreign Commissioners, that some interference with Philæ is an absolute necessity in the interests of Egypt.

To understand the Egyptian way of looking at the question, let us assume, for example, that the London County Council had discovered some cheap and easily-executed plan for clearing the Thames of sewage, annihilating London fogs, and at the same time solving the great problem of agricultural depression throughout the country. Incidental to this scheme, however, there was involved an interference with some picturesquely situated ruins—say Tintern Abbey on the Wye, which the guide-books tell us are, 'from the beauty of the situation and the elegance of the building, the most romantic Cistercian ruins in Britain.' Should we not deem it very unsympathetic, to say the least, if the American public, instead of congratulating us

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upon the good things in store, called us 'Vandals' and other uncomplimentary names because we ventured to contemplate any interference with ruins which they visited and appreciated so much? This, without exaggeration, is in Egyptian eyes a parallel case to the Nile reservoir and Philæ question, and it is no wonder, therefore, that some disappointment is felt in Egypt at the way in which the latter has hitherto been discussed in England, and the sooner this is set right by dealing with the subject on a broader basis, the better for all parties.

All reasonable men—and in no matter is it possible to satisfy faddists—will agree, whether they be artists, archæologists, or engineers, that if a reservoir be absolutely essential to the development of Egypt, and no other practically available site exists than the one involving an interference with Philæ, then all the sacrifice that can be legitimately demanded of Egypt is that the interference shall be the least possible. This is in accordance with the action of Parliament in this country in relation to railways, the construction of which constantly and inevitably involves interference with cherished objects and the destruction of the picturesque. It is in accordance also with the course followed by other nations—notably in the case of the Tiber improvements through Rome, where, to facilitate the discharge of the flood waters, several of the historic bridges have been pulled down and rebuilt with the original stones, but on deeper foundations. The most important and responsible duty of the International Commission, therefore, was first to satisfy themselves that a reservoir of some kind was a necessity; and secondly, if so, whether it could not be placed elsewhere than at Philæ.

The Government engineers submitted four projects to the Commission; but, reading between the lines, it was clear enough that they had little confidence themselves in the practicability or expediency of three out of the four plans, and they expressly threw the final responsibility of rejection upon the Commission. The questions to be considered by the Commission, at the request of the Government, were five in number. (1) The proposal to construct a dam at some point of the Nile between Wadi Halfa and Cairo, and to form a storage reservoir in the valley of the river itself. (2) The proposal to construct a storage reservoir in the Wadi Rayyan depression in the desert. (3) An examination of all the designs, plans, and estimates prepared for the different projects. (4) An opinion as to whether the sanitary condition of the country will be affected in any way by the storage of such a body of water as is now proposed. And (5) A selection from among the different projects which have been submitted for the information of the Egyptian Government. It will be observed that the question of Philæ temple was not referred to the Commission, but, on the contrary, it was expressly stated elsewhere in the Report that 'this was a question for the Government to decide.' Neither was the question of the necessity of a reservoir referred to them; but yet it

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was, of course, absolutely impossible for them not to have these two questions ever present in their minds.

As regards the absolute necessity for the construction of a reservoir with the least possible delay, no shadow of doubt was expressed by any member of the Commission. The estimated direct ultimate annual return to the State was over three-quarters of a million sterling, and the increased value of the crops would result annually in a benefit of ten times that amount to the cultivators. Making every allowance for possible errors in the estimating, the margin of profit would still be so enormous that no project could be suggested in any part of the globe which would at all compare, as regards financial results and benefits to the country at large, with that of the Nile reservoirs. This being so, it may reasonably be demanded by sceptical financiers why this mine of wealth has been so long neglected, when even Central Africa is being exploited by all the European Powers. The answer is simple. Until the barrage at the apex of the Delta had been sufficiently strengthened by Sir Colin Scott Moncreiff, and Colonel Western, to enable the whole of the existing summer supply in the Nile to be thrown on the lands, it was useless to augment that supply by the construction of reservoirs. The barrage referred to was built forty years ago by an eminent French engineer, Mougel Bey, but from the reckless rapidity with which he was compelled to carry on the works it was a practical failure until the past two or three years. At present, however, by its means every drop of water at low Nile is thrown upon the lands, and so valuable is the water that the sluice-gates are even caulked with rags to stop the smallest waste. Notwithstanding this, the demand for water by the cultivators is as great as ever, and no means exists for satisfying their wants but by storing up the water which runs uselessly to sea during the flood for use when most required. By the construction of the proposed reservoirs the flow down the Nile when water is of the highest value will be considerably more than doubled, so no detailed calculations are required to show that the direct and indirect returns to Egypt must be enormous, and that the condition of the cultivators will be vastly improved. To illustrate the extent of the change it may be mentioned that Mr. Foster, the Inspector-General of Irrigation for Lower Egypt, estimates that in the small province of Giseh alone the area under summer crops will be increased from 5,000 to 60,000 acres, and as the average value of the summer crop is no less than 10*l.* per acre, there would be a nett increase of over half a million sterling in that little district itself.

It was easy enough, therefore, for the Commissioners to satisfy themselves that they could not evade the difficulty of selecting a reservoir site by saying that no reservoir at all was necessary, and it devolved upon them to consider in full detail each of the four projects prepared by the Government engineers, as well as any others that might

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occur to them as a result of their own personal inspection of the Nile Valley. The first project examined by the Commission was Mr. Cope Whitehouse's Wadi Rayyan reservoir, which, as all the world knows, consists in the conversion of a deep depression in the desert, discovered by him, into a vast lake of nearly three hundred square miles area. If the British Commissioner had any views on the question of Nile reservoirs before undertaking the investigation of the problem, he must confess it was in favour of Mr. Cope Whitehouse's brilliant and original suggestion, and it was a matter of regret to him that as the investigation proceeded one difficulty after another appeared, and so the realisation of the scheme was rendered far less easy than he had originally anticipated. Coming fresh from experiences on the Manchester Ship Canal, he knew that nothing was more difficult to estimate than the apparently simple work of an excavated channel for water through doubtful soil; and in the case of the Wadi Rayyan project the depression was so remote from the Nile, and the depth of cutting for the connecting canal was in places so great, that the cost became excessive, due regard being had to the contingencies attaching to the work. The Commissioners were unanimous in the opinion that the Government engineers had largely under-estimated the cost of the Rayyan project; but it was explained to them that the engineers were specially instructed, in cases of doubt, to give the advantage to the project, so that it might not be said that they were biassed against Mr. Cope Whitehouse's scheme. Apart from cost, moreover, the Commissioners were unanimous in the opinion that, even if executed, the Rayyan reservoir would not meet all of the requirements of Egypt, and that certain elements of doubt attached to it as regards the supply of water at critical times and the effects of percolation.

The second Government project examined by the Commission was that for a dam across the Nile Valley at Gebel Silsila about fifty miles down stream of Philæ. At this point the rock was found to be inferior sandstone with bands of clay, easily acted upon by water, and the Commissioners were unanimous in rejecting the Government project on the grounds of insecurity alone, quite apart from other important objections, such as great depth of water and narrow width of river between the high banks. The only other alternative Government project to that of the Philæ dam was a dam at Kalabsha, about thirty miles above Philæ; and here again, although the quality of the rock was all that could be desired, the depth and width of the river were such as to render the construction of the Government dam, as strengthened and otherwise modified by members of the Commission, absolutely impossible on financial grounds alone, apart from engineering difficulties.

Up to this point the British, French and Italian Commissioners, it will be observed, were in accord in rejecting the Government

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projects; but here the divergence of opinion occurred. The French Commissioner continued his objections to the whole of the proposals, whilst the British and Italian Commissioners were unreservedly in accord with Mr. Garstin and Mr. Willcocks, and indeed with the whole of the Government engineers, in the opinion that the Philæ site offered all the advantages desired by an engineer for the construction of a dam at reasonable cost and of a stability which under every condition should be beyond all doubt. Nowhere else in the whole of the Nile Valley did they find such advantages of site: sound rock, numerous islands, a wide section, so that the action of the water issuing from the sluices would be minimised, and shallow water in which to work. As regards details of construction, the British and Italian Commissioners required certain modifications in the Government designs, with a view to give increased security, and these modifications were accepted by Mr. Willcocks without reserve as important improvements on the original designs—in the preparation of which, it is only fair to say, the Government engineers were hampered by certain instructions given to them to adopt the same type of construction for all the different sites, to facilitate the making of comparative estimates. The original plans having been published in several of the illustrated journals in this country, it may be well to state that, in the designs as now approved, the openings through the dam for the discharge of the Nile water, which in times of excessive flood may amount to the enormous quantity of 14,000 tons per second, have been very much reduced in size and correspondingly increased in number, so that the force of the issuing water may be more distributed; and further, that the whole of the openings will be lined with cast iron, one and a half inch thick, so that no stone can be torn out, or piece of masonry destroyed, by the constant impact of large volumes of water at high velocity. Again, the width of base of the dam has been increased, so that the pressure on the solid granite masonry will be less than that on any of the great dams in the world. The security of the dam has thus been doubled at an increased cost of about twenty-five per cent. on the original estimate of 1,600,000*l.*

The French Commissioner did not join in the detailed criticism of the construction of the Philæ dam, as he rejected this site at once on the sole ground of the presence of the temples, which unless removed or raised would be partially submerged for some months in the year. It is true that the question of the temples was expressly reserved for the Government, and not for the Commissioners, whose individual opinions on such a subject were of course not worth more than that of any other three men. However, it was satisfactory to the British and Italian Commissioners to know that any objections their French colleague had to their proposals were not based on engineering grounds, and as regards

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the Egyptian Government previous experience with mixed commissions had warned them that a wholly unanimous report was not to be expected, so no disappointment was experienced. That there are two plausible sides to every engineering question is evidenced clearly enough by the proceedings in parliamentary committee-rooms; and under present political circumstances it would be as hopeless to expect an engineer representing one country in Egypt to be cordially in accord with engineers representing certain other countries, as it would be to find the engineers of two rival lines of railway promoting Bills in Parliament in accord. Nor is this any practical detriment to the elicitation of the truth, which was the primary object of the Egyptian Government in the appointment of the Commission, for the criticism of an able man opposed to a scheme would naturally be more searching in many points than that of a critic not so opposed, and any defect which might exist would be sure to see the light. The Government project for a dam at Philæ, as amended by the British and Italian Commissioners, having been subjected to such criticism and proved absolutely unassailable both on engineering and financial grounds, the aim of the Government in the appointment of the Commission was therefore completely attained.

The outcome of the Commission, briefly summarised, is that the whole of the Commissioners are unanimous in recommending the construction of a reservoir in the Nile Valley, and the majority of the Commission are absolutely convinced that it is practically impossible to place the dam elsewhere than at Philæ. The French Commissioner claimed that 'impossible' was an unknown word to French engineers; but the British Commissioner thought it was often a very useful word in relation to practical problems, and he had indeed used it himself with good effect some years ago when reporting to a group of financiers on the Panama Ship Canal. The French Commissioner thought that the engineers and contractors throughout Europe should be invited to study the Nile reservoir question and send in competitive designs, but the majority of the Commission were satisfied that this would only be useful if delay were the object, as the question had been exhaustively investigated by the Government engineers for four years, and the members of the Commission themselves were unable to suggest any reasonable alternative after going over the whole of the ground. The French Commissioner under reserve made certain suggestions as to alternative projects; but approximate estimates, prepared at the request of the majority of the Commission, showed that, even if practicable, the cost of the cheapest of these alternatives would be several millions greater than that of the Philæ dam, so that the projects were 'impossible' in the ordinary meaning of that useful word. Apart from cost, moreover, the type of dam proposed by the French Commissioner was such as neither the Government engineers nor the majority of the Commissioners

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could accept. The latter maintained that if you ask people to live below a dam holding up 3,000 million tons of water to a height of eighty feet above their heads, you are bound to make the safety of the dam your first consideration, and, to attain that, the more your dam resembles a massive ridge of rock springing from the rocky bed of the river the better. The French Commissioner, on the other hand, proposed an open dam, or *barrage-mobile*, made up of isolated narrow piers with numerous sluices sixteen feet wide and up to eighty feet in height. In the opinion of the British Commissioner a slight tremor of earthquake, such as the Parthenon has recently experienced, the explosion of a boatload of powder dropped down the river by a few dervishes, or of a high explosive shell fired against one of the sluices or placed in position by an Anarchist, would suffice to destroy one of these huge sluices, and then the rush of the impounded waters would throw down each pier and sluice in succession and the country below would be devastated. These details are of interest only as illustrating the kind of difficulties which arise when an attempt is made to devise a dam at reasonable cost elsewhere than at Philæ. But it is hardly necessary to say that every patriotic Englishman would rather see the stones of Philæ temple broken up for concrete than allow Egypt to be involved in financial ruin either by embarking in an enormously costly scheme, or by building a structure of doubtful stability, so long as his countrymen have the leading voice in the management of Egyptian affairs.

Such being the facts of the case, and the whole of the responsible engineers of the Government and the majority of the Commissioners being in absolute accord on all points, what is the conclusion to which the average common-sense individual must inevitably ultimately be driven? It has been proved beyond dispute that the establishment of a reservoir in the valley of the Nile is a pressing necessity which will result in incalculable benefit to the country at large, and that at Philæ alone are found the conditions necessary for the building of an absolutely safe and reasonably cheap dam. The dam, therefore, must be built at Philæ, and with the least possible delay, or in the event of the occurrence of one or two 'bad Niles,' and the loss of several million pounds' worth of summer crops, Great Britain will be morally responsible for the loss and individual suffering. Lord Cromer, Sir Edwin Palmer, and others, representing Great Britain in Egypt, together with Nubar Pasha and his Ministry, can and will do the work in spite of all opposition, but the former will look for, and doubtless obtain, the encouragement and support of the Home Government and of every well-wisher of Egypt in this country.

As regards Philæ temples the matter stands thus: The Under-Secretary of State and the Commissioners have stated in no equivocal terms their appreciation of the importance of the question. The British Commissioner has personally examined the ruins, and is in

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the possession of plans showing every detail. He is of opinion that the solidity of their construction, the absence of windows, and the solid rock foundation, render it far easier to raise these temples bodily than any of the buildings he has seen so dealt with in America. The well-drilled garrison at Assouan would be delighted to work the elevating screws with military precision, and no doubt can be entertained as to the success of the operation. When raised, the ruins surely must be of greater interest to any intellectual tourist than before. Half of the wonder and admiration excited by the monumental works of ancient Egypt arises from the magnitude of the masses handled and transported by the old Egyptians rather than from their artistic merit. It would be in accord, therefore, with the spirit of the surroundings if English engineers raised tens of thousands of tons where the Egyptians raised hundreds. From the archæological point of view the condition of the temples when raised would be unchanged, as every stone would remain as originally laid by the builders, and as shown on every drawing and photograph. From the artistic point of view the appearance would be enhanced, because the temples would rise out of a wide placid lake, whereas when now visited by tourists the Nile is low, the stream insignificant, and Philæ island appears to stand in a hollow. It is true that careful levelling would show that the floor of the temples stood some 380 feet above the Mediterranean, instead of 340 feet, and that fact may be fatal to the project in some minds. Whether, on being told that the temples had been raised bodily the visitor would exclaim 'How wonderful!' and examine the ruins with renewed interest, or whether he would say 'What Vandalism!' and return indignantly to his 'Cook's steamer,' would depend upon his individual temperament. However, if the temples are neither to be raised, removed, nor occasionally flooded, the only course will be to find some other site for a reservoir, and to induce the British Parliament to contribute the extra cost of three or four millions sterling, or to raise that amount by public subscription, for Egypt certainly will not find the money. Such being the present state of affairs, lovers of Philæ may do well, perhaps, to remember that under some circumstances 'silence is golden,' and that the present may be such an occasion. The cost of raising Philæ temples is included in the estimates submitted to Government, and possibly not too much curiosity will be evinced as to how the sum intended for compensation for property and buildings is made up. If, however, there should be a great deal of talk about Philæ, it is not improbable that the natives, who care not a piastre about the ruins, may suggest that those who do should find the 200,000*l.* required, and not the Egyptian taxpayers.

Hard words have been used in connection with Philæ, but it is to be hoped that with a better knowledge of the facts this will cease. To call an engineer a 'Vandal' because from the force of circumstances

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he is compelled to interfere with an interesting ruin, is as silly and offensive as to style a man a 'snob' because from causes beyond control he is compelled to wear a shabby suit of clothes. Mr. Willcocks, the Director of Reservoirs, has personally inspected every yard of the Nile Valley, and tramped the adjoining deserts for hundreds of miles under circumstances often of great hardship, with the view to find, if possible, an alternative to the Philæ reservoir; and the labours of the other engineers of the Public Works Department in the same direction acquit them of all charge of Vandalism.

The conclusion to which most Englishmen will come after a careful consideration of the facts relating to Nile reservoirs and Philæ probably will be that the whole question may be safely left in the hands of their able and tried representatives in Egypt, whose successes in the past in the face of the most persistent opposition, and whose intimate knowledge of the requirements of Egypt, constitute them far better judges of the best policy to adopt than any individual or body of individuals in this country could be. The work will be an arduous one, but the representatives of Great Britain in Egypt are men of exceptional zeal and ability, who can be relied upon to bring any work they undertake to a satisfactory conclusion, whatever may be the personal sacrifices involved or opposition encountered.

BENJAMIN BAKER

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

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THE

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CHECKS ON DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA

ENGLISH opinion with respect to America and American institutions seems to some of us Americans to have been undergoing of late years a remarkable change—a change not yet, I think, completed, but still proceeding. I do not refer to the question of sentiment, of goodwill or ill-will on one side or the other, but to opinion—to the view here taken of the nature of the American Republic, of the social and political system under which near seventy millions of people are now living, and of its influence on European thought. It is a matter which deserves full consideration; but I refer to it only as an introduction to a different topic. The change, briefly, is a revolution. No very long time ago the American Republic was the stumbling-block of European, and especially of English, Conservatism. If a political moral had to be pointed, it was at our expense. If a warning against the dangers of Democracy was to be enforced, we supplied the material. Not the vices incidental to the working out of a great political experiment, not the abuses, not the corruptions due to the non-American element, but those qualities and, as we think, merits inherent in the Republican idea and organisation were singled out for censure. The Monarchist condemned a kingless Republic. The aristocrat could see no good in a democratic organisation of society. The partisans of the old order of things were the avowed enemies of an order of which they thought it a sufficient criticism when they had once described it as new. On the other hand, English Liberals were wont to look across the Atlantic for the home of true Liberalism. They found much to admire, something to imitate. With all our faults, we were to the Liberals, before Liberalism had passed into

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Radicalism, and before Radicalism had become Socialistic, an example and not a warning.

The *rôles* of these two great divisions of opinion in England seem to me now in a great measure reversed. It would be too much to say that the Conservatives, as individuals or as a party, have become the eulogists of the United States, or that they understand as yet the full value of American analogies and precedents for their own purposes. But it may be said that they have, or that many of them have, exchanged their attitude of hostility for one of reserve, or even of benevolent neutrality. Lord Salisbury has been heard to speak with respect of the American Senate, and to avow his belief that the English have many friends in America—by no means a rash proposition. The Conservative leader and his followers begin to see how essentially conservative are some of the strongest forces at work in America.

The Radicals have changed front more swiftly and decisively, not being themselves opposed to change for its own sake. They are more on the alert, as men who have great revolutionary measures in hand must be more alert than those whose motto has so long been *quieta non movere*. They have a keener scent for danger—I mean danger to their own schemes. As Radicals, in a hurry to pass new laws, they are impatient of a system under which, as in America, hurry is almost impossible; and new laws, especially if fundamental, cannot be passed without deliberation. As Socialists, they hate an order of things not consistent with their own views, yet too firmly established to be overthrown, or even to be attacked, with a prospect of success. Socialism, Collectivism, Anarchism—against each of these public opinion in America is immovable. English Radicals, and the Socialistic Radicals most of all, therefore turn and rend us.

Take what question you like of recent American politics or of American life, and for the most hostile view of it, expressed in the most energetic language, you must go to the Radicals—to their orators, their newspapers, their writers of all degrees. Mr. Stead came back from America the other day crying aloud against her institutions because they are fixed, and against the spirit of her people because they are too well satisfied with things as they are. Mr. John Burns, who has not taken the trouble to make the journey and see for himself, declares that American working men are little better than slaves, and that nowhere in the world are the prospects of labour reorganisation and the ascendency of trades unions so dismal.[1] The London journal which is pre-eminently the organ of party Liberalism is the one which writes habitually of America in terms of bitterness. The London journal which is pre-eminently the organ of Socialistic Radi-

[1] Mr. Burns, to be precise, told his constituents in Battersea not long ago that the working classes in America 'industrially are not greatly distinct from the slaves of Africa.'

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calism explained the 'Coxeyite' movement as the natural result of handing over the Republic 'to the tender mercies of rings of unscrupulous politicians and syndicates of millionaires.' I need not multiply quotations. I am not reproaching these gentlemen; far from it. From their own point of view, I think they are right. The Radical who wants to abolish all Second Chambers and run the legislative machine at full speed finds American ideas and methods very much in his way. Still more does the Socialist, who wants to reconstruct from the foundations upward. The latter would find very little material to work on in the United States. He has not forgotten the experience of 1886, when the Socialists, such as they are, did their best to elect Mr. Henry George Mayor of New York, meaning, if they succeeded, to nominate him for President of the United States. They had everything in their favour—the prestige of Mr. George's momentary notoriety in England, the pressure of distress, the disorganisation of municipal parties, the unbroken support of the discontented, the discredited, the disorderly population of New York, mostly of foreign origin. With all these and other advantages, they polled about one-third of the whole number of votes, and Mr. Henry George then and there disappeared from public life, and Socialism and Land Nationalisation and other more or less plausible proposals of plunder vanished with him. The European Socialist has never since that day looked with a kindly eye on America.

Aforetime it may have been a paradox, but it is now the mere simplicity of truth to say that America is probably the most Conservative country in the world. It is this Conservatism in the minds of the American people which ought to be placed first among the checks on Democracy. It springs from various causes, general and special, political and social. The social question has hardly yet been raised in America; certainly it has not been raised in the same way and to the same extent as in Europe. But if we are to look at American Conservatism from a social point of view, it is to be said that there is no large class which has an interest in disturbing the present social fabric. It is a commonplace to speak of the prosperity and progress of the United States. It would not be a commonplace unless the prosperity were general and the industrial and commercial progress rapid, or unless all classes shared in it. What chance has Socialism in a community where every citizen either owns property or hopes to own it? There is no form of Socialism which does not imply tampering with property, and therefore no form of Socialism has got much of a foothold in America. So far as it exists, it is, like most other mischievous things in America, of foreign extraction. The Americans themselves have thoroughly digested Burke's saying that all men have equal rights, but not to equal things.

Opposed as he is to legislation which tampers with property, whether it be Irish Land Bills or a 'Democratic' Budget, the American

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is equally opposed to hasty legislation of any kind or on any subject. He has inherited, and he maintains, a spirit of reverence for his written Constitution. He is sometimes taunted with it. The taunt would come with an ill grace from the Englishman, and would surely be suppressed if he paused to think how much the American Constitution owes to the British, and how large a part of the American conception of public law and of public life is British in its origin. For the American—in a less degree perhaps than for his Constitution, but deep down nevertheless in his soul—has a spirit of reverence for law as law; once prevalent here also. He has been taught to regard it as the formal expression of the will of the community, and as the embodiment of justice. Justice, said Pascal, is that which is established. If the definition be too strong, it is at any rate a good definition of law made by the people for the people, which in their minds comes nearer to the absolutely just than do the vain imaginings of individual caprice. Nor is it very remote from what Burke had in mind when he said that 'justice itself is the great standing policy of civil society.' The sanctity of contracts, the freedom of the individual to make his own bargain, the obligation of the bargain when made, the right to work, independently of dictation or prohibition from others—these, and many more such ideas have taken root in the American mind. They bore fruit in that ordered liberty which is the American synonym for the State.

They were embedded in the Constitution, and much else was embedded. It is in this instrument that, when we leave general and come to special views, the true, efficient, and essential checks on Democracy are to be sought. The men who framed the Constitution foresaw the dangers of government by universal suffrage, and provided against them. If you care to form an adequate notion of their sagacity, you have only to consider that they legislated for three millions of people, and that their system, which has had to endure many strains, holds good for a population of more than twenty times three millions. From the days of the American Revolution down to the present time there have been two great streams of political thought, which may be conveniently, though not quite accurately, called Democratic[2] and Federalist. The aim of the men who drank at the waters of the first was to limit the power of the central Government, and to reserve as much power as possible to the people. The aim of the second was to extend and strengthen the power of the central Government, and, while leaving all ultimate authority to the people, to withdraw from them so far as possible, and to entrust to the central Government, the direct control of affairs, and to make it

[2] The words 'Democratic' and 'Republican,' as applied to political parties in America, often give rise to uncertainty in the mind of the foreigner. They may for practical purposes be considered as party labels, and I use them as such. When I use the word 'Democracy' it has commonly no reference to the Democratic party.

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the true source of administrative energy. A strong Executive, a strong Legislature, a strong Judiciary—those were the ends of Federalist policy.

These two hostile ideas were impersonated by Jefferson and Hamilton, and the fate which befell both the ideas and their flesh and blood representatives was curious indeed. Hamilton fell in a duel with a brilliant and base adventurer—dying at forty-seven, only a year older than Pitt—and the Federalist party, of which, with Washington and Adams, Jay and Marshall, he was a founder, went to pieces ten years later. Jefferson was twice elected President, and his party still survives. But Hamilton has left a deeper and more lasting impress on American public life than Jefferson. In the Convention of 1787, which framed the Constitution, the ideas of Hamilton triumphed—not completely, but completely enough for practical purposes. The Government of which the foundation was then laid was to prove one of the strongest Governments known to history; and it was strong by virtue of its general conformity to Hamilton's ideas. But Jefferson survived and his idea survived. If he could not found a Government, he founded a party—the Democratic party, of which it may be said that, though often victorious, often in possession of the Government at Washington, often controlling a majority of the State Governments, controlling, indeed, through a long term of years a whole section of the country, it was, nevertheless, from the beginning of the century down to the end of the Civil War, in permanent opposition to the Government. It strove unremittingly to weaken the Government. It set up the doctrine of State Rights against the Federal idea. It democratised the new State Constitutions whenever it got a chance. It became an instrument of nullification in 1832 and of rebellion in 1861. In possession of the Presidency during the four years which preceded the Rebellion, it very nearly succeeded in handing over the Government and the country to the avowed enemies of both.

It may be said that from Jefferson to Buchanan there was never, using the word in its party sense, more than one Democratic Administration—that of Jackson—which did not leave the Government weaker than it found it. The centrifugal forces which Jefferson, the pupil of Rousseau, set in motion continued in motion during these sixty years. But so firmly had Hamilton and his coadjutors laid the foundations of government, so well were the parts cemented, so solid was the structure, and so potent the plan on which the whole edifice was raised, that, though the Government was sometimes shaken, it never fell. Never was Mr. Gladstone less happily inspired than when at Newcastle, in 1862, he exclaimed exultingly that Jefferson Davis had made a nation. Davis came within measurable distance of unmaking one, but that was all. Democracy, the Democracy of Jefferson, the Democracy of disintegration, the Democracy of State

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Rights, and of Slavery—for the two phrases were indissolubly intertwined—had done its worst. The ideas of Hamilton, of Madison, of Jay, of Washington perhaps most of all, still kept possession of the minds of the American people as a whole, and the machinery which Hamilton and his allies had devised proved so fit for its purpose that the permanent idea prevailed over the impulses and transient hostilities and casual majorities which sought to overthrow it. And there, as I believe, you have the secret of the success of the American Republic. Broad-based as it is, and ever has been, upon the will of the people, it is based upon the permanent, and not upon the shifting, occasional, transitory, will of the people. Principle governs, not impulse—an idea and not a caprice. And no check, or system of checks, upon Democracy is worth much which is not sufficient to insure the triumph of the permanent idea, and to defeat that which is but a gust of popular passion. The wind bloweth where it listeth, but the Republic has stood four-square to all the blasts.

Any Englishman who accepts this view may well ask himself, whether he be Conservative or Radical, how it is that such a result has been obtained, and what are the constitutional provisions or legislative methods by which this permanence has been insured. At least, you will all admit that the American Republic exists, and that it has lived through some pretty dire perils. Its history has been such that an idea only, or even the deep sentiment of patriotism, would not have sufficed in every emergency to float us past the breakers. There have been more occasions than one when the state of public feeling in America would have led straight to a catastrophe had it been able to seize at once on the Government, or at once to express itself in the form of a law. It has been seen again and again that the stability of this particular form of Government depends, not only upon the prevalence of right ideas, but upon the existence of a particular kind of machinery which prevents wrong ideas from ousting the right when the wrong happen to be uppermost for the moment. Mr. Bryce remarks that 'the whole scheme of the American Constitution tends to put stability above activity, to sacrifice the productive energies of the bodies it creates to their power of resisting changes in the general fabric of the Government.' That is true, but it is not the whole truth, and of course he could not explain in a sentence how it is that stability is secured. We may, I think, go a step further back and say that the main effort of the American Constitution is to gain time, to allow an appeal to the sober second thought of the people. Stability is the end; compulsory deliberation is the means.

This is true with reference to all changes of Government, with reference to all legislation, and most true with reference to alteration in the fundamental law. We are constantly presenting you with object lessons, some of which we venture to think interesting and

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instructive. But I do not know that they attract much attention, or that an accurate knowledge of the particulars in which American methods of government and of legislation differ from English methods is general in this country. It is our mistakes and misfortunes which interest you, and to them your daily newspapers give prominence; on them your weekly and monthly periodicals comment with some freedom. Yet they are not the most interesting or instructive incidents in American life. It is true of America, as it is of all countries, that the best and not the worst is best worth studying. There is no greater fallacy in politics than to mistake the eddy for the main current; the local disturbances and occasional mischiefs arising out of a great system for the system itself. I will ask you to consider nothing which is not vital, causal, or characteristic of American national life as a whole. And if I refer to English politics, it will never be by way of criticism or reproach, but solely in order to make clear the differences between English and American methods.

Some of the points to which I shall refer are elementary, yet to assume that all of them are familiar to English readers would be to assume a degree of English interest in American constitutional law and procedure of which, flattering as it would be to us, there is no very complete evidence. I do not forget that I was once asked by an Englishman not unversed in public affairs whether a copy of the Constitution of the United States was likely to be found in the British Museum.

It is, I think, admitted by the best writers that in some very essential particulars the English Constitution is far more democratic than the American. The English machine is so contrived as to respond quickly and pretty surely to external pressure. Touch a button, and you turn out a Government. Touch another, and you modify your Constitution. In America there is no great use in touching buttons. The machine does not respond; or does not respond till after a considerable length of time. We are ruled by a President who is in for four years, and cannot be removed except by impeachment. As a rule, the House of Representatives elected for the second half of the Presidential term has a majority of his opponents, but to that he pays no attention. He and his cabinet are independent of hostile votes in Congress. That is of itself a pretty considerable element of stability; but I pass from it in order to come to matters of legislation, with a preliminary word on elections. A new House of Commons in England elected all at once on some issue of the moment meets, or may meet, almost at once. The American House of Representatives, elected in November of one year, does not, unless specially summoned, meet till December of the year following. In the interval many things may have happened. The popular impulse under which a majority of the House was chosen may have died away. Other impulses may have succeeded. Other elections will have occurred;

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state and municipal, if not national. The present House, with its democratic majority of one hundred, was elected, roughly speaking, to alter the Tariff. That was a year and a half ago. There has since been a great industrial and financial crisis. There has been something very like a political revolution, as the spring elections showed. Nobody doubts that the Democratic party has lost ground. Most politicians believe that, if there were any means of doing it, if a general election or a Presidential election could be held, the Democrats would be turned out and the Republicans would come in. But there are no means, and before the next election the pendulum may have swung back again. Meantime, the Tariff has not been modified, and nobody knows when it will be, nor to what extent. People have time to consider whether they really want it altered, or radically altered, or not, and public opinion is brought to bear on Congress with great force; the force being always for deliberation and delay. You may think, and probably do think, that the Tariff ought to be modified or repealed, and American markets thrown open without restriction to the British manufacturer. But that, though a pious opinion, is not quite the point. The most extreme English Freetrader will, I imagine, admit that the question is within the competence of the American people. It is for us and not for you. And the real point is whether we ought to come to a decision precipitately and under the stress of panic, or deliberately and upon a full view of the merits of the whole case. We prefer the latter, and our constitutional system not only enables but obliges us to take a considered view. Such is one of the checks it imposes upon Democracy.

The Senate has had its share in securing a full discussion on the Tariff. The Wilson Bill passed the House of Representatives after a contest lasting some months. It has not yet passed the Senate, and there is no saying how soon or in what shape it will become law. The American Senate has lately been the object of some attention in England because it is supposed to provide for America a legislative safeguard analogous to that which the House of Lords provides for England. It does that, and much more. It takes a far more active and continuous part in the business of legislation. Of its general functions and authority, of its place in the general scheme of government, of its co-ordinate or co-operative relation to the Executive, of its right to confirm or reject the nominations by the President to public office, of its right to ratify or reject, or to ratify in part and reject in part, all treaties and conventions entered into by the President in the name of the United States, of the steady enlargement in practice of the powers derived from the Constitution, of its ever-widening grasp on Foreign Relations through its Foreign Committee, of its ever-extending control over executive patronage, of its judicial functions, of its representative dignity as the body to which the several States of the Union send their delegates or ambassadors—of

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these and other points of great political interest I must say nothing. They connect themselves but indirectly with my subject. It is the Senate as a Second Legislative Chamber which has of late invited the criticisms, and occasionally the invective, of English Radicals, and the rather cursory consideration of English Conservatives.

'The Senate,' says the most impatient of all Radical oracles, 'has been tinkering at the Tariff for months, endeavouring all the while to protect vested interests, and is threatening to prolong the discussion for months to come.' There is, I believe, nothing more hateful to the English Radical than what he calls a vested interest. It is not, however, hateful or hated in America, for the reason I have given above; and the attempt to protect it, especially against foreign competition, is not there made a topic of reproach against the Senate. You must cross over to England in order to hear 'the mutterings of a coming storm,' which is, if you believe our Radical friend, to sweep away the Senate and much else. More than that, when a minority of the Senate resisted for many weeks the repeal of the Silver Act, by means which I fear the Radical would call obstructive, nobody that I know of, certainly no great party and no great party leader, proposed to abolish the Senate. It was felt, deeply felt, that the minority was making a serious mistake, and the injury to the country was serious. No revival of business was possible while it remained doubtful whether the Senate would refuse its assent to the repeal of the purchase clauses of the Sherman Act, and so prolong a policy which, whatever it may have been in the beginning, had become suicidal. In a different way, a similar uncertainty about the fate of the Tariff Bill is seen to be mischievous. The business of the country cannot adjust itself to unknown conditions, and the paralysis of many great manufacturing industries has continued far beyond the time when a settled policy—settled either way—would have relieved it, and set looms and hammers once more in motion.

Still, America does not cry out against her Senate. She remonstrates, entreats, argues, but she does not propose to destroy in a moment of petulance a part of the fabric of government which again and again has vindicated its title to respect, and has done immense service in the legislative and political life of the United States. It is a very striking example of the habit of taking large and patient views of public affairs, which does, I think, on the whole, prevail in that part of the world. If the contrary of all this had been true, if the Senate had, by a vote of ten to one, rejected a bill to which the predominant partners among the States were opposed—still more, if this bill were revolutionary, if its provisions had been kept secret from the country, if during its passage through the other chamber it had been transformed in some of its organic and most vital provisions, if it had been forced through by the closure, three-fourths of it undebated, great numbers of amendments not allowed to be put;

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if, in the opinion of the great majority of the educated, intelligent, experienced classes, it were a bill which threatened to break up the Union, and if the Senate had made itself the representative of the country by rejecting such a bill in such circumstances, and for giving effect to the will of this majority had been threatened by a baffled leader and a disappointed party with extinction, I think I can imagine what the answer of the American people would have been.

The American, in truth, looks upon his Government as a whole, and it is not his way to pick out one branch or department of it and say this is good, and another, and say this is bad. He looks upon the House of Representatives, the Senate, the President, each as an instrument for doing the considered will of the people. Even the American Radical, if there be an American Radical, does not regard the Lower House of Congress as endowed with a peculiar sanctity. Yet in America, as in England, the Lower House is the direct product of the suffrage, and the Upper House is not. The former represents the people. The Senate represents the several States of the Union; each State, large or small, old or new, having two Senators, and all Senators being in all respects upon the same legal and constitutional footing. The method by which the Senate came into being may be called a method of evolution. It is the natural result of the original sovereignty of the original thirteen States. They were so many ready-made constituencies, but sovereign and not popular constituencies. To make this historical and anti-Democratic character of the Senate permanent and immutable, it is enacted in the Constitution that no State without its consent shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate. In every other particular the Constitution may be amended by a three-fourths majority; in this it cannot. You cannot deprive Delaware, which has 170,000 inhabitants, of her Senatorial equality with New York, which has six millions of inhabitants, without the consent of Delaware. What is the Democracy, with its passion for the doctrine of numbers, going to do about that? It can do nothing. If Democracy means the rule of the majority, the constitution of the Senate is in flagrant contradiction to that principle. It ought, therefore, if judged by English analogies, to be distrusted by the Democracy, and ought to be the enemy of Democracy. But, as we have seen, it is neither. It is the best friend of Democracy, for it compels Democracy to think twice. It is a curb and a check upon the vagaries of universal suffrage, and the probability is that if you were to appeal to universal suffrage to-morrow there is not an institution in all the United States which would be more unanimously supported. The fact is about equally creditable to universal suffrage and to the Senate. Were it a body based upon an indefensible principle, hereditary or otherwise, we should do our best to mend it; end it we certainly should not until we had found some-

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thing better to put in its place, and some other equally efficient safeguard against hasty legislation.

The checks upon ordinary legislation, including the fixed four years' term of the Executive, the Presidential veto which is frequently used (President Cleveland, during his first term, vetoed more than a hundred bills), the co-ordinate and, in all respects but one, co-equal legislative powers of the Senate and House of Representatives, the long interval between the election and the meeting of Congress, the legislative continuity of the Senate with its six years' tenure, which is never renewed all at once, but by thirds each two years, the revising jurisdiction of the Supreme Court—these and other limitations must seem to the English Radical very numerous and obstructive. To the English Conservative they may throw some light upon the strength of that Conservatism in America of which he is beginning to discover the existence. But they are as nothing to the checks upon legislation affecting the fundamental law, or, in American phrase, amendments to the Constitution. The distinction is unknown to the Constitution of the United Kingdom or to Parliament. All Acts of Parliament are passed by the same process, and one Act of Parliament is as good as another. You may—or, but for the House of Lords, you might—overturn any part of your Constitution any evening between ten o'clock and midnight. You did, only the other day, rush a resolution through the House of Commons in favour of Home Rule for Scotland. The debate began at half-past nine and ended at half-past eleven. No man of the first rank on either side of the House took part in it. The subject had never been much discussed anywhere, and certainly never thought out. Yet this House of Commons, which so many light-hearted politicians would like to see the sole legislative chamber, commits itself, in these circumstances and in this casual way, to a principle which, like Home Rule for Ireland, would profoundly modify the legislative constitution of these realms.

Let us keep that proposal in mind, and see what would happen in an analogous case in America. It could not possibly be brought forward otherwise than as a Constitutional Amendment. The provision of the Constitution itself for its own amendment is embodied in Article V., of which the essential part is as follows:—

> The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both Houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or, on the application of the legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which, in either case, shall be valid to all intents and purposes, as part of this Constitution, when ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by conventions in three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress.

To simplify a subject which may seem, but is not, complex, one of the alternatives proposed in this article may be omitted. Amend-

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ments to the Constitution have, in fact, always originated in Congress, and always been ratified, if at all, by the legislatures of the States. The omission will not affect the argument of delay, because there can be little doubt that the process by Convention would be longer than that which has always been followed.

The impatient English reformer will probably be first struck by the fact that before a proposed amendment can even be launched, it must obtain a two-thirds vote in both Houses of Congress. With that knowledge he would probably reject the American system at once, for he would say to himself: 'What chance is there of a two-thirds majority for Home Rule, or for Universal Suffrage, even in the House of Commons?' Yet, when the American reformer has got his two-thirds of the House of Representatives and two-thirds of the Senate, he is only on the threshold of his difficulties. He must then go to the separate States, of which there are forty-four, and to the legislatures of these States, each of which is composed of two chambers. He has to appeal, that is, to eighty-eight separate legislative bodies, and he must manage to get a majority in three-fourths of these eighty-eight separate legislative bodies, before his proposed constitutional reform can become part of the Constitution. These States occupy half the North American continent; each one of them has a Constitution of its own; each has a population with distinctive traits and a strong State feeling; their legislatures are chosen under varying conditions of suffrage, meet at different periods of the year, and prescribe each their own methods of procedure. Yet three-fourths of them must concur in an amendment. If there be one less than three-fourths, the amendment fails. It will be tolerably obvious to the English reformer that an operation of this sort must take a good deal of time; considerably more, at any rate, than the two hours which the House of Commons thought sufficient for affirming the principle of Scotch Home Rule.

If he looks into the history of such amendments as have been adopted, he will find his suspicions justified. There have been in all fifteen amendments to the Constitution of the United States. The first ten were proposed by the first Congress, and, like the eleventh and twelfth, which were technical, were not seriously contested. It is when we come to the amendments which were one result of the Civil War that we see the system in full operation. They abolish—or rather prohibit—slavery, define citizenship, secure certain civil rights to the negro, impose terms on which civil rights may be restored to rebels, forbid the validity of the public debt to be questioned, or the Confederate debt to be assumed by the United States or any State, and secure the vote to the negro. This is highly contentious matter, or most of it is, and perhaps at that time in the defeated Southern States all of it may have seemed so. The dates will show what the course of events was. The Thirteenth Amend-

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ment first passed the Senate in April, 1864, and its ratification by the required number of States, twenty-seven, was officially certified on the 18th of December, 1865, a period of two years less four months. The Fourteenth Amendment passed the House of Representatives in June, 1866, and was finally ratified on the 21st of July, 1868. The Fifteenth Amendment was adopted by Congress on the 25th of February, 1869; ratified on the 30th of March, 1870. If anybody cares to follow the process more closely, more minute particulars are given in a note, in which will be found also some illustrations of the technical difficulties which may attend the progress of an amendment.[3]

These proceedings show, I said, the system in full operation. It is full enough, probably, for the English reformer, but it has to be added that, slow as was the process, it would have been slower still but for the condition of things in the South. The war was over, but reconstruction was going on. Some of the Southern States were still in military occupation by the Union forces. Some bought their way back by agreeing to these amendments. Great pressure was brought to bear on some. The amendments not only represented to the North part of the fruits of victory, but were the guarantee and final pledge that the war had been fought once for all, and that slavery as a disturbing political force had for ever ceased to exist.

Suppose a law to have run all these gauntlets, to have passed the House and Senate, and, if a constitutional amendment, three-fourths of the State Legislatures; suppose it to have escaped the President's veto, or been passed over it by a vote of two-thirds of both Houses, it has still to take its chance of being declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States. That is one more check, and

[3] *Thirteenth Amendment.*—Passed Senate, April 8, 1864, by 38 to 6. Failed in House of Representatives, June 15, 1864, by 93 to 65 (not two-thirds). Adopted House of Representatives, January 6, 1865, by 119 to 56. Ratified same year, twenty-seven States. Officially certified by Secretary of State, December 18, 1865.

Fourteenth Amendment.—Adopted June 14, 1866, House of Representatives concurring in Senate amendments by 120 to 32. Ratified 1868. Official but conditional certificate of Secretary of State, July 20, 1868.

Ohio and New Jersey, having once assented to this amendment, had withdrawn their assent. Including these two, twenty-nine States out of thirty-seven had ratified. In House of Representatives, March 30, 1868, resolution of New Jersey Legislature withdrawing assent was returned to member presenting it. In Senate, Ohio resolution referred, January 31, 1868, to Judiciary Committee. Resolution adopted by Senate, July 21, 1868 (day after Secretary of State's conditional promulgation), that more than three-fourths of the States had ratified, and Fourteenth Amendment hereby declared part of Constitution. House concurred same day by 126 to 35.

Fifteenth Amendment.—Adopted by Senate and House of Representatives (on report of Conference Committee), February 25, 1869; Senate, 39 to 13; House, 144 to 44. Ratified 1870, twenty-nine States. President Grant sent message to Congress, March 30, 1870. Certificate of Secretary of State same date; New York claiming to withdraw assent; Georgia assenting and again making up the necessary twenty-nine; both separately recited in certificate.

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it is also a check which cannot be got rid of, as all the others may, by eventually electing a new House, or a new Senate or a new President. The Supreme Court is not an elective body, and I suppose that might seem to the English Radical a sufficient reason for sweeping it away. The judges are appointed for life by the President. They are responsible to no popular tribunal; not even to public opinion. They sit as a Court of pure law; the final authority from which in all America there is no appeal. Their jurisdiction, strictly defined though it be, is co-extensive with the whole Union. It is the one instance in history in which popular sovereignty, acknowledged as supreme in the long run for every other purpose and over every other authority to which it has delegated power, submits to a master whom it did not appoint, and cannot remove, and cannot escape. Everybody submits; the States themselves, sovereign as they still are for certain purposes, submit; Congress and the President, the Army and Navy, the people themselves, all submit. In the hands of the Supreme Court, Democracy itself, if it seek to pass an unconstitutional law, is powerless. A unanimous vote of the people, the unanimous vote of House and Senate, and the approval of the President, would not make a statute law if this tribunal says it is not law. But do you ever hear of a proposal to abolish the Supreme Court? Why not? It is not only that the Court has been a great court of great judges, its honesty and ability and wisdom alike recognised, but because the American Democracy has the good sense to see that, under a written Constitution like that of the United States, such a tribunal is essential to the working of all its parts, and that, check and all-powerful check though it be upon Democracy, it is also a guarantee to the American people that, in the words of the preamble to their Great Charter, justice shall be established, and the blessings of liberty preserved to themselves and their posterity.

If we had no written Constitution, if it were always in a fluid state, if it consisted of a patchwork of Great Charters and Bills of Rights, of precedents, and statutes, and customs, dependent singly and as a whole on the interpretation party leaders may choose to put upon them, the very substance of it and the nature of its component parts matters of continual controversy, we might or might not think a Supreme Court with a power of authoritative decision on all these difficulties a useful or essential tribunal. 'En Angleterre,' wrote De Tocqueville, 'la Constitution peut changer sans cesse; ou plutôt elle n'existe pas.' It has almost always been discussed as an historical Constitution, deriving its authority from the past, by an accumulation of traditions and concessions, of political activities and declarations and Parliamentary Acts. Yet Bagehot insists that 'its efficient part, at least when in great and critical action, is decidedly simple and rather modern.' Precisely. So simple and so modern that you may make a new one to-morrow; and perhaps would if there

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were but one House of Parliament. The existence of a check in the shape of a second House is what paralyses the revolutionist; that and the great body of opinion in this country which is averse to innovation for the mere sake of innovation, or of experiment, or in the interest of single classes of the community. *Salus Reipublicæ suprema lex.* Yes, but perhaps never till now has it been unblushingly maintained that the safety of the State was dependent on continual concessions to the selfish demands of particular sections of citizens who think it no part of their duty to take account of the general welfare.

No doubt, the spirit of reverence in America for the Constitution has provoked criticism and protest. No human instrument is perfect. Sooner or later a race of *frondeurs* is sure to spring up, and any sharp attorney can put his finger on what he thinks defects. The spirit of the age is a critical spirit, not to say anatomical. We have, moreover, the foreigner among us. Once naturalised, he is apt to become not only our fellow-citizen, but our monitor. He takes detached views, and spends no small part of his energies in explaining to native-born Americans what they ought to think about their own country, and what they ought to do in order to adjust their ways of life to the political conceptions—yes, and to the political necessities and exigencies—of the stranger within their gates. Nothing was more common than to see the late Mr. Lowell lectured in the Irish-American press on his want of Americanism. America herself is lectured in a similar way, and she bears it with a patience which is not always fully recognised, and not always admired.

A similar spirit, which probably means in this case to be scientific, is visible in such writers as Dr. von Holst, Professor at the University of Freiburg, whose treatise on 'The Constitutional and Political History of the United States,' is more remarkable for learning than wisdom. The temper of the book is acrid, and for a writer who has mastered the facts, Dr. von Holst's lack of insight is surprising. This eminent Professor, who keeps his liking for Americans so well in hand that he might himself be reckoned among those checks on Democracy which we are discussing, is not content with the judgments of Marshall or Story on the Constitution, or of American statesmen on American political problems. They are not sufficiently speculative, not sufficiently *doctrinaire*, not sufficiently German. But he admits that we can deal with questions of a concrete nature, and says:—

> The political institutions of the country, its social, and especially its economic relations, educate them from the cradle to independent thought on all questions involving material interests, and encourage them to summon their whole intellectual strength for their solution.

He would probably make the same remark about the English.

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The political genius of the two nations still has points of resemblance. It is significant to find Von Holst disparaging De Tocqueville as superficial and pedantic, and rebuking the Americans for being too lavish in praise of his 'Democracy in America.' It is quite true that De Tocqueville did not survey American institutions from the point of view of the German professor; true, of course, that he made mistakes, and when he ventured upon prophecy he had no better luck than other non-Biblical adventurers in that misty land. But his book was, and is, of immense value. It was the first attempt at applying on a great scale the philosophical method to the investigation of American institutions, and more especially of Democracy as seen at work in America. And it remains the best.

Mr. Bryce is far more just to the great Frenchman, and we in America, I think, are just to Mr. Bryce, and sometimes more than just. The merits of his *American Commonwealth* are very great, the defect of it is one for which Americans can easily make allowance—Englishmen not so easily. It was Mr. Bryce's fortune to come in contact with a little clique of superior persons in America—some of them Americans, some not—who have made it their mission in life to expose abuses and point out blemishes, and endeavour to remedy the errors they detect in the working of municipal and State and national institutions. They so impressed their views upon Mr. Bryce that he has reproduced them in his book with great force. The result is that his own view lacks proportion. He has given too much space and too much emphasis to what might be called in New York 'Mugwump' notions. I have even heard Mr. Bryce's *American Commonwealth* called a Mugwump pamphlet. The phrase might be applied not unjustly to a chapter or two. Of the book as a whole, spite of its inevitably misleading effect abroad in some particulars, it is impossible for an American to speak without admiration and gratitude.

For the history and working of the American Constitution there are many other authorities. If you care to study the sources, you will go to the debates in the Convention of 1787 and still more to the *Federalist*, a series of essays published in 1787 and 1788 by Hamilton—who had by far the greatest share in them—Madison and Jay; a piece of political literature which has a reputation among European students of American affairs not less exalted than at home. The jurist will study the principles and growth of the Constitution in the luminous judgments of Chief Justice Marshall and his colleagues and successors, but most of all in those of Marshall, who has left the stamp of his own intelligence and own views of law on the Constitution as a whole. Other great authorities are the speeches and arguments of Webster, who ought perhaps, though never on the bench, to be bracketed with Marshall, of Henry Clay, of Calhoun for the Southern side, of Seward, and of the great Presidents. The commentaries of

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Story, of Kent, and others are standard works, and have the advantage of having been written at a comparatively early period. So, though in a less degree, are the Histories of the Constitution by Curtis and Bancroft. I suppose it may hardly be understood in England that the Constitution of the United States is a text-book of American education, and that numerous elementary expositions of it exist and are in daily use in America. In Mr. Goldwin Smith's *Outline of the Political History of the United States* there is a brief sketch of the Constitution, in which the essence of its political meaning may be found. That book, as a whole, though not the work of a lawyer, is a masterpiece, and the wayfaring man, or the new Radical or anybody else, will find in it such a lesson on politics as he may seek in vain elsewhere. For readers to whom Mr. Bryce and De Tocqueville seem too elaborate, I will venture to recommend an article by the late Sir Henry Maine which concludes his book on Popular Government. I know of no account of the Constitution of the United States which, within the same limits, is equally full, specific, accurate, and instructive. Sir Henry Maine's book is made up of four separate essays. It is, nevertheless, a coherent whole. It is not a book which the authors of the Newcastle Programme seem to have studied. It was published nearly ten years ago, but it is not out of date, nor will it be to any who care for political thinking of a very high order on great matters concerning the State. And what is most remarkable of all is this: that it is, as a whole, a protest against popular government and a panegyric on popular government in the United States. There and there only has Sir Henry Maine found what seemed to him sufficient and ample checks on the Democracy which, in its unbridled state, he dreads and dislikes. Of Democracy, however, as such, there is in America neither dread nor dislike. No American believes that his own Government could have been established on any other basis; but neither does any thinking American believe that its prosperity or its permanence would be promoted by abolishing the existing checks on Democracy.

GEORGE WASHBURN SMALLEY.

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INDIA—THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK

THE mysterious marking of the trees which has been going on through some districts of the basin of the Ganges in the northern part of the Province of Bengal, has attracted a passing attention in this country to Indian affairs. As the circulation of the Chapatis was the forerunner of the Mutiny, so it has been thought this mysterious tree-marking, spreading from point to point over a wide extent of country, and probably regarded by its simple and superstitious inhabitants as a portent from heaven, may be the signal for another outbreak. There is, however, no trustworthy evidence to show that the first of these signals was directly connected with the Mutiny, a catastrophe clearly unpremeditated, and which, fortunately for the handful of Englishmen in India, broke out, not simultaneously all over the country, but in a succession of revolts following each other in no settled plan or order through the different parts of it. And we are still so imperfectly acquainted with the inner feelings of the people of India, and find it so difficult to get behind their actions to the motives which impel them, that it is idle to speculate with confidence upon the cause of this particular incident. But in the absence of any specific evidence it is at least not unreasonable to believe that the movement of which it is a symptom is connected with some religious impulse and has no political meaning. The incident, however, will not have been without its use if it leads people in this country to realise the need for caution in dealing with the delicate and complex conditions under which the government of India is carried on, and if it serves to discredit the party of would-be Indian reformers in this country, whose zeal, untempered by knowledge and experience, has already done much mischief, and will certainly do much more if not restrained by the better judgment of the majority.

As regards the military position and the assumed danger of another military outbreak, it may be pointed out that the present condition of India is vastly different from that in which we found ourselves at the outbreak of the Mutiny, with a few slender garrisons of British troops scattered at wide distances apart; when almost all the strong places and arsenals were held by native troops; when a great part of the field guns were manned by native artillery; with an overgrown

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and ill-disciplined native army drawn almost entirely from one class and from one part of the country; when there were no railways and no telegraphic communication with England. The British troops in India have been considerably increased, and now hold all the fortified places: the artillery is wholly British, save a few mountain batteries serving on the frontier; the native army has been cut down by more than one half, and contains no one largely preponderating element. The danger now to be guarded against is rather of a civil than of a military character—the danger lest, through rash interference with their customs and disregard of their interests, and the mischievous action of a small but unscrupulous party among themselves, the peoples of India should become alienated from our rule. During the Mutiny, the civil population generally took no active part on one side or the other. Where British rule for the time was swept away by the mutinous army they gave us no support; but neither did they side actively with our opponents; and on the restoration of authority they quietly re-accepted our rule as if no disturbance had occurred. This attitude was entirely in accord with that which has been exhibited by the non-military classes of India from time immemorial. They have always been accustomed to stand aside, pursuing peacefully their avocation of husbandry, while hostile armies, whether indigenous or foreign, fought out the question of empire; and to accept contentedly the victorious party as their rulers, resigned and satisfied if taxation was not carried too high. But signs are not wanting at the present time that an uneasy state of feeling is arising among the most important class—the agricultural community—who compose the vast majority of the people, and whose claims and interests should be our first consideration. Among these there is unquestionably in many extensive tracts of the country a degree of distress which calls for active remedy, due to their increasing indebtedness to the professional trader and money-lender, involving a wholesale alienation of land from the simple peasantry who have held it from time immemorial, and who for the most part cannot read or understand the contracts under which they sign away their heritage in redemption of loans borrowed at exorbitant interest. This process of alienation is favoured by the system of our tribunals, which, from the humblest district to the highest appellate courts, are absolutely unsuited to the primitive state of civilisation with which they have to deal; courts whose procedure is pedantic and technical to a degree that would be grotesque if the consequences were not so lamentably serious. Add that our State education, given almost gratuitously, has let loose a flood of hungry and pauper pleaders to practise in these courts—a class compared with whom the pettifogging attorney of English fiction would be a legal philosopher—hairsplitters and masters of chicanery, and the result is our legal system as we find it in practice. With its highly technical system of pleading and the facilities offered for appeal from

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court to court, it lends itself to the passion for litigation which is an especial foible in the character of the Indian in all classes, and a state of things has arisen and is in rapid progress under which the ownership of land is passing wholesale from the peasant proprietors to a rapacious money-lending class. Something has been done by Acts of the Indian legislature applied to special districts, as for example the Deccan Ryots Act, to check this process. But no measure of reform will suffice to cure the evil short of the complete abolition of the sale of land for debt, to which might be added with great advantage the prohibition of the agency of professional pleaders in, at any rate, the lower courts. The importance of action in this respect can hardly be over-estimated. The agricultural community, as has been stated, constitutes the vast majority of the people of India. In many parts of the country, notably in Bengal, they are wholly unwarlike; but in Northern and North-Western India they furnish the staple of the military classes. But whether warlike or unwarlike, upon their contentment—if not upon their active loyalty—rests the foundation of our rule in India. If discontented with that rule, we have failed in our mission; if ever they became actively hostile to us, we could not long maintain it.

Another cause of distress which must give rise to grave apprehension, is the increasing tendency to over-population of the agricultural classes in many parts of the country. As the restrictive agencies of war, famine, and pestilence, in former times always at work, have been removed through the internal peace which has spread over India with the extension of British rule, large tracts of new country have indeed been brought under cultivation, and works of irrigation on a great scale have increased the fertility of the soil and introduced greater certainty of harvests; but some of the most fertile and longest settled districts are those in which the pressure of population is the greatest, and where it has already become more dense than in any other part of the world, except perhaps China. The remedy for this evil is not easy to find; custom and religion favour early marriage, and emigration, to be effectual—even if the people were ready to emigrate—would need to be carried out on a scale beyond the power of any government to effect, in order to produce an appreciable result. But the case needs to be at least stated, to show that the unquestionable benefits of British rule are yet accompanied by special drawbacks, and to indicate the difficult position of the Government which has to deal with problems so weighty and yet so delicate.

As regards the feeling of the agricultural classes, who are virtually the people of India, it would probably be equally inaccurate to say that they like us or dislike us. Patriotism, as understood by European peoples, is unknown to them; they have accepted each conqueror of India in turn, and have furnished to each, whether coming from Central Asia or from beyond the sea, the soldiery with which the

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conquest of their own country has been accomplished—mercenaries of conspicuous gallantry, sober, frugal, and well-conducted, and of admirable loyalty while well treated, regularly paid, and kept under strict discipline. Of the unmilitary class, who largely outnumber the others, the attitude towards their rulers is probably not that of liking or disliking, but indifference. On the outbreak of the Mutiny, in districts where for the time all trace of any government disappeared, and where the people had possibly never seen a British soldier, or even a white face save on the occasional visits of the magistrate, they took, as has been said, no side. They did not show animosity, but neither did they help us; the attitude most apparent was one of enjoyment at the sudden removal of any form of government. Wide districts were given up for the time to anarchy, but anarchy not attended with any great outrages. Its most active form was exhibited against the trading and money-lending class; they 'went' for the village shopkeeper—the local Shylock—wrecked his shop and burnt his account books, and faction fights were freely fought out between villages whose hostility to each other had slumbered for years. But beyond this the action of the people—a generation which had forgotten the misery of Maratha devastations—took the form of a general jubilation at the suddenly acquired freedom from restraint; after a short term of licence they resumed the quiet cultivation of their fields, and our troops marching over the country to restore order by their presence and to re-establish the civil magistracy in their districts, found them busily engaged in storing an abundant harvest.

But outside and apart from the people of India properly so called, there is a class—important in one sense out of all proportion to their numbers, the product of our system of free education—which, if the press which represents them is to be believed, is thoroughly hostile to our rule. The outcome of that education is an ever-increasing swarm of young men who have no taste for trade or handicraft, and no assured means of livelihood save by their pens; a class hungry for government employment or clerkships in offices, but for whom no system of Government could find sufficient room; failing such employment, they take to agitation. This is the class that 'runs' the so-called National Congress, a class which has complete command of the native press and which takes advantage of every assumed false step in our administration to try to kindle the flame of disaffection. Unfortunately we have of late given them a substantial handle to work with. The anti-opium agitation, weakly yielded to by the Government of this country, has done unquestionable mischief. The spectacle of a commission, travelling about the country with every circumstance of authority, hardly to be distinguished by the simple people of India from the Government itself, presiding over what appeared to be the prosecution of a public department conducted mainly by the missionaries, in view to suppressing a long-established

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and innocuous habit of the people, could without difficulty be made to appear a proceeding for a more insidious purpose. If the use of opium is to be abolished, it has been widely given out, European spirits, no doubt, will take its place. What more probable, then, than that this should be a design of the Government for the destruction of caste and a forcible conversion to Christianity? With an educated class disaffected and disloyal, and a people simple and credulous to the last degree, a story of this kind gets propagated and spreads with marvellous rapidity. It must be remembered that with the people of India it is not necessary to do a thing, it is sufficient that they should believe that something is going to be done in order to excite their fear. And this emotion once excited, it is impossible to say to what lengths it may not carry a people to whom religion is dearer than life. It was not anything which had been done, but the fear of a blow aimed at the religion of the sepoy which caused the Mutiny.

The recent episode of the cotton duties is an equally marked and still more discreditable instance in point. The lame and halting defence made by the Secretary of State of the high-handed action of the Government he represented, the ignominious position exhibited by the Government of India, forced to carry out a measure against their obvious wishes and sense of duty, form an episode in our relations towards that country the indefensible nature of which may be measured by the indignation felt and expressed among all classes in India, Indians and Englishmen alike. So barefaced a declaration of the desire to rule India in British interests, against the wishes and interests of its people and its own Government, can hardly fail to lead to injurious consequences. And for fomenting the flame of disaffection and agitation which may be kindled by such action, we afford an agency in the native press which it is not slow to make use of. This press, which now covers the whole country, is altogether unique in journalism. There is no division into parties, no diversity of opinions, no give and take, no argument for and against; the native newspapers are all on one side, and are possessed of one aim only: to disparage and discredit the Government. The papers published over a large part of India are edited for the most part by 'advanced' Bengalis, that is, Bengalis who have themselves given up caste usages and prejudices as to food and drink, and are socially out of touch with the people whom they profess to represent, but who play up to those prejudices in persistently exciting the minds of their readers against the Government. Written for the most part in the vernacular languages, the character of this press is but little understood generally, even by English residents in the country, and is probably quite unknown to the people of England; but its tone is uniformly seditious to a degree which will come as a surprise to anyone making a first acquaintance with it. It should be added that there are a few honourable exceptions of papers conducted under a sense of responsibility for accuracy and good faith,

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and that the tone of the papers in Western India is altogether higher and indicative of a more manly and straightforward race. But even in these cases the tone is almost uniformly unfriendly to the Government. And a sort of freemasonry runs through the native press from one end of the country to the other. If one paper opens an attack on any subject it is taken up by all the rest, and the assumed act of injustice is denounced almost in the same words by paper after paper, week after week, until it gives place to some new topic. Not that the stones thrown at the Government are all taken from a recent heap. Even a measure carried out so long ago as the abolition of Sati by Lord William Bentinck's Government is still harped upon as an outrage on the Hindu religion. The statutory action taken by Lord Lansdowne's Government for putting a check on the barbarities attendant upon the premature consummation of child marriages is equally denounced week after week as an interference with that religion. But, indeed, every action, every motive of the Government is misrepresented and reviled. The attitude of the Government, on the other hand, is that of an assumed indifference to this perpetual calumny. It goes through the labour of making an elaborate translation of the vernacular articles published weekly; having got these, it stops short at reading them, although thus aiding in the circulation of the libels. Yet really it cannot afford to be inactive in this matter. The Government of two hundred millions of people by a handful of foreigners, however honest and well-intentioned, cannot afford to have their motives and actions continually traduced and misrepresented. These vernacular papers may be very contemptible taking each individually; no doubt, they are miserable specimens of journalism, without any critical or literary power, or any command of news, and the sale of most of them is insignificant—in some cases barely a hundred copies; but some few have a circulation of thousands; all of them pass largely from hand to hand, and the people of the country never hear or see any other form of newspaper, hardly see any other printed matter in any form.[1]

This is the literature on which is fed a people, docile indeed and easily contented, but credulous, superstitious, and liable to unreasoning panics. A constant drip will wear away the hardest stone. It is something worse than folly which tolerates the continued dissemination of this poisonous stuff. And if the evil to be dealt with is great, the remedy is easy. Prosecutions for libel, indeed, are impracticable. You cannot bring an action for the vilifying of a nation or a Government. But Lord Lytton's Government found a remedy in the

[1] The action of this press, it may be mentioned, is not confined to attacking the Government. A paper will often lay itself out to run down some particular native gentleman, possibly a district official, the member of a class particularly sensitive and timorous of criticism, and the oppression goes on till the desired blackmail is paid, when the libelling stops.

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Press Act of 1878, passed to repress a style of writing which was continually becoming more violent and seditious. The essence of the Act was that a paper committing itself in this way could be first warned, and then on repetition of the offence, suspended. Its operation was so perfectly effective, that it never had to be set in action, except in one instance when it did not go beyond the initial stage of warning. The Bengali editor is as timid as truculent; and, if the law had been maintained in force, we should have heard little more of the matter. Nor would anyone have been the worse. It is not to be supposed that the writers mean all they say. These young men are not village Hampdens; they are not writing under a real sense of oppression or injustice; they know in their hearts that the new liberty and license they are permitted are due to the liberality of the British Government, and would not be tolerated for a day by any native ruler. Nor is the violence of expression in which this press indulges meant to be taken seriously. Hyperbole and exaggeration are habits innate in a people who have from time immemorial been subject to the rule of stronger races. The same man who from week to week accuses the Government and its officers of every crime, would be obsequious, not to say cringing, to your face, and would be found a perfectly well-conducted and industrious clerk, if given some small official post. Politically these people are as children playing with fire. But the mischief they are doing is not the less because they may not be wholly conscious of it. Unfortunately Lord Lytton's Press Act was made a party question in this country, and Lord Ripon, going out to India with a mandate to that effect, persuaded his Council, which showed a very discreditable weakness in the matter, to repeal the Act, a proceeding quite unnecessary even from the point of view of those who took this action, because the Act provided for the suspension of its provisions in any part of India, on due notification being made, a suspension which might have been extended to the whole country. However, the Act was repealed, and thereupon the native press, after a short pause applied to fulsome adulation of the Viceroy, speedily became again as seditious as ever, and is now an unquestionable source of danger to our position. The Indian Government is, of course, powerless to move without the sanction of the Government at home. What is needed is a Secretary of State with courage to face the opposition which may be expected to arise from a small section of politicians in this country upon the needful action being taken. Courage is not a virtue which Ministers nowadays are wont to exhibit, as witness the discreditable surrender made with regard to the Contagious Diseases Act, the Opium Question, the Simultaneous Examinations demanded for the Civil Service, and the Cotton Duties. And, no doubt, the Minister who takes action must be prepared to hear a good deal about the inviolable and inherent right of all the peoples of the Empire to the blessings of a

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free press. Yet the answer is a perfectly sufficient one: that if the people of India were politically so advanced as to be entitled to this blessing they would never submit to the treatment they have to put up with with regard to the management of their finances; that there is no instance of any country not invested with free institutions and self-government in which the press is free; that India is not yet fitted for the one and has shown itself absolutely unfit for the other. If this law were re-enacted no hardship would be suffered by anyone. It would be applied only to distinctly seditious writing, and the remedy would be simple and complete; the existence of the Act would render it unnecessary ever to apply it.

Although closely affiliated to the native press, the so-called 'National Congress' stands on a different footing. Its proceedings are not so much disloyal as absurd. They set out always indeed by professing the profoundest loyalty and goodwill to the British Government, although the resolutions they pass—if taken seriously—are in the strongest degree condemnatory of that Government, while, if carried out, they would render all government impossible. The Congress, it may be explained, is a self-constituted body. There is a profession of election and delegation from different parts of the country, but practically anybody who wants to join can do so, provided he is ready to subscribe (in every sense) to its proceedings. It meets once a year in one or other of the large towns of India; a body largely made up of pleaders in the law courts, ex-students from the Government colleges, and the class which works the native press. For chairman some bigger man is chosen, a landed proprietor with a grievance, or a retired official disappointed in promotion, or some foolish native gentleman whose vanity is tickled by the position. There is no discussion or debating to speak of, but merely the passing by acclamation of a series of resolutions prepared by a self-constituted committee, and usually carried forward with additions from year to year. Last year the Congress met at Lahore, and the chairman set out by observing that the invitation to meet there had been given by the people of the Punjab, and must be taken to mean that the warlike people of that Province were profoundly interested in the proposal to hold simultaneous examinations in England and India for the Civil Service. It would be about as rational to say that the one subject which more than any other engages the thoughts of the electors of Central Finsbury is the proceedings of the Royal Society. As a matter of fact, no such invitation had been given, and the people of that country were absolutely ignorant of the meaning or purport of the proposal in question, which the gentry of the Province, so far as they know anything of the subject, regard with equal indignation and contempt. Then came the resolutions, carried by acclamation. Of these a leading place is given year by year to one for the virtual repeal of the Arms Act, which forbids the carrying

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of arms without a license. The reason sometimes advanced for this demand is that the repeal would enable the people to protect themselves against wild beasts. To those who know the skill and stealthy care needed to get within range of a wild beast, and that the victims to the tiger and the panther are usually children or infirm members of both sexes to whom the present of a gun would be about as useful as that of a locomotive engine to a milkmaid, and that for every person killed by wild beasts a score fall victims to snakes, which their religious prejudices prevent Indians from destroying, the validity of the plea will be apparent. This Act, more than any other, has contributed to bring about the present peaceful condition of India, and renders it possible to hold that country with an army extraordinarily small in numbers for its extent. The proposal is not without its humour, inasmuch as it emanates from a class which has never at any time used arms, and has never furnished a soldier to the army, under native any more than under British rule.

Another resolution of the same kind, also repeated from year to year, is that 'a widespread system of volunteering, such as obtains in Great Britain,' should be authorised and stimulated amongst the people of India. No reference is ever made to the fact that volunteer corps are unknown to every European country save Great Britain; that they are required there under special circumstances, to supplement the small regular army in guarding against the danger of invasion by the great neighbouring military powers, and that they are not allowed in Ireland. Considering the dangerous riots which have lately occurred in India, even among an unarmed people, and the passions so easily aroused and so difficult to repress between the votaries of the two great religions which divide the people of India, and the other elements of disturbance always present in that country, these two proposals afford a sufficient illustration of the degree of common-sense which actuates this annual gathering. It would be, however, a grave injustice to the educated and higher classes of the people of India to take the foolish utterances of these self-constituted 'delegates' as representative of their opinions.

As specimens of intelligence and the capacity of this body for practical dealing with politics, the other resolutions are of a piece with the foregoing. The salt tax is to be largely reduced, and the minimum of income exempt for payment of income tax to be doubled (from about 25*l.* to 50*l.* a year of English money). The revenues having thus been shorn of a few millions, and the class of which the delegates are composed relieved from all share of taxation, the resolutions proceed to demand an increase of pay for the police, adding by the way a rider for its complete transfer to native management; they also 'affirm in the most emphatic manner the importance of increasing the public expenditure on all branches of education,' and 'strongly recommend that in all classes of Government or Municipal schools

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and colleges all fees shall be reduced in proportion to the means of parents and relations, and remitted wholly in the case of very poor students.' This involves, in effect, that the cost of the 'higher education' of the class which is now making itself heard through the seditious press and this Congress is to be thrown still more completely than at present on the general tax-payer, the class which already bears the main burden of the public expenditure—the agricultural class, the poorest of the poor. In fact, the spirit which animates this Congress is quite in accord with the economic views held by the upper classes in France before the Revolution—that they should have everything and that the poor should pay everything; nothing is proposed for the people of India as a whole; the resolutions are conceived throughout in the interests of the small section which furnishes the delegates, the new middle class brought to the surface by our system of cheap education, already almost gratuitous, an infinitesimal fraction of the people of India, whose political aspirations are bounded by the aims and objects which alone they have in view—more government appointments for themselves, the substitution of natives for English officials in all the higher administrative posts.

I should be the last person to contend for undue restriction in this respect, as I was the first to draw public attention, more than a quarter of a century ago, to the injustice and impolicy of the practice which up to that time had been pursued, of withholding admission from the people of India to all but the subordinate ranks of public employment.[2] Since then, however, the more liberal and just policy advocated has been given full play. Natives are being rapidly advanced to the higher administrative offices; the English Civil Service has undergone a large reduction, notwithstanding that the boundaries of the Empire have been pushed forward to embrace new and extensive territories; while the great increase which has taken place in the cost of civil establishments is mainly due to the advance made in the scale of emolument, in all departments, of the native officials, who are now more highly paid than any civil service in the world, that of Great Britain only excepted. The one qualification which alone should limit the rate of this process of native advancement is that of fitness, as to which it must be pointed out that the change is so far an experiment; the possession of this quality by native officials in high positions has yet to be subjected to the test of trial under difficulties. Hitherto British rule in India has been maintained by the English magistrates of districts. For securing peace and contentment throughout the country, the Government has been dependent on the judgment, integrity, and courage of this small body of officials, one to each quarter of a million of people. And it has yet to be proved that the natives who are rapidly replacing these will, in the hour of trial, be found to exhibit the same qualities.

[2] *Indian Polity*, first edition published in 1868.

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Till this is put to the proof, the momentous change now in course of rapid progress must be deemed to be an experiment. It will have a fair chance of success only provided due care be taken to make proper selections to these posts, and to appoint those only whose character and qualifications offer a reasonable guarantee for their securing the respect and confidence of the people over whom they are to be placed. It need hardly be said that considerations of this kind do not find a place in the programme of the National Congress, in which also there is no reference to the fact that during the term of Lord Lansdowne's government the great measure has been carried out which was initiated in the time of his predecessor, a reorganisation of the system of admission to the great public departments by which natives of India have been made eligible for every civil office in the country. It may be added that the proceedings of that body appropriately conclude with a vote of thanks to Sir William Wedderburn, to which the chairman adds his assurance that they will be heartily backed up in all they do by the Irish Nationalist members of the House of Commons. Truly may it be said of the 'Indian Congress'—*noscitur a sociis.*

The inference which might be drawn from the foregoing account of these meetings, that the persons attending them are concerned only with the interests of the limited class to which they themselves belong, must be qualified to this extent, that the proceedings contain one resolution, dovetailed in among others dealing with a number of miscellaneous grievances, affirming:

> that fully fifty millions of the population, a number yearly increasing, are dragging out a [miserable existence on the verge of starvation, . . . and [this Congress] humbly urges once more that immediate steps be taken to remedy this calamitous state of affairs.

The fact that in some agricultural districts, where the people cultivate their own holdings, population tends to increase beyond the point at which the land can produce sufficient to support it, has already been referred to in this paper. It is perhaps the most momentous circumstance connected with India; but it may be confidently asserted that the great majority of the persons who subscribed to the resolution, including the chairman, had never been within hundreds of miles of the tracts in question, that a large part of them did not even know what part of the country was referred to, and had no information as to the facts, while obviously none of them had any remedy to propose. What would be thought of the intelligence exhibited at a public meeting in this country, and the claims of those present to be taken seriously, if, after denouncing the incapacity of the resident magistrates and the defective supply of village pumps, they were to resolve also that a million or so of the English people were in great poverty, and to call on Her Majesty's Ministers to apply an immediate remedy? That the Indian Government should have

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spent thirty millions within the last twenty years in trying to cope with the difficulty the Congress draws attention to, is a point which it would be unreasonable to expect that the Congress should have the common-sense to refer to. Of the practical measures feasible for the economic and social improvement of India, especially the development of railways, perhaps the greatest want of that country, in which progress has been lamentably slow, naturally not a word is said. The native press, indeed, is fond of denouncing railways as impoverishing the country. On the other hand, the cadastral survey of Behar is denounced, although it has been undertaken in the interest of the peasantry to determine their rights as against the great landowners, whose objection to the measure on account of its expense to themselves is naturally adopted by the Congress as valid.

In truth, the holders of these congresses are a set of inept, blundering, political charlatans. They have never made one useful or practical suggestion, but their proceedings, when not merely silly, are undoubtedly mischievous. They stimulate agitation, which, although its aims are crude and indefinite, adds to the general feeling of unrest and expectation of something to happen, now becoming apparent in various parts of the country—a condition which no true friend of India will desire to encourage. Another social upheaval would lamentably retard progress and throw the country back for many years. Among the more sober and sensible of the educated classes in India, their feeling about the Congress is one of astonishment that the Government should suffer it to go on; but for so long as it keeps clear of actual sedition, the policy of tolerance will probably be adhered to. And there are signs that it may come to an end of itself before long; the meeting of last December was felt to be flat and inane beyond all previous ones.

India is a congeries of nations which, although mixed up together in a bewildering degree, and undergoing a rapid fusion in their superficial aspects under British rule, are yet so widely different from each other, that generalisations are apt to be delusive and misleading. Yet there are some characteristics common to most of these peoples which must strike even the traveller, while everywhere the English resident finds qualities to admire and esteem. The uniform high standard of good temper and good manners of the Indian, his industry and frugality, his sobriety and temperance in diet, his zeal and faithfulness in duty, his patience in sickness and in tending the sick, the ability and avidity in learning of the more intelligent races, their domestic virtues, especially their kindness to children, the self-denial of the bread-winner to save for his often distant family, their endurance of hardship, and the splendid courage of the best of the fighting classes; above all, perhaps, the gratitude shown for kindness, and the regard manifested for individuals among their foreign and transient rulers who have so acted as to deserve it, a regard continued long

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after there is anything to be gained by showing it: these are some among the most striking qualities of the Indian peoples, and the Englishman who leaves India after spending the best part of his life among them cannot but carry away a strong affection for the many friends in all ranks whom he leaves behind, and an interest in the welfare of the country and its people, the strength of which those who have not had the same experience are perhaps hardly able to appreciate. Those, too, who have had this intimate acquaintance with them will come away hopeful that a great and prosperous future is before the people of India under their English rulers, if wisely governed, and not made the subject of rash experiment. For the man who knows India and its people recognises that they are still in their political infancy. During the long succession of the centuries in which the development of the Western world has gradually taken place, Grecian, Roman, Celtic, and Teutonic—India, mentally and politically, has stood still; and now that the two branches of the great Aryan family have at last met together again, the time so unprofitably lost by the one cannot be made good all at once. And under the seemingly docile and inert aspect of the Indian peoples there lie dormant potential forces for evil, which even suspicion, much more oppressive and rash interference, may readily awaken. Caution and forbearance are necessary above all things in dealing with the customs and institutions of a people who, if easily governed, are easily aroused, and who are separated in thoughts and feelings so widely from ourselves. And as to those who assume that political institutions of the modern British type are the natural and proper terminus to the development of national life in every clime and every nation, that what is natural and fitting for the sober English race, whose present liberty is the outcome of a thousand years of gradual progress, must be equally suitable for all other races, it may be useful to remind them that these institutions are of such recent growth as to be historically a mere incident of the national life, and that they already show signs of giving place to some new development. At any rate, free institutions, government by the people, did not come till the nation was fit to receive them, and to attempt to apply these to India in its present condition would be to risk destruction of the comparative civilisation it now enjoys, and a return to the political chaos from which, under British rule, it has recently emerged.

Some such considerations as are suggested here may have been present to the mind of the late Viceroy, when, in one of the wise and statesmanlike speeches delivered at the close of an eminently liberal, but prudent and successful term of government—a government so conducted as to gain for him the high respect and regard of all who were in a position to know the admirable part he has performed in India—he said:—

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On every side new difficulties and new problems are presenting themselves. Nor are they diminished by the habit of applying to a country which is Eastern to the marrow of its bones, standards of treatment which are essentially European and Western. . . .

I will mention one or two illustrations of my meaning. There is a tendency to apply British standards to such questions as the employment of labour in mines, in factories, and in tea-gardens. It is forgotten that an Indian mine is not like an English mine; that an Indian miner is not like a Northumberland or Staffordshire miner, and that his wife and family are used to wholly different conditions from those amidst which an English operative and his family have their existence; . . . and, lastly, we forget the political danger of engendering the suspicion, of course quite unfounded, that these acts of interference are due, not to genuine philanthropy, but to a desire to handicap Indian competition with its British rivals.

Another increasing danger seems to me to be that which arises from our tendency to over-govern the country and to interfere unduly with the customs and habits of the people. . . . I believe the people of this country recognise the advantages of our rule, and are ready to acquiesce in it, but if they come to associate it with inquisitorial pryings into their private affairs, and with exaction, or oppression, in one shape or another, their affection for it will be of short duration.

Another danger, again, and I am not sure that it is not the greatest of all, seems to me to lie in the tendency to transfer power from the Government of India to the British Parliament. I admit that in a country of democratic institutions, Parliament must be the ultimate source and depository of power. In an extreme case, there is no act of the executive, British or Indian, which can be removed beyond its control. The Viceroy and Secretary of State have alike to reckon with it, and there is no escape from its authority. It does not, however, follow that because these powers are inherent in Parliament they should be perpetually exercised by it; and it is the modern tendency to exercise those powers continually, and at the instance of irresponsible persons, which in my belief constitutes a grave menace to the safety of the Empire. I suppose all students of political science will admit that the tendency of the Legislature to usurp the functions of the Executive Government is one of the most dangerous tendencies of the present age. It is specially dangerous when the subject of those usurpations is the Government of such a dependency of the Crown as the Indian Empire, and when the policy of a body, which is admittedly a body of experts, is liable at any moment to be thwarted and set aside by another body which must, in the nature of things, be deficient in expert knowledge, and which, in recent years, has shown a constantly increasing tendency to be swayed by emotion and enthusiasm. The risk is all the greater, because, while the machinery of the Indian Government grinds slowly and laboriously, the Parliamentary machine is excessively rapid in action. . . . In the House of Commons, an erratic member in a thin house may carry over the heads of the Secretary of State and of the Government of India a resolution vitally affecting the welfare of this country, as summarily and as lightheartedly as if the proceedings were those of the debating club of a college, rather than the senate of a great empire. In a couple of hours the work of years may be undone, and so it may come to pass that, while we are slowly and laboriously striving to obtain an equilibrium between income and expenditure, or endeavouring to improve the condition of our Indian service, some haphazard decision of our masters on the other side threatens our finances with bankruptcy, or capsizes our most carefully considered schemes for improving the efficiency of the public services. The wrong thing is done, and it is done in a manner that cannot fail to impair the authority of a Government which can carry on its work only if its authority is upheld.

I should not be doing my duty if I did not refer to another symptom which seems to me to be alarming, and to deserve our earnest attention. I refer to the

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increased bitterness of feeling manifested between the two great religious denominations. The policy of the Government of India in these matters has been one of strict neutrality, and of sympathy with that side, whether it be Hindu or Mahammudan, which desires to observe its customary ritual and expects to be allowed to do so in peace. I have lately spoken at length upon this subject, and I will not pursue it now. The whole question has been very thoroughly examined, and our mature conclusions will be submitted to my successor. I feel sure that nothing will be done rashly, or under the influence of panic. I should strongly deprecate any extensive or radical changes in the law until it has been demonstrated that the existing law is powerless to deal with these evils. I would infinitely prefer to rely upon the good sense and moderation of the people themselves and upon vigorous and determined executive action, based upon the law as it now exists, than upon special legislation, and I am not without hopes that both sides have now realised the folly of their conduct, and will join us in discouraging similar exhibitions of sectional hatred and lawlessness.

I have dwelt upon all these things, not because I am by nature a pessimist, but because we cannot and ought not to shut our eyes to them, and because they should be borne in mind when proposals are made either to relax our precautions against danger from within and from without, or to adopt well-meant measures calculated to irritate the people and to alienate their sympathies from us or to weaken the Executive Government.[3]

The opinions thus expressed may be commended to the serious attention of all who have at heart the welfare of India.

G. CHESNEY.

[3] Speech by the Marquess of Lansdowne, Viceroy and Governor-General of India, at the Royal Exchange, Calcutta, on the 23rd of January, 1894.

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ART AT THE SALONS

THE two exhibitions now open in Paris contain no less than 3,088 solid oil-paintings. That is an achievement which the *bourgeoisie*, accustomed to produce its wares by the gross, understands and applauds. And yet by mere force of numbers the Salons should have voted themselves out of existence long ago. Reflect that ten years mean for Paris alone an output of 30,000 canvases, reflect also that Art is a goddess who pays but few and furtive visits to the world, and you will realise the infamy of these annual parades. If the gallery at the Champ de Mars whispers, as heretofore, a hint of beauty, the voice of the older Salon is immutable, as year by year its cry grows shriller and yet more raucous. But, alas! there is small hope that silence will relieve the growing horror.

The member of the Institute, accustomed to chant the praises of the official exhibition, is ever constant to one unchanging boast. 'See,' he exclaims, his face flushed with virtuous pride, 'see how nobly we have shaped the course of Art! Is not the year 1819 ever memorable for "Le Radeau de la Méduse"? Was it not from our walls that Manet awoke the laughter of the multitude? Will not the Salon glory in "La Barque du Dante" until its walls are crumbled into dust?' Yes: true it is that Manet, Delacroix, Géricault encountered the world's obloquy at the Salon, but between them and it was no sympathetic link, and their work was tardily rewarded by the flattery of imitation. Indeed, the Salon has known and knows but one ideal, the tradesman's respect for his public. It is no better to-day and no worse than it was when Diderot regarded it with too complacent an approval, or when Heine chastened the wind of his wit to the shorn pelt of its incompetence. Whatever works of art have appeared upon its walls have crept in without its encouragement; while revolutions have come and gone it has remained prosperously unconscious of the hurlyburly; and it is only when the perspective of time has softened the violent effect of change that it knows a battle has taken place. To the eyes of 1819 Géricault appeared a very anarch. To-day he seems to fight side by side with David and the rest. But the champions of the Salon still believe themselves pioneers, the while they compete for sensation with all their

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ancient rivalry. Fine painting is powerless to attract attention in so vast a wilderness as the Palais d'Industrie. Either the blood-stained sentiment of the Porte St. Martin must come to the painter's help or he must exaggerate his effects of light and colour until he drives his competitors into the shade. And the larger the surface over which he spreads his vermilion the better will be his chance of glory, the more generously will he be rewarded with medals and popularity. Wherefore is the manufacture of Salon pictures pursued with increasing energy. The laws of art are flung to the winds; the aspirant is steadily determined to crush his neighbours by truculent sentiment, indiscreet colour, and scintillating lights. If he succeed he becomes a Munkaczy (perhaps) or even a Bonnat, achieves a triumph at every Salon, lives in the adulation of the stockbroker, and dies forgotten save in the provincial museum, which is forced to render him hospitality. Is not such a career worth a sacrifice? And who, in the eager pursuit of blood and money, would turn aside to consider the demands of taste, or give ear to the warning voice of refinement?

Thus it is that the Salon reverences no tradition save its own, and has but a retrospective interest in revolution. If the heresy of to-day becomes the gospel of to-morrow, and declines the day after into a worn-out creed, the official art of France has witnessed unmoved the ruin of a thousand heresies. The Romantic school, established upon Constable, found its reaction in the pink spot; the pink spot (and the purple) were reduced to a preposterous science by the Scintillistes or Néo-Impressionnistes, or what not. The Scintillistes are dissolving in well-merited ridicule. But M. Roybet remains, faithful to the vulgar ambition of a hundred Salons, rewarded by a gold medal and the praise of M. Armand Silvestre. His 'La Main Chaude' has been turned out of the factory with exemplary patience and punctuality. The author is, no doubt, already engaged upon another sample which shall astonish the visitors of next year. The production need not decline until death, the common lot of heroes, overtakes M. Roybet. The formula is discovered; so that there is no further need of intellectual speculation. The same chalky colour, the same mediocre composition, the same fat women will serve ten times more to enhance the painter's fame. The uninstructed dweller in the provinces, who has seen a fat lady in a travelling circus, is delighted to recognise upon canvas the corpulence of his experience. And if only M. Roybet does not encourage too far the taste for bulk, there is no reason why his trade should ever fail him. But there is a danger that even the ladies of 'La Main Chaude' might one day appear slim to the jaded appetite of the provinces; and though there may be no limit to M. Roybet's imagination, the largest wall of the Salon might prove too small to set forth, in all her joyousness, the revered goddess of obesity. Meanwhile he rests happy in the worship of the crowd and in the

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proud assurance of future triumphs. The picture is typical not only of M. Roybet, but of the Salon; and not even M. Bonnat's 'Triomphe de l'Art' seems more appropriately placed. For the rest, the customary anecdote jostles the familiar *plafond*. The well-worn portrait is projected by its high lights from every wall. There is hardly a canvas that does not tell after its fashion, but the perpetual insistence only increases your disgust. It is no question of art for art's sake: accept these stories of blood and fire on their historic merits, and how paltry the invention! No, the one passion which dominates the Salon is the lust for a place, and when that lust is satisfied the demands of art also are satisfied. The fact that the canvases are more adroitly covered than those which are hung at Burlington House is but an enhancement of their wickedness, and a picture which stays within its frame and makes no appeal to vulgar sentiment has small chance of recognition in this orgy of wasted paint. To consider the 1887 machines in detail would be as wearisome as it is superfluous, and M. Bonnat might do worse than select 'The Salon Defying Criticism' for the subject of his next year's *plafond*.

When the 'Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts' was founded four years since, there was some hope that it would achieve success in spite of its political intention; and by the aid of the few artists who lent their support it has hitherto escaped complete failure. But the blight of exhibitions is upon it, and such works of art as it contains would be seen at better advantage elsewhere. How shall you turn without a shock from the enormities of M. Frappa to the simple refinements of M. Puvis de Chavannes? Is there not an obvious impropriety in permitting M. Jean Béraud's catchpenny moralities to face the masterpieces of Mr. Whistler? But you need not wander wholly unconsoled through the long galleries, and here at least, besides hope (or interest) for the future, is something great actually accomplished. Mr. Whistler, for instance, takes you far away from the battle of the schools, from the vulgarity of the sale room. His portrait of Comte Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac has neither weakness nor limitation. It is a complete, an absolute work of art, that is all. The figure is posed with a distinction that could scarcely be surpassed. The point of the foot, the turn of the wrist, the hand which holds a cane like a sword, the head thrown back in an attitude of insolence—these are arranged and painted by a master. The simplicity which dominates the portrait is as remarkable as the mystery enshrouding this harmony in black and silver. The artist, as is his wont, has made no more of his materials than the exposition demands, and the result is a portrait that might have strayed from some noble gallery which is its inevitable destiny. Exquisite also are the two smaller portraits, as delicate as refined colour can make them, and composed with a perfect sense of proportion. And what could be more reticent and yet more expressive than the three seascapes?

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There is not a touch that is not eloquent, and not a fact indicated that is not essential; for Mr. Whistler has no interest in statistics or meteorology. The painter who works with a Kodak in his pocket might complain of omission, but it is the artist's gift to generalise in terms of beauty, and to compare Mr. Whistler's marines with others in the gallery is to realise at once how magnificently he has succeeded. Before all it is obvious that Mr. Whistler arrives at his goal without eccentricity and without an outrage upon the traditions of art. He is a link in the long, unbroken chain of the masters. In his art there is neither uncertainty nor experiment. He is as incapable of winning an easy applause by the intervention of an anecdote as of astonishing the world by an intentional trick of originality. For the rest the older fashion is still supreme. If M. Puvis de Chavannes has failed in this vast presentation of Victor Hugo the dignity of his work is some atonement for its frigidity, and though the composition is powerless to charm it is powerless also to disgust. Again, it cannot be urged against M. Alfred Stevens that he has carried his art beyond the boundaries of discretion; but where in the exhibition will you match his discreetly handled, broadly painted canvases? Therein every detail is treated after the masterly, ingenious method of the Dutch school; yet the innovators are put to shame. Fortunately also there are a few, such as M. Aman-Jean, who recognise the virtue of simplicity, and since there are evidences of an improved taste it is possible that some day eccentricity will die of excess and that painting will emerge from the whirlpool of experiment into the serener channel of established tradition. Meanwhile the eccentrics retain a numerical advantage. They strive after originality as after the crown of hope. They forget that art is governed by rigid laws, or they openly contemn the laws, which four centuries have justified. When you regard the performances of M. Besnard, for instance, you remember forthwith the ancient game of pushpenny, wherein he won who shoved his coin further than his fellows. M. Besnard says in effect, 'Hitherto colours have possessed a certain value; I will rearrange the palette of nature. I will paint horses crimson and women orange. Moreover I will neglect the curves and lines by which other painters have expressed their impressions, and set down my observation in spots and blobs.' It is as though a writer deemed it a virtue to neglect the laws of grammar and to stand his sentences awkwardly upon their heads. Of course, if the end and aim of artistic endeavour be to attract attention, then arguments may be advanced in favour of M. Besnard's enormity. But a woman is not beautiful because a blue wig compels the eyes of all passers-by to rest upon her features; nor have we yet arrived at the point where bombs are the controlling force of civic life. Eccentricity, indeed, is the most transitory of human qualities, and with the interested taste of a generation all the efforts of forced originality pass away into the

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darkness of forgetfulness. But, again, one remembers the dread constraint imposed by exhibitions, and contemplates without surprise the blatant indiscretions of those adventurous ones who do not realise that the first achievement is to say something personal in the old forms, to set the obvious in a new light.

But originality is not the only vice of the New Salon. The secession of 1890 was conducted in too liberal a spirit, and many came away who had been happier and better seen in the old surroundings. What, indeed, has M. Frappa to do in a gallery where the smallest respect is paid to art? In the Champs Elysées his masterpieces would be overwhelmed in the hurricane of colour; at the Academy they would attract an open-mouthed crowd, to puzzle over their story and to demand their appearance, as oleographs, in the illustrated papers. But this smooth, vulgar handling, this unbridled colour, this trite humour are out of place at the Champ de Mars, nor can the gallery hope for an artistic success until in a proper spirit of narrow-mindedness it excludes all pictures which have any other inspiration than beauty. M. Jean Béraud, again, is not in any sense an artist. He can make objects upon canvas which bear some resemblance to human beings; but he sacrifices all to a cheap sensation, and is called mystic for his pains. A mystic indeed! A colleague, perchance, of the discredited 'Sar Peladan!' And merely because he devised the easiest method of appealing to the crowd! So simple is the trick that one wonders it was not long ago performed in England, the home of the theological novel. You need but place Christ in modern surroundings to win an immediate triumph. One year you set him in the salon of a Hebrew banker, the next you picture him on the heights of Montmartre, and if only you suggest a Parisian mob and a dress-coat the contrast is complete and irresistible. Nor is there any reason why M. Béraud should ever cease to amuse. The invention of new incongruities requires no ingenuity. Christ on the Boulevards! Christ at the Eden Theatre! Christ at the Moulin Rouge! Are not the possibilities infinite? And as the theological excitement happily renders it unnecessary to make a beautiful picture, M. Béraud is as sure of success as the author of *Robert Ellesmere*. What matters it that the colour is slaty, that the drawing is as tight and stiff as timidity can make it, that of expression, other than facial, there is no trace? The trite blasphemy ensures popularity, and admirers, in self-defence, proclaim their idol a mystic. Of course the painter has his followers, and on every wall hang examples of this suburban mysticism—good Samaritans with a background of Paris, Christ and the disciples in a German landscape. And doubtless the painters think of Rembrandt and the old masters; nor does it break in upon them that their own self-consciousness has neither the value nor the excuse of the old *naïveté*. One other influence is obvious in this diverse and cosmo-

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politan exhibition: tidings of the Pre-Raphaelites have reached Paris, and Botticelli has at last found his imitators. Probably he got to France by way of England, and, as it is our habit to take back from Paris what we gave, it is possible that a recrudescence of Pre-Raphaelitism is imminent also on our side the Channel.

Indeed, none can complain that the Salon of the Champ de Mars is monotonous. The spirit which tolerates at once the complacent banality of M. Carolus Duran and the serene simplicity of Mr. Whistler is only too magnificently eclectic. And it is interesting to turn from this variegated exhibition to the work of Edouard Manet, which is seen without the distraction or interruption of alien canvases. Twenty years ago Manet was esteemed a ridiculous eccentric. The world went to the Salon to jeer at his originality. There is a story told of a mother who took her son, on one of his rare holidays, to see a work of Manet's, that he might enjoy a healthy laugh. And to-day the pictures have the well-ordered, dignified appearance of old masters. In the first place Manet was a painter who understood the use of his materials, and acknowledged the laws of painting. He would not have stooped to tolerate the ingenuity which persuades the aspirant to learn to draw that he may forthwith forget the accomplishment and never more commit the old-fashioned, impersonal vice of accuracy. Whatever he achieved, his foundations were established upon a rock. Not that he did not allow himself the joy of experiment: his pictures are most variously inspired, and you may even detect the seeds of the blue and purple mania which have borne such bitter fruit in the works of M. Monet and his school. But how excellent in movement and colour are his seascapes! How daintily has he arranged the figures in his 'Beach at Boulogne'! And though the colour is not often gay, though the more ambitious works, such as the Christ, are marred by the black contours which cut the figures out from the ground, though in fact Manet never found himself sufficiently to become a master, his work accords with the great tradition and is no noisy denial of the past. Contrast his achievement with the reckless experiments of M. Monet, and you will recognise an essential difference between the two painters. M. Monet has boldly neglected the teaching of the centuries, and has determined to look at nature with his own eyes. To most his vision appears distorted, and his consistent interpretation of nature in terms of pink and purple is of necessity a personal freak. So that if his own style be but a clever outrage upon the laws of art, if he himself be what some fiend of wit has called him, the Ravachol of painting, what shall we say of his followers? In truth their vision, borrowed from him, cannot be sincere, since a whole school does not suffer from Daltonism. However, if you would test the strength of Manet, whose weaknesses are plain enough, compare his works with the works of MM. Monet and Renoir, and you will realise the wisdom of obeying the past and its masterpieces.

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M. Renoir, for instance, delights in the crudest colours, the clumsiest draughtsmanship; nor even are his vices his own, so that he has not the excuse of individuality, and it is almost incredible that the amateur should delight in him and that the Luxemburg should find wall space for his misdirected experiment. And yet, despite the brief success of MM. Monet and Renoir, it is apparent that the Scintillistes (or Vibristes or Néo-Impressionnistes) have had their day, and will soon cease to be. The year's pictures in Paris at least prove so much, and if the mass of work exhibited is commonplace, or even blatant, that is the fault of exhibition. For in Paris, as in London, the Exhibition is doomed. It may still endure an inglorious existence, like the three-volume novel or the British drama; it may yet prove a solace to many generations of sightseers, who wonder not that a head is well painted, but that it ever got upon canvas. But nevermore can the Exhibition encourage or patronise the arts. Once arranged for the delight of the few, it has become as purely democratic an institution as free education or the ballot-box. Indeed, the artist who would win appreciation should show his pictures in a gallery set apart for himself, and such craftsmen as MM. Roybet and Béraud should find a fit audience at the Musée Grévin.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

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THE QUEEN AND LORD PALMERSTON

'EXCELLENT speech of Palmerston's! What a knack he has of falling on his feet! I never will believe after this that there is any scrape out of which his cleverness and good fortune will not extricate him. And I rejoice in his luck most sincerely; for though he now and then trips, he is an excellent minister, and I cannot bear the thought of his being a sacrifice to the spite of other powers.' This note, written about 1849, appears in the Journal of Lord Macaulay, who may be said to have possessed a genius for commonplace, and whose views about men and things represented the average of English opinion to a degree unachieved by any contemporary writer.

Lord Macaulay saw with the eyes of the majority of his countrymen, only rather more intently and clearly; and this passage contains the secret of Palmerston's hold upon them. First and foremost he was lucky, and there is, in the view of the average Briton, Cato notwithstanding, no more glorious attribute. Secondly, he was known to be an 'excellent minister,' free from subtleties, and endowed with a plain understanding, after the manner of a well-to-do citizen. Finally, he was believed to be viewed with jealousy and dislike by all foreigners and in constant danger from their intrigues, sufficient in itself to insure him the highest place in the regard of men who still, like their hero Nelson, had been taught in childhood to 'hate a Frenchman as they did the devil.'

He was, one of his lifelong opponents said of him after his death, English to the backbone; and he contrived to make Englishmen immeasurably of more account in their own eyes, and to some extent so in those of other nations. Palmerston to his contemporaries appeared physically a man of commanding height. Lord Lorne—his biographer—quotes a description of him, which he evidently believes to be true, in which he is represented as tall and slim. In point of fact he was rather short; but a fact of this kind appeared incredible of the minister who had succeeded in adding a cubit not only to his own moral stature, but to that of the most insignificant of his countrymen. When, after at least ten years of smouldering, the irritation of conscientious colleagues, political foes, and baffled doctrinaires culminated in an attack upon Palmerston in the House of Commons in reference to the treatment of an obscure Greek, the Minister held

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the House spell-bound from the dusk of one day to the dawn of the next, and, in a speech of extraordinary force from a man who never aspired to rhetoric or even eloquence, reached the zenith of his power and fame. He had confounded his enemies. 'It has made us all proud of him,' said Sir Robert Peel, addressing the House of Commons for the last time, and the eulogy found a ready echo in the hearts of Englishmen scattered all over the world. If he wished to create, as he declared, a belief that a British subject, in whatever land he may be, shall feel confident in the broad fact of his nationality; that *Civis Romanus sum* was to be the guarantee of every Briton against injustice and wrong, he succeeded beyond his hopes; and so lofty was the spirit he roused, that when for a moment the people believed their favourite minister to have been false to his own tradition, and to have yielded to the threats of French militaryism, they tore his Conspiracy Bill to shreds, and hurled him unceremoniously from power. In spite, however, of this little accident, Lord Palmerston remained for a quarter of a century the most popular of Englishmen in his own country and the most hated abroad. To foreigners generally, and the French in particular, he was—as De Jarnac called him—the incarnation of *La perfide Albion*. Yet the keystone of his foreign policy was a good understanding with France, and it is to the credit of his skill as a foreign minister that he was able to maintain the French alliance without for a moment forfeiting the dignity or independence of England as a portion of the price he paid for it. This counted for something among the causes of his popularity. His sympathy, openly expressed, for popular liberties, his dislike and contempt for petty tyranny or oppression, counted for more; while most of all, his cheerful courage in the midst of the difficulties of the Indian Mutiny, and the disasters of the Crimean winter, his never-failing belief that all would be well, and his clear-headed appreciation of what was required, inspired the nation with a confidence that so long as Palmerston was there, clouds, however black they might appear, would presently disperse.

A final cause, which contributed not a little to the Minister's success, lay in the exaggerations and mouthing of the 'Manchester school' of politicians, who, having scored heavily in the fight for Free Trade, had got to believe themselves infallible, and their doctrines only a degree if at all less worthy of absolute credence than the gospels. It had become the fashion with politicians of that school to belittle England, and to obtrude upon the world a cheap cosmopolitanism with an air of superior virtue, extremely galling to men who either in their own person or by the energy and often by the blood of their sons or brothers had helped to expand the Empire.

It was only natural that these men—and they formed the large majority—should rally round the Minister who appreciated their sacrifices and took pride in their successes. In politics the law of

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reaction is well-nigh inexorable, and just as the necessary militaryism of the first fifteen years of the century produced the 'Manchester school,' so that worthy body of doctrinaires were responsible for the ultroneous rule of Palmerston.

A Minister who kept racehorses and had at his command a good store of very blunt vernacular, who could not be got to admit that he understood an abstract thought, who always knew what he wanted and was determined to carry it out regardless of the opinions of others, who conceived his own ideas to be superior to those of other people, who never looked farther than to-morrow, and much preferred not to think beyond this evening, but who at the same time was determined to establish the privilege of an Englishman to the side-walk all over the world, while men of other nations might step into the gutter—this Minister represented aspirations which had long ago sickened under rounded periods intended to convince humanity that bread and calico summed up their total requirements, and were more than sufficient for rational happiness. This was the popular conception of Palmerston when in 1855 he became First Minister of the Crown.

To the Queen he had, for many years, appeared in a somewhat different and less ideal light. There were points in his character which she could not fail to respect and admire, but there was much in his methods as well as in his views which was galling at the time both to her proper pride as sovereign and to her dignity as a member of the royal fraternity of Europe. Palmerston had shared the universal admiration excited by the young Queen on her accession. He has left on record his agreeable impressions of her first Council. He was also warmly in favour of her marriage with Prince Albert, and volunteered to Stockmar his opinion that of all possible alliances he chiefly approved the marriage with the Prince. These sentiments were, however, in Palmerston mere platonics, and restrained him not at all from thwarting or from disregarding altogether the ideas of both the Queen and the Prince if they happened to run counter to his own.

To the Prince the character of Palmerston was unsympathetic, and to his speculative mind the positivist Minister was highly uncongenial. Some men, it has been said, think by definition, others by 'type.' Palmerston never thought otherwise than by 'type,' and to the Prince he seemed a statesman of a commonplace order, possessing undoubtedly the powers of a first-rate man, but holding the creed of a second-rate man. His frivolity appeared unpardonable in the Germanic eyes of the Prince, and his policy as frivolous and hand-to-mouth as his morals. 'When I was a young man,' Palmerston used to say, 'the Duke of Wellington made an appointment with me at half-past seven in the morning; and I was asked, "Why, Palmerston, how will you contrive to keep that engagement?" "Oh,

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I said, "of course, the easiest thing in the world: I shall keep it the last thing before I go to bed!"' These were not the habits, and badinage was not the tone, of the young Court; so that a fine grain of prejudice hampered the relations between the ebullient Foreign Secretary and his royal mistress. For fifteen years after her marriage, until as her First Minister Palmerston kissed hands in 1855, the friction was constant, and at times paralysing to good government. Opposition only confirmed him in his determination to persevere with a policy, or indulge a freak of temper. In this again he was, as Lord Malmesbury observed, English to the backbone, and in nothing was this characteristic more marked than in his resolve to withstand the influence of the Crown.

If the quarrel—for no other word adequately describes it—between the Queen and Lord Palmerston originated in the conflicting disposition of her Foreign and her Permanent Minister, it shaped itself upon the policy to be pursued in regard to France, and the personal relations existing at the time between the royal families of France and England. With nothing of the doctrinaire about him, Palmerston avoided alliances, and formed his judgment upon questions of foreign policy as they arose. Vaguely he may be said to have desired to keep well with France, but he had given way, as Lord Stratford de Redcliffe remarked, to a strong feeling of resentment against Louis Philippe, and he mistrusted and ultimately detested the whole house of Bourbon. The Prince, on the other hand, full of the great idea of German unity, looked upon France as an enemy to European progress, but was, with the Queen, on terms of intimacy with the King of the French. In 1840, when, by supporting the revolt of Mehemet Ali, France tried to obtain a *quasi* control of Egypt, Palmerston declared 'the Mistress of India could not permit France to be mistress directly or indirectly of the road to her Indian dominions.' This declaration, since exalted from a platitude into a shibboleth covering the whole 'Eastern question,' might have obtained the assent of the Queen; but when it was followed by a negotiation with France and Spain relative to the marriages of the Spanish house, culminating in an apparent act of duplicity on the part of Louis Philippe, goaded by an ill-considered despatch of the Foreign Secretary, a state of irritation was engendered between the royal families very painful to the Queen and laid by her at the door of Lord Palmerston. In her capacity as sovereign she was stung by the remark that she looked at things *par la lunette* of Palmerston, and although she courageously and loyally supported her Minister's 'unfortunate despatch' in her correspondence with the Queen of the French, she did not forgive her Minister for having, as she believed, placed her in a painful predicament.

Between Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone there are not many

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characteristics in common, but they were alike in the youthful enthusiasm which in old age both statesmen retained. Mr. Motley, describing a party given by Lady Palmerston, uses terms which could now be applied with curious verisimilitude to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. In 1848 Lord Palmerston was sixty-four years old, but his enthusiasm for constitutional freedom, not in his own country, where that blessing had long obtained, but in foreign states, was such that in the view of the Queen it induced him to forget that, as England was not prepared to employ force of arms for its achievement, 'despatches full of unpleasant truths unpleasantly put could only occasion sore and angry feelings towards this country, without advancing in any degree the cause they were intended to serve.'

His creed was the creed of Canning, but his methods were often those of Mrs. Grundy. Occasions were not wanting at that time for the display of his boyish desire to 'improve the occasion,' and his lectures to foreign rulers gave umbrage in many quarters, and still further widened the breach between the Minister and his Sovereign.

Undoubtedly the tone adopted by Lord Palmerston was often carelessly offensive. 'I do not object,' said Sir Robert Peel, 'to his lordship's giving advice to the Spanish Government, but to his mode of giving it.' It was impossible that enthusiasm so exuberant should not occasionally meet with rebuff. On one occasion Spain successfully retorted upon what Peel called the 'assumption of superiority' in the style of the Foreign Secretary; while later on, Russia replied in language described by Lord Stanley as 'bitter, imperious, and offensive, but not more bitter, more imperious, more offensive than the provocation.' To the Queen these checks to her Minister appeared humiliations, and they were deeply felt and strongly resented. Among her Ministers, as well as among their opponents, she had many sympathisers, and a moment came when Lord John Russell, unable to submit any longer to the haughty deportment of the Foreign Secretary, resolved to retire from the Government. 'I feel strongly,' he wrote, 'that the Queen ought not to be exposed to the enmity of Austria, France, and Russia on account of her Minister.' Lord John, however, was mistaken in this assumption, for it was not to the enmity of those nations, but of their rulers, that the Queen was exposed on account of her Foreign Secretary; and in Lord John Russell's confusion lies the justification of Palmerston. The Queen could not be expected to appreciate at the time, for it was far from clear even to Palmerston himself, the service he rendered to the Monarchy in that year of convulsion, when thrones all over Europe were tottering. In 1848 the middle class on the Continent were in open revolt against their rulers. Amid the storms of that year, when no monarch felt secure, Palmerston's 'airs of superiority' and his 'constitutional lectures' galled intensely, and at no period in history

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can England have been more cordially detested by neighbouring powers.

To the English middle classes, however, with their ludicrous vanity and Pharisaical faith in their own institutions, the attitude of their representative in the councils of Europe was a keen source of delight. Palmerston's lectures were read and approved with avidity, and while he ministered to the weakness of his countrymen, he fostered in them a wish to maintain their existing constitution intact as an example to other nations of a perfect form of government.

If the Queen had occasion to wince at his methods, she owes largely to Palmerston the ease with which the English Monarchy weathered a storm that proved so fatal to other royal houses. His methods were, without question, doubly painful to her; for not only was the language he employed calculated to embroil her with foreign potentates, with whom she was on terms of friendship, but it frequently happened that over the form of the Palmerstonian philippics she was not permitted to exercise her privilege of imposing a restraining hand. The ostensible cause—if it was not altogether the real one—of the friction which existed for fifteen years between the Sovereign and her Minister was the careless or studied neglect of the latter to submit his despatches for correction and remark before they were sent to the embassies abroad. As early as 1840 Lord John Russell had complained to Lord Melbourne that he only received 'despatches in a printed form some days after they are sent off,' and reminded the Prime Minister that in the 'days of Lord Grey every important note was carefully revised by and generally submitted to the Cabinet.'

Other colleagues of the Foreign Secretary were no less hurt at his high-handed indifference to their opinion. Lord Howick, the present Lord Grey, partly on this ground refused to serve with him, and thus prevented the formation of a Liberal Administration five years later. And eleven years afterwards, in 1851, on this very ground, Lord John Russell when Prime Minister was driven to remove his insubordinate colleague from office altogether. The principle followed by Lord Grey in 1848, when the tension between Palmerston and the Queen became very great, was at the instance of Lord Lansdowne admitted by Palmerston. For although Lord John Russell was Prime Minister, he found it necessary to appeal to Lord Lansdowne to remonstrate with his unruly Foreign Secretary. 'The Queen's disapprobation of everything Lord Palmerston does increases,' wrote Lady John Russell in her diary at this time; and although Palmerston pretended to believe that the 'Queen gave ear too readily to persons hostile to her Government,' it is plain that the Prime Minister and the Sovereign were in perfect accord.

In the summer of 1849 a very able State paper was drawn up by the Prince in the name of the Queen, expounding the constitutional

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rule that the control of foreign policy rests with the Prime Minister, and directing that all despatches submitted for her approval should pass through the hands of Lord John Russell. Whether this was or was not a constitutional rule, Palmerston, although he declared it would 'reduce his flint gun to a matchlock,' found himself forced to yield, and agreed to alter the existing arrangements in accordance with the Queen's wishes. When the final crisis came, and when after his dismissal from office he had to defend his conduct in Parliament, the Queen's memorandum and his acquiescence in the terms of it were used with damaging effect by Lord John Russell against him. Before, however, the fall of Palmerston, an event had occurred which raised him to the first place in the eyes of his countrymen. This was the attack on his policy in the House of Commons, and his great speech in his own defence. After the Don Pacifico debate, Palmerston became the first of living statesmen in the eyes of the people, a position he never lost till the day of his death fifteen years afterwards. From that time, too, he became more attentive to the wishes of the Queen, although a few months later the old Adam reasserted itself, when over the reception of Kossuth and over the presidential difficulties in France his attitude caused the long-smouldering flame to burst forth. His fall then became inevitable. The *coup d'état* in France at once approved by him without consultation with his colleagues, or the knowledge of the Queen, was his *coup de grâce*. 'Palmerston is out,' wrote Charles Greville, 'actually, really, and irretrievably out.'

Although the cause was but half guessed at the time, it was known in full to this acute observer and critic. He had watched for some years the widening breach between the Sovereign and her Minister. 'As to Palmerston being corrected or reformed, I don't believe a word of it,' he had written a year before the crash came, and his prognostication was singularly accurate. He was keenly alive to the dislike of the Court: 'The Queen's favourite aversions are: first and foremost Palmerston, and Disraeli next,' although the commentator may truly lay stress on the 'candid and dispassionate spirit' with which in later years these statesmen were received by their Sovereign. When, however, the tension was greatest, the Queen, acting on the advice of Stockmar, took no active steps to overturn the Foreign Secretary, but allowed the initiative to be taken by Lord John Russell; so that although for one moment Lord Palmerston may have spoken of a 'cabal' against him, his good sense speedily convinced him that he was mistaken, and within a few days of his fall he could speak of the Court without bitterness, and in strong terms could praise the 'sagacity of the Queen.'

Palmerston's 'tit for tat,' as he termed it, followed very quickly upon his ejection from office, and when the Government fell he could afford to smile. His triumph over Lord John Russell was complete.

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Never again was he the subordinate of that statesman in office. The blunders of the Aberdeen Government, of which he was the only popular member, left Lord Palmerston the one indispensable Englishman, and the upshot of his quarrel with the Court and with the leader of the Whigs was to make him the Queen's Prime Minister. Although he was never Foreign Secretary after 1851, his interest in foreign affairs remained undiminished. The Queen has related how when he was Home Secretary in 1853, she, interested in and alarmed about the strikes in the North, put a question to him: 'Pray, Lord Palmerston, have you any news?' He replied, 'No, madam, I have heard nothing; but it seems certain the Turks have crossed the Danube.' Strikes, responsible as he was for order, were as nothing to him compared with the intricacies of the Eastern Question, about which it was not necessary for him specially to concern himself. In 1855, although a futile attempt was made to form an administration under Lord Granville, in which both Palmerston and Russell were to serve, the universal desire of the nation, supplemented by Lord John's want of tact, placed Lord Palmerston at the head of the Government; and except for a short interval three years later, when his supposed subservience to Napoleon the Third cost him his office, Prime Minister he remained until his death ten years afterwards.

From the moment he became her First Minister his position relative to the Queen underwent a marked change. Lord Aberdeen, who was on friendly terms with the Prince, said to Bishop Wilberforce, a few months after Palmerston's accession to office, that 'the Queen has not altered at all in her real feelings to him. She behaves perfectly well and truly to him. It has always been her great virtue, but she does not like him a bit better than she did, nor the Prince either.' If this was the case, there is no corroboration of it, and indeed all the evidence points to the gradual arriving at a perfectly good understanding with both the Queen and the Prince. The causes of difference had indeed passed away. No doubt the Prince still found much which was unsympathetic to him in Palmerston's character. Although he could admire, as everyone did, the great physical vigour of a Prime Minister who, when seventy years old, could row on the Thames before breakfast, or swim in the river like an Eton boy, or who, when nearly eighty, was able to ride from London to Harrow and back in one day, yet he shrank from what Lord Houghton called 'Palmerston's ha-ha and *laissez-faire*.' The Prime Minister's ethical views amused the maids of honour, and made them laugh, but they seemed drearily inadequate to the grave-minded Prince. When, however, the fatal December of 1861 crushed the Queen's life, Lord Palmerston was the first to realise the irreparable loss which, as wife and sovereign, she had sustained, and to appreciate her meaning when she spoke of having to 'begin a new reign.'

For many years before the Prince's death, he and Palmerston had

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worked well together. Their struggle had ended in 1855, when Palmerston became Prime Minister. While the Prince had contended for a constitutional punctilio, Palmerston had fought for his own hand. It was not on principle that he objected to the control by the Prime Minister and the Crown over the Foreign Secretary; his objections were founded on the circumstance that he himself was the Foreign Secretary it was proposed to control. Of late years, owing to the accident of Lord Salisbury combining the office of Foreign Secretary and Prime Minister, the desirability of having two heads instead of one to manage the foreign relations of the country has been erected into a principle. The afterthought sprang in the usual way from the spirit of opposition, and not from any rational or careful consideration of the question based on experience. Those, however, who denounced Lord Salisbury must recognise the force of the Queen's contention in her struggle with Palmerston, and her celebrated memorandum must to them appear the charter of Foreign Office subservience. In reality the temper of the Foreign Secretary is the key of the situation. Given a man full of restless activity and hasty enthusiasms, then the mere time involved in sending despatches in red boxes to the Queen is so much gained for reflection. Given a minister of a calmer type, control or supervision is only a work of supererogation, and frequently a fatal loss of the psychological moment. When the Queen was engaged in endeavouring to check the youthful ardour of Lord Palmerston, she was little more than a girl in years, while he was well beyond the farthest limit of middle age. Yet in many ways he was incomparably the younger of the two. To the Queen supreme responsibility came early in life, and, as usual, it aged her; while to Palmerston supreme responsibility came late, and found him still a boy in mind. He was fifty years in the House of Commons before he led that assembly; and during that half-century, although constantly in office, he had not been a regular speaker or even a regular attendant in the House. 'I can't get that three-decker Palmerston to bear down,' Mr. Canning used to say; and Palmerston always hesitated to formulate views upon any subject which was not his special care at the moment. He refused to set his mind to work on hypotheses. In fact, he was a typical man of the world, and, as it has been often said, a man of the world is not an imaginative animal. When Lord Houghton found himself next to Mr. Gladstone at dinner half a century ago, he found him 'excited about China and the cattle plague, and half a dozen other things;' when he found himself next to Lord Palmerston he could get no farther than the inevitable ha-ha and *laissez-faire*. What was admirable, however, in Lord Palmerston, was his ever-present sense of the dignity of England. 'Tell M. Guizot from me,' said Metternich, 'that one does not with impunity play little tricks with great countries.' Lord Palmerston never stooped to little tricks

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himself, and would not tolerate them in others. This attitude, together with his firmness about the military forces of the Crown, and his cheerful confidence in the fortune and stamina of his countrymen in 1853 and 1857, were thoroughly appreciated by the Queen; so that when the end came she could look back and mourn honestly at the breaking of 'another link with the past,' and feel sincerely and 'deeply in her desolate and isolated condition how one by one those tried servants and advisers are taken from her.' As befitted him, Lord Palmerston died in harness. Realistic and Hellenic in spirit as he was, like his prototype of old who kept a bow which he strung daily to test his failing strength, the Prime Minister within a few weeks of his death was seen to come out of the house at Brocket, look lest he was observed, and then slowly and deliberately climb an iron railing as a test of his bodily vigour. He was over fourscore, and death took him quickly and kindly while still in full possession of his faculties and still in the plenitude of power. Four years before he died, the Queen must have felt that her life had ended. Yet it is now a generation since Lord Palmerston's death, and the Queen, to whose sagacity he bore witness so long ago, still sagaciously rules the nation that he helped to make great. As the first portion of her reign may be said to have synchronised with the fall of Peel, so the second portion ended with the death of Palmerston. Henceforth she was destined to be thrown with a new generation of public servants, men well known to her by name and fame, some of whom had already served her in positions of responsibility, but none of whom had passed in close relation with her through the excitements of her Queenship, and the joys and sorrows of her married life. In spite of differences and quarrels, the Queen had always extended to Lord Palmerston that straightforward support of the lack of which none of her Ministers have ever complained, and when he died she could not help feeling that her youth had passed away with him, and that she was left a lonely woman face to face with the awful responsibilities of her great office without one human being in the world whom she could call an old friend.

REGINALD B. BRETT.

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PEDIGREES OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN HORSES

At the early invasion of England by the Romans, horses were brought to this country, but their type is not mentioned. King Alfred imposed laws for the improvement of indigenous breeds, and was the first monarch to appoint a Master of the Horse, who was called Horsethane. Athelstane, the son of Alfred, followed the footsteps of his father, by prohibiting the exportation and encouraging the importation of horses, such imports when sent as presents by foreign potentates always being most acceptable to him. We read:

> Sundry princes sought his alliance and friendship and sent him rich presents, the finest horses with golden furniture, perfumes, &c.

These are said to have been 'running horses.' They were nags of moderate size, useful for the purposes of parade and chariot racing, one of the pastimes of this period. When William the Conqueror landed on these shores we learn that he was opposed by numerous chariots and horses 'which were most dexterously handled by the natives,' but they were met by a superior force of cavalry, which contributed largely to the Norman success at the battle of Hastings. On this occasion history records the exact equine types that were imported; all the nobles had their war or great horse, and the Bayeux tapestry depicts the boats of the invading army full of horses.

> Every knight has a small pony on which he rides without armour, whilst the great war horse is led by a squire.

The Normans were great lovers of horses, and we know that the Conqueror laid many villages waste in order to secure large open plains for his favourite pastime of hunting. At this period Roger de Belesme, Earl of Shrewsbury, in order to improve the existing type of horse then in this country, introduced Spanish stallions into his Welsh dominions, and throughout the periods of the Plantagenet dynasty small horses from the East and great horses from Lombardy found their way to these shores. Bérenger describes these horses as being adapted

> For war purposes and exhibitions of public assemblies, of which horses are always an essential and ornamental part.

Fitz-Stephen, who lived during Henry the Second's reign, gives us

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a description of tournaments and public exhibitions, how at Smithfield horses were paraded for sale, hackneys and charging steeds were tried there by racing one against the other.

> There are also colts yet ignorant of the bridle, which prance and bound and give early signs of spirit and courage; there are also *managed war horses* of elegant shape, full of fire, and giving early proof of a generous and noble temper; horses also for the cart, dray, and plough are to be found.

From this account it will be seen that at this period various equine types were recognised, the managed or tournament charger being spoken of as distinct from the cart horse. These animals were the descendants of the imported Norman horses, and represented how an improvement had been gained on the native stock by accidental crossing.

Later on, during the reign of King John, the development of the great horse was continued, for we learn that this monarch 'imported one hundred Flanders stallions;' and as the tournament was at this date a great national institution, we may presume that these animals were destined for performance in the tilting yard. These were the days when large horses were in request. Not only did the king but also 'barons and knights vie with one another in procuring stout horses,' and in the second year of Edward the Second we find a commission is given to Bynde Bonaventure for twenty war horses and twelve draught horses to be purchased in Lombardy. *Pro viginti dextrariis et duodecim jumentis emendis in partibus Lombardiæ.* It is also recorded that Edward the Third purchased fifty Spanish chargers for 1,000 marks, and paid Count Hainault 25,000 florins for four great horses imported from France. *Pro quatuor dextrariis seu magnis equis.* During this reign the breeds of British horses were gradually improved, laws were passed to control prices and to prevent dishonest dealing, which were principally directed against owners residing in Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, and Yorkshire, from which edicts we may assume that these counties even then were considered favoured localities for breeding and rearing horses.

These equine importations above mentioned consisted of Arabs and large horses from Flanders, the light Oriental horses being imported for the improvement of the Plantagenet hunters and the great horse for military purposes; from these two equine types our thoroughbred and cart horse breeds have by gradual and progressive development been propagated. The Crusades also offered an opportunity to the warriors who left this country for the Holy Land to note the excellence of the horses ridden by the Saracens, which being taken in battle or obtained by purchase found their way to this country. The advent of these animals led to the development of greater quality in the English light-bred horses and to the improvement of the heavier types, and was the first authentic record to furnish us with a knowledge of the exact strain from which these

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importations emanated. On the Continent years previously to the Crusade period the Turks had been celebrated for their breed of horses, and various accounts have reached us both in prose and verse of the excellence of the Arab. No doubt the horses brought to this country were directly descended from the stock with which Mahomet and his followers had waged war, and this fact, taken into consideration with others soon to be exposed, proves that it was from the Oriental horse England obtained that quality now to be noticed throughout the entire range of her equine breeds, and from which the hunter and thoroughbred of our day originally derived their beautiful forms and fleetness. During the reigns of the Plantagenets, as the chase was the incentive to the propagation of swift horses, so was the tournament an incentive to the production of the great horse. It is impossible to determine the exact date of the first tournament. Nicetas states that the Emperor Emanuel Comeninus invented tilts and tournaments at the siege of Constantinople.

Nithard mentions the exhibition of an equestrian pastime similar to a tournament in Germany, before the Emperor Louis and his brother Charles the Bald, about the year 842. He recounts how knights of different nations formed into two equal divisions rode against and otherwise engaged each other as if in battle. The Germans claim to have been the originators of these sports in 936. The French assert that Geofry of Previlli in Anjou, who was killed at Gaunt in 1066, was the first to invent the tournament. From whatever source it derived its origin, it is well known that it was not established in England until sixty years after the Norman Conquest, and that the great imported war horse was an important and necessary figure at these performances; and for this reason large horses were imported by the Anglo-Normans, Plantagenets, and Tudors from Flanders and Lombardy, so as to keep up the supply of the great horse and to improve the native breeds, and as long as the tournament continued to be a national institution the propagation of the big horse received great attention, and during the same period the race of small ponies was not only neglected, but its destruction was ordered, for during the reign of Henry the Eighth a law was enacted that no stallion less than fifteen hands and no mare less than thirteen hands should run wild in the country. A colt two years old and under eleven hands and a half high was not permitted to run on any moor, forest, or common where mares were pastured, and at Michaelmastide the neighbouring magistrates were ordered to drive all forests and commons, and not only to destroy such stallions, but also 'all unlikely tits, whether mares or foals.' It further ordered that all prelates and nobles and all those 'whose wives wore velvet bonnets' should leap and ride upon stallions not less than fifteen hands high; and in Edward the Sixth's reign a law was passed prohibiting the importation of stallions below fourteen hands and mares below

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thirteen hands high. It is certain, therefore, that in 1550 great attention was bestowed by Englishmen in attempting to secure a better type of horse than had previously existed; yet the progress to perfection was very gradual, as we learn from Blunderville, who lived in the days of Elizabeth, that two classes of horses existed in the country, 'very indifferent, strong, slow, heavy draught horses, or light and weak.'

Moreover it is a notorious fact that during this reign horses were scarce. Whether this was owing to the destruction of 'the unlikely tits' or from other causes cannot be determined, but history informs us of the scanty and meagre display the British cavalry made at Tilbury Fort when assembled there to be inspected by Elizabeth, and Carew in his History of Cornwall suggests it was due to wholesale slaughter laws of Henry the Eighth that the almost total loss of small horses was attributable, 'formerly so common in that part of England and Wales.' During the Plantagenet and Tudor periods two classes of horses existed in England—'running horses,' as they were called, and war or tournament chargers. But the great horse of the past was inferior to the Shire horse of to-day as the Barbs and Arabians of the Stuart epoch would be to the thoroughbred of this era. During the reign of the last Tudor the demand for great horses was on the wane. Battles being fought with artillery rendered heavy armour defenceless, which was consequently reduced to a light description, was only partially adopted, and then more for ornament than use. Ladies of high rank who had been accustomed to ride by the side of gentlemen on pillions soon discontinued this practice after the appearance of carriages, which were introduced by the Earl of Arundel in 1580. Heavy horses, no doubt, were primarily attached to these cumbrous vehicles. The novelty attracted the attention of the rich, which ultimately led to better designs in the construction of coaches, and as they were made to decrease in weight the demand for lighter horses increased. During Elizabeth's reign the days of the tournament were drawing to a close, consequently one of the incentives to the propagation of heavy horses was vanishing away. Whether the discontinuance of this pastime or the introduction of carriages assisted in causing the decrease in the horse supply which was noticed in the scanty display of cavalry at Tilbury Fort, it is impossible to determine. We know that at this time private race meetings were instituted, to be followed later on by public ones, and that nags were in demand, and although carriages had been introduced they were used only to a very limited extent. Ben Jonson tells how the grandees rode on horseback to the theatres, and that when the great Shakespeare fled to London in terror of a criminal prosecution, his first expedient was to wait at the doors of theatres and hold the horses of those who had no servants, in order that they might be in readiness for their owners after the performance. In this capacity he became so conspicuous

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for his careful attention that in a short time all who alighted called for William Shakespeare, and scarcely anyone was trusted with a horse if William's services could be obtained, for which reason he hired boys to act under his orders, who were called 'Shakespeare's boys,' and for years afterwards those who took charge of horses at the doors of theatres were known as 'Shakespeare's boys.'

At this period a more active breed of horses began to be propagated, and the effect of causes previously mentioned, such as the disuse of heavy armour, &c., gave rise to the cultivation of light nags, and to the gradually declining display of the Great Horse whose mean appearance, a year after the Spanish Armada, Sir John Smythe deplores. He writes:

> Their horsemen, serving on horseback with lances or any other weapon, think themselves well armed with some kind of headpiece, and a collar on a deformed, high-bellied beast.

As the occupation of the great tournament horse 'was going,' its propagation in great measure was discontinued, yet an incentive to the breeding of stout horses still existed, as such animals were required to draw the lumbering and heavy vehicles of this era across countries and plains, over bad roads or where none existed. During the Stuart dynasty large horses were imported from Flanders and Northern Europe together with Barbs, Turks, Persians, and Arabs, which by intermixture with our native breeds and between themselves succeeded in forming the ancestral stocks from which all British equine breeds have emanated.

The British cart horse's descent can be traced from the great horse originally imported from Flanders and Lombardy, but much improved since those days by judicious crossing and careful selection of parents. The Stuarts first introduced quality, but size was wanting, for when William III. ascended the throne and sought to drain the Lincolnshire Fens he found that the British cart horse of this date was not strong enough for the tasks imposed upon him; consequently he imported large Dutch horses (the old Lincolnshire Blacks). The Dukes of Ancaster also brought over to this country similar breeds from Holland. This was the first step of any note which gave an impetus for the improvement of our coarser equine stock, and formed the main root from which our cart horses have proceeded. Our grandfathers have told us how their fathers expatiated on the merits of those horses, of their size and feats of strength, how the blacks with white legs and blazes were most esteemed. These animals or their descendants in time became located all over England, and thus a good cross of fresh blood found its way to the descendants of the old tournament horse, and procured that increase in size and strength for which our present breed of cart horses is so celebrated.

The intermixture which has been resorted to in bringing out a stalwart breed of draught horses has resulted in the development of

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three distinct specimens, the Shire horse, the Clydesdale, and the Suffolk, each breed possessing distinct types. The Shire is the largest of the three kinds, and from him the two other strains have been obtained by crossing and recrossing. During this century farmers whilst examining the soil have learned what style of horse was required for its cultivation; and as various districts contain different soils, so have distinct equine specimens been grown upon them. The land upon which every species of animal is bred exerts a powerful influence upon it for good or evil. We find that a sterile soil will stunt the growth of animal life, whereas a rich one will promote vigour, size and stoutness.

Climate also has its effect in assisting development, which is noticed particularly with regard to the horse. As we approach cold and hot climates the horses become diminutive. In tropical and arctic regions they have no place; the dog and the deer take their places as beasts of burden. This fact proves that a temperature neither too hot nor too cold fosters equine development, and consequently that Great Britain represents a country favourable to the growth of horses; and if such had not been the case they never could have been brought to their present state of excellence. Horses are bred in every county in England, and even in bad soils may be brought to perfection, but this must then be accomplished with the extra expense of artificial foods and extra attention.

The Shire horse, the descendant of the Lincolnshire black, is bred for the most part in Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Berkshire, and Oxfordshire. The horses bred in these counties differ from one another in size and character, each county, perhaps owing to difference of soil, possessing its own peculiar type; yet, although such is the case, they all are true specimens of the Shire horse, and exhibit the distinguishing characteristics of this breed in their size, form, and great growth of hair about their legs. They usually have large heads, good muscular shoulders, wide chests, short backs, with well-developed pelves and thighs. These animals are bred to the highest perfection in the fens of Lincolnshire, some growing to seventeen hands high before their third year. From this fact it would seem that soil had some effect in producing size. Youatt, who wrote upon this subject fifty years ago, will not give the land the credit for such development, but considers that certain situations are better suited than others for the various kinds of farming and the breeding of different animals, and 'that it does not depend on the soil or pasture.' It may be, however, attributable to the moisture of the soil and the invigorating atmosphere which pervades this county.

The Clydesdales, perhaps the most highly esteemed by farmers, especially in the hilly countries, are bred in districts bordering on the Clyde, and owe their origin to one of the Dukes of Hamilton, who crossed some of his best Lanark mares with stallions he imported from Flanders. This breed is conspicuous for its high courage, activity, and endurance. Several years ago the late General Peel

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told me how successful he had been in mating his thoroughbred Toxophylite with Clydesdale mares.

When you use (said he) a thoroughbred for draught mares always use the biggest and best you have, and you will be sure to produce draught horses second to none. Horses good as Stockwell are not too good for my Clydesdales; what I have bred will go on their knees to move the heaviest loads, they won't be beaten.

This fact proves how beneficially a good cross of fresh blood operates, and particularly so when the new blood is obtained from the thoroughbred—not from inferior specimens of this breed, but from the very best—from 'horses as good as Stockwell.' The Clydesdale differs from the Shire horse in that it has a long low back, short flat ribs, good hard legs, and long pasterns, which would seem to have been derived from a cross with a half-bred or thoroughbred horse. This certainly is not a desirable conformation, and our Scottish brothers have for several years past inoculated this breed by the introduction of the best Shire blood, both male and female, which has resulted in the production of animals with shorter and stronger pasterns. This breed is much in request in this country, and the best specimens are readily sold to Americans at high figures.

The Suffolk is not the same character of horse he was fifty years ago, but he still retains some of his ancestors' good qualities, and is even now one of the most useful kind of farm horses, being suited admirably for the plough, especially on light soils. This animal is very hardy, and even after a hard day's work seldom shows symptoms of fatigue, and is always ready to put his nose in the manger. It is surprising to how great an extent the Suffolk will exert himself in pulling against a dead weight—so much so that in years past carters were in the habit of laying wagers on the capability of their horses' powers to lift heavy loads. The Suffolk usually possesses a big body, is about sixteen hands high, with good flat legs, does not come to his prime until his eighth year, nor show symptoms of old age until he is fifteen years old, and is consequently the most enduring of British cart horses. Although such is the case, he is not so well adapted for the heavy vehicular traffic of our large cities as the Shire horse, which combines the activity of the Clydesdale with the constitution and gameness of the Suffolk, and is therefore fit for any kind of work, whether it be on the farm, the coal cart, or brewer's van. It is contended by many, and even by brewers, that tall horses and those of great weight are not so well adapted to draw heavy loads as animals of smaller build. This entirely depends upon the amount of weight to be lifted, and the kinds of roads over which loads have to be carted. For a light waggon, carrying only a moderate load, a compact and not very large animal is required; but when we consider the heavy loads that are moved from railway stations and brewers' yards, it is evident that the machinery should be proportioned to its requirements. Therefore, if such be the case, it is manifest that

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horses of weight are wanted to move heavily laden waggons. Moreover, it is in the primary effort in attempting to move heavy weights that severe strain is imposed on living machinery, which in the brewer's van is represented by the horse. If not strong enough for the task—if his limbs, especially hocks, thighs, and back, are not well developed—then animal machinery is called upon to perform a task which it is incapable of doing with impunity. Light horses at such work break down; the harp of a thousand chords snaps somewhere—spavin, ringbone, and muscular lacerations terminate a career which, at lighter work, might have been long continued. For all heavy traffic the powerfully developed Shire horse is a necessity.

Let us now return to the consideration of the lighter bred British horses, which at the end of Elizabeth's reign evidently needed improvement; and fortunately an incentive to the propagation of better equine types was not wanting when James I. ascended the throne. This prince had introduced horse racing into Scotland, and soon after his arrival this sport was established in England. James I. was a great believer in Arab blood, and was the first to import a truly authentic Arab, which he purchased of a merchant named Markham for 500*l*. This animal proved a failure, but, nothing daunted, James established race meetings at Croydon and Enfield, and encouraged the importation of Oriental horses. From a Mr. Pace he bought the celebrated horse known as the White Turk, which came from the north coast of Africa. This importation was followed by the introduction of the Helmsley Turk by the first Duke of Buckingham, and the Morocco Barb by Lord Fairfax. We notice at this period the Eastern horses were in request for the improvement of our then existing breeds, but their great qualifications had only partially been established, for we find Gervase Markham stating 'the true English-bred horse to be superior to those of any other country.'

> I do daily find in my experience that the virtue, goodness, boldness, swiftness, and endurance of our true-bred English horses is equal with any race of horses whatsoever.

Again:

> For swiftness what nation has brought forth the horse which has exceeded the English? When the best Barbaries that ever were in their prime, I saw them overcome by a black hobbie at Salisbury, and yet that black hobbie was overrunne by a horse called Valentine, which Valentine neither in hunting or running was ever equalled, yet was a plain-bred English horse both by syre and dam.

From this quotation it would seem that amid the native stock of the country good equine specimens could be found, upon which Oriental blood was about to give that impression of excellence which is to be noticed throughout the entire range of British horses. These were the days when a great advance was made in the creation of swift horses, and the breeding of heavy horses became a declining pursuit,

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for we find Lord Harlegh lamenting 'the visible diminution of the old stock known as the great horse;' and during Charles the First's reign a memorial was presented to that prince stating that the breed of stout and powerful horses 'fit for the defence of the country' was likely to disappear unless measures were adopted to encourage the propagation 'of this useful and important type of horse.' The great horse's 'occupation had gone.' The turf had usurped the place of the tilting yard, the coach had removed a portion of the pack from the horse's back, the order of the day was for fast gallopers, and every means, by cross breeding and foreign importations, was resorted to in order to create horses 'who looked as though the speed of thought were in their limbs.' Cromwell kept a stud of racehorses, and recognised that speed and endurance was to be preferred to bulk and inactivity; he consequently encouraged horse-racing as a means of procuring active chargers for his army. It was not, however, until after the Restoration that the turf became an institution, when it fell to the lot of Charles the Second to become one of its most distinguished patrons. He established the course at Newmarket, built a palace and stables there, organised the meeting at Datchet Mead, and was during his reign the largest single-handed importer of Oriental horses. In 1667 the Duke of Newcastle published his work on horsemanship, which he dedicated to Charles the Second, and it was in great measure owing to the impression the contents of this book made on the minds of Charles and his courtiers, that agents were sent to distant countries to procure Oriental horses. The Duke, having been exiled during the Commonwealth, visited various countries, and from amongst them selected the Barb as his ideal of what a horse should be. He writes:

> The Barbary horses, I freely confess, are my favourites, and I allow them the preference as to shape, strength, natural air, and docility. Mountain Barbs are horses of the best courage; many of them bear the marks of wounds they have received from lions.

And in giving advice relative to the improvement of the then existing English breeds, he writes:

> The best stallion is a well-chosen Barb or beautiful Spanish horse. Some people believe that a Barb or Genet produces too small a breed. There is no fear of having horses too small in England, since the moisture of the climate and fatness of the land rather produces horses too large. In the choice of breeding mares, I would advise you either to take a well-shaped Spanish or Neapolitan; when these are not easily obtained, then a beautiful English mare of good colour and well marked.

The Duke of Newcastle was the most conspicuous horseman of his day, and it was through his advice that Charles's agents made their selections. They procured Oriental stallions and mares, which animals soon became inmates of the royal stables, and in a short time Charles was the owner of the finest equine establishment in the world. During the time this stud was being founded, Barbary,

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Spanish, and Turkish horses were imported to fill the royal stables, and previously to this period, we are informed by Markham, horses of quality such as Valentine were running on the turf, and 'beautiful English mares' were to be found as dams of future stock. These animals, we may assume, were known winners, and were mated with the Oriental importations, whose offspring formed the root from which our present thoroughbreds have derived their origin. It was recognised during the Stuart epoch that the English racer was a clumsy-looking animal in comparison with the Barb or Turk. He was strong and in some instances of large build, but did not possess the elegant form of the Barb, neither was he able to hold his own with him on the racecourse. It was then thought by our ancestors that the agile and graceful form of the Eastern horse if combined with English stock would cause the production of an animal superior to either parents. This combination, we all know, resulted in success, and was effected by such horses as Pace's White Turk, the Helmsley Turk, D'Arcy's White Turk, Selaby Turk, &c., and by numerous Barbary stallions, especially by Dodsworth, Curwen, Bay Barb, Compton, and Toulouse Barbs. The first cross possessed much of the quality of the Eastern sire combined with the stamina of the coarser stock.

The breed of horses which the Stuarts found in this country furnished the parent stock for the English racer by giving superior size and proportion of moving parts, the Barbs and Turks supplying the locomotive system, the one in request when fleetness of limb was demanded; and although the Eastern horses did not directly create the thoroughbred of to-day, they caused that great move which led to his ultimate production. The exact breed of these Oriental horses has never been satisfactorily determined; the great authority on such matters, the late Admiral Rous, was of opinion that the Eastern horses imported during the Stuart epoch were all Arabian, and that these animals never were mated with the old English stock, but *inter se*

produced the British thoroughbred, *alias* the pure Eastern exotic, whose pedigree may be traced two thousand years, the true son of Arabia Deserta, without a drop of English blood in his veins.

This assertion of Admiral Rous can be easily refuted by referring to the writings of Markham and other authors of the periods during which these Eastern horses were imported. In 1618 Michael Barrett noticed the benefit to be derived from cross breeding. He writes:

Although the Spanish Genet and Irish Hobby and the Arabian courser are held both by Maister Blunderville and Maister Markham to be the chief for pacing and neat action, there is a bastard stallion begotten of them on our English mares which doth exceed either of them in toughness, &c.

This paragraph distinctly indicates that in certain directions, by

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mating a Spanish genet, Irish hobby, or Arabian courser with English mares, offspring was obtained superior to either parent; and the advice given by the Duke of Newcastle, 1667, as to the selection of horses for breeding purposes testifies to the fact that cross-breeding was resorted to in order to establish the breed of race-horses from which our thoroughbreds have descended. It is almost impossible to understand how Admiral Rous, with the knowledge he possessed, could have asserted that all horses imported from the East during the Stuart dynasty were pure Arabians of the Desert, whose pedigree could be traced back two thousand years, and

> That the English racehorse both on male and female sides had descended from pure-bred Arabians.

Many books may be consulted on this subject, all which tend to prove that the English blood horse has not descended in a direct line from pure Arabs 'as pure exotics without a single drop of English blood in their veins' (Rous), but that the thoroughbreds of to-day have derived their excellence not from having been bred within a distinct circle but from intercourse derived from outside sources. If one fact has been more impressed upon the mind of breeders than another, it is that all improved breeds of domestic animals owe their perfection not to cohabitation within a distinct line of the same family, but to co-admixture with other breeds, and to this general rule the British race-horse forms no exception. The first crosses of Barbs and Arabians were 'good enough to run away from the garrons of that era' (Rous), but swifter horses were to be obtained for Old England, and by mere accident, for previously to the reign of Queen Anne a prejudice existed against Oriental blood, but was removed to a certain extent when Darley (1715) purchased of his brother, then residing in Aleppo, the Darley Arabian, the sire of Flying Childers, the fastest horse over a long distance that ever ran.

In 1725, the Godolphin Barb, commonly called Arabian, was brought to these shores, and from these two horses our most distinguished racers have descended. That all these imported horses were of Oriental descent is certain; that they possessed agile forms and racing qualities in their day cannot be denied. Our forefathers imported them to improve the then existing breed of racers; they were not selected on account of what we call blood, but because they exhibited external form indicative of fleetness of limb and endurance. Upon this strain the Darley and Godolphin Arabians gave those excellent impressions which caused the ultimate development of the British thoroughbred. Walker in his book on intermarriage writes:

> The native breed of English horses formed the parent stock of the English racer by furnishing the posterior series of organs directly and indirectly, and especially superior size and proportion of moving parts, and the Asiatic horse did the rest by furnishing the anterior series of organs—the forehead, organs of sense

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and the fourth application action, the vital system and density of fibre. To a cross with the Byerly Turk we are indebted for the Herod and Highflyer organisation, to the Darley Arabian for the Flying Childers and Eclipse organisation, to the Godolphin Barb for the Matcham organisation, and to the Wellesley Arabian, believed to be a Persian, for what is said to be the only advantage gained to the English racehorse by a foreign cross in later years.

The improvement obtained for horses during the past 300 years can readily be understood by any who will recognise facts. When Charles the Second ascended the throne, the native-bred English racehorse was easily beaten by the imported Eastern horses. These, when mated with British stock, with the small pony and the great horse, gave to their offspring improved form and qualifications. This improved breed, when mixed *inter se*, produced a still better class of animal, to which the Darley and Godolphin Arabians gave those excellent impressions which have resulted in the ultimate development of the English thoroughbred. From the days of the Tudors to the present the racehorse has increased in size, and this has been caused by crossing and judicious selection of parents. The late Admiral Rous, as we have seen, thought differently—namely, that the English thoroughbred was a pure Eastern exotic, that he was a lineal descendant of the Arab, 'without a single drop of English blood in his veins;' and although he pointed out how the racer had gradually, from century to century, increased in height, he attributed this development to the effects of our 'damp, foggy climate,' combined with

Good pasture and judicious management. He has increased in size, strength, and vigour in these damp, foggy little islands.

If climate and good pasture caused all the improvement which the Admiral admits did occur, how is it that, antecedent to Charles the Second's day, the small horses did not increase in size? The climate and pasture played the same part then as they are said to have done later on; and surely the Tudors would not have enacted laws for the slaughter of small horses and 'unlikely tits' if they had recognised that good pastures and a humid atmosphere would have produced greater size. The truth is that the horses of England at this period had degenerated, perhaps the result of in-breeding, and worthless progeny had become too common, an evil which it only needed a fresh cross of good blood to remedy; this was obtained from various sources, but principally from the Eastern importations. Every physiologist knows how sometimes in a cross, when two animals are mated, their offspring will attain greater size, strength, and vigour than either parent, and this will take place even if the colt, during the early periods of its existence, is subjected to indifferent management, and is not fed from the best pastures. Rich pasture and a moist climate may play an important part in causing improvements in our domestic breeds of animals to remain permanent; but it never has produced nor could produce size unless the materials for its creation

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had been in existence. Our ancestors' knowledge of physiology of breeding was very limited. Had it been more extensive we might have possessed good practical information on this important subject; but enough has been handed down to enable us to recognise how great has been the improvement in our breeds of British horses, and, in a degree, how these changes from bad to good have been effected. In every instance 'a fresh cross of good blood' has caused the primary desired change—namely, the development of better offspring, which improved stock have produced between themselves progeny that formed the roots from which our various equine breeds have descended. Hunters, hacks, draught horses and trotters—all the quality these types possess they have derived either directly from Eastern horses or indirectly through the thoroughbred. The Irish hobby, which was quite to the front as a racehorse during the days of the Stuarts, derived much of his excellence and perhaps the impression he obtained from the Spanish horses which were cast upon the Irish coasts from the ships of the Armada. These animals were small, but were held in great estimation by our ancestors. Strutt writes of these hobbies:

> Horses they have of pace, easie in running, wonderful swift. Therefore they make of them great store, as wherein at times of need they repose a great piece of safetie.

Not only was the hobby a racehorse but a good hunter, and many stories have been handed down to us of the magnificent performances of these animals in the hunting-field. The breed is still in existence, and it is asserted that some fine specimens of it are to be seen in Hungary; but the hobby of to-day does not put in the same appearance as he did in the past; his descendants now are met with in Norfolk cobs, in the hunting class, and among trotters. For speed and good action as a hunter, roadster, or trapper, the Irish horses that have emanated from the hobby cannot be excelled, the Irish hunter being second to none; and Mr. Wrench suggests means ought to be employed to perpetuate and improve this magnificent equine type. Indigenous breeds of animals are not always improved by crossing, as by so doing the characteristic excellences of one or both parents are not necessarily developed in their offspring; they may gain certain qualities, but may lose some of those peculiarities which made the indigenous stock famous. This remark applies to the old-fashioned Irish hobby, whose blood no doubt now circulates in the veins of various equine types, in which the original has only been partially preserved, and unless the few remaining specimens of this famous breed be mated together to insure its future propagation, it will pass out of existence and be no more seen. The hobby was famous as a racehorse in the time of Elizabeth, but during the Stuart dynasty he

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gave way to the superior speed of the Barb and Arab, with which we may assume he was mated in the attempt to breed 'swift runners.' Of late years the Irish horse has been valued as a hunter and steeplechaser, and the performances on the turf of such horses as Harkaway, The Baron, and others place the Irish blood horse in a conspicuous position as a racer.

During the reign of Charles the First hobbies were exported from this country to America, and no doubt some of them have given their good blood to our brothers' trotters 'across the pond.' It is stated that the hobby has in great measure descended from the Spanish horses that were cast on the Irish coasts at the dispersal of the Armada, and that no horses existed in America until after they were imported there by the Spaniards; consequently these two types were to a certain extent distinct from each other, and represented two specimens, the parent stocks from which the American track flyers have emanated. The English thoroughbred and American trotters are closely allied to each other; they have both sprung from the same sources, from the Darley Arabian and Godolphin Barb. The trotters of America owe their origin to Messenger, a grey horse, foaled in 1780 and bred by John Pratt of Newmarket. Messenger was by Mambrino out of a daughter of Turf; Mambrino was by Engineer, a son of Sampson by Blaize by Childers, son of the Darley Arabian. Turf the dam of Messenger was by Matcham by the Godolphin Barb. From Messenger sprang two celebrated strains, Mambrino Chief and Hambletonian, to which sires the best trotting blood of America owes its existence.

During the early days of trotting our brothers on the other side of the Atlantic bred horses for speed more than for beauty; at the beginning of this century the American trotting horse was a raw-boned, ungainly-looking animal, and his speed was not very wonderful; between the years 1830 and 1840 the record for the mile was not better than 2 min. 35¼ sec.; in 1842 the grey mare Lady Suffolk at Beacon Course, New Jersey, reduced the supposed limit (2 min. 30 sec.) of trotting speed to 2 min. 26½ sec. In 1859 Flora Temple trotted the mile in 2 min. 19¾ sec. In 1867 the celebrated horse Dexter lowered the record for the mile to 2 min. 17¼ sec., but it was not until 1871 that Goldsmith Maid lowered Dexter's colours by travelling the mile in 2 min. 17 sec.; in 1874 this mare in her famous heat against time beat her previous performance by trotting the mile in 2 min. 14 sec., which long remained the champion record. Goldsmith Maid remained queen of the track for five years, until the bay gelding St. Julian in 1879 reduced the standing record to 2 min. 12¾ sec. and following year to 2 min. 11¼ sec. In 1880 Maud S. trotted the mile in 2 min. 8¾ sec.; for many years this famous mare held the mile record, for it was not until 1891 a new mile record was made

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by Sunol in 2 min. 8¼ sec. On September 28, 1892, the grand mare Nancy Hanks reduced the mile record to 2 min. 4 sec.

One point worthy of notice regarding the queens of the trotting track is, that they all with exception of Flora Temple have descended from the imported Messenger; Flora Temple's sire was of obscure origin, but through her dam Madam Temple her pedigree can be traced to the Arab.

Little (writes Dexter in *Outing*, May 1893) did the loungers about the wharf who saw the obscure English stallion Messenger landed on American soil in 1788 imagine that he was destined to be the chief corner-stone in the building of a mighty equine race, which within a century would become at once the most useful and popular breed of horses that the world has yet seen, that it would provide the principal sport of a continent, and that in commercial value its best representatives would sell for higher prices than the far-famed patrician descendants of pure-blooded horses of Arabia. But it is equally true to the grand grey sire all credit is not due. There was good material on hand to blend with, but the wisdom of selection, the successful harmonising of streams from various sources, the glorious progress through the formative and experimental stage, until a set type or breed had been obtained, was the work of the American breeder, and the perfection of the race is at once his monument and triumph.

As before said, the English racer and American trotter can both claim a similar pedigree; both have descended from the same sires, who have stamped their impression on the indigenous stock of their respective countries—the one has produced the greatest galloper, the other the fastest trotter in the world. America can boast of having devoted the excellence of horses not only to sport but to commercial pursuits; the same horse will perform on the track, the road, or the farm, will go in saddle or harness, and some specimens will trot from one mile to twenty at top speed without showing any symptoms of distress. Few if any horses in England possess the endurance common to the American trotters. Whence this force? It is owing to the anatomical structure of these animals; their tibiæ or long bones from their stifle joints to their hocks are unusually long as compared with an English horse, and this gives them their magnificent hind action that causes them to be such fast trotters. Americans much admire the beautiful shape of British horses and their fore action, but deplore their 'pubbling hind gait;' and well they may, for how without propelling force from behind is it possible to obtain rapid locomotion? This powerful hind gait, always present in the American trotter, is seldom manifested in English horses. When it is, it gives distinct evidence that the possessor of this powerful propelling force is an animal able if put to it to trot a mile in three minutes. Such animals of speed are sometimes met with among the hackney class, horses that generally exhibit greater beauty of form than the American trotter; but as regards endurance and speed 'they are not in it' with the American; yet we are as well able to grow good trotters on this side as our brothers have grown on the other side of

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the Atlantic. The incentive to their propagation in the United States has been the trotting track, similarly as the race-course has caused the creation of the English thoroughbred. And why should not England manufacture into existence a breed of British trotters? the importance of which has not as yet been recognised in this country, but

> The day will undoubtedly come when the American trotter will be prized and valued in this country for his astonishing qualities, among which soundness of limb and feet, as well as docility, is not one of the least; and while on the point of docility it is important to state that the American horse is probably one of the most docile animals of the world, and I can attribute this to nothing else than the habitual kindness and intelligence with which the American treats this animal. The breeder has been largely assisted in this by the negro. Throughout the whole of the South where the negro prevails he has been associated with the charge of breeding studs, and his affection for the horse has developed a kind of reciprocity between himself and this animal which has had a large influence on the progeny. Anyone who has had to do with American trotters appreciates this virtue of docility. An American horse will follow you like a dog; he is not timid, and he is always reasonable. If we could only introduce some of these characteristics into our English horses it would add more to the pleasure of horse keeping and horse breeding than any other element I know. (The late Duke of Marlborough on American Trotters, *Live Stock Journal Almanac*, 1893.)

The qualifications of the trotter have only to be recognised to be appreciated. He possesses courage, endurance, speed, and docility, and his grand propelling hind action is common to no other equine breed; and as it is this hind force that is required to make more perfect British horses, it stands to reason that an attempt should be made to introduce it among our native breeds. The importance of this gait is fully recognised by the Irish, who have recently laid down two tracks, one at Belfast and another near Dublin; by the Scotch, who have established trotting arenas at Edinburgh and Glasgow, and by our countrymen in the North, who have formed several racing grounds for the promotion of this pastime; and at the present moment it only needs the formation of one or more trotting tracks in the south of England, in addition to the one at Alexandra Park, and the patronage of men of position, to develop a sport that would lead to the extensive propagation of the trotter, and to the improvement and increased supply of the general utility horse.

JAMES IRVINE LUPTON, F.R.C.V.S.

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NOTICEABLE BOOKS

1

LIFE OF BISHOP WILBERFORCE[1]

THE small Lives of 200 octavo pages which it is now the custom to write have often seemed to me to be of just the wrong length: they are neither brilliant essays like Macaulay's on Clive, Hastings, Chatham, and Temple, or Mr. Morley's on Robespierre and Carlyle, or Carlyle's on Johnson and Voltaire, or Hayward's on Lord Melbourne and Lady Palmerston, or scores of others which I could mention, nor, on the other hand, do they enable the reader to get really absorbed in the hero, like a good old-fashioned biography in two or three volumes. I doubt whether anybody who reads any one of them without any previous knowledge of the subject will form a very definite impression of the man described, or will retain his impression for any length of time. Where they are most useful is to those who, from reading other books, have already formed a general outline, but wish to refresh their memory and fill up the gaps.

This Life appears to fulfil this purpose better than most of the kind. The fascinating, complicated character of Bishop Wilberforce is fairly and strongly grasped, and the perspective of his career maintained.

It is now more than twenty years since the sudden death of this great man; for great he was in abilities, and also in performance, though in a less degree. People are already beginning to ask themselves what he has left behind him. A well-administered diocese under a bishop working ten or twelve hours a day is no longer a phenomenon. There have been many eloquent men in and out of Parliament whose fame has perished with them, unless they filled some great ministerial office and so connected themselves with the course of public events. In fact, no reputation is in itself so ephemeral as that of mere eloquence. The revival of Convocation, and the keeping of it in due restraint during its early years, in which he took so prominent a part, interests few people now. The difficult

[1] *Life of Bishop Wilberforce.* By G. W. Daniell. London: Methuen. 1891.

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task of dealing with the Ritualists, leaving a proper latitude for the fancies and feelings of each congregation, and yet protecting a parish against innovations which it does not understand and which it dislikes and dreads, is a problem not yet solved; and that Wilberforce prevented hasty legislation on the one hand, and on the other exercised a restraining influence over the clergy of his own diocese and perhaps some others, seems a small matter. He left no literary work, except a few articles contributed to the *Quarterly Review*. Nothing seems to remain, and yet he was a remarkable man, and his life is deeply interesting. How can we explain this?

The fact is the amount that a man leaves behind him is not an infallible test of his position among his contemporaries, and if we are once convinced from the evidence of general opinion that he really did fill a great position, we are as much interested in his sayings and doings as if he had taken a more marked part in changing the current of events. For this last is, as we all know, very much a matter of chance.

I do not put Wilberforce on a level with the leading men of his age, but he was greater than anything he ever did, and he had just sufficient opportunity of action to show what commanding abilities he possessed.

The most pronounced thing about him was the fascination which he exercised; the power of influencing the opinions and actions of those with whom he came into contact, by his sympathetic charm—his personal magnetism, as some people would now call it. It has been said, for instance, that, after a large party in a country house, each member of it would be under the impression that there was something particular in common between him and the Bishop, and that they two understood one another better than most people. It may be readily conceived how much power this quality could give to one who knew how to use it. And Wilberforce did know how to use it, and used it thoroughly—generally, perhaps always, for good.

Another peculiarity was a most unusual capacity for hard, continuous and rapid work. This presented itself in a very striking manner, from being combined, as it very seldom is, with the keenest social instinct. It often seemed at first sight as if he was born to be the soul of a dinner party, or to sit in an armchair exchanging brilliant conversation all day long with whoever cared to listen to him. But with his coadjutors in his diocesan work, who were well able to judge, his character was that of a man who was always endeavouring, and not without success, to compress the work of twenty-four hours into twelve. We may add to all this that he was one of the most eloquent speakers and preachers of his day. But no abilities are of any avail, unless they are guided by a sound judgment and directed to a worthy end. With regard to the last point I shall have something to say by-and-by. As to his judgment, there were grave doubts about it during some portion of his career. Mr. Daniell attributes this feeling of dis-

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trust to his unfortunate conduct at the time that Hampden was made a bishop, and no doubt it did him great harm. It must be admitted that this was a period of hasty action and clouded judgment; but when we compare what actually took place with the effect which it produced upon the public, and the pain which it caused to the Bishop himself, we cannot, after all, consider that the case was a very bad one or the indiscretion exhibited at all proportioned to the effects.

What do the charges against him really amount to? That he took advantage of the accident that Hampden held a living in his diocese to assume a position to which he was not morally entitled; that he rather hurriedly signed letters of request in instituting a suit in the Court of Arches, and at the same time demanded from Hampden, as a condition of stopping the suit, categorical answers to a series of questions on Articles of Belief and a withdrawal of two of his books from circulation: treating him, not like a man of high standing and position, but like a young divinity student; that, though Hampden's answer was, in his own words, unsatisfactory and disappointing, he nevertheless stopped the suit unconditionally on no other grounds than information received from a third party that one of Hampden's books had been republished without his consent, and because, after himself reading the books in question, which he had better have done before he acted, he could not see that there was anything objectionable in the intentions of the writer.

This is the worst light in which Wilberforce's conduct can possibly be put. But he was vehemently attacked by all parties. The Bishop of Exeter and others found fault with him for dropping the suit and for minimising the pernicious effect of Hampden's writings, while Hampden's friends thought he had tried to bully, and when he found this useless had immediately knocked under. Some accused him of having given way for fear of losing Court favour, which, as he did lose it in consequence of his conduct, was all the more hard.

I cannot help thinking that the importance of this episode in influencing the Bishop's career has been exaggerated; but a turn of tide in the public estimate of him evidently began about this period to set in. His career up to now as Rector, Rural Dean, Archdeacon, and Bishop, which he became soon after he was forty years old, had been one of uninterrupted prosperity. All his labours had been crowned with success. In the pulpit and on the platform his eloquence had a world-wide reputation. His social talents had given him personal influence in the highest circles. Nothing in his profession seemed to be above his reach. But now came a period of reaction. His judicial qualities, and even his sincerity, began to be questioned. The Hampden affair may or may not have started these suspicions, but once started they were kept alive by certain personal characteristics. A too soft voice and too civil manner, and a singularly impressionable temperament which made him adapt him-

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self with the most marvellous rapidity and facility to whatever company he was in, were thought by superficial observers to indicate insincerity; while his habit, closely connected with his social abilities, of uttering without restraint or consideration the first thoughts that came into his head threw doubts upon the soundness of his judgment, though this, of course, ought to be estimated in him and in all men by his actions and not by his casual remarks.

He had to live all this down, and the next ten or twelve years of his life while he was doing so are really much finer and grander than the period of his early triumphs or the last few years after he had reconquered universal esteem.

It is not my purpose to recapitulate his diocesan labours and difficulties, or to express an opinion on the line he adopted as a Churchman and his attempt to hold the balance between the Puseyites and the Evangelicals, which too often ended in his being abused by both. Nor will I enter into the merits of his contest with the Broad Church party. All these are clearly and succinctly set forth by Mr. Daniell.

One is inclined to wish that he had been made Archbishop of Canterbury, but I doubt whether any position in the English Church would have given full scope to his vast and varied powers. What he would have done as a lawyer or a statesman is, of course, altogether unknown—but it might have been something very considerable. Take him as he was, his capacities were greater than his career.

One point remains to be touched upon: whether he was a great man or not, may be doubtful, but was he a good man? My answer would be decidedly 'Yes.'

We find throughout his life constant evidence of his continual prayer against his besetting sins of ambition and love of approbation and popularity. We cannot, any of us, eradicate our faults, though by constantly cutting at them, we may keep them down to a certain extent. To the last he was ambitious and fond of applause; but I see no signs of any other weakness, except perhaps an occasional levity, more apparent than real, which some might think inconsistent with his profession. There certainly are a few pungent remarks in his letters, as there were in his conversation, which show that he might have been a good hater. But he had an essentially kindly nature, and, considering that nobody ever had a sharper or readier tongue, how little pain he ever inflicted!

Then there was his almost unprecedented capacity for work and the way in which he used it through a long life, always for what he thought to be good; and the same may be said as to the personal fascination which he exercised, and to which I have already alluded, and of his brilliant eloquence in the House of Lords, in the pulpit, and on the platform.

The talents committed to his care were unusually large and

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precious. And surely they were employed with unusual energy and assiduity and in a right direction. It was a striking and interesting character, as far removed from commonplace as possible: one of that kind on which the student of the past loves to dwell as a relief from the monotony of the ordinary course of history. As long as there are any alive who knew him, there is, of course, no doubt that his name will be remembered, and I for one consider that it will not be forgotten by posterity.

COWPER.

2

AFRICAN SPIR, 1837–1890[1]

'STRIKE the iron while it is hot' is a very important truth for the man of action. For the man of thought, the warning conveyed by the Arabian proverb is even more useful, 'If you strike the iron before it is hot, you will only make a clatter.' To the man of thought, whether poet or philosopher, the public is the iron, and the public is not always hot or malleable. Hence so many poets, excellent in their own way, who are admired within their own small local sphere, but produce no impression on a larger public. Hence, likewise, so many philosophers, some behind, and some before their time, who, in spite of their learning, in spite of their original force, in spite of their persevering efforts, never command a hearing, except within a small circle of friends and pupils. If England is very rich in unknown local poets, Germany is equally rich in unknown local philosophers. Every German university counts at least two or three professors of philosophy, to say nothing of the *Privat-Docenten*, every one of whom, besides being intimately acquainted with the whole history of philosophy, is able to convict Plato and Aristotle, Descartes and Kant, of ever so many false syllogisms, while he has himself elaborated a pet system of his own, which, if only accepted, would produce universal peace between all the contending schools of philosophical thought. Nowhere is it more dangerous to be ahead of the time, or not in touch with the past and present, than in philosophy. We hear much of a philosophy of the future, of *Zukunfts-Gedanken*, as we hear of an Art of the future, and of a Religion of the future. But it is very rarely that these paulo-post-future philosophies assume real life and influence after the death of their prophets. Many philosophers have died with the conviction that the future will be

[1] A. Spir's *Gesammelte Schriften*, 4 vols.: *Denken und Wirklichkeit*, 2 vols. 3rd edit.; *Schriften zur Moralphilosophie*, 1 vol. 2nd edit.; *Vermischte Schriften*, 1 vol. Leipzig.

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more just to them than their contemporaries. But that depends almost entirely on their finding one or two posthumous disciples, with sufficient honesty and self-denial to be satisfied with mere apostleship, without claiming any originality for themselves. If these apostles have waited their time, if they have fought the battle and won the victory, they are not always inclined to take the laurels from their own temples and place them on the tomb of their master. There was a case in point not long ago. Schopenhauer during his lifetime was almost smothered in silence (*todt geschwiegen*). No German professor would ever treat him as his equal, or as a foeman worthy of his steel—but his conviction, expressed again and again, with the most unhesitating assurance, that his time would come after his death, has come true indeed. He has become a power, and while most of his professorial despisers are forgotten, his name has become a household word among philosophers, not in Germany only, but all over the world. The same is true with regard to Lotze and Noiré. Neither of these, during his lifetime, was known beyond the frontiers of Germany. In France and Belgium their works had begun to be noticed and translated, but in England it was not till after their death that their real merits were recognised and their opinions considered in the discussions of the great problems of philosophy. In Germany, more than in any other country, the influence of the universities is very strong. For a philosopher who does not belong to the professorial caste to gain a hearing is extremely difficult. The best critical papers are in the hands of the professors and of their young pupils or assistants. They notice the books of their friends and their rivals either in a kindly or in an unkindly spirit, but the outsider does not exist. Nowhere is the *do ut des* principle so openly acted upon as in the literary life of Germany. That is what made Schopenhauer so furious and so ill-mannered in his onslaughts on the whole professorial crew. But even apart from these more or less conscious attempts to silence a writer to death, the difficulty is very great particularly for a metaphysical writer to find an audience. One has only to go to any of the smaller German universities, and look at a bookseller's shop-window, to see the never-failing crop of new systems of logic, psychology, metaphysics, &c., which spring up with every new generation, sell in a few hundred copies, and then vanish. Some of these unknown books are very interesting, sometimes extremely valuable, rich in thought, whether coined or uncoined, and well worth the attention of the casual visitor of the smaller German universities. It is touching to see, in reading them, how some of these unknown philosophers yearn, not so much for recognition and fame, as for a chance of influencing the world for good, and contributing towards the final victory of truth. Who in England has ever for instance, heard of the name of *African Spir*? He is dead now. Some of his earlier works he has himself suppressed, but he has left

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behind him four volumes of philosophy, which well deserve a careful study. In a preface to his collected works, which were meant to appear after his death, he writes:

> I hope that my death may break that curious charm which seems to affect everything that came from me. What was most evident, if it came from me, would never convince others; what was most certain seemed to them untrue or dubious; what was most important was considered insignificant.

This is very honest, and shows us the man as he is described to us by all who knew him more intimately. He lived the life of a solitary thinker. Born and educated in Russia, he entered the Russian naval service, fought at Sebastopol, but afterwards retired from the navy, sold his landed estates, left Russia, and settled in Germany, devoting all his time and his considerable talents to a systematic study of philosophy. He never became a professor, and never rallied a class of students and disciples around him. He married at Stuttgart, and afterwards, chiefly for the sake of his failing health, migrated to Switzerland, settling first at Lausanne, then at Geneva, where he succumbed to an attack of influenza in 1890 at the age of fifty-three. Some autobiographical notices of his begin with the following lines:

> Nothing is more remote from my thoughts than to wish to force myself on the notice of other people; those who have perceived the nothingness of individuality can assign no value to glory. The only thing of value is to have done some good work.

When he felt himself dying, with no one near but his wife and daughter, he said to them, 'I do not know why people are afraid of death. If one has done one's duty in this world, it is joy to die.' When tears were rolling down his cheeks as he looked at his wife and daughter he said, 'Do not mind it, it is only weakness, because I must part from the only two beings who have ever loved me.' His last words were like Goethe's, 'Fiat lux,' and on his tombstone at Geneva we read only his name and one line in French: '*La lumière luit dans les ténèbres, mais les ténèbres ne l'ont pas reçue.*'

African Spir was a thorough idealist, and in Germany the time for idealism is past. The new generation feeds on materialism. Even psychology has become physiological, and Rietschl's cynicism counts probably more adherents than Kant's criticism, whether in metaphysics or in ethics. No wonder that Spir's speculations elicited little response in his adopted country. Spir's principal works were, like Kant's, partly critical, *Denken und Wirklichkeit*, and partly ethical, *Schriften zur Moralphilosophie*. Spir, however, was not only an idealist, but has at the same time been called a Dualist, and this, in the days of Monism, was another unpardonable offence. Still, his so-called Dualism differed but little from honest Monism: that is to say, it simply confessed that the manifoldness of the phenomenal world cannot be accounted for, but must be accepted as a fact, though as an abnormal fact. Still, in these days, everything goes by names, and

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to be labelled a Dualist is as much as to be labelled antiquated. Spir starts, like the Monists, with the admission of an absolute Being, a uniform substance which is, of course, by its very nature one; but he does not attempt to explain how this Monon became manifold in its phenomenal manifestations. Others think they have solved this oldest of all problems by asserting that becoming is an essential determination of being, or by maintaining the necessity of development in all things. Spir prefers to confess that there exists a normal (noumenal) and an abnormal (phenomenal) world, and that the abnormal can only be accepted, but cannot be explained. The absolute and perfect Being which is postulated by human reason would, by necessity, be identical with itself, perfect, and therefore without variance. As it is not so, Spir is satisfied with calling the actual or phenomenal state of things abnormal; and, however consistent Monism strives to be, it cannot deny that there is a difference between the phenomenal and the noumenal worlds; and that if the latter is normal, the former is abnormal. Nor have the Monists ever explained what forced the Absolute into its conditioned state. Philosophers may give different names to the solution of this world-old problem. In the end the most honest answer will always be the confession of the *Docta Ignorantia* of mediæval philosophers, or the Agnosticism of the present age. Spir admits, however, that the abnormal is to be subdued by the normal and he applies this principle with great effect to human nature in its twofold character. He recognises in man the existence of a normal and of an abnormal element, and all morality starts with him from this recognition. 'All future progress of humanity,' he writes, 'in perfecting the character of human individuals and their mutual relations, depends on their becoming conscious of the normal being of things and the opposition between it and the empirical state of all natural objects. What men are depends on what they believe themselves to be.' If we have once recognised our normal being, our duties towards ourselves become coincident with our duties towards the whole, for we ourselves represent what is normal or divine in this world, and we alone can make it prevail. This Normal or Divine is to prevail more and more in religion and morality, in science and art. Every man is to help in this, as Zoroaster helped Ormazd in his eternal fight against the evil spirit, and he is to do this, not for any external reason, but for the sake of his own normal and divine nature. Work done in this spirit produces its effect and carries its own reward, if not for this life, for all eternity, and lifts us from an abnormal into a normal life. A system of morals founded on these principles is perhaps the most valuable contribution made by Spir to the common stock of philosophical thought, and will, particularly in England, interest probably a larger number of readers than his purely metaphysical speculations.

F. Max Müller.

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3

TEN YEARS OF ARMED PEACE BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND (1783–1793).[1]

THE period indicated by the title of this book—*Ten Years of Armed Peace between France and England*—is the interval between 1783 and 1793, two dates which correspond with very important epochs in the political history of both countries. In 1783, England, after an exhausting and unsuccessful struggle, signed peace at Versailles with France, Spain, Holland, and the United States of America. In 1793 came the declaration by France of a war against England that lasted with one short interval for more than twenty years. The main object of this work seems to be to expose the unfriendly and disingenuous behaviour of England toward France during the whole of this period. Its author endeavours to show how our resentment against the French government for aiding the revolt of our colonies led us to pursue with steady though suppressed hostility a vindictive policy of thwarting and embarrassing France in all Continental affairs, until the time came when national insolvency, internal confusion, and general administrative dislocation paralysed the influence of France in Europe, and gave England her opportunity of regaining the naval and commercial superiority that had been so severely damaged by the disastrous war of 1778–83. An attempt is also made to draw some comparison of the strained and suspicious relations between England and France during those ten years with the attitude of France toward Germany since 1871. In both cases, the author maintains, a policy of biding its time and waiting for chances of retaliation was and is adopted by the defeated nation; and he intimates that France might take a lesson from the extraordinary perseverance with which England in the last century played her game and attained her ends.

The work is undoubtedly interesting; for the secret diplomatic history of the time has been carefully studied from the original papers in the archives of the Foreign Offices at London and Paris; and very free use has been made of confidential correspondence between Secretaries of State and ambassadors, which the writers obviously never intended to be disclosed. It must be admitted that the author shows an unpleasant disposition to rake up old grievances and to kindle again the mouldering ashes of forgotten animosities. After a certain term of years these archives are made accessible to the public; nor is it unreasonable to suppose, as a general rule, that all heat and

[1] *Dix Ans de Paix Armée entre la France et l'Angleterre* (1783–1793). Par le Marquis de Barral Montferrat, vol. i. Paris: Librairie Plon. 1893.

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acidity must have evaporated out of State papers which have lain for more than a century in the cool shade of a record-room. Nevertheless when, as in this instance, they have been originally steeped in the gall of international bitterness; when their reproduction lays bare the latent ill-will between two nations outwardly reconciled, the complacency with which they regarded each other's discomfiture, the devices and manœuvres employed to foil, trip up, and disconcert each other, the ineradicable jealousies that had been engendered by intermittent war for a hundred years—it is by no means certain that the disinterment of these old letters is politically harmless. No one would publish during the lifetime of the writers all the acrimonious things that might have been privately written about each other by two men who had quarrelled; but nations do not die like individuals, and incautious words rankle long in the mind of a sensitive people. The author of this book takes up again the English cards and shows how they were played against France; he picks out the unguarded expressions of men who were dealing in the strictest confidence with complicated and hazardous situations. And since it is mainly the English correspondence which is thus handled, for he is naturally less concerned to criticise the ways and words of the French Foreign Office, the effect is to suggest that unscrupulous underplay was the familiar method of English diplomatists in their dealings with France. Yet, although we must be prepared to find everywhere a strong bias against our side of every question, we may at least draw some consolation from the respect which is exhibited throughout the book for some other characteristics attributed to English diplomacy—the fixity of purpose, the patient tenacity, the indefatigable though perfidious energy displayed by our government, under the very able leadership of Pitt, in the prosecution of their designs for the recovery of England's position in Europe.

One curious anecdote illustrates the stratagems in vogue among the ministers of that day. On a certain date, we are told, the English Foreign Office addressed to our ambassador in Paris two letters, one written *en clair* and the other in cipher, the former containing views and instructions that were countermanded and cancelled by the latter. It had been calculated that the 'clear' letter would be opened in the French post office for the information of the French government, and this was precisely what happened; but the authorities in Paris, suspecting some *ruse*, retaliated by destroying the ciphered letter and passing on the other one to our ambassador, who thus fell into the trap laid for the French Foreign Office and acted upon the false instructions. It was cleverly done by the French; but though they had the best of the joke, one feels that on the point of honour and official morality the proceedings of the two ministries were upon a par.

Another specimen of the statecraft of the period may be histori-

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cally interesting, the more so because the facts have been hitherto unknown. In 1785 the French ambassador in London heard that Warren Hastings was returning from India in disgrace, to stand his trial for corrupt practices and other grave misdemeanours. Here was a great opportunity, wrote the Count d'Adhémar to his government, of fomenting in India the same successful revolt that had deprived England of her American colonies. Hastings was a man of vast influence and ambition, who had ruled India like a king, and who might be easily induced, by the ingratitude and persecution of his countrymen, to entertain suggestions of rebellion. If the French promised him support, he might be tempted to declare his independence, place himself at the head of the Sepoy army, and seize the dominion in India, whereby England would lose her empire in the East as she had lost her colonies in the West. A complete plan of operations was submitted by the ambassador to the French minister, Vergennes, who, however, disallowed it so peremptorily that the Count d'Adhémar fell sick of disappointment and vexation. Vergennes must have seen at a glance the absurdity of the proposal, and he may have already discovered that in fighting for the colonists France had damaged herself seriously; but the suggestion shows the temper of the times.

A few years later the rising waves of the revolutionary flood were swamping the French monarchy, and France could no longer hold her imposing position in European politics. To the machinations of England many of her foreign embarrassments are attributed in this book; but several of the charges made are obviously far-fetched and preposterous, although some curious particulars are given regarding the political manœuvring that preceded the great war. On the whole it is to be regretted that the author should have supposed that a work written in anything but a peace-making spirit would be likely to be acceptable just now to his countrymen.

A. C. LYALL.

4

'WITNESSES TO THE UNSEEN.'[1]

MR. WILFRID WARD is an excellent example of the force of heredity. His father was one of the few really philosophical intellects that this country has produced during the present century; an intellect worthy to be ranked with Coleridge, Green, and Martineau. No small share of William George Ward's characteristic endowment has fallen to his

[1] *Witnesses to the Unseen, and other Essays.* By Wilfrid Ward. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

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son, although it has displayed itself rather differently, for Mr. Wilfrid Ward is more of a psychologist than his father, and less of a metaphysician. There is, however, a further, and, in some respects, a still more important difference between the two thinkers. I remember Dr. Ward saying to me on one occasion, 'I have no culture;' and this certainly was true in the sense in which he meant it. Dr. Ward was a specialist, and cared for little outside his own chosen field of thought. Poetry, the chief instrument of 'culture,' was a sealed book to him. He had plenty of strength, but the sweetness which, according to Pope's verse, should be joined with it to produce 'easy vigour,' was wanting in him. Hence his thought never became current coin. He was 'vox clamantis in deserto,' and is still. The number of people in this country really capable, I do not say of appreciating, but even of intelligently following a discussion of any abstract point of thought is singularly small. I question whether among the distinguished persons who constituted the Metaphysical Society—it was before my time, so I do not speak from personal knowledge—there were half a dozen who were well versed in the elements of metaphysics. There have been few more valuable contributions of late years to the great question of intuitive perception of truth than Dr. Ward's 'Essays,' republished by his son under the title of 'The Philosophy of Theism.' I wonder how many readers in England have really made a serious and careful study of those two volumes? I suspect they might be counted on one's fingers. Now Mr. Wilfrid Ward is taking up, and is carrying on, his father's work, and is doing it under very different conditions. To trained and disciplined philosophical thought he unites wide literary culture. He has brought to the task—the important task—to which he has set himself, ample knowledge, penetrating intellect, luminous ratiocination, and a graceful style. Some time ago I wrote, 'The problem for those of us who think we have something to teach the world, is to translate our philosophy into literature.' That is just what Mr. Wilfrid Ward has been doing, during the last twelve years, in the papers now collected in this new volume of his. And he has done it with conspicuous success. He is at once profound and popular, scholarly and simple, accurate and amusing. To anyone of moderate intellectual capacity and cultivation, these pages will be easy reading, although, unquestionably, to their author they must have been hard writing. And now let me explain what his argument is.

The papers which Mr. Wilfrid Ward has brought together, although in a sense unconnected, for each is a whole in itself, are really informed by one tone of thought and tend to a common purpose. They are all, as he himself puts it in his Introduction, 'suggestions towards the solution of a problem which is not fully stated in them,' and that problem is this: 'What is, and what ought to be, the influence of the public opinion of our time, as represented

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by its intellectual leaders—of what the Germans call the *Zeitgeist*—in determining our own convictions?' Now what is the *Zeitgeist* of the age in which we live? I suppose the first thing that strikes any thoughtful person, conversant with contemporary speculation as exhibited in current literature, is the perfect babel of opinions to which expression is given. All men who can write grammatically—and many, indeed, who cannot—seem to think they have a right to express their 'views' on all subjects, human and divine. And their views will be found, in the vast majority of cases, to consist of shreds of information, generally distorted and often erroneous, claptrap phrases, picked up at hazard, and dignified by the title of 'principles,' preferences and predilections, always unreasoned, and not seldom irrational. But if we shut our ears to the 'hideous hum' of these crude imaginings which fill the newspapers 'with voice deceiving,' and give heed only to the utterances of those who possess some intelligible claim to be our intellectual guides, what do we usually find? We find exactly the same anarchy of thought. In the experimental sciences, indeed, where we have to deal with phenomena verifiable by sensible experience, order reigns. And there is something majestic in the calm with which they declare, 'This is so.' But in every region of intellectual activity outside their domain, the minds of men are 'clouded with a doubt.' It is a doubt which extends to all first principles of thought and action. The temper of the times is sceptical in the proper sense of the word. That is the true account of the *Zeitgeist*. But scepticism is a term which covers many phases of mind. Pascal was a sceptic of one kind; Montaigne of another; Kant of a third. The dominant scepticism of the present day is neither religious, nor epicurean, nor philosophical. It is—I use the word in the large sense—positivist. And it arises, in great degree, from the intense devotion of the age to physical science—a devotion so astonishingly fruitful in the development of material civilisation—and from the use of the methods of physical science in departments where they can produce only a negative result, or no result at all. Certitude is naturally intolerant. In the age of faith, theology supplied ample evidence of this truth. In our age of unfaith, physical science supplies as ample. It seeks to erect itself into the one criterion of reality, forgetful of the unquestionable fact that its own foundations are laid in the supersensuous, that its greatest generalisations are nothing else than the application of primordial ideas of the intellect, as psychology reveals them in consciousness.

Such, beyond doubt, is the tendency of the age. Perhaps no one can altogether escape it. Certainly no one who has not been influenced by it, and who has not reckoned with it, can be competent to provide the antidote to it. And here, probably, is the secret of the great influence which Pascal [2] has exercised over some of the best minds of the century,

[2] I may observe that the keynote of the three admirable Dialogues, *The Wish to*

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Cardinal Newman's among them. There can be no doubt that Newman's way of thought was essentially sceptical, that he was profoundly influenced by the *Zeitgeist*. How could it have been otherwise with his open eyes, his keen perceptions, his delicate sympathies, his subtle intellect? But Newman's scepticism, like Descartes', was not applied to the multiplication of reasons for doubting; it was directed to the discovery of a solid basis of belief. He, like Descartes, might have said, 'Totus in eo eram ut aliquid certi reperirem.' Some of the best pages of Mr. Ward's book are those in which he deals with this 'scepticism' of Newman's and shows what it was and what it was not. It was devout, humble, legitimate, and fruitful, and no one who has enjoyed the privilege of Newman's friendship can be other than amazed at the caricature of it which has passed into the popular mind. Shortly after he was made a Cardinal a witty person said to me, 'Dear old man! what a comfort that hat will be to him!' I asked for an explanation of this dark saying. My friend replied: 'Why, I take it that Newman is an inveterate doubter. God, the soul, immortality—they are all for him a Great Perhaps. But he will hang that hat up in his bedroom, and will turn to it the last thing at night, and will say, "Whatever is doubtful, this is clear—that there is a Holy Roman Church and that I am a Cardinal of it; there's the hat."' Well, this is but a whimsical way of representing the very common error about Newman so elaborately stated by Dr. Abbott, and so conclusively confuted by Mr. Wilfrid Ward in the present volume. I add that Cardinal Newman's own life and writings illustrate admirably the true answer to the problem with which Mr. Wilfrid Ward's book deals. Physical science is not the only science, nor are its facts the only facts. There is without its sphere a vast number of facts of which it can give no rational account. Among these are two great facts of human nature, the sense of the Absolute and the sense of sin. If we want an explanation of these facts—and who does not?—we must go for it elsewhere than to the professors of physics. We must go to those elect souls to whom, in every age, the Infinite and Eternal, from an object of faith, has become an experience of knowledge, according to the saying of the great Master, 'Beati mundo corde, quoniam ipsi Deum videbunt.' There is a fine maxim of Joubert's well worth citing in this connection: 'Il faut craindre de se tromper en poésie, quand on ne pense pas comme les poëtes, et en religion, quand on ne pense pas comme les saints.'[3]

W. S. LILLY.

believe, which fill half of Mr. Wilfrid Ward's book is struck in the following passage of Pascal: 'Il faut commencer par montrer que la religion n'est point contraire à la raison; ensuite qu'elle est vénérable, et en donner respect; la rendre ensuite aimable, et *faire souhaiter aux bons qu'elle fût vraie*; et puis montrer qu'elle est vraie.'

[3] Mr. Wilfrid Ward appears to have had this Maxim in view at p. 56, but he has given it incorrectly.

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5

MR. JOHN DAVIDSON'S POETRY.[1]

'A PERSONALITY,' defines the imaginary disputant in Mr. Davidson's new book, *A Random Itinerary*, 'is a man whose presence is power.' Mr. Davidson, then, is primarily a personality. He is not merely an embodied talent, or a genius whose entire significance is in some hidden corner of his brain. The whole of him counts. He is a personality as well as a poet. Take up any one of his books, and before you have had time to differentiate its qualities you are aware of a masculine authoritative presence. There is, so to say, a burliness of constitution underlying his most delicate fanciful work. Its beauty is that best beauty which is the blossom of robust deep-rooted health; and its sweetness is that sweetness which is hived in the hearts of strong men. This background of manhood gives Mr. Davidson a unique significance among the younger men. There is not another among them of whom it can be said. I do not intend to impute unmanliness to the others. My meaning is, that they are, *I think*, poets without being personalities as well. They suggest no such liberal strength as Mr. Davidson's least perfect work always suggests. Perhaps it is that they lack the courage to be imperfect; though, indeed, when they venture on imperfection we cry out at once. I may be wrong, but at any rate, speaking for myself, Mr. Davidson is one of the few living writers whom one can allow to nod occasionally with untroubled faith. There is nothing more significant to a writer than the humour in which one takes his lapses. Take Borrow for example: what literary Moses can hold us so long in the desert without a grumble? So, in a measure, with Mr. Davidson: we know the manna is sure to fall sooner or later, and never lose faith in the promised land to which, in the form of a *magnum opus*, I have little doubt Mr. Davidson is leading us.

Another significant characteristic of Mr. Davidson's work is its romantic temper. Though evidences of a keen modern mind crop up constantly throughout, the logical substructure of a fearless thinker, yet, instead of introducing discord, they add intensity of tone to the prevalent impression of fantasy. Indeed, it is sufficiently clear that it was to escape the burden of much thinking that Mr.

[1] *Plays.* By John Davidson. London: Mathews & Lane. 1894.
Fleet Street Eclogues. By John Davidson. London: Mathews & Lane. 1893.
A Random Itinerary. By John Davidson. London: Mathews & Lane. 1893.
Sentences and Paragraphs. By John Davidson. London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1893.
Perfervid. By John Davidson. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.
In a Music Hall. By John Davidson. London: Ward & Downey. 1891.

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Davidson turned self-consciously to that Heinesque topsy-turvy world where gods and mortals jostle together—a world where, in almost every one of his books, we find him. His attitude would seem to be, that though the golden age indeed be passed, one has but stoutly to make-believe to bring it back. Adventures are to the adventurous. You have only to play a part to be it. Mr. Davidson has the boy's imagination, and particularly his romantic belief in costume.

> 'These gala robes wherein we now are dressed,
> Why should we cast for good and all to-night?'

asks the masquer in *A Romantic Farce*. Why not be what we seem —nay, what at heart we really are? It is in this spirit that Ninian Jamieson in *Perfervid*, anachronistically drawing on doublet and hose, sets out with his bewildered Sancho Panza, Cosmo Mortimer, to proclaim himself the last of the Stuarts; it is so, in the same book, that the little Scotch boy, intoxicated by 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' starts on a pilgrimage to the Celestial City, and, meeting a grocer's boy by the way, takes him for Apollyon in disguise. Whence results a splendid boys' fight, ending in reconciliation, and the subsequent discovery that the grocer's boy is not Apollyon, but a possible fellow-pilgrim. So the two boys journey together. A most beautiful, nay—bearing Mr. Greenwood's recent distinction in mind—a lovely story. So Scaramouch visits Naxos, with Harlequin and Columbine, to capture Bacchus for his show: an expedition, need one say, requiring more courage and resource in the poet that in the *impresario*. *Scaramouch in Naxos: a Pantomime*, it is not too much to say, is worthy of our greatest living master of fantasy, the author of 'The Shaving of Shagpat.' Indeed, no one else but Mr. Meredith and Mr. Davidson, of living writers, could have written it. Again, *Smith: a Tragic Farce*, is the product of the same indomitable refusal to recognise the dividing line betwixt the real and the ideal. It reminds one of Beddoes in its wilful heaping-up of hyperbole. It is the very madness of writing, evidently the product of Mr. Davidson's volcanic period, before the world of his creation had settled down into anything like order. Fiery comets of expression blaze across the pages, uncouth rocks, and may be rubbish, are hurled to impossible heights; but all speak of a tremendous vital energy, and prophesy a world about to form; and through the howling lurid chaos fall not infrequently the soft lights of tranquil stars. *An Unhistorical Pastoral* is frankly a nineteenth-century excursion to the Forest of Arden. It is *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* over again, but with what amazing freshness of invention and enchanting lyric rapture! One naturally compares it with Darley's *Sylvia*; but, if Darley's fairies are just a thought more exquisite in fancy, Mr. Davidson's play is in every other respect superior. The *verve* of it is tremendous. In *Bruce*, the one play that remains to be mentioned, Mr. Davidson momen-

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tarily forsakes his fantastic world to write 'a chronicle play' of veritable history. It is interesting, if only to notice how sober his madcap muse can become; but if in thus going to meet Truth she puts off her various fanciful bedizenments, it is to be feared she foregoes no little of her magic also. *Bruce* has many dramatic excellencies, but it lacks that best excellence, glamour; and of no other of Mr. Davidson's books can the same be said. With *Fleet Street Eclogues* we are back once more into Mr. Davidson's real world—though, indeed, the invitation is to Fleet Street—just as in his last prose book, *A Random Itinerary*, we make a walking-tour of Arcady, though ostensibly we trudge the suburbs and never go farther afield than the Chilterns.

Fleet Street Eclogues are, I think, Mr. Davidson's maturest poems. In them we see the various qualities of his genius working most perfectly in harmony. Also, they entirely escape the suspicion which might be held to attach to such a play as *The Unhistorical Pastoral*, that of being an amazingly clever *pastiche*. There is nothing in English poetry with which one can quite compare them, in their whimsical association of incongruities.

The paradox of the title is sufficient index of the desperate poetic experiment, though, of course, it gives us no hint of its magnificent success. Here, indeed, Mr. Davidson's fine sense of contrast has fitting scope. To set journalists talking together in a Fleet Street tavern, in the dialect of Spenser's shepherds, to mingle in their talk modern pessimism and ancient peace, to give us lovely glimpses of the fields and lanes through the dingy windows of a newspaper office, and to make it all real, needed no small inventive skill and rarely persuasive magic. The result is a new 'Shepheard's Calendar,' more fascinating—dare one admit it?—than the original. Mr. Davidson's treatment of the Elizabethan eclogue; his infusing it with a modern intensity of note, while retaining its old lyric sweetness; his dramatic vitalisation, and his merely metrical development of it—is a notable artistic triumph. There is a peculiar wildwood Shakespearean sweetness about Mr. Davidson's nature poetry, and nature poetry, directly or indirectly, comes, I should think, to something like half of his poetical product. Lovely pictures, such as this from *Scaramouch in Naxos*, are scattered broadcast through his books:

> O, pray you, let us walk!
> Sarmion, three miles together through the wood
> Shimmering with moonlight, full of smothered sound,
> And ghostly shadow, and the mingled scent
> Of flowers and spices, and the cooling earth!
> It is a very life-time of delight!

Such passages as this, and lovelier, grow in primrose-clumps all about *Fleet Street Eclogues*. I despair of giving any idea of the 'note' of these unique poems by any extracts; but rather than that

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the reader should be left to my bare word, I quote a passage in which 'Percy' chides 'Menzies' for his city-pessimism and prescribes his panacea of county sights and sounds:

> Ah! I know
> How ill you are, you shall to-morrow do
> What I now order you.
> At early dawn through London you must go
> Until you come where long black hedgerows grow,
> With pink buds pearled, with here and there a tree,
> And gates and stiles; and watch good country folk;
> And scent the spicy smoke
> Of withered weeds that burn where gardens be;
> And in a ditch perhaps a primrose see.
> The rooks shall stalk the plough, larks mount the skies,
> Blackbirds and speckled thrushes sing aloud,
> Hid in the warm white cloud
> Mantling the thorn, and far away shall rise
> The milky low of cows and farm-yard cries;
> From windy heavens the climbing sun shall shine,
> And February greet you like a maid
> In russet-cloak arrayed;
> And you shall take her for your mistress fine,
> And pluck a crocus for her valentine.

'Percy'—whose philosophy, I venture to surmise, is Mr. Davidson's own—has another manly passage, in which he tells us that the knowledge of other people's happiness, the sense of sunshine somewhere in the world, is enough to keep him happy. Though old and poor and living in a garret, it comforts him to think that outside in the warmer world

> . . . many a long-wed man and woman find
> The deepest peace of mind,
> Sweet and mysterious to each other yet.

He feels himself 'still in Nature's debt' for the memory of his first love long ago, and to his brave thinking all the sorrow of the world 'is but Love's needful shadow.' This strain is indeed of a higher mood than that to which we have been recently accustomed.

I have said nothing of Mr. Davidson as a ballad-writer. A finer tragic ballad than that which concludes *Fleet Street Eclogues*, or that which concludes *A Random Itinerary*, has not been written for many years. I repeat, in conclusion, that not one of our younger poets is so inclusive in power, has so many strings to his bow, as Mr. Davidson. Whether as fantastic dramatist, fantastic novelist, pastoral poet, or tragic balladist, he is easily 'head of all our quire.' And whatever else he may be, he is always a wit as well.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

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6

THE HISTORY OF TRADE UNIONISM[1]

THE history of Trade Unionism, on which Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb have been long engaged, will amply satisfy the expectations with which it has been awaited. Those who may have thought that it would largely consist of general advocacy of workmen's demands or disquisitions on socialism will find themselves egregiously mistaken. This book is a genuine history, drawn at first hand from original documents and personal inquiry, very patiently sifted and most impartially digested.

The thoroughness, completeness, and solidity of the work are beyond praise. Every important event in the history of Trade Unionism for a century and a half is described; every statement is authenticated by reference to a document having date, name, and place of origin; and short biographies of each of the trade leaders give a living personality to the enormous mass of facts recorded. The bibliography of authorities consulted itself fills forty-five closely-printed pages and gives particulars of more than a thousand separate publications and papers. A large proportion of these are unique or very rare pieces, not to be found in any public collection, and only unearthed by incessant personal labour. No one ever before had access to such a boundless store of data, and no one again, it may be confidently predicted, will ever have the industry to weld into a clear and consecutive story such a body of complicated facts. This is the kind of historical *Gründlichkeit* which delighted the soul of Professor Freeman and Bishop Stubbs. It is the authoritative and final history of English Trade Unionism. Incidentally it pierces far and deep into the roots of the economic life of England in our century.

The chapter on 'The Origins of Trade Unionism,' with which the book opens, is a most interesting and hitherto unattempted study of a difficult problem in the social history of our country. Was there any connection between the Mediæval gilds and the modern Unions? When did true Unions arise? To what social and economic changes were they due? What is the relation of Trade Unions to the protective legislation of the Middle Ages and to the socialist ideals of the present day? All these problems are vigorously handled by our authors. They prove conclusively that Gilds and Unions are totally distinct, and give rise to no filiation or connection. Gilds were a product of the Mediæval theory of State-regulated industry: Unions were the defence against the economic theory of unlimited competi-

[1] *The History of Trade Unionism.* By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. London: Longmans & Co. 1894.

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tion unfairly and disingenuously applied. Unionism is thus, in part, a spontaneous reaction against legislative interference, and in part a reaction against unscrupulous *laisser-faire*. It had a certain Socialist element; but, on the whole, was very little akin to any wide or theoretic Socialism.

Unionism did not arise out of the factory system, or the introduction of steam-engines; but may be found at least half a century earlier than these. A Trade Union is 'a continuous association of wage-earners for the purpose of maintaining or improving the conditions of their employment': as such, they can be traced to the early part of the last century, and they gradually developed throughout the whole of the last century, separately in each distinct trade, without any national or local combination, as each trade successively became differentiated into capitalists and workmen. A Trade Union does not arise until, in some particular industry, a permanent class of wage-earners exists without any control of the instruments of production; and it tends to prolong the existence of such a distinct class. Hence, a Trade Union is a reaction against the unlimited application of Freedom of Trade, consequent on the break-up of Mediæval doctrines of State regulation. On the other hand, it somewhat tends to stereotype the self-help doctrines of the wage-earning class—against which modern Socialism is a reaction and protest.

By the end of the eighteenth century, Unions were in full activity in several trades; but the coercive laws of former ages were unrepealed, and the economic doctrines of Unlimited Competition had powerful influence. The first generation of this century saw an epoch of fierce struggle between Labour and Capital, in the savage reaction of the propertied classes against democracy and the fearful sufferings which the great war inflicted on the poor. The battle fought out between 1799 and 1825, and more or less continued down to 1842, is told in this volume with masterly distinctness; and, so far as I know, with a knowledge that is hitherto new. Resort to the MSS. and collected papers of Francis Place (1798–1840) gives a new and stirring colour to the great parliamentary struggle of 1824–25, the heroes of which were Place and J. Hume. It is not too much to say that this prolonged agitation and the intricate legislation it caused, has never before been intelligibly and fully explained, even by those who have most carefully studied and have been most closely concerned with the modern history of Trade Unionism.

It would be impossible in this brief notice to give any idea of the mass of information contained in this book. It is itself a model of compression and systematic arrangement. Although more than a thousand authorities are referred to, and many hundreds of distinct trade movements and societies are described, the great epochs in the industrial development of our century stand out clearly without any confusion. Those who wish hereafter to understand the intricate

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problems of Capital and Labour, will have to study the arduous agitations of 1825, 1834, 1850, 1867, 1875, 1889, and may learn from this book how the questions then at issue arose and to what result they led. There is no part of the industrial movement which is neglected, and no epoch and no side of it which is unduly prominent. Those who have personal knowledge of these events and agitations, as is the case with the present writer, will feel that they are reading a scientific history of a protracted campaign, drawn up from materials at headquarters, telling them for the first time the meaning of movements of which each of them was a local and isolated spectator.

The book is itself a literary curiosity, as the joint product of husband and wife. Effective literary partnerships are very rare; and, though there are many examples of husband and wife being both authors, it is not easy to recall an instance of an elaborate work produced jointly by husband and wife with such perfect unity of method that their intimate friends cannot pretend to trace a separate hand in any part. Both are accomplished writers on economic subjects; both are indefatigable students; and each of them is known to be amply capable either of collecting the material or of fusing it into a work of art. They are both of them well fitted by convictions, training, and circumstances for the task they have undertaken. One of them has come from a family of capitalists, who have had the control of great industrial concerns; one of them has filled public offices and had experience of political and municipal life; both of them have personally studied every phase of industrial life, and have enjoyed the intimacy and confidence of almost every active worker in the industrial movement. Few persons living have seen the entire industrial field so exhaustively, from the offices of the great industrial magnate down to the sweaters' dens of Whitechapel. And yet the result of this unique personal experience is not another *Marcella*, or more *Wessex Tales*, but a very close and circumstantial history of complex events, founded on a mass of documents and told with judicial lucidity and reserve. The value of the book as history gains much by the fact that neither of its authors ever has been a strenuous partisan of Unionism, but, having even greater sympathy with the co-operative and collectivist ideals, regards Unionism as merely one phase of a very large evolution. Such a book as this puts to shame the huge unsorted pile of pamphlets collected by the last Labour Commission, into which academic pedants and economic enthusiasts were invited to discharge their ideas. This is an authentic and real history of English labour, and deserves to become a classic monument of sympathetic industry.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

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7

A STUDY IN COLOUR[1]

If this little book be as accurate as it is charming it should be read by everybody who is interested in the great questions of race upon which it throws such a startling light.

Written as it is with all the vivacity of a good novel and in a large-hearted and sympathetic temper, it gives nevertheless a view of the gulf set by Nature between white and black mankind, which is full of warning and pathos. It is all the more impressive from the obvious absence of any prejudice on the part of the authoress as well as from her obviously straightforward intention. She tells her stories with the rare clearness of a perfect natural style and the still rarer clearness of a keen observer. The result is far more telling than any deliberate argument to establish some definite conclusion would have been; the indefinite conclusions are of great value, and set the reader thinking for himself long after he has laid the book down with satisfaction that he has not found a dull page in it from beginning to end.

The 'Study' is simply a description of the writer's residence in one of the West India Islands (not difficult to identify) for several years, during which she was brought across the intimate life of the negro and coloured people round her. It deals chiefly with the women and girls.

> Gradually I made friends with them; I found they were only too willing to talk about themselves when once their first constraint was over, and they realised that I was truly interested in their histories; and as they talked there broke on me glimpses of a life so strange and fantastic, that at first I could hardly realise its existence.
>
> Elita was a coloured girl of whom I heard a great deal from many of the servants. She was quite a beauty among her own people, and her tragical fate was spoken of with the greatest regret. I wrote her story out exactly as they told it to me.
>
> I used to read what I had written, with, of course, certain reservations, to some of the servants afterwards, and they were delighted at hearing 'stories all 'bout ourselves, Missus,' and used to criticise most freely, and tell me where I had made mistakes, and how I was to alter them. When it was right and they were satisfied they used to be so pleased and say, 'Dat quite right 'last, Missus, dat 'xactly de way we lib.' Then I felt proud, even although my audience consisted of but my brown nurse and a tattered and disreputable-looking old negress, cleaner-in-general to the household.

A laudable dislike of negro-English might raise a prejudice in some against endeavouring to read the book at all. But it should

[1] *A Study in Colour.* By Alice Spinner. The Pseudonym Library. London T. Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Square. 1894.

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be said at once that this repulsive travestie of our language has seldom been more skilfully minimised. It is only retained sufficiently to assist the local colour, which is rendered throughout with the utmost fidelity and an almost blinding tropical splendour.

What strikes one most deeply is the piteous hatred of their own blackness which seems to possess the whole coloured population, and the correspondingly piteous worship of the whiteness of white-skinned people, however black their souls! There is literally no length to which black or even coloured women may not and do not go in their terrible longing to be delivered, by any association with whiteness, from the burden of their self-scorned heritage. To be the mother of a light-coloured child is a source of pride and exaltation under any circumstances, and under no circumstances a cause of shame. Shame, indeed, becomes inverted in the most grotesque manner possible, as the following extract will show. 'Angie' was a little negro child employed to bring milk daily to the house for 'the missus's' (the authoress's) baby.

She was a droll-looking little mortal, with a delicious velvety bloom on her dark chocolate cheek, that made the Missus realise for the first time how little mere colour has to do with beauty of complexion; for Angelina's complexion was beautiful in spite of its dusky hue; and, indeed, with her well-knit, upright little figure, shining white teeth, and bright, dark eyes, she was at this time a perfect model of what a healthy little negro girl ought to be.

Her head-dress, except for church-going, was invariably the same: a picturesque red-checked Madras handkerchief, tied in some mysterious way, with a peculiar twist, round her little woolly head.

It suited her very well, but Angelina hated it, although she could not discard it, for she knew too well that her hair could only be termed hair by courtesy. Oh, the hours that she wasted trying to coax it into a couple of stiff little pigtails! But it was very refractory, and at last, with a sigh, she had to return to the red handkerchief, which so kindly hid all its failings; but as to have a 'tied head' is tantamount to a confession of failure among the black girls, little Angelina felt it keenly.

Her mother, Mrs. Orinthia Hall, was a decent black woman. Her father was black also. Her mother had consented to marry him rather late in life after a somewhat chequered past; and Angelina was her only black child.

Orinthia had two other daughters before her marriage, but they were both light-coloured, and considered themselves very great ladies indeed, especially 'Mrs. Thomas,' the eldest, who was a mulatto.

Although both married themselves when it occurred, Orinthia's tardy alliance to a black man had been a great grievance to them, and the subsequent appearance of their little black half-sister had aggravated the matter. If their mother's marriage in itself had been, in their eyes, a slight, the woolly-haired Angelina was an additional and wholly gratuitous insult.

'What for you, Orinthia, want to marry dat black man?' said the indignant Mrs. Thomas on the occasion of their first introduction to their new little sister.

The two sisters had vowed never to put foot in Orinthia's new establishment, but curiosity to see the child, and rumours of the desirability of their mother's new abode, had overpowered their wrath, so they had arrived, although their visit was not altogether a friendly one. Orinthia looked up, apologetically, at her two scornful daughters.

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'He berry good to me, daters; he neither drunk, nor beat me, nor bad in any one way—go to church, too, an' save money. Look, see hyar, at de house, he build it all himself. It nice lilly house for true. Look at de roof. An' he hab yams an' potatoes an' goats, an'——'

'Did you ebber hear de like?' interrupted Mrs. Thomas. 'She boast ob her things, an' hab no proper pride at all. I 'shamed for you, Orinthy, dat our moder should do such a ting, an' make such a marriage. Look at dis pic'ney hyar. Black as my shoe.'

Orinthia looked regretfully at poor Angelina. She could not deny her blackness, but she once more feebly tried to defend herself.

'You both married now, daters—married so well, too, an' with luck, for dey fine light-coloured men; but you know berry well dat you no like to keep me. I soon may grow ole. My eyes berry bad now for de dress-making.' This was an entirely imaginary affliction, evolved under stress of circumstances at the moment. 'When I no able to work longer, you no able to help me; so better I marry David Hall, even if he black man, so dat he keep me 'spectably.'

The sisters looked at each other. After all their mother had some sense. They knew well enough that their husbands were by no means disposed to support Orinthia in her old age, and, in fact, much preferred to ignore her black existence altogether.

So little Angelina was grudgingly accepted by her sisters, and their mother was made happy by a tepid forgiveness.

All the touching tale of poor little Angie, with its sad ending, is told afterwards in a way which cannot be forgotten. Sad as her life was, however, it was the happier for being so soon cut short. To judge from the frequent and still more tragic histories which fill the book—giving it a sort of funereal warp shot by a strange and glaring weft of ignorance, folly, and burlesque—it would almost seem well that many negro girls of Creolia should die in childhood. The story of 'Justina,' 'the missus's' nurse-girl, begins as follows:—

Justina was attractive, and had, of course, admirers in plenty. The black and brown ones she dismissed at once with careless disdain.

'I no eben tink of dem, Missus. I no 'stand to hab a dark husband. Dey common as pineapples, to be had for de tukin up;' and she tossed her head proudly, until her earrings jingled.

The Missus noted quietly in her own mind that the black men always addressed Justina with a view to marriage, and approached the subject with diffidence and timidity. With the lighter coloured ones this idea was more vaguely expressed, and their courtship was far more audacious, while with the white, or almost white, men, marriage was most pointedly ignored, without, however, the slightest misgiving on their part that their suit might be refused in consequence.

'Oh! Missus,' she added with sudden passion, 'you are 'deed blessed yourself for habing such a most sweet Buckra baby. Dere is no one ob us dat not ready to suffer anything to hab a chile like him. Missus! I would die wid joy to hab such a fair chile.'

The Missus, not unnaturally, here suggested that one day Justina might also look forward to having a husband of her own, and little children, whom she would love dearly, but Justina disclaimed such an idea with impatience.

'No, Missus, I see you no understand at all. Most likely I marry as you say, marry and hab plenty children, but den they no *white* children. I sure to lub dem too, for perhaps dey nice little tings, but dey not de same ting at all, an' I nebber could lub a black little chile same as I do de white. I worship de little Massa, an' if I lucky, eben I may hab a fair chile one day. Not, ob course, a real white

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one, dat asking too much, but still one dat is almost white, an' den I worship it an' work for it fe true. Dress it nicely too, in clean white clothes, wid shoes an' all, jest like a Buckra baby. You shall see, Missus, one day how nice I keep it, when it comes, if it is fair.'

'And if it is like you?' asked the Missus.

'Oh, den, Missus, 'course I no be unkind to it, poor little ting, but it no be de same at all. 'Sides, I hope I nebber hab a black or dark chile to shame me. I no 'stand my cousin Margaret, she dat nurse of de oder English Missus, wanting to marry dark man. She mulatto, an' so she higher dan I, who only Sambo, but I nebber do such a ting.' And Justina looked as genuinely shocked as must have been King Cophetua's relations when discussing the elevation of his beggar-maid.

The rest of this story as well as the terrible tale of Elita are heart-breaking, and, what is worse, such stories seem too common and too true. Morality, as understood by white people, does not seem to exist, even in idea, amongst the black folk here described. They are not *im*moral but simply *non*-moral, and it would be as idle to measure them by European standards as so to measure cattle. At the same time they are violently and grotesquely religious—or rather, superstitious—and drag into their so-called Christian observances the trail of their ancient and miserable fetish worship. The horrid shadow of 'Obeah' with all its vile and puerile and ghastly fancies clings to the negro life like the gloom of a foul sepulchre.

The authoress's whole picture, with its tropic splendours and its strange sad procession of black humanity moving in front of them, fills one with a sort of reasonable despair for the future of the negro race. It is painted with what looks like absolute accuracy, and yet with true sympathy and kindness, and is all the more effective for its modest indifference to effect. Such a picture should be studied with most serious eyes, and not only for the mere enjoyment of it as a work of art. It suggests irresistibly the fear that many of the well-meant schemes for treating white and black men as social and political equals may be, after all, as impracticable as to wash a black man white.

JAMES KNOWLES.

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SOME GREAT CHURCHES OF FRANCE

II. VÉZELAY

As you discern the long unbroken line of its roof, low-pitched for France, above the cottages and willow-shaded streams of the place, you might think the abbey church of Pontigny, the largest Cistercian church now remaining, only a great farm-building. On a nearer view there is something unpretending, something pleasantly English, in the plain grey walls, pierced with long 'lancet' windows, as if they overlooked the lowlands of Essex, or the meadows of Kent or Berkshire, the sort of country from which came those saintly exiles of our race who made the cloisters of Pontigny famous, and one of whom, Saint Edmund of Abingdon, *Saint-Edme*, still lies enshrined here. The country which the sons of Saint Bernard chose for their abode is in fact but a patch of scanty pasture-land in the midst of a heady wine-district. Like its majestic Cluniac rivals, the church has its western portico, elegant in structure but of comparatively humble proportions, under a plain roof of tiles, pent-wise. Within, a heavy coat of white-wash seems befitting to the simple forms of the 'Transition,' or quite earliest 'Pointed,' Style, to its remarkable continence of spirit, its uniformity, and cleanness of build. The long prospect of nave and choir ends, however, with a sort of graceful smallness, in a *chevet* of seven closely packed, narrow,bays. It is like a nun's church, or like a nun's coif.

The church of Pontigny, representative generally of the churches of the Cistercian order, including some of the loveliest early English ones, was in truth significant of a reaction, a reaction against monasticism itself, as it had come to be in the order of Cluny, the genius of which found its proper expression in the imperious, but half-barbaric, splendours of the richest form of the *Romanesque*, the monastic style pre-eminently, as we may still see it at La Charité-sur-Loire, at Saint-Benoît, above all, on the hill of Vézelay. Saint Bernard, who had lent his immense influence to the order of Cîteaux by way of a monastic reform, though he had a genius for hymns and was in other ways an eminent religious poet, and though he gave a new life to the expiring romance of the crusades, was, as regards the visible world, much of a Puritan. Was it he who, wrapt in thought upon the

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world unseen, walked along the shores of lake Leman without observing it?—the eternal snows he might have taken for the walls of the New Jerusalem; the blue waves he might have fancied its pavement of sapphire. In the churches, the worship, of his new order he required simplicity, and even severity, being fortunate in finding so winsome an exponent of that principle as the early Gothic of Pontigny, or of the first Cistercian church, now destroyed, at Citeaux itself. Strangely enough, while Bernard's own temper of mind was a survival from the past (we see this in his contest with Abelard), hierarchic, reactionary, suspicious of novelty, the architectural style of his preference was largely of secular origin. It had a large share in that inventive and innovating genius, that expansion of the natural human soul, to which the art, the literature, the religious movements of the thirteenth century in France, as in Italy, where it ends with Dante, bear witness.

In particular, Bernard had protested against the sculpture, rich and fantastic, but gloomy, it might be indecent, developed more abundantly than anywhere else in the churches of Burgundy, and especially in those of the Cluniac order. 'What is the use,' he asks, 'of those grotesque monsters in painting and sculpture?' and almost certainly had in mind the marvellous carved work at Vézelay, whither doubtless he came often—for example on Good Friday, 1146, to preach as we know, the second crusade in the presence of Louis the Seventh. He too might have wept at the sight of the doomed multitude (one in ten, it is said, returned from the Holy Land), as its enthusiasm, under the charm of his fiery eloquence, rose to the height of his purpose. Even the aisles of Vézelay were not sufficent for the multitude of his hearers, and he preached to them in the open air, from a rock still pointed out on the hillside. Armies, indeed, have been encamped many times on the slopes and meadows of the valley of the Cure, now to all seeming so impregnably tranquil. The Cluniac order even then had already declined from its first intention; and that decline became especially visible in the Abbey of Vézelay itself not long after Bernard's day. Its majestic immovable church was complete by the middle of the twelfth century. And there it still stands in spite of many a threat, while the conventual buildings around it have disappeared, and the institution it represented—secularised at its own request at the Reformation—had dwindled almost to nothing at all, till, in the last century, the last Abbot built himself, in place of the old Gothic lodging below those solemn walls, a sort of *Château Gaillard*, a dainty abode in the manner of Louis Quinze—swept away that, too, at the Revolution—where the great oaks now flourish, with the rooks and squirrels.

Yet the order of Cluny, in its time, in that dark period of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, had deserved well of those to whom religion, and art, and social order, are precious. The Cluniacs had in

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fact represented monasticism in the most legitimate form of its activity; and, if the church of Vézelay was not quite the grandest of their churches, it is certainly the grandest of them which remains. It is also typical in character. As Notre-Dame d'Amiens is pre-eminently the church of the city, of a commune, so the Madeleine of Vézelay is typically the church of a monastery.

The monastic style proper, then, in its peculiar power and influence, was Romanesque, and with the Cluniac order; and here perhaps better than anywhere else we may understand what it really came to, what was its effect on the spirits, the imagination.

As at Pontigny, the Cistercians, for the most part, built their churches in lowly valleys, according to the intention of their founder. The representative church of the Cluniacs, on the other hand, lies amid the closely piled houses of the little town it protected, and could punish, on a steep hill-top, like a long massive chest there, heavy above you, as you climb slowly the winding road, the old unchanged pathway of Saint Bernard. In days gone by it threatened the surrounding neighbourhood with four boldly built towers; had then also a spire at the crossing; and must have been at that time like a more magnificent version of the buildings which still crown the hill of Laon. Externally, the proportions, the squareness, of the nave (West and East, the vast narthex or porch, and the Gothic choir, rise above its roof-line), remind one of another great Romanesque church at home—of the nave of Winchester, out of which Wykeham carved his richly panelled Perpendicular interior.

At Vézelay, however, the Romanesque, the Romanesque of Burgundy, alike in the first conception of the whole structure, and in the actual locking together of its big stones, its masses of almost unbroken masonry, its *inertia*, figures as of more imperial character, and nearer to the Romans of old, than its feebler kindred in England or Normandy. We seem to have before us here a Romanesque architecture, studied, not from Roman basilicas or Roman temples, but from the arenas, the colossal gateways, the triumphal arches, of the people of empire, such as remain even now, not in the South of France only. The simple 'flying,' or rather leaning and almost couchant, buttresses, quadrants of a circle, might be parts of a Roman aqueduct. In contrast to the lightsome Gothic manner of the last quarter of the twelfth century (as we shall presently find it here too, like an escape for the eye, for the temper, out of some grim under-world into genial daylight), the Cluniac church might seem a still active instrument of the iron tyranny of Rome, of its tyranny over the animal spirits. As the ghost of ancient Rome still 'lingers over the grave thereof,' in the papacy, the hierarchy, so is it with the material structures also, the Cluniac and other Romanesque churches, which most emphatically express the hierarchical, the papal system. There is something about this church of Vézelay, in the long-sustained patience of which it tells, that brings to mind the

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labour of slaves, whose occasional Fescennine licence and fresh memories of a barbaric life also find expression, now and again, in the strange sculpture of the place. Yet here for once, around a great French church, there is the kindly repose of English 'precincts,' and the country which this monastic acropolis overlooks southwards is a very pleasant one, as we emerge from the shadows of—yes! of that peculiarly *sad* place—a country all the pleasanter by reason of the toil upon it, performed, or exacted from others, by the monks, through long centuries, *Le Morvan*, with its distant blue hills and broken foreground, the vineyards, the patches of woodland, the roads winding into their cool shadows; though in truth the fortress-like outline of the monastic church and the sombre hue of its material lend themselves most readily to the effects of a stormy sky.

By a door, which in the great days opened from a magnificent cloister, you enter what might seem itself but the ambulatory of a cloister, superbly vaulted and long and regular, and built of huge stones of a metallic colour. It is the southern aisle of the nave, a nave of ten bays, the grandest Romanesque interior in France, perhaps in the world. In its mortified light the very soul of monasticism, Roman and half-military, as the completest outcome of a religion of threats, seems to descend upon one. Monasticism is, indeed, the product of many various tendencies of the religious soul, one or another of which may very properly connect itself with the Pointed Style, as we saw in those lightsome aisles of Pontigny, so expressive of the purity, the lowly sweetness, of the soul of Bernard. But it is here at Vézelay, in this iron place, that monasticism in its central, its historically most significant purpose, presents itself as most completely at home. There is no triforium. The monotonous cloistral length of wall, above the long-drawn series of stately round arches, is unbroken save by a plain, small window in each bay, placed as high as possible just below the cornice, as a mere after-thought, you might fancy. Those windows were probably unglazed, and closed only with wooden shutters as occasion required. Furnished with the stained glass of the period, they would have left the place almost in darkness, giving, doubtless, full effect to the monkish candle-light in any case needful here. An almost perfect cradle-roof, tunnel-like from end to end of the long central aisle, adds, by its simplicity of form, to the magnificent unity of effect. The bearing-arches, which span it from bay to bay, being parti-coloured, with *voussures* of alternate white and a kind of grey or green, being also somewhat flat at the keystone, and literally eccentric, have, at least for English eyes, something of a Saracenic or other Oriental character. Again, it is as if the architects—the engineers—who worked here, had seen things undreamt of by other Romanesque builders, the builders in England and Normandy.

Here then, scarcely relieving the almost savage character of the work, abundant on tympanum and doorway without, above all on the

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immense capitals of the nave within, is the sculpture which offended Bernard. A sumptuous band of it, a carved *guipure* of singular boldness, passes continuously round the arches, and along the cornices from bay to bay, and, with the large bossy tendency of the ornament throughout, may be regarded as typical of Burgundian richness. Of sculptured capitals, to like, or to dislike with Saint Bernard, there are nearly a hundred, unwearied in variety, unique in the energy of their conception, full of wild promise in their coarse execution, cruel, you might say, in the realisation of human form and features. Irresistibly they rivet attention.

The subjects are for the most part Scriptural, chosen apparently as being apt for strongly satiric treatment, the suicide of Judas, the fall of Goliath. The legend of Saint Benedict, naturally at home in a Benedictine church, presented the sculptor with a series of forcible grotesques ready-made. Some monkish story, half moral, half facetious, perhaps a little coarse, like that of Sainte Eugénie, from time to time makes variety; or an example of the punishment of the wicked by men or by devils, who play a large, and to themselves thoroughly enjoyable and merry, part here. The sculptor would seem to have witnessed the punishment of the blasphemer: how adroitly the executioner planted knee on the culprit's bosom, as he lay on the ground, and out came the sinful tongue, to meet the iron pincers. The minds of those who worked thus seem to have been almost insanely preoccupied just then with the human countenance, but by no means exclusively in its pleasantness or dignity. Bold, crude, original, their work indicates delight in the power of reproducing fact, curiosity in it, but little or no sense of beauty. The humanity, therefore, here presented, as in the Cluniac sculpture generally, is wholly unconventional. M. Viollet-le-Duc thinks he can trace in it individual types still actually existing in the peasantry of Le Morvan. Man and morality, however, disappearing at intervals, the acanthine capitals have a kind of later Venetian beauty about them, as the Venetian birds also, the conventional peacocks, or birds wholly of fantasy, amid the long fantastic foliage. There are still, however, no true flowers of the field here. There is pity, it must be confessed, on the other hand, and the delicacy, the beauty, which that always brings with it, where Jephtha peeps at the dead daughter's face, lifting timidly the great leaves that cover it; in the hanging body of Absolom; in the child carried away by the eagle, his long frock twisted in the wind as he goes. The parents run out in dismay, and the devil to grin, not because it is the punishment of the child or of them; but because he is the author of all mischief everywhere, as the monkish carver conceived—so far, wholesomely.

We must remember that any sculpture less emphatic would have been ineffective, because practically invisible, in this sombre place. But at the west end there is an escape for the eye, for the soul,

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towards the unhindered, natural, afternoon sun; not, however, into the outer and open air, but through an arcade of three bold round arches, high above the great closed western doors, into a somewhat broader and loftier place than this, a reservoir of light, a veritable *camera lucida*. The light is that which lies below the vault and within the tribunes of the famous *narthex* (as they say), the vast fore-church or vestibule, into which the nave is prolonged. A remarkable feature of many Cluniac churches, the great western porch, on a scale which is approached in England only at Peterborough, is found also in some of the churches of the Cistercians. It is characteristic, in fact, rather of Burgundy than of either of those religious orders especially. At Pontigny itself, for instance, there is a good one; and a very early one at Paray-le-Monial. Saint-Père-sous-Vézelay, daughter of the great church, in the vale below, has a late Gothic example; Semur also, with fantastic lodges above it. The cathedral of Autun, a secular church in rivalry of the 'religious,' presents, by way of such western porch or vestibule, two entire bays of the nave, unglazed, with the vast western arch open to the air; the west front, with its rich portals, being thrown back into the depths of the great fore-church thus produced.

The *narthex* of Vézelay, the largest of these singular structures, is glazed, and closed towards the west by what is now the *façade*. It is itself, in fact, a great church, a nave of three magnificent bays, and of three aisles, with a spacious triforium. With their fantastic sculpture, sheltered thus from accident and weather, in all its original freshness, the great portals of the primitive *façade* serve now for doorways, as a second, solemn, door of entrance, to the church proper within. The very structure of the place, and its relation to the main edifice, indicate that it was for use on occasion, when, at certain great feasts, that of the Magdalen especially, to whom the church of Vézelay is dedicated, the monastery was swollen with pilgrims, too poor, too numerous, to be lodged in the town, come hither to worship by the relics of the friend of Jesus, enshrined in a low-vaulted crypt, the floor of which is the natural rocky surface of the hill-top. It may be that the pilgrims were permitted to lie for the night, not only on the pavement, but (if so favoured) in the high and dry chamber formed by the spacious triforium over the north aisle, awaiting an early Mass. The primitive west front, then, had become but a wall of partition; and above its central portal, where the round arched west windows had been, ran now a kind of broad, arcaded tribune, in full view of the entire length of the church. In the *midst* of it stood an altar; and here, perhaps, the priest who officiated being visible to the whole assembled multitude east and west, the early Mass was said.

The great vestibule was finished about forty years after the completion of the nave, towards the middle of the twelfth century. And

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here, in the great pier-arches, and in the eastern bay of the vault, still with the large masonry, the large, flat, unmoulded surfaces, and amid the fantastic carvings of the Romanesque building about it, the Pointed Style, determined yet discreet, makes itself felt—makes itself felt by appearing, if not for the first time, yet for the first time in the organic or systematic development of French architecture. Not in the unambitious façade of Saint-Denis, nor in the austere aisles of Sens, but at Vézelay, in this grandiose fabric, so worthy of the event, Viollet-le-Duc would fain see the birthplace of the Pointed Style. Here, at last, with no sense of contrast, but by way of veritable 'transition,' and as if by its own matured strength, the round arch breaks into the double curve, *les arcs brisés*, with a wonderful access of grace. And the imaginative effect is forthwith enlarged. Beyond, far beyond, what is actually presented to the eye in that peculiar curvature, its mysterious grace, and by the stateliness, the elevation of the ogival method of vaulting, the imagination is stirred to present one with what belongs properly to it alone. The masonry, though large, is nicely fitted; a large light is admitted through the now fully pronounced Gothic windows towards the west. At Amiens we found the Gothic spirit, reigning there exclusively, to be a restless one. At Vézelay, where it breathes for the first time amid the heavy masses of the old imperial style, it breathes the very genius of monastic repose. And then, whereas at Amiens, and still more at Beauvais, at Saint-Quentin, you wonder how these monuments of the past can have endured so long, in strictly monastic Vézelay you have a sense of freshness, such as, in spite of their ruin, we perceive in the buildings of Greece. We enjoy here not so much, as at Amiens, the sentiment of antiquity, but that of eternal duration.

But let me place you once more where we stood for a while, on entering by the doorway in the midst of the long southern aisle. Cross the aisle, and gather now in one view the perspective of the whole. Away on the left hand the eye is drawn upward to the tranquil light of the vaults of the fore-church, seeming doubtless the more spacious because partly concealed from us by the wall of partition below. But, on the right hand, towards the east, as if with the set purpose of a striking architectural contrast, an instruction as to the place of this or that manner in the architectural series, the long, tunnel-like, military work of the Romanesque nave opens wide into the exhilarating daylight of choir and transepts, in the sort of Gothic Bernard would have welcomed, with a vault rising now high above the roof-line of the body of the church, *sicut lilium excelsum*. The simple flowers, the *flora*, of the early Pointed Style, which could never have looked at home as an element in the half-savage decoration of the nave, seem to be growing here upon the sheaves of slender, reedy pillars, as if naturally in the carved stone. Even here, indeed, Roman, or Romanesque, taste still lingers proudly in the monolith

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columns of the *chevet*. Externally, we may note with what dexterity the Gothic choir has been inserted into its place, below and within the great buttresses of the earlier Romanesque one.

Visitors to the great church of Assisi have sometimes found a kind of parable in the threefold ascent from the dark crypt where the body of Saint Francis lies, through the gloomy 'lower' church, into the height and breadth, the physical and symbolic 'illumination,' of the church above. At Vézelay that kind of contrast suggests itself in one view, the hopeful, but transitory, glory upon which one enters; the long, darksome, central avenue; the 'open vision' into which it conducts us. As a symbol of resurrection, its choir is a fitting diadem to the church of the Magdalen, whose remains the monks meant it to cover.

And yet, after all, notwithstanding this assertion of the superiority (are we so to call it?) of the new Gothic way, perhaps by the very force of contrast, the *Madeleine* of Vézelay is still pre-eminently a Romanesque, and thereby the typically monastic, church. In spite of restoration even, as we linger here, the impression of the monastic Middle Age, of a very exclusive monasticism, that has verily turned its back upon common life, jealously closed inward upon itself, is a singularly weighty one; the more so because, as the peasant said when asked the way to an old sanctuary that had fallen to the occupation of farm-labourers, and was now deserted even by them: *Maintenant il n'y a personne là.*

WALTER PATER.

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A RECENT RUN TO THE EAST

HAVING had the honour of being appointed to serve on the Opium Commission, it was finally decided to go out to Calcutta in the *Sunbeam*. The reasons need not be here explained, nor should the valuable pages of this Review be occupied with many items from a yachtsman's log-book. Sailing from Portsmouth on the 22nd, we reached Gibraltar on the 30th of September, Spezia on the 5th and Port Said on the 14th of October. Of the total distance from England, 1,852 miles had been covered under sail and 1,716 under steam. Leaving the *Sunbeam* at Ismailia, it was a delightful interruption to a long sea voyage to run up for a couple of days to Cairo. A page from my diary may be appropriately inserted :—

October 16th. On the morning after our arrival, we drove out to the Great Pyramid, and ascended its steep and broken steps, as much impeded as assisted by swarms of Arabs, with insatiable appetite for backsheesh. Immensity of size and marvellous accuracy of construction are obvious features, which must deeply impress every traveller. Arrived at the summit, the view was most beautiful. The delta, a vast plain of luxuriant fertility, walled in by hills of burning sand and dazzling limestone, lay stretched at our feet. The overflowing waters of the Nile formed an endless chain of lakes, bordered by green groves, fresh pastures, and growing crops.

Dined with the Cromers. To govern Egypt under present conditions is no light task. The administrative success which our admirable staff in Egypt has achieved has been recently described by Milner. It is another laurel added to our crown as a people with exceptional capacity for establishing orderly government in half-civilised countries. In all the circumstances, a permanent British occupation is perhaps the only possible alternative. Egypt could not stand alone. If European control were withdrawn, the corruption, oppression, and incapacity of old days would promptly reappear. When we interfered to suppress the rebellion of Arabi, France was invited to act with us. The Government assented, but the Chamber refused to vote the necessary supplies. We decided to proceed single-handed, although our material interest in averting a repudiation of debt by a successful insurrection was far less considerable than that

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of France. It is superfluous to trace the story, from the bombardment of the forts of Alexandria, and the subsequent conflagrations, to the expedition under Lord Wolseley, the occupation of the Suez Canal, the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, the surrender of Cairo, the determination, in deference to financial considerations, to withdraw the Egyptian garrisons from the Soudan, the mission of General Gordon, the abortive efforts for his rescue, and the battles fought round Suakim. From the point of view of British interests, strictly and exclusively regarded, the position we hold in Egypt would be absolutely valueless unless we had a naval supremacy in the Mediterranean. Having the command of the sea, we could prevent the occupation of Egypt by any rival power, and our highway to the East would be guarded by the fleet. Without that command, our few regiments in Egypt would be a force in the air, as helpless as Napoleon's army after the defeat of his fleet by Nelson at the battle of the Nile.

Leaving Suez on the 18th, we arrived at Aden on the 27th of October. In the northern part of the Red Sea we experienced delightful weather, smooth seas, favourable breezes, and no excessive heat. When the northerly winds died away the conditions were less propitious. Under the combined effects of the sun and the stoke-hole the temperature in the cabins gradually rose and remained at 93° for several days.

In the Red Sea the assistance afforded to the mariner is by no means equal to the requirements of an active and enormously valuable trade. Two or three additional lights, in well-selected positions, would greatly facilitate navigation in the southern part of the Red Sea. The shipowners interested should move the Board of Trade to take the necessary action. It has been proposed to establish a light on Cape Guardafui. It has been objected that a dense mist hangs about the land during the south-west monsoon. If the position on Cape Guardafui is considered unsuitable, it is the more necessary that a light should be placed on the south-westernmost island of the Socotra group. All steamers proceeding from Aden to Colombo and the Far East steer close along its southern shore.

During the last three days of the passage to Aden, we were delayed by a south-east wind, sometimes blowing with the force of a gale. By navigating close in with the African shore, as recommended in the sailing directions, we kept in smooth water. Between Suez and Aden we covered 467 miles under sail, and 992 under steam.

We sailed from Aden at sunset on the 28th of October. Off Socotra, at dawn on the 1st of November, the P. and O. steamer *Oceana* passed, about five miles to windward, going east. My son and his wife were among the passengers. A week later, just before rounding the island of Minikoi, green and refreshing with its grove of cocoanuts, another P. and O. steamer, the *Kaiser-i-Hind*, steamed

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by, having on board two members of the Opium Commission. On the 10th of November the *Sunbeam* reached Colombo. Putting public duty before other considerations, I transferred myself, not without reluctance, to the *Kaiser-i-Hind*. The *Sunbeam*, following close behind, arrived at the Sand Heads on the 17th of October, having covered a total distance from Aden of 787 miles under sail, 325 under steam and sail, and 2,442 under steam.

Passing to the concluding stage of the voyage to Calcutta, we landed at Madras. In common with the other Presidency towns, it boasts of public buildings, creditable in their architecture, and of lordly dimensions. The native town seemed mean and miserable. We saw it under the disadvantageous conditions created by a remorseless downpour of tropical rain. The change of climate as we steamed northward from Madras was most agreeable. The sky was cloudless, and the heat was tempered by a cool breeze from the north-east. We reached the Sand Heads at 10 P.M., and ascended under the charge of a pilot as far as Saugar, where we anchored for the night.

Starting a little before noon on the 18th of October, six hours' steaming on a rising tide brought us to Calcutta. The navigation of the Hooghly is difficult and sometimes dangerous. The shoals are constantly shifting, and the tides are strong. The banks of the river are flat, and rise but a few feet above high-water mark. The delta of the Ganges is rich and highly cultivated. At this season of the year the fields are green with crops, soon to ripen for the early harvest. The villages are numberless. Everywhere the country is well wooded. To eyes which for weeks had rested on nothing but the waste of waters the scene was pleasant and refreshing.

Our life in Calcutta was most fully occupied. The days began, shortly after sunrise, with a gallop on the Maidan. The Opium Commission sat, with few interruptions, from half-past ten sometimes until late in the afternoon. A walk or an occasional game at lawn-tennis was generally accomplished in the charming hour before sunset. The evenings were given to society.

Having gone to Calcutta on a mission which, though undertaken at the wish of the Government of India, was sure to be the subject of criticism, it seemed the more a duty to respond to calls on behalf of public objects lying outside the scope of our immediate work. I fraternised with the officers of the mercantile marine. I joined an international Shipmasters' Club, and had the advantage of meeting a number of shipmasters on several occasions, for the discussion of matters relating to ships and sailors. The seamen visiting Calcutta are of unequal quality. Many are ruined in this port. The conduct of others is beyond reproach. The long-voyage trades are trying alike to the seamen and to their officers. The social privations are the most serious hardship. Many men may be absent from home for

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two years continuously. Such a life is suitable only on first going to sea.

After spending ten days with the acting Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, at Belvedere, we returned for a fortnight to the *Sunbeam*. The anchorage in the Hooghly is bright and breezy. The perpetual movements of native boats make the river an animated scene. On leaving the *Sunbeam* we spent eight days at Darjeeling. Returning to Calcutta, we were guests for more than a week at Government House.

And now it is time to say something of Calcutta. It stands on the right bank of the Hooghly, whose broad stream is the centre and the source of the commerce of this busy seaport. The wide esplanade known as Garden Reach extends some four miles below the city. Here may always be seen a noble fleet of sailing-ships, moored in tiers, four deep. Garden Reach forms the river front of the green and well-wooded Maidan, or park of Calcutta, which in extent exceeds all the parks of London thrown together. In its centre is Fort William, a strong fortress and the official seat of Government. On the side remote from the river the Maidan is bounded by the Chowringhee road. This handsome esplanade and the streets leading to it form the residential quarter of Calcutta for Europeans. The houses are large, many being occupied as flats, or shared between two occupants. They stand widely apart, in pleasant gardens. The cathedral is a principal architectural feature. Its services are largely attended. The choir would be appreciated at home.

The business centre of Calcutta divides the Maidan from the native quarter. Here are found the offices of the central and presidential Governments, the law courts, the fine city hall, the post office, with its noble Corinthian colonnade and lofty dome, the spacious counting-houses of the leading banks, and many shops, not rivalled in any provincial city at home.

Government House, with its perfectly kept garden, would command admiration in any capital in Europe. The interior contains a suite of halls and rooms for state reception. The ball-room, adorned by a colonnade of pure white pillars, slightly relieved by gilding, is not overcrowded when fifteen hundred guests are assembled. As the seat of the Central Government and of the Government of the largest Presidency, the head-quarters for the superior courts, and a great trading emporium, a large and agreeable social world is gathered at Calcutta.

Our trip to Darjeeling may be briefly described. This most beautiful of hill stations is the centre of the noblest mountain scenery of the world. A journey of some sixteen hours by railway, over the delta of the Ganges and across the widest mouth of the river, carries the traveller to the foot of the Himalayas. With the earliest dawn some snow-clad peaks were visible. At Siliguri there is a break of gauge, and travellers are transferred to the Darjeeling

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Himalayan railway. The line, which is laid on the finely engineered hill cart-road previously in existence, has a two-foot gauge. Inclines of one in twenty-eight are ascended without difficulty, and the trains wind round the sharpest curves with perfect safety. The speed is nearly twelve miles, and the ascent is made at the rate of a thousand feet an hour. The physical difficulties have taxed to the uttermost the resources of the engineer. The climbing is continuous, here by convolutions as of the corkscrew, there by zigzags, sometimes by holding on as long as possible to the sky-line of some sharp and precipitous buttress of the great chain into the heart of which we were penetrating. The views from the railroad are beyond all powers of description. At the commencement of the ascent the line passes through the dense jungle of the Terai, the haunt of the tiger and the wild elephant. Rising above the jungle, a region is gained where the tea-plant flourishes, and here, far as the eye can reach, clearing after clearing can be seen, each with its homestead of white buildings, the residences of the European managers, and the sheds in which the tea is prepared for market. The prospect varies at every instant, embracing at one turn of the road the snow-clad range forming the topmost crest of the Himalayas, at the next some thickly wooded gorge, down which, three thousand feet below, a silvery mountain stream can be traced, until it flows out into the mist-covered plain.

The change from the temperature of Calcutta to that of a frosty English December, without English appliances for resisting cold, was most sudden, and at first rather trying.

Darjeeling is a scattered settlement, houses having been built wherever space could be found. The shoulder of rock on which Darjeeling stands forms the termination of a gigantic spur, thrust out from the main chain of the Himalayas, first in a southerly direction, then recurving eastwards, and finally bending northwards. The settlement is hemmed in on the north, the east, and the west by the deep glens of the Ramam and Rangut rivers. Looking from Darjeeling northwards, across the deep glen of the Rangut, the Himalayas are seen in all their magnificence. The peak of Kinchinjunga, more than 28,000 feet in height, is the central feature. As the crow flies it is forty miles distant, though in this clear atmosphere it appears much nearer. Kinchinjunga is the highest point of a splendid pryamidal group, rising gradually up, ridge upon ridge and peak above peak, in forms as varied as they are beautiful. This noble mountain mass is detached from the main dorsal chain of the Himalayas. The highest ridges can be traced round Kinchinjunga, from Mount Everest on the west to the mountains of Thibet on the east. Eastward numberless spires and buttresses are seen descending into the plains of Bengal from the main range, through Sikkim and far away into Assam, with graceful yet sharply

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defined sky-lines. Looking west the view is cut short by the great spur on which Darjeeling itself stands. The deep valleys and richly wooded slopes are as the foreground in a scene of indescribable grandeur and beauty.

Returning to life in Calcutta, on Christmas Day great efforts were made on board the ships in the harbour to observe the season by suitable decoration. Admiral Kennedy, the commander-in-chief on the East India station, with his flag-ship, the *Boadicea*, the cruiser *Brisk*, and the gun-vessel *Red-breast*, made a brave show. On the *Sunbeam* the bulwarks were hung with festoons of tropical foliage, while the words 'Wishing all a Happy Christmas' were spelt in bamboo letters covered with green leaves, hung from the covering board to near the water-line.

We heard much serious talk at Calcutta of the general unrest which is observable throughout the country. Any government by conquerors differing in race, language, faith, and social customs from the people under their rule must necessarily be more or less unsympathetic. The sharp lessons of the Mutiny have faded from the memories of the present generation. Still less is there any recollection or even tradition of the misgovernment which prevailed under the native rulers whom we have displaced. Our difficulties in India can never be altogether overcome. They have been intensified in later years by the spread of education, and by the ever-increasing number of natives of Bengal who have shown an extraordinary aptitude for acquiring that kind of knowledge which secures success in competitive examinations. The sole aim of every educated native is to obtain, first, employment, and then promotion in the Government service. Candidates are more numerous than places, and the rejected and disappointed are busy in fostering discontent. England should maintain in India a rule of unfaltering justice, supported, and that not inadequately, by a powerful army of British troops, with such auxiliaries as can be trusted with the confidence we give to our Sikhs and Ghoorkas.

The aspirations of competent natives to share in the Government should by no means be denied. We have already given them high offices on the judicial bench. They are largely employed in the Civil Service, and we are bound to advance them gradually to higher positions than they have yet filled. All this we may do; but we shall commit a fatal error if we look to maintain our military hold over the country by any other forces than those recruited in Great Britain.

New Year's Day was filled with engagements for every hour. We went early in the Viceregal cortège to the Maidan for the annual parade, when the assumption of the title of Empress of India by the Queen is celebrated. All the available forces are brought together on the occasion to fire a *feu de joie*, to give three cheers for the Queen,

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and to march past the Viceroy. The total strength was over 4,000 men. The marching of the British regiments and of the field battery was exceptionally good.

At midday we went to the Sailors' Home, where a dinner of good Christmas fare was provided by public subscription for the European sailors then in port. Covers were laid for 924 men. The forenoon had been occupied with athletic sports, the various contests being open to all comers of the seafaring class. In the long jump, and in putting the shot, two of our 'Sunbeams' gained the first prizes. Another man was second for the obstacle race, and eight of our men won the tug of war. We did much better than any other ship in port. In the evening a State banquet of eighty covers was given at Government House.

At 10 P.M. we started for Patna in the special train prepared for the Commission. We were distributed in some fourteen carriages, each carriage being divided into two compartments, each compartment holding two travellers. The party includes the nine Commissioners and a few relatives and friends. In addition, there is the staff of shorthand writers and nearly 150 native servants.

January 3rd.—Reached Patna and detrained at 10 A.M. A camp consisting of tents lent by the Viceroy was pitched for our use in a field in the European cantonment. The encampment included a large tent for meals and another for the sittings of the Commission. Our own tent, as an acknowledgment of the responsibilities of the Chairman, was placed at the end of two long lines, formed by the eighteen tents appropriated to the other members of the Commission, the secretaries, shorthand staff, caterers, and European servants. The scene was made gay with flowers. The next three days were fully employed in the sittings of the Commission.

January 5th.—Visited the opium factory. It is not necessary to describe the process by which the drug that has filled so large a space in our recent deliberations is prepared. In the final stage the Government opium takes the shape of a cannon-ball. The quantity in store at Patna not rarely exceeds 1,000,000*l.* in value. In contrast with this accumulation of valuable property, it is interesting to note the low scale of pay for the employés of the factory. We were told that the native foreman—the head man in an establishment where some 1,500 hands are employed—receives eleven rupees a month, the rupee at the present rate of exchange being worth 1*s.* 4*d.* The wages for the working hands range from a penny a day for children to fourpence, as a maximum, for men. The wages of agricultural labourers in this part of India do not exceed two annas, or a little more than twopence a day. Even in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, at the large and admirably equipped Canning jute mills, which we visited, and where from three to four thousand hands are employed, the wages range from twopence to fourpence a day. We are told that the natives are able to live, according to their mode of existence, on this miserable

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poor pay. Every member of a family earns wages and contributes to the common fund. Many of the cultivators possess a little patch of their own. Their dwellings are of the most rudimentary description, consisting of the tiniest huts, made of bamboo and matting. They have little need of fuel. Their clothing consists entirely of cotton cloth. Their food is millet, their drink water.

January 6th.—Proceeded in the night to Benares. Here we were encamped in the compound attached to a small palace belonging to the Maharaja. The European cantonment occupies a considerable space of undulating and park-like ground, well planted with trees in groups. The drought had been of long continuance, but the grass was not yet burnt up. Adjoining the civil cantonment are the barracks for European troops, now occupied by a detachment of the Northumberland Fusiliers. The men seemed in fine health. They have a splendid expanse of grass for cricket and football. It was a short walk of half a mile from the European barracks to the quarters occupied by the 5th Bengal Light Infantry. These native soldiers are fine fellows physically, good at drill, and better shots than our own men. If we may trust their fidelity, they are a valuable support to the British force in India. It has been decided lately to keep the native regiments homogeneous, as far as possible, as to race and caste. It is believed that each corps will be smarter and more efficient on this system. The obvious disadvantage is that a spirit of discontent, should it arise, would spread more quickly through a regiment.

We remained at Benares from the morning of the 7th until 10 P.M. on the 9th. At dawn the following morning we reached Lucknow. It is far the most attractive of all the places we have visited since leaving Calcutta. The European cantonment covers a large space, traversed in all directions by broad and well-kept roads and fine avenues. The river Gumti is a most attractive feature. A considerable part of the adjoining open ground has been laid out with great taste as a park and garden.

As the old capital of the kings of Oudh, Lucknow contains many fine examples of Indian architecture, which it is unnecessary to enumerate or describe. The Residency, now in ruins, is the centre of interest. It occupies hilly ground of small elevation, and may be nearly two miles in circuit. When the mutiny broke out, our garrison consisted of the British 23rd Regiment, with some artillery and nearly a hundred officers from the native regiments which had mutinied at Cawnpore. The weakest places in the defence had been palisaded, and the garrison was well provisioned. This handful of less than a thousand fighting men was besieged by 60,000 rebels. The fire of their heavy guns never ceased, and assaults were delivered almost daily. The Residency was invested in July, and the first relief, under Havelock, did not arrive until September. In the interval, of a total number of 2,994 persons, scarcely one thousand had survived. The

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gallant resistance was carried on under great disadvantages to the besieged. They were completely surrounded by the native town, which afforded cover to the assailants close up to the lines of defence.

War gives opportunities for the noblest deeds of heroism, patriotism, and self-sacrifice. Never were those great qualities more signally displayed than in the defence and relief of Lucknow. On the tomb of Sir Henry Lawrence is inscribed an epitaph which is equally appropriate to every man who fought and fell at Lucknow :—

HERE LIES
HENRY LAWRENCE,
WHO TRIED TO DO HIS DUTY.

May the Lord have mercy on his soul.

January 15th, 16th, and 17th.—These days were spent in camp at Umballah, the work of the Commission occupying the greater part of our daylight hours. The testimony of representatives of the native States against any change in the present policy in relation to opium was the leading feature in the evidence taken.

Had an interview with the Maharaja of the State of Nabha, a fine old chieftain, who arrived in camp with a military escort, to pay a visit to Sir James Lyell. In the course of our conversation the Maharaja remarked that the population in these districts is rapidly increasing beyond the means of maintaining them, and that a war was needed to reduce the numbers. He condemned the use of opium. Many of the witnesses before the Commission were Sikhs, who, in common with all the races inhabiting the Punjab, present a striking contrast to the Bengalis in physical strength and manly bearing.

From Umballah we proceeded to Lahore, and from Lahore to Delhi, arriving on the morning of the 23rd of January. Every day was fully occupied in taking evidence on the opium question. The work on which we were engaged had the irksomeness of monotony, and constant repetition of the same arguments, the same opinions, and the same statistics, whether for or against opium. But there was much of interest in the witnesses themselves. The extensive knowledge of English among the natives of India is quite remarkable. Many appeared before us, having no connection with the public service, who, in ready command of our mother tongue, were fully equal to the best educated Englishmen. They experienced absolutely none of the difficulties which most of us find when we endeavour to express our thoughts in any other tongue than our own. They were fluent to volubility, animated, argumentative, and even eloquent. They were able to return fire most effectively upon occasion, when placed under the ordeal of cross-examination.

We saw a splendid Sikh regiment on parade at Delhi. In physique and martial bearing the men were equal to our Foot

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Guards. They are drawn from a solid class of small yeoman-farmers. The pay of a native infantry soldier is seven rupees a month, and for this small sum he finds his provisions and all his undress kit. The native army is a marvellously cheap force, and their officers believe that the men may be trusted to stand by us as long as we are able to show a bold front to the enemy. They feel the prestige which belongs to a Government sustained, as ours has thus far been, through every difficulty and trial which we have had to encounter. None can say what the native soldier might do in case of serious reverses. He may help us to avert, he might not help us to retrieve, disaster.

We found time in the early mornings and afternoons to see the mosques, the forts, and the palace, so justly renowned as the very finest examples of Oriental architecture. Delhi presents indications of present prosperity in the recent erection of a large flour mill, two cotton mills, and malting kilns on a colossal scale.

Leaving Delhi on the evening of the 24th, the following morning we were in camp at Agra. Here, as elsewhere, the best hours of the day were occupied with the business of the Commission, the hearing of witnesses being conducted in a large tent. We paid an almost daily visit to the Taj and fort. An afternoon was given to a walk to Akbar's tomb, about five and a half miles from Agra. In some hasty notes of a former journey I joined in paying the universal tribute of admiration to the beauties of the Taj. In the present visit we saw it in all its phases, at the hour before sunset, in the full blaze of noonday, and by moonlight. The green garden, admirably planted, and watered from many fountains, adds greatly to the architectural effect. Its fresh verdure contrasts admirably with the pearly whiteness of the temple. It is impossible to describe the impression created by this unrivalled combination of many beautiful things, including the Taj itself, a central object of supreme loveliness—the grand entrance gateway, the garden, the pavilions, about midway down on either side, the platform with its four graceful minarets, so perfect in its proportions, forming a substructure for the principal building, the two fine mosques by which the Taj is flanked, and, beyond all this wealth of art the broad waters of the Jumna and the not distant view of the fort and palace of Agra.

The extensive fort at Agra, situated in a commanding position on the banks of the river, is not inferior to the noble structure of Delhi. The material employed is a richly coloured red sandstone. The gateway is of fine proportions, with beautiful ornamentation, especially on the inside. Within the fort is the fine mosque known as the Muti Musjid, or Pearl Mosque, erected by Shah Jehan, and rightly named from the pure white marble of which it is built. In the adjacent palace, though it has been much injured, the magnificent marble pavilions overlooking the river still remain in perfect preservation.

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The tomb of Akbar, at Secundra, receives considerable notice in Fergusson's admirable work on the architecture of the East. The main building is surrounded by a large garden, the entrance to which is through a grand gateway. To eyes that have been feasting on the Taj and the fort at Agra, the main building at Secundra is comparatively uninteresting.

We moved from Agra to Jeypore in the night of the 28th–29th of January. During our day at Jeypore we were the guests of the Resident, Colonel Peacock. His house is quite charming, and the hospitality offered to the members of the Opium Commission was most kind. The afternoon was spent in taking evidence. We sat in a large and graceful building, recently erected in the native style from the design of Colonel Taylor, who, having begun life in the artillery, has become famous as an architect.

The evidence given by the prime minister at Jeypore was the feature of the afternoon. The minister, who spoke English with extraordinary fluency, came here originally as the head of the College. From a pedagogue he has become an administrator of no mean ability. Under his care the Maharajas, under whom he carries on the government, have become men of large wealth. The present ruler is said to have a hoard in cash amounting to some millions sterling. The native States have a certain advantage in being free from the heavy demands made on British territories for the remittance of local revenues, for the maintenance of the army, and the expenses of the central Government at Calcutta.

We arrived at Ajmere on the morning of the 30th of January. The arrangements provided for a stay of six and a half days, which were to be devoted to taking evidence from representatives of the numerous small native States in Rajputana. In this district the consumption of opium is considerable, and the poppy cultivation for export through Bombay to China is a valuable local resource. For obvious reasons the native States would not welcome a policy of prohibition.

At Ajmere we were in a small oasis of British territory attached to the Bombay Presidency. It is a pleasant place surrounded by hills, affording a great relief from the level monotony of the plains of Bengal and the Punjab. The public gardens are extensive. Our hall of audience was on the shores of the lake. The room where we held our sittings opened on to a terrace, on which stand two lovely white marble pavilions, dating from the period of the Moguls. The ruined mosque at Ajmere, known as the Ardhai-din-ka-Jompra, is a building of the greatest beauty and interest. It dates from 1200 A.D., and is a singular combination of Hindu and Mahommedan art. A Jain temple was appropriated by the Mahommedans and faced with a screen, which is one of the finest examples of the Indian Saracenic architecture.

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We arrived at Indore at an early hour on the 6th of February, and after breakfast drove to our encampment, pitched on an open space in front of the British Residency.

Indore is the capital of the Maharaja Holkar. The population of the State is nearly 7,000,000; the city, which is a place of considerable trade in the exportation of wheat and opium, has a population of 100,000.

The sittings of our Commission were held on the first day at the Residency, and on the following day in the hall of the College. The attendance was large, and the witnesses were more than ordinarily interesting. Colonel Robertson, representing the Civil Service, was an able exponent of the objections to a policy of prohibition. Holkar's prime minister, Rao Bahardar, a native gentleman, formerly holding a legal appointment under the Government of Bombay, exhibited an extraordinary command of English and no mean knowledge of the arts of statesmanship. From other independent States we had numerous witnesses, many of whom were curious survivals from an age and an order of things now rapidly passing away.

The city of Indore possesses some charming gardens, extending along the banks of a small river, the Sirsuti, which has been formed into a chain of artificial lakes. We paid a visit to Holkar, and received a return visit in our tent. The Maharaja speaks English fluently, and shows a considerable knowledge of affairs.

From Indore to Bombay the journey by rail occupies twenty-four hours. The crossing of the Nerbudda, and the rapid descent of 1,200 feet from Mhow to Choral, are full of interest. Indian railway carriages have at least the merit of being airy, and the arrangements for refreshments are generally sufficient.

We arrived at Bombay at sunrise on the 9th of February. The Victoria Railway Terminus is the finest building of the city, and is not surpassed by anything of the kind in London. Walked down to the Apollo Bunder. The air of the early morning was fresh and cool. The broad streets and lofty, well-built houses would have been perfectly in keeping in Paris. It was pleasant to find ourselves once again in the perfect quiet of the *Sunbeam*, which had reached Bombay in excellent order. After spending three days on board we took up our quarters under the hospitable roof of the Governor, with whom we remained nearly a week. Each day commenced with a ride in the company of our host. One morning was given to a parade of the garrison of Bombay, for inspection by the Governor. The British force consisted of garrison artillery and two infantry regiments, with one infantry and one cavalry regiment of the native army.

Our stay at Bombay was well timed for seeing a local effort in naval mobilisation. The two torpedo gunboats and seven torpedo boats stationed here for the defence of the harbour were mobilised at twelve hours' notice, and proceeded to sea for a week's cruise, manned

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partly by British blue-jackets and partly by lascars of the Indian Marine. On the return of the torpedo flotilla, two days were given to an attack on Bombay from the sea. The attacking force was represented by some cruisers of Admiral Kennedy's squadron. The resources of the defenders included the two turret-vessels *Cerberus* and *Magdala* and the torpedo-boats. The manœuvres afforded an opportunity for some smart evolutionary work by the torpedo flotilla. It was satisfactory to see the turret-ships under way, and the forces of the Royal Navy and Indian Marine brought together. On shore the efficiency of the volunteer artillery was tested, and attention was probably attracted to any weak points in the line of defence.

I will not attempt a description in detail of things worth seeing in Bombay. The public buildings on the esplanade facing the sea form collectively a range of edifices symmetrical in design, and in point of dimensions and architectural merit not easily matched in any city in the world. The Law Courts, the Secretariat, and the University are nobly housed in these beautiful structures. The style is an Orientalised Gothic. The designs for the University buildings, including a grand Gothic library and a clock-tower 260 feet high, are by Sir Gilbert Scott. The Secretariat, a building nearly 450 feet long, is from designs by Colonel Wilkins, R.E. The Law Courts were designed and built by General Fuller, R.E. The esplanade is adorned with fine statues—of the Queen, by Noble, and of the Prince of Wales, in bronze, by Boehm. Her Majesty is seated on a throne, under a Gothic canopy of exquisite design.

The Sailors' Home is a handsome building, designed by Mr. Stevens, A.C.E. The front has a length of 270 feet; the interior affords airy accommodation. Every sailors' home is lacking in the things which make a real home. The life is that of a barrack, without privacy, without womanly ministrations, and without the small comforts which count for so much, and which it is so impossible for superintendents and committees of management to provide. At the time of our visit the Home was full of seamen of the Royal Navy, who have been serving in the *Marathon* or in a gunboat, and who were to be relieved by new crews sent out in the *Tyne*.

The Town Hall, one of the chief ornaments of Bombay, is on a large scale, 260 feet long by 100 feet deep. The architecture is Doric. The massive pillars of the colonnade forming the front of the building were sent out from England. The assembly-room, 100 feet square, contains a fine organ, the gift of Sir Albert Sassoon. An adjacent suite of rooms contains the large and well-selected library of the Asiatic Society. The vestibule connecting the library with the great hall is adorned with statues of Lord Elphinstone, Sir J. Malcolm, and Sir Charles Forbes, all by Chantrey, and in his best manner.

The dockyard of Bombay dates from 1673. It is now in the hands of the Government of India. Fitted with a complete equip-

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ment of machinery, and with a staff of English foremen, the resources for the repair and maintenance of the navy are the most complete in the East, and, of all our stations abroad, are only exceeded by those of the dockyard at Malta. Bombay may be regarded as the head-quarters of the Indian Marine. All the local transport duties of India are performed by the ships of this highly efficient service. It would be a great economy to the Indian Government if the troop-ships were manned with native crews, under European officers, and kept in repair at Bombay. The running expenses would be considerably reduced, while the Admiralty would thus have a body of officers and men placed at their disposal whose services are greatly needed.

The harbour of Bombay, the source of its prosperity, is one of the most commodious in the world. It has a length of twelve to fourteen miles in a north and south direction, with an average width of from four to six miles. An enormous trade is carried on, oversea by steamers, and coastwise in native dhows. The fortifications and floating defences of the port have been greatly strengthened of late years. A graving-dock for ships of deep draught is still required to make the port in all respects a station such as England ought to possess in these seas. It has been computed that Bombay has a seafaring population of 230,000. It is also the Manchester of India. The cotton-spinning industry has been wonderfully developed of late years. It gives employment to 8,000 hands. The tall chimneys of the mills can be traced along the shore for a distance of many miles. The British troops forming the garrison have their quarters on the narrow spit, projecting two miles to seaward, forming the Kolaba Point. The quarters for the men and bungalows for the officers would be delightful in a temperate climate. Here is the beautiful Kolaba Church, filled with stained windows, to the memory of many gallant men who have died in India in the service of their country.

At Bombay the work of the Opium Commission in India was brought to a close. We spent several days in taking evidence, and finally devoted some days to private conference, followed by a meeting at which an opportunity was afforded, both to the native members of the Commission and to the representatives of the Anti-Opium Association, for putting us in possession of their views. A general disposition to reasonableness and moderation was displayed. It would have been idle to look for complete unanimity on the public questions with which we have had to deal. The members of the Civil Service who have been attached to the Commission have been never-failing in consideration to us and in devotion to their work. From all with whom we have been brought in contact in India—high and low—we have received unvarying kindness.

It only remains to bring the *Sunbeam* home to her familiar anchorage in Cowes roads. The passage from Bombay to Aden was made when the north-east monsoon was no longer blowing with the

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full force experienced in the cold season of India. We sailed on Saturday, the 24th of February, and arrived at Aden on the 7th of March, having covered 691 miles under sail and 890 miles under steam. The best run under sail was made the first day after leaving Bombay, distance 170 miles.

At Aden, in consequence of the receipt of a distressful telegram, we transferred ourselves to the P. and O. steamship *Himalaya*. In this noble vessel we maintained a steady average speed of 415 knots a day. From Brindisi, anxieties being relieved by the reassuring news which we found awaiting us, I continued in the *Himalaya* to Malta, to spend a few days at the headquarters of our naval force in the Mediterranean, pending the arrival of the *Sunbeam*.

Many deeply interesting discussions were held at Malta on the subjects with which we have to deal in the preparation of the *Naval Annual*. The relative value of monster, medium, and small ships for the line-of-battle, the best types of cruisers, dockyard administration, the manning problem, and the maritime defence of the British Empire and its principal trade routes, offered themes of inexhaustible interest. The present Mediterranean fleet shows a striking development of naval force since 1862, when the present writer first cruised in the Mediterranean. In types of ships we have changed from the wooden three-decker to the armoured and mastless 'Ramillies.' In numbers we have expanded to a force of thirty-one pendants, of which ten are flying on armoured battle-ships of the first class.

On the 24th of March, two days after her arrival from Bombay, the *Sunbeam* sailed from Malta, homeward bound. Favoured with fresh easterly winds, from Cape Bon to Cape de Gata, we reached Gibraltar on the 31st of March. The distance from Malta was 662 miles under sail, and 376 miles under steam.

Gibraltar, so long the subject of abortive discussions, both in and out of Parliament, is at last to be taken in hand and equipped with all the resources necessary for a position of such importance. The anchorage is to be protected by two long moles from torpedo attack. A graving-dock is to be constructed. The facilities for coaling are to be adapted to the requirements of a large fleet in time of war. The fortifications and their armament do not at present call for the expenditure of serious sums.

Sailing from Gibraltar on the 31st of March, we made good progress until we arrived off Cape St. Mary. Here we encountered the first gale which we had experienced since leaving England. It was from the N.N.E. and therefore off shore; yet it blew with such force that it was necessary to call all hands and take in close reefs. In a few hours the wind abated, and we proceeded under steam and sail, working to windward, close under the land. At 7 A.M. on the 2nd of April we rounded St. Vincent. After a lovely day, when off Cape Espechel, the wind once more freshened and veered to the north.

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Stood off the land for the night. At 2 A.M., on the 3rd of April, a very heavy sea began to make from the north-west. Tacked at 8 A.M. At noon decided to put into Lisbon; at 4 P.M. entered the Tagus. A huge swell was rolling in upon the bar. The next day, at 3 P.M., we once more put to sea, and, after a fine passage, anchored in Cowes Roads at 7 P.M. on Sunday, the 8th of April.

Off Ushant we met the P. and O. steamer *Himalaya* in which we had travelled from Aden to Brindisi. On passing, we were informed by signal 'daughter on board.' It was an interesting, but a tantalising, meeting. I conclude with the following statistics, compiled from the log-book:—

Distances	Sail	Steam	Sail and Steam	Towed
	Miles	Miles	Miles	Miles
England to Calcutta	3,106	4,257	325	50
Calcutta to Bombay	—	—	—	2,152
Bombay to Aden	721	890	—	—
Aden to Malta	430	1,939	—	—
Malta to Cowes	893	1,116	400	—
	5,150	8,902	725	2,202

SUMMARY.

Sail	5,150
Steam	8,902
Sail and steam	725
Towed	2,202
	16,979 miles.

The quantity of coal consumed has been three hundred tons.

BRASSEY.

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MODERN EXPLOSIVES

THE two pivots, so to speak, around which the numerous varieties of our modern explosives chiefly revolve, are—

(*a*) Nitro-cellulose or 'guncotton,'
(*b*) Nitro-glycerin,

while next to these in importance may be placed—

(*c*) Picric acid and its alkaline salts,
(*d*) The fulminates of silver and mercury.

All the preceding, besides their value as materials in an endless series of explosive compositions, are true and complete explosives in themselves, and on being fired by suitable means decompose more or less violently. They each contain a sufficiency of unsaturated oxygen molecules to combine with all or most of the available carbon and hydrogen present, and if such combination takes place quickly, an explosion of the 'intense' or 'detonating' kind occurs. To these may be added (although for purposes of comparison rather than practical use)—

(*e*) Chloride of nitrogen,
(*f*) Iodide of nitrogen.

These two substances, represented chemically by the formulæ $NHCl_2$ and NHI_2 respectively—*i.e.* ammonia, NH_3, in which two out of its three atoms of hydrogen are replaced by two atoms of chlorine in the first, and of iodine in the latter case, are also typically complete explosives of so ultra-sensitive a kind that they must be considered as laboratory curiosities only.

Passing next to explosive materials of the 'incomplete' order, which, therefore, are not capable of being exploded *per se* either spontaneously or by the ordinary methods of 'firing,' the following may be cited as amongst the most important sources of oxygen; the chlorates and perchlorates of potassium and other alkali-metals, the nitrates, nitrites, chromates, perchromates, permanganates, and the peroxides of barium and lead. Nitric acid itself, and certain nitro-substitution compounds represent the fluid oxygenators. It has recently been shown that the nitrate of ammonium may be considered a true 'explosive,' inasmuch as it may be 'fired' alone, without

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admixture with any carbo-hydrate or other 'combustible,' provided that a sufficiently powerful detonating 'primer' be employed.

Of combustibles available for the production of explosive compositions, by mixing them with one or more of the oxygenators just mentioned, there are an immense number. Amongst them are sulphur, various metallic sulphides, carbon in various forms (such as charcoal, lamp-black, charred wood, peat, and leather), cellulose, as cotton, hemp, jute, elder-pith, wood, paper, bark, straw, &c., coal, anthracite, peat, pitch, tar, naphthalene, asphaltum, resins, camphor, wax, paraffin, spermaceti, stearin, and other fatty matters, lycopodium, starches, dextrin, sugars, gall-nuts, spent-tan, tannic acid, amorphous phosphorus, alkaline and earthy hypophosphites, prussiates, acetates, oxalates, and tartrates, metallic antimony, iron, magnesium, zinc, and copper, white arsenic, orpiment, and others, besides nearly every fluid oil and hydrocarbon which is not too costly. Since it is possible to manufacture an explosive by adding to a combustible of this group one (or more) of the members of the group previously referred to, some idea may be formed of the enormous number of possible compositions producible even from the typical substances named.

By way of illustrating this, suppose from the former list are selected chlorate of potassium forty, and nitre fifteen parts, while for combustibles are taken fifteen parts of yellow prussiate of potassium, ten of sulphur, ten of sugar, and five of charcoal; these ingredients, being duly incorporated, and granulated in the usual manner, will give us a quick-firing composition—'Pellier's Powder'—as laid before a Commission of the French Government in 1884, and reported on by that body as 'very sensitive.'

Of what might be termed 'absorbers' there is practically no limit. Almost any fine dry neutral incombustible powder, whether calcareous, argillaceous, or siliceous, may be pressed into service as a diluent of some of the more 'intense' explosive mixtures, or a 'loading' for nitro-glycerin when the preparation of dynamite is contemplated. For this latter purpose a fine soft infusorial earth, such as Kieselguhr, cimolite, or tripoli, is preferred, but rotten-stone, pumice-stone, alum-waste, or French chalk (steatite), talc, asbestos, mica, gypsum, plaster of Paris, Roman and Portland cements, limestone, shale, china and other clays, bole, ochre, corundum and various other minerals. Of inert organic absorbents may be mentioned sawdust, bran, oatmeal, wheat and rye flours, starch, paper, paper pulp or 'half-stuff,' peat, various roots and tubers dried and finely ground, all of which are combustible.

Some dynamites, in place of inert absorbents, have explosive ingredients incorporated with them, thus enhancing their powers; the substances in question may be any of those already referred to not absolutely incompatible with nitro-glycerin.

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Although during the latter part of the last century it was known that by treating cellulose—or lignin, as woody-fibre was then called—with nitric acid, it was rendered more combustible, and otherwise altered, it was not until 1845–6 that Schönbein astonished the world by his announcement of the discovery of guncotton. In Austria the new war explosive was eagerly utilised under the guidance of Baron von Lenk, but it was still too unstable for general use, and various disasters created a prejudice against it which required all Abel's sagacity and patience to dispel. Better methods of manufacture were gradually introduced, and the discovery (by the late Mr. E. O. Brown) that wet compressed guncotton—which even a red-hot poker failed to ignite—could be exploded by a detonating 'primer,' at once insured its adoption both for military and mining purposes.

Cellulose, of which the 'skeleton' or vascular structure of plants so largely consists, may be most simply represented by the formula $C_6H_{10}O_5$, and in the shape of fine carded cotton it is tolerably pure. Such cotton, at Waltham and elsewhere, is converted into guncotton by immersing it in a mixture of one part by weight concentrated nitric acid of 1·52 specific gravity, and three of sulphuric acid (s.g. 1·84), the acids being cooled to about 50° Fahr. (=18° Cent.), and any material rise of temperature during the process carefully guarded against.

Broadly speaking, the action results in the taking three hydrogen atoms out of the cellulose and putting in their place as many of a compound, represented by NO_2, called peroxide of nitrogen. Thus, cellulose, $C_6H_{10}O_5$, becomes nitro-cellulose (or 'nitro-cotton'), and, whilst remaining unchanged in appearance, is considerably increased in weight and altered in properties. In due time the guncotton is taken out of the acid mixture, mechanically squeezed or 'wrung out,' and washed in large successive quantities of water as rapidly and completely as possible. There are points of possible danger throughout all stages of the manufacture of guncotton (except the later washings), but these are now so well understood and provided for, that any accident would merely indicate the grossest carelessness on the part of the responsible foreman in charge.

By employing weaker acids, and varying the time and temperature of the immersion, less explosive varieties of 'guncotton' are obtained, some of the best-known being the 'soluble cotton' used for making collodion for photographic and surgical purposes.

A better notion of these reactions will be given by representing them in equation form:—

$$\underset{\text{Cellulose}}{C_6H_{10}O_5} + \underset{\text{Nitric acid}^1}{HNO_3} = \underset{\text{Mono-nitrocellulose}}{C_6H_9(NO_2)O_5} + \underset{\text{Water}}{H_2O}$$

Very combustible; difficultly soluble in alcohol-ether mixture.

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[1] As the sulphuric acid used plays no part in the reaction except that of keeping up the active strength of the nitric acid by taking the water itself as fast as it is formed, it is not represented in these equations.

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$$\underset{\text{Cellulose}}{C_6H_{10}O_5} + 2\underset{\text{Nitric acid}}{(HNO_3)} = \underset{\text{Di-nitrocellulose}}{C_6H_8 2(NO_2)O_5} + 2\underset{\text{Water}}{(H_2O)}$$

Slightly explosive; readily soluble in alcohol-ether mixture.

$$\underset{\text{Cellulose}}{C_6H_{10}O_5} + 3\underset{\text{Nitric acid}}{(HNO_3)} = \underset{\text{Tri-nitrocellulose}}{C_6H_7 3(NO_2)O_5} + 3\underset{\text{Water}}{(H_2O)}$$

'Guncotton.' Highly explosive; insoluble in alcohol-ether mixture.

Theoretically, in this last, 100 parts by weight of pure dry cellulose should yield no less than 218·4 parts of dry tri-nitrocellulose, but in commercial practice this degree of perfection is not attained, the finished guncotton always containing some of the lower products; loss occurs also from other causes.

In place of cotton, a number of other vegetable fibres may be, and frequently are, used for conversion into nitro-celluloses, although for the most part such fibres require much more preliminary preparation, in the way of bleaching, than is needed by the snow-white 'wool' from the seed-pods of the *Gossypium herbaceum*. Such guncottons go by the name of 'nitro-jute,' nitro-hemp,' &c. Nevertheless, the question which is the *safest* fibre for guncotton-making is one which deserves some attention.

The appearance of a 'ripe' cotton fibre as seen under the microscope resembles that of a narrow white silk ribbon with 'corded' edges which has been twisted here and there like 'barley-sugar,' but less evenly. Such a fibre, whilst 'green,' was cylindrical, but the central soft 'pith' having dried up, the hollow tube collapses laterally, and thus forms a more or less flat 'ribbon' with thickened edges. But, besides the cellular structure of the exterior 'walls,' there still remain vestiges of the original tube, in the shape of minute cavities, in places. If we bear in mind that all acids are not too easily washed entirely out, even from smooth semi-porous substances; that sulphuric acid in such cases adheres with quite exceptional obstinacy; and that even a minute trace of mineral acid such as will pass the ordinary 'factory tests' undetected is capable of initiating in guncotton a slight local decomposition, which, developing in course of time, may ignite the entire mass, it will be admitted that, if a fibre less retentive of foreign matters than cotton is obtainable, it might be well to try it. Now, the fibre of certain varieties of *Pederia* possesses a brilliantly smooth, silky exterior; it is perfectly cylindrical throughout, and is practically devoid of 'knots' and 'joints.' Moreover, it is to all intents and purposes a 'solid' cylinder, or if tubular at all the interior surfaces are as smooth as the outside. *Pederia* fibre makes excellent guncotton, but the question of supply is perhaps somewhat doubtful.

However, in the beautiful fibre—or rather 'down'—in the seed-pods of the *Eriodendron anfractuosum*, another Indian plant, we have a fibrous cellulose, eminently suitable for the manufacture of guncotton; and this point was brought forward by the writer at one

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of the conferences held in the Indian Court of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. Next in order of merit to the foregoing for such purposes may perhaps be placed the silky fibre of the Neilgherry nettle (*Bœhmeria*), now commercially known as *Ramie*. Any one of these three fibres, but more especially the first two, yield better results than cotton, and the guncotton made from them is rendered acid-free, and therefore safer, with comparative ease.

Mannite ($C_6H_{14}O_6$), a kind of sugar present in *Manna*, and the juice of various plants, as well as cane, grape, and milk-sugars treated with acids upon the principle before indicated, all yield explosive nitro-compounds; the first is stated by Cundill to be 'more susceptible to friction and percussion than nitro-glycerin.' Owing to their proneness to spontaneous ignition, and a tendency to absorb hygroscopic moisture, they are not very promising from a practical standpoint. To xyloidin, or nitro-starch, some of the same objections apply, but it has lately attracted more attention as an ingredient of blasting gelatin.

Nitro-glycerin, for the discovery of which in 1847 A. Sobrero has the credit, is prepared by what is neither more nor less than the application of Schönbein's guncotton method to glycerin ($C_3H_8O_3$), instead of cellulose. A similar result ensues to that already noted, H_3 being subtracted and $3(NO_2)$ added. In this way, nitro-glycerin, $C_3H_53(NO_2)O_3$, is eventually obtained: 100 parts of pure glycerin theoretically yield 247 parts of the nitro-compound, but on the large scale the product seldom amounts to more than from 200 to 210 parts.

At the works of Nobel's Explosives Company, Limited, at Ardeer, in Scotland, the following is the method employed[2]:—

A mixture of 1·2 ton of nitric acid (sp. gr. 1·50) with 2·0 tons of sulphuric acid (sp. gr. 1·84) is cooled down and run into a cooled leaden tank. Into this tank glycerin is injected, in the form of fine spray, till about 7·5 cwt. has entered the mixture. The temperature is very carefully watched, and never allowed to exceed a certain limit. The completion of this 'nitrating' process is indicated by the fall of the thermometer due to the cessation of chemical action, and when the temperature has fallen to a certain point, the mixture of acids and nitro-glycerin is run off into another tank, where, by virtue of the different specific gravities, the nitro-glycerin (sp. gr. 1·6) separates in a short time, and floats on the top of the acids; whence it is drawn off, is well washed with water and with an alkaline solution to remove every trace of free acid, and is finally filtered into another tank, ready for conversion into dynamite or similar explosive.

It is absolutely essential that the nitro-glycerin should be as pure as possible, free from all acid, and especially from nitric peroxide (NO_2). To attain this end, the ingredients must be pure, and the acids of the requisite strength. The glycerin should be of 1·26 sp. gr. and free from lime, iron, and alumina, chlorides, and fatty acids. The presence of iron, alumina,[3] or chlorine in any of the ingredients seriously interferes with the separation of the nitro-glycerin.

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[2] Cundill's *Dictionary of Explosives*.

[3] Or copper, or iodine.—*W. L.-S.*

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So prepared, nitro-glycerin exhibits the appearance of a heavy oil, the tint of which varies from 'water white' to a yellow brown according to the degree of purity. It is easily soluble in ether, alcohol, chloroform, benzene, and aniline; sparingly so in fusel oil, bisulphide of carbon and glycerin; and almost insoluble in water, of which 1,000 parts at 60° Fahr. only take up 1·08 part of the explosive. Used in minute doses in medicine, nitro-glycerin is distinctly poisonous if larger quantities be taken; with some persons—including the writer—the hundredth part of a drop suffices to cause severe headache, nausea, and faintness, and two-hundredths will even cause cyanosis, lasting a considerable time. Moreover, the vapour emitted at ordinary temperatures often produces unpleasant effects at first upon persons inhaling it. Dropped upon a hot metal surface—250° Cent. or 482° Fahr.—it explodes with a violent detonation, and the same thing occurs if a little receives a sharp blow upon a hard surface. The sale, transport, or use of nitro-glycerin alone is illegal in this country, but mixed with some absorbent, as in the case of 'dynamite' &c., it may be employed as an explosive, subject to the needful restrictions.

Dynamite is now used for blasting purposes in enormous quantities, the proportions of its constituents being regulated by law. Not until 1867 did Nobel succeed in producing from nitro-glycerin an explosive sufficiently safe and reliable to permit of its general use, but now there are several dynamite compositions duly licensed under the Explosives Act of 1875.

Thus we have:—

'Dynamite No. 1,' which consists of 75 parts, or less, of nitro-glycerin and 25 parts of Kieselguhr or of 'a non-explosive mixture of Kieselguhr, with such other ingredients and in such proportions as may for the time being be sanctioned by the Secretary of State.'

'Dynamite No. 2,' at present not much used in England, contains only 18 per cent. of nitro-glycerin, the balance consisting of 10 per cent. of charcoal, and 71 per cent. or 72 per cent. of nitre; in the latter alternative 1 per cent. of ozokerit or paraffin wax being also added.

The composition known as 'lithofracteur' is a dynamite somewhat between the two preceding varieties, and was rather largely imported into this country some years ago. It contains about 55 per cent. of nitro-glycerin, with varying proportions of sand, Kieselguhr, coal-dust, nitrate of barium or sodium, with now and then a little sulphur and manganese oxide.

But by far the most important as well as the latest forms of dynamites or solidified nitro-glycerin are those designated not too happily as 'blasting gelatins.' Many persons imagine, quite naturally, that these consist of some form of gelatin, isinglass, or glue, converted by chemical means into a powerful explosive. But 'blasting

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gelatin' contains no particle whatever of gelatin, properly so called, the term being applied to a mixture of nitro-glycerin and a nitro-cellulose. It is prepared at Ardeer, in Ayrshire, N.B., by heating nitro-glycerin in 'jacketed' pans to between 40° and 45° Cent. (104°–113° Fahr.) and a certain proportion of dry guncotton of the 'soluble' kind.[4] A current of hot water at 60° Cent. (140° Fahr.) circulating between the outer and inner pans keeps the contents of the latter at the required temperature, and the mixing is effected by mechanical stirrers. Any rise of temperature above 45° Cent. (113° Fahr.) is quickly checked by turning into the outer 'jacket' a stream of cold water in place of the hot for a time. In the course of about an hour the nitro-cotton is dissolved in the nitro-glycerin, the two bodies uniting to form a more or less stiff, homogeneous jelly; it may indeed be compared to a photographic collodion, thickened by evaporation, the guncotton having been dissolved, not in the usual alcohol-ether mixture, but in nitro-glycerin. When composed of 93 per cent. of the latter, with 7 per cent. cotton, we get a most powerful explosive. Mr. G. Macroberts, the manager at Ardeer, observes upon this point:—

> Of all the nitro-glycerin explosives, blasting gelatin is the strongest. If the energy of dynamite be represented by 100, that of blasting gelatin will be 150; nitro-gelatin itself shows less energy than blasting gelatin.

A thinner 'gelatin,' containing only about 3 per cent. or 4 per cent. of the nitro-cotton, is used for mixing with charcoal and nitre, or with wood-meal, charcoal, and nitrate of ammonium.

Ballistite is a blasting gelatin of the first-named type, containing 7 per cent. or 8 per cent. of nitro-cotton, with or without small quantities of camphor, benzene, or aniline, to be incorporated with alkaline nitrates, perchlorates, or chlorates.

Such gelatins, it is claimed, are not only very powerful, but are sufficiently 'slow' firing to permit of their being employed in guns of all descriptions. They are pressed into long cylinders or 'cords' of suitable diameters for putting into cartridges.

Ammonia gelatin is a black compound consisting of 55 parts nitrate of ammonium, 5 of charcoal, and 40 of a thin blasting gelatin made with 2½ per cent. of nitro-cotton.

The picric series of explosives depend upon picric acid—a true nitro-substitution compound derived from phenyl or carbolic acid (C_6H_6O) by replacing three atoms of its hydrogen with NO_2, or a picrate of one of the alkalis. The picrates of potassium and ammonium are those most commonly employed. Mélinite, from which such grand results were expected by our neighbours across the Channel, is a composition of this class. At first (according to Guttman) it consisted of a paste of picric acid and a 'collodion' of soluble nitro-

[4] Consisting, therefore, of the mono- and di-nitro-celluloses, previously referred to.

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cotton, and then of granulated picric acid with a little nitro-cresol. A sample of mélinite which came into the writer's hands was found to contain :

Picric acid	38·4
Picrate of potassium	31·0
Chlorate „	24·3
Naphthalene	4·1
Moisture (and loss)	2·2
	100·0

This mélinite detonated violently on ignition with a hot wire, and yet more with a small guncotton 'primer.'

The 'Eclipse Smokeless Powder' is stated to contain picric acid, sulphur, charcoal, and litharge. Both victorite and Schorner's powder are explosives of this class.

Dr. Hermann Sprengel has proposed and patented a series of mixtures based upon the notion of forming the explosives *in situ* by bringing the required materials together only when wanted, and exploding them by a detonator. Oxonite, for instance, is a picric-nitric acid cartridge, the ingredients only coming in contact with each other (by the breaking of an interior tube) just previously to firing. At present the advantages of this plan are not very apparent, and premature mixture often induces a dangerous explosion. Hellhoffite as employed for blasting consists of nitro-benzene 2 and nitric acid 5 parts, or di-nitro-benzene 2 and nitric acid 3 parts; it has been employed in America with some success. Rack-a-rock, of which nearly a quarter of a million pounds were employed in 1885 for the removal of Hell Gate, is also on this principle, consisting of chlorate of potassium saturated with various fluid hydro-carbons. Bellite (nitrate of ammonium and nitro-benzene), roburite, and securite are explosives of this kind devised by other inventors.

Although it would be inappropriate in these pages to enter upon the cordite controversy, a few lines may be devoted to the study of the explosive itself, which belongs to the blasting gelatin class, although differing from its progenitors in certain respects. Ballistite, as previously noted, is a 'jelly' prepared by dissolving the nitro-celluloses of the 'non-explosive' kind—*e.g.* the 'di' and 'mono' varieties—in nitro-glycerin. Guncotton proper—viz. the tri-nitro- or explosive modification—being insoluble in nitro-glycerin, will not 'gelatinise' in that way, and hence it cannot be so used for the manufacture of ballistite. But inasmuch as this—the tri-nitro—cotton *is* soluble in a fluid called acetone, which latter is also miscible with nitro-glycerin, it follows that if a mixture be made of these three, from which the acetone is subsequently dissipated by evaporation, the remaining 'jelly,' or paste of nitro-glycerin and explosive guncotton, can be pressed or drawn into 'cords' or cylinders (upon the 'maccaroni' principle) suitable for cartridges, &c. Granting that the compo-

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sition is equally safe to manufacture, store, and use, the *à priori* reasoning would be altogether in favour of cordite being superior in explosive power to the blasting gelatins hitherto made; and the few crude experiments that the writer has yet been able to make tend, so far, to support that view. Still, both at Waltham and in the 'Courts,' the cordite question being *sub judice*, it is manifestly inexpedient to deal with it in detail at the present moment.

Returning to the general purview of modern explosives, it will be admitted that, of the elements of danger they involve, some remain unpleasantly obscure, and others, although fairly well known, are not yet nearly so well guarded against as they should be.

For example, chlorates in mixed explosives, even when not also containing sulphur, &c., can never be relied upon as absolutely free from decomposition, incipient or pronounced, for more than a few weeks. Yet there is no compulsory rule limiting their use, or protecting them by (*a*) the presence of alkalis, or (*b*) an 'envelope' of shellac.

Guncotton, in whatever condition it be stored, may, especially if imperfectly prepared, or if it contain an infinitesimal trace of free acid, develop a local decomposition of a most insidious kind, which, if not detected in time, leads inevitably to disaster. Anything approaching to an abnormal rise of temperature, however small, should be automatically indicated by the disposition of a few 'compensation' maximum thermometers in connection with an electric alarm. Again, the nitro-cotton, when dry, in all forms is so 'electrical' that but very slight friction suffices to 'excite' to a dangerous degree. The writer once witnessed a curious example of this, several ounces of the 'soluble' kind having been ignited by an electric spark caused merely by the *rapid passage of a little mouse* amongst the soft, warm, woolly material.

One of the advantages—not always an unmixed blessing—of the 'intense' explosives of the day lies in the fact that they can be exploded in different ways, according to the work they have to perform. Both nitro-cotton and dynamite bear some rough usage without resenting it by exploding, and even when ignited in the open, burn away in a quiet, innocent manner. But compressed or confined in any way, if only by the flimsy iridescent film of a soap-bubble, a real detonic explosion takes place. It is just this property of *explosion by sympathy*, if the expression be permissible, which renders these substances so valuable—and dangerous. If a saucer be laid upon a board, and a lock of nitro-cotton upon the former, the cotton may be fired almost noiselessly by a spark, a hot wire, or even the 'detonation' of a percussion cap. But carry a few strands from the cotton over the 'amorce' of a toy pistol, 'confine' the main portion by placing a penny on the top, or by pressing a wetted paper down upon it, and when the 'amorce' is fired, the explosion

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of the cotton will be a violent one, the board probably being indented by fragments of the hitherto unharmed saucer.

Similarly dynamite may be quietly 'fizzled' away, or detonated forcibly, in sympathy with the impulse of a sharper initial explosion; and it is this very sympathy which often, with explosions upon the large scale, leads to such disastrous consequences. It is just here that experts in explosives would sometimes be wise if they called into council the craftsmen of another and a gentler art.

Musicians are well aware of the fact, if any note of the gamut be clearly sounded or sung within vibration range of any suitable musical instrument—say a harp, or piano—that the string, whichever it may be, tuned to the same note, will begin to sound upon its own account, or 'respond' as it is termed. If the singer then refrains from repeating the note he began with, but sings another one, the 'speaking' string instantly relapses into silence, while another responds to the new note. In the same way an organ pipe will respond, as indeed will a vase, a hollow vessel with thin sides, or even an apartment, if the particular note to which they are respectively 'tuned' be first sounded.

Now it will be noticed by many, that in constructing stores for the reception of explosives it is very much the fashion to build a series of exactly the same dimensions, and to place them, with almost mathematical accuracy, at equal distances apart. They are filled with explosives; one day an 'accident' explodes their contents, and everybody is surprised when, despite the next building being 'much too far off,' and with 'intervening walls twelve feet thick,' some or all the other stores blow up in due sequence. What other result *could* ensue? All the buildings are identical in size and capacity; hence the 'note' sounded in the first—whether it be one of triumph or of tragedy—finds immediate 'response' in No. 2, when, reinforced by a second explosion, the next store cannot do otherwise than follow the example of the other two; and so the mischief spreads. It is important to bear in mind that we are now dealing with the influence of sympathetic musical vibrations only, not with the mechanical impulse of a detonic tremor, or 'jar.' For it is assumed, in this case, that the buildings are so far apart and otherwise 'protected' that, if they are inharmonic,[5] the material in one cannot be fired simply by detonating the contents of another adjacent thereto.

The foregoing proposition has its origin in some experiments with iodide of nitrogen and fulminate of mercury, in the course of which the writer found that small quantities of these sensitive explosives placed in 'sounding-boxes' of precisely the same dimensions could be exploded by the detonation of one of them at greater

[5] In default of a better designation, the author proposes to call vessels, chambers, and buildings, 'relatively harmonic,' if a note sounded in one finds a 'response' in another, and 'relatively inharmonic' when this does not occur.

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distances from the detonator than, *cæteris paribus*, was possible in the open, or when in boxes (of other shapes) *not* 'relatively harmonic' to the detonator-box.

Returning to the subject of the influence of musical notes upon explosives, there is a question of some interest—and no little complexity—which deserves a moment's attention. When an 'intense' explosive is approaching its 'critical' state, and its molecules therefore are in a condition of *very* unstable equilibrium, the sudden emission of a musical note will frequently bring matters to a climax and induce detonation. For instance, after several careful trials, it was found that of a certain sample of dry fulminate of mercury the lowest temperature at which it would explode was 342° Fahr., and portions exposed to a heat of 335° for some time, allowed to cool, and again heated to that degree (these alternations being several times repeated), remained without change. Yet particles of the same fulminate placed as before upon an iron plate, but at a temperature of from 310° to 320° only, would generally explode sharply when certain notes were sounded near, upon a violin string or a cornet. With the human voice it was much more difficult to obtain an effect of this kind, but occasionally such an experiment would succeed. Similar results were noticed with most of the nitro-compounds, the blasting gelatins included, while chloride and iodide of nitrogen were frequently so explodable at the ordinary temperature. As previously hinted, the subject is too complex for all its bearings to be set down in a paragraph, or even an entire article; still, on one hypothesis, an explanation of the phenomenon might not be quite impossible. On the assumption that (in common with all other substances)—(*a*) The molecules of explosives were always in a condition of either linear vibration or spiral 'swing;' (*b*) that the velocity of such oscillations was constant with each substance according to its composition; (*c*) that the amplitude or wave length thereof varied with the temperature; it might not be unreasonable to suppose, as the oscillations extended until they approached the point of disruption, that the impact of sound-vibrations bearing some simple numerical relation to their own might carry those molecules too far, and thus precipitate their severance. Without attempting to dogmatise on this point, it appears probable to the writer that a given (explosive) substance may be more readily detonated by a certain note; for instance, with a 'pitch' wherein C (the third space in the treble clef) was represented by 528 vibrations per second, the nitro series of explosives seemed, upon the whole, to be most influenced by the note F; the fulminates by the treble D; and the upper B♭, on balance, more successfully detonated iodide of nitrogen than any other note. Still, too much importance should not be attached to this latter phase of the question.

Nevertheless, if cordite, for instance, were largely employed and stored in India, and at a certain place it was 'approaching its critical

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temperature' under the influence of the sun's rays, might it not chance that a regimental band, as they passed the depôt, would blow themselves to atoms, with the National Anthem for their *requiem*?

A musical note, however, is not the only occult force capable of 'influencing' explosives to their destruction; increased sensitiveness is, apparently, acquired by them when placed within the 'aroma' of a magnetic field. Hence it is as well to remember that dynamos and dynamite are best at a very respectful distance from each other.

So far the elements of danger have chiefly been brought into prominence; it will be well, therefore, to note at least one novel and practical method of lessening the risks now attending the storage of 'intense' explosives in large quantities. An old and popular lecture experiment will illustrate its principle.

If a sonorous electric bell (duly connected with a battery outside) be suspended in the receiver of an air-pump and kept ringing, the sound will be heard in every part of a large room; but as soon as the air in the globe is pumped out it dies away gradually, and becomes inaudible when a moderate vacuum has been obtained, the medium being too attenuated for the transmission of sound-waves. If instead of the bell a disc or small scale-pan containing a grain or two of any sensitive explosive be suspended under the globe, or allowed to rest upon a thick block of fine elastic india-rubber, the experiment may be made fully as instructive as well as more practical in its bearings. Let the explosive be iodide (or even chloride) of nitrogen, and the receiver be exhausted of air until the gauge shows that barometrical pressure has been reduced to not more than two inches; any kind of noise and detonation outside the receiver may then be made, without fear of exciting the explosive, whatever it may be, to the detonating point. No vibrations can reach it. Several small 'charges' of the same substance may be 'fired' in the room, on the table, &c., within an inch of the glass; they will fail to 'send off' the explosive in the vacuum.

On the large scale there need be no difficulty in applying this principle for the safe storage of any quantity of dynamite, ballistite, cordite, fulminates, *et hoc genus omne*. But the details of the suggestion could scarcely be set forth satisfactorily without the aid of somewhat elaborate illustrations. The preceding notes, crude and incomplete as they may be, should at least be sufficient to point out a few of the unsuspected dangers of modern explosives, and to indicate the means of preventing them. Some of the latter will certainly have to be adopted at Waltham, if public confidence in that establishment is to be restored, and Enfield enabled to sleep in peace for the future.

WENTWORTH LASCELLES-SCOTT.

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LOVE

ALL through the human tragedy, now passing, as there be many observant persons ready to affirm, through its last scenes, one motive has ever been most powerful, one influence ever at work—love between man and woman, wherein may be traced to a common source the noblest actions and the darkest crimes, the highest happiness and the utmost woe.

It is the great divide—the watershed whence, nourished by the self-same clouds, flow streams in opposite courses; some short, impetuous, lashing themselves in the fury of countless cataracts; others tranquil and leisurely, winding through all sorts of pleasant scenes; some hurrying to lose themselves in the abysmal gloom of polar seas, others spreading into useful waterways before they are received on the jewelled bosom of the southern main. But for the suspicion justly attached to metaphor, all sorts of pretty things might be said to expand this illustration of love as a watercourse; for, as a river flowing within natural bounds is the type of all that is useful and fertilising, most destructive and least of all forces to be controlled when it exceeds them, so is love within sweet restraint the most ennobling of human passions, the most hurtful when it breaks away; and as water, the symbol of purity, is of all objects the most loathsome when it is fouled, so love, the fount of poetry in all ages, the inspiring theme in every romance, the pole-star of chivalry, has not seldom run to dregs so obscene that wholesome men and women scarce can look thereon, and speak of it not at all.

'But surely,' sensible people may be saying, 'you are not going to attempt a treatise on this old, old business! Surely all that *can* be said, and a great deal more than *ought* to be said, has been heard over and over again, in every metre and in every tongue! Is your experience so varied or so fresh that we shall hear from you something that others have failed to make plain?'

The answer is not the vainglorious one that anything is the property of him who says it last and best, but that those have written best of battles who could show no scars, and the best doctor for dipsomaniacs is not he who drinks deepest and oftenest. It may be claiming too much to assert that he is best fitted to treat of love who has never lost his heart, but it may be confidently held that he

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must have found it again before he can hope to throw fresh light on such a bewildering subject. When Alphonse Karr gave up writing novels and took to gardening literature, some of his admirers remonstrated with him. His reply was not without suspicion of affectation. 'Ah!' said he, 'as soon as I gave up *living* romance, I ceased to *write* it.' To forbid all but lovers *in esse* to write about love would be to put amorous literature in such hazard as might prove fatal to its popularity. Howbeit, even though it were admitted that all has not yet been spoken about love, that the last word has still to be said, and that much that has been said will find listeners to its repetition, what fires are spread beneath the cinders underfoot! Least of all subjects will a man be credited with dealing with this one impersonally. If one is seen with a hat in his hand, everybody jumps to the conclusion that it fits his head; even so, one discussing the phenomena of passion will be suspected of advertising his own experience. Yet, after all, what middle-aged citizen need be ashamed of possessing tender remembrance?

Fuge suspicari
Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas
Claudere lustrum.

The past is done with, but its failing light still lingers in the sky it once filled; the heat of noon is gone, but some rosy beams are still reflected from the heights whence we have taken our unwilling way. Ah! suns that shone with radiance so divine; ah! breezes that once filled the groves with whispers so full of meaning; ah! ribbons so gay, dresses so white, eyes so soft, lips so musical, which of us have sighed for immortality, save that therein these might be for ever as once they were—nay, as we were then firmly convinced they would be?

For most of us love has been, as for thousands of our fellow-creatures it is at this moment, the light in all the landscape. Green tree and floating cloud, sunburnt heath and bending shore, leafless wood and sighing stream—no one can have felt the aspects and moods of Nature in all their mystery to whom such scenes have not furnished the setting of one jewel, the shrine of one saint. Nor is it Arcadian beauty only that amorous association prevails to hallow and endear. There are terrors for travellers in rural England more hurtful to peace than Claude Duval or the Dragon of Wantley; on every hand are spread the affronts of those up-to-date ogres Beecham, Carter, and the purveyors of patent soap and cheap furniture. It may be that hereafter Love may even hang his glamour over an advertisement of liver pills. It has already sanctified far other than secluded country scenes. The town, with all its turmoil, ugliness and mud, is thickly set with soft memories—flaring gas-lamps, Christmastide shops, flashing cabs, these are the furniture of many a thrilling picture of the past.

Now, it would be vain to ask the readers of modern fiction to

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accept this proposition were it to be illustrated by no more than examples from everyday experience—from the humdrum routine of love affairs circumscribed by the well-known and well-honoured conduct of English maidens of birth. To do so would carry conviction to no contemporary mind, saturated with suggestion from such transactions as those between the Tenor and the Boy. A writer, it would seem, to touch the criterion of his tenth thousand, must adorn his pages with such *pimenté* incident as could never, under existing conditions, have happened, and ought never, under any conditions, to take place. But, in sober truth, there is no occasion for endowing the hero of romantic passion with exemption from all the trammels of social order and honourable obligation. The first respectable citizen who passes down the street shall serve the purpose of illustrating the older manner of love, as distinguished from love *à la mode*, as it has been set forth by certain lady novelists; for it is often the office of a homely countenance to mask a stirring life story, and Eros in passing carves no peculiar outlines—stamps no special proof-mark on the mien.

Look, my elderly and portly friend, unmoved if you can, on that street door, differing no whit to the carnal eye from a score of doors on either hand. For *you* it has a significance such as no other painted and varnished panels ever bore or can hereafter bear.

For you it was, in those far-off years, alternately the portal of paradise, which, turning on well-oiled hinge, admitted you to worship the divinity within; and the frowning gate of the enchanted tower, barring you from the presence of your heart's princess. It became a greater test of your courage to pull that bell than it had been to lead a midnight escalade on the enemy's redoubt; nay, as you stood on the doorstep and imagined that all the eyes from all the neighbouring houses were concentrated on your cowering form, you felt how much less had been the strain on your nerves had they been foemen's rifles levelled on you. It was partly conscience that made you tremble, for at the very time you uttered those audacious vows you must have known that the least candid estimate of your prospects must have exposed the extreme improbability of your ever being in a position to fulfil them.

However, it all came right in the end; and now you feel no shame to talk over this experience with that lady whom sundry irresponsible morsels in your establishment address as 'mamma;' to whom, also, you are wont to address occasional observations (the reverse of querulous, of course) upon the want of variety in luncheon dishes and the general fallibility of human cooks as ministers to domestic enjoyment.

Or, as is just as likely, this affair did *not* come right in the end, but, according to your judgment in those far-off days, utterly, deplorably, and irremediably wrong. Hands once clasped so closely

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fell unlocked; lips, that had found means of expression more perfect than speech, were for ever severed, and eyes that knew so well how to sound each other's depths mingled their light no more. That which you had pledged your soul were impossible has come to pass, and life, it is found, can be endured, even enjoyed, although its lights and shadows fall on your separate paths. There is no blame for either of you: no need for humiliation because circumstances could not be overcome: lovers must part, and there is no shame for them except they part in treason. Vows? yes, but how many vows are breathed that may never be fulfilled? Who would not have thought better of Jephthah if he had spared his luckless daughter? Were there reproaches? well, they need not be revived; bitterness? what cause to stir its ashes? coldness? do not all solid bodies obey the law of radiation? And as you doff your Lincoln and Bennet (by the by, you go to the 'Stores' now, don't you?) to that middle-aged, buxom lady driving down Knightsbridge in a handsome landau, you feel, perhaps, that it is better for both of you that she is not, at this moment, dependent on an income which you have never hitherto found more than sufficient for decent bachelorhood. Yet every time you pass that door in Gobemouche Street you feel a tightness about the chest: you seem to see it as it was that night when you were allowed to see her home from the play under the fitful gaslight, when the streets were pale with winter; a slender white figure stands smiling and blushing on the threshold; ecod! but it was a fine thing to be young and full of hope. It was—it always will be—a fine thing to have perfect confidence in another; to feel assured in spite of trembling knees and halting voice—in spite of an overwhelming sense of unworthiness—that you are *the* man in the world of that other; when no experience, either your own or of anyone else, suggests a shade of suspicion that you can ever be otherwise to each other than you are now. There is many a one, I suppose, who has never been in this irrational condition, but, by the same token, he does not know what it is to love.

Does it bring you happiness to recall, as you hurry citywards past this door, the tremulous joy you once experienced there? One would say it should, for you have met with no joy to compare with it since; nothing has ever made this world seem such a glorious place to live in. It is strange, then, that your feelings should find expression, not in a smile, but in a sigh. Ah! that is the worst of it. The penalty for having tasted unmixed happiness is that, after it is over, one remains subject to the visits of ghosts; not vulgar ghosts in conventional white sheets, but *revenants* much less easy to avoid.

> Are there no phantoms but such as come
> By night from the darkness that wraps the tomb?
> A sound, a scent, or a whispering breeze
> Can summon up mightier far than these.

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Nevertheless we will not suspect you, my middle-aged friend, of harbouring under that convexity of broadcloth any shame because once you passed that way. You know that it has been the finest time of your life, when you and the lady on the other side of that door believed that no sound should creak through the solemn pines, the eagles forget to soar, the wild-horse cease to skim the plain, the Alpine peaks be level again, the ocean should lose its roar, before either of you could change. That is the invariable and indispensable mental condition of lovers; for it has been well said that all is over with love the moment one of the two has admitted to imagination the possibility of change. To harbour for one instant the thought, 'when I shall have ceased to love,' is in itself to have ceased to love.

This blind reliance must have its end, of course; whether that end come, as happily it not seldom does, by transition into a calmer but not less firm confidence, mutual life-long dependence and interchange of hopes and fears, or, as must often happen, through impenetrable maze of circumstance, whereby two paths are laid further and ever further apart, or by failing constancy in one or other. Come as it may, not less surely does the end wait on passionate love, but never let him who has passed through it feel shame that once, at least, his own being, his *selbst*, has been as nothing to himself compared with another.

Distance, it is commonly said, lends enchantment, and so no doubt it does to ugly things, but it destroys much of the charm of loveliness. The plumage of a magpie, at a distance, is sheer black and white; near at hand it is full of exquisite iridescence. Unless the past is often brought to mind, all but the rude outlines pass away from remembrance, the infinite gradations of hope and disappointment, apprehension and reward become merged in cold light and shade. Happy, therefore, is he who can rest his thoughts long and often on the past; even if he has suffered loss, let him not shrink from the pain of recalling his departed from the shades. What though summer flowers be dead and dry leaves whirl about the track, let him pace the old paths and listen to the voice that used to stir him so deeply; while life lasts he will never, never again hear anything half as sweet.

Not less occasion is there for the office of memory if destiny has shaped itself according to his desires and another's life been committed to his conduct. Passion must die; not, in his case, done to death by violence of perfidy or cruel atrophy of forbidding years, but laid in state on an honoured, flowery bier, dead all the same, but surely never to be forgotten. It is good for the man to go over every incident in its course, for the remembrance of it will sweeten all the atmosphere of his home, as rose leaves and lavender, harvested in sunny days, breathe fragrance in the rooms of careful housewives.

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To prescribe the deliberate exercise of recollection in matters of such delicate texture may seem to imply a frigid diagnosis, but there is nothing surer than this, that memory, like all other faculties, requires training to prevent it becoming sluggish, and it is impossible to believe that love matches would so often end in failure if the early hours had not been forgotten.

> Love and sorrow twins were born
> On a sunny, show'ry morn;
> 'Twas in pride of April weather,
> When it shone and showered together.

Sorrow must come, if not betimes, at least in time. It is sorrow for the man to watch the thick sunny hair grow thin and grey, and envious lines creep over the smooth brow and soft cheeks, but such sorrow will but deepen the wells of love if his memory is not allowed to play him false, and he can still see the lovely countenance that shone upon him years ago.

A quick memory for these things confers another power for good; it keeps us in sympathy with the young: we fogies, who

> Lean on the walls and bask before the sun,
> Chiefs who no more in bloody fights engage,
> But, wise through time and narrative with age,

live our lives and loves over again in theirs. A jejune compensation, as some may think, for growing old, but, mark you! it is *the only one*. Every man who lives must grow old. It is plain prudence to make his age as little irksome to himself as possible, and the surest way to that is to find interest in the loves, the hopes, the ambition of younger people. This is far beyond a man's power unless he remembers his own youth, and memory will go to sleep unless it is often exercised.

Even books will fail of half their charm unless they appeal to a mind stored with vivid pictures of the past. Let us revive two love passages from opposite social poles, and mark how people have variously carried themselves through the valley of fire.

The first episode shall be one of the last scenes of English knight-errantry.

It is a balmy night in June 1625; the old sleepy town of Amiens is late astir; the windows of the Citadel are ablaze, for a great fête is being held there to celebrate the baptism of the eldest son of the Duc de Chaulnes, Governor of Picardy. Sweet strains of dance-music float out upon the still air, and a constant stream of heavily gilt coaches is setting down the wealthiest and highest born of the subjects of King Louis. Here and there, too, may be seen some of the new-fangled sedan chairs, that are to have in after years so great a vogue in Paris and London. Among the crowd of onlookers there are

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English soldiers who view these vehicles with some disfavour, murmuring that it is shameful to see men obliged to act the part of beasts of burden. The torches of the linkmen add variety to the scene, but, in truth, they are superfluous, for the full moon bathes the red roofs, grey walls and winding streets of the old town in melting splendour. The flower of French nobility is gathered here, and the royal liveries line the pavement, though the Monarch himself is absent. For Louis the Just remains in his capital, indisposed, it is said, in body, but still more disquieted in spirit, on account of the incautious coquetry of his Queen. He has allowed her to set out in company of his Queen-Mother, Marie de' Medici, and his sister, Henrietta Maria, who is to be conducted in royal state to the frontier, which she will leave as the bride of England. Meanwhile Richelieu is ever at the ear of Louis—Richelieu the implacable, ever bearing in mind the slight put by Anne of Austria on his pretension to her love, watchful to report to the King every fresh instance of his consort's levity, and madden him with jealousy of the brilliant English cavalier who has been paying audacious court to the Queen of France.

The triumphal train has been delayed in Amiens, owing to the temporary illness of the Queen-Mother, which is luckily not serious enough to interfere with merrymaking. Anne, lodged in a private house standing in a large garden on the banks of the Somme, is rejoicing in a short reprieve from the oppressive ceremony of the French Court. It is a delicious novelty for her to feel that every movement, word and look need not be regulated by remorseless etiquette. There are watchful eyes about her, of course—she knows that; but it is much to have escaped for a few days from the cold, disapproving looks of the King and the malignant vigilance of his Minister. Her spirits rise, her eyes dance with laughter; not since she was a girl has she felt such happiness as now, when the beautiful, gallant Buckingham leads her out to open the ball in the Citadel.

It was a scene of magnificence such as we, in the dingy, declining years of the nineteenth century, can hardly realise; for those were the days when men vied with women in brilliance of raiment. Even in sober England, the costume of the Court, so soon to be overcast by the cold twilight of the Protectorate, shone forth with sunset splendour.

One might moralise at length upon the ethics of Buckingham's extravagance, with due regard to events at that time impending over the English monarchy, and others to descend later like fire from heaven (or elsewhere) upon the social system of France; but one may dismiss for the moment remembrance of the misery of multitudes and the grievous taxation of the unprivileged classes, in order to enjoy the pageant prepared by the young English Duke—that master of *μεγαλοπρέπεια*—of magnificent expense.

Buckingham had gathered round him what was probably the most

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splendid train that ever followed a subject on a political mission—in Europe, at least, where splendour is less spontaneous than in the East. Three coaches, velvet-lined and loaded outside with gold lace, each with six coachmen and eight horses, besides fifty riding horses, had been conveyed from London to Paris for the Duke's use, and for his personal suite of eight peers, six cadets of noble houses, and twenty-four knights. Besides these, the Duke brought twenty privy gentlemen, twelve pages, seven grooms of the chamber, two *chefs-de-cuisine* and twenty-five second cooks, with seventeen grooms to attend on the cooks, forty-five cellarers and scullions, twenty-four footmen, six huntsmen with twelve attendant grooms, six riders with eight grooms, besides thirty chief women and fourteen under-housemaids. There were also twenty-two watermen, as was held to befit the Lord High Admiral of England, habited in light blue taffeta, embroidered with gold anchors and coronets, and with the arms of Villiers—on a field argent, a scarlet cross charged with five golden scallop shells. Lastly, there was a band of no less than one hundred and sixty musicians. Each of the other nobles, cadets and knights, had his private following of six or seven pages and as many footmen. It was a madcap expedition, planned solely with the object of exceeding the magnificence of the French King's Court, and even if it be true, as was said, that the whole company, numbering between six and seven hundred, were clothed and maintained at Buckingham's charges, we know that it was the people of England and Scotland who had been drawn upon to fill his purse.

Buckingham, as Nature had made him the handsomest, made himself the most gorgeous individual in this company. He had brought with him, we are told, on his mission to France, a wardrobe of twenty-seven suits, in wearing which he was 'manacled, fettered, and imprisoned with jewels.' At the Citadel ball he chose to wear a suit of uncut white velvet, set all over, both doublet and cloak, with diamonds valued at 80,000*l.*, besides a great feather encrusted with diamonds, and other diamonds on his sword, girdle, hatband and spurs.

The ball in the Citadel was still at its height, for it was little past midnight, yet two, at least, of the most notable personages in the room had withdrawn, pleading for excuse that one of them—a lady—was overcome by the heat and must retire to rest. So it has come to pass that a group of half a dozen people, dressed with fairy magnificence, were sitting together on the terrace overlooking the Somme, listening to the nightingales. The moonlight, throwing deep shadows across the trellised paths, and reflected in soft splendour from the placid stream, sparkled with frosty lustre from innumerable diamonds with which their clothes were covered. You would have declared, could you have seen them, that they were more beautiful than earthly beings ever were—that they must be angels. Nay—

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lower than the angels, these; creatures, indeed, of the self-same flesh and blood—of the same wants and desires—as millions of human beings who, at that moment, in France and England were in sore straits for the necessaries of life.

After sitting awhile they rose and strolled through the fragrant night along the river-side. Two of them—the tall cavalier clad in white and the sunny-haired nymph in pale blue satin—separated from the others, and turned along a pleached alley leading to the shades of a lofty elm grove.

Who shall divine what transpired there? Who shall imagine the passionate entreaty of Buckingham, who, often as he had made love before, now bowed for the first time to its imperious power? Whether it was groundless fear, or anguish of parting, or actual dread of the Duke's violence that forced from the French Queen that historic scream, will never now be known; nor whether the promptness of M. de Putanges was welcome to her, as, drawn sword in hand, he dashed into the thicket to succour the mistress he was charged never to let out of his sight. Buckingham's steel leapt from the scabbard, too, and blood would have been shed, had not the Queen thrown herself between her lover and her equerry. Why has no painter ever chosen this scene? Moonlight, dewy sward, indistinct trees, gorgeous raiment—above all the superlative beauty of Anne of Austria and the much daring Duke—surely these afford material for such a picture as might make an artist's fame.

Yes; Buckingham loved the Queen of France—his love for her was the deepest feeling that ever stirred his proud heart or occupied his selfish, scheming brain. The chivalry with which he faced mortal risk for Anne's sake won her fancy in return. When at last he became convinced that the social barrier between an English subject and a French Queen was impassable, he resolved that at least his vengeance

> Should send vibration down the chord of time
> Unto its junction with eternity,

and it was Buckingham, nominally the King's favourite, virtually the ruler of Britain, who declared war with France, ingloriously quenched in the bloody disasters of La Rochelle.

But if this picture of romantic gallantry is to be understood, a companion canvas must be spread with gloomier pigment. While these brave deeds were a-doing at Amiens, there sat alone, in the melancholy magnificence of Burghley-on-the-Hill, another woman, hardly less fair than Anne of Austria, and possessing a better title to Buckingham's regard than she. This gay, self-seeking cavalier was very affectionate towards his wife in a graceful, careless fashion, but affection is far too tepid a term for her feelings towards him. When Buckingham went with Prince Charles on his mission of knight-errantry to the Spanish Court, doting old King James sent a lavish

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supply of jewels for the adornment of 'Baby Charles' and 'Steenie,'[1] with a letter to Buckingham, in which he said:

As for thee, my sweet gossip, I send thee a fair table diamond, which I would have given thee before if thou would have taken it, for wearing in thy hat or where thou pleasest; and if my Baby will spare thee two long diamonds in form of an anchor, with the pendent diamond, it were fit for an admiral to wear, and he hath enough better jewels for his mistress, though he has of thine own, thy good old jewel, thy three Pindars diamonds, thy picture case I gave Kate, and the great diamond chain I gave her, *who would have sent thee the last pin she had*, if I had not staid her.

Poor Kate! she has fallen into shade between her restless mother-in-law's political activity and her attractive husband's escapades and extravagance, and makes no figure at all in history; yet what record of her remains bears witness to her loveliness—a lovely, lovable woman, trustful and, when deceived, marvellously forgiving. She fell ill through grief at the reports of Buckingham's gallantries in Madrid: nay, he himself seems not to have scrupled to make known to her some part of his infidelity, doubtless with parade of extenuating circumstance. This is how she wrote to him from her sick-bed.

And where you say it is too great a punishment for a greater offender than you hope you are, dear heart, how severe God had been pleased to deal with me, it had been for my sins and not yours; for truly you are so good a man that, but for one sin, you are not so great an offender, only your loving women so well. But I hope God has forgiven you, and I am sure you will not commit the like again; and God has laid a great affliction on me by this absence; and I trust God will send me life, and Mall too [their daughter], that you shall enjoy us both: for I am sure God will bless us both for your sake; and I cannot express the infinite affection I bear you; but for God's sake believe me that there was never woman loved man as I do you.

But both these scenes are from the chased work on the bright side of the shield; the lives of all the actors were easy and prosperous, their misfortunes no more than was wanted to give relief to their own graceful persons. It is when we turn to the other side that man is found hopelessly in debt to his partner by a long accumulation of injustice, which centuries of retributive jilting would not wipe out. For if to woman's account must be laid coquetries hardly to be distinguished from deception, and fickleness closely akin to falsehood, she must be acquitted of the cold cruelty of desertion. 'En général,' said Voisenon, 'les femmes sont plus inconstantes, et les hommes plus infidèles;' the distinction may seem so delicate as to be scarcely worth arguing—what does it concern us whether Ahmed's beard or Mahomed's be the longer? But it is a subject for grave reflec-

[1] It is stated in a letter from Mr. Meade to Sir Martin Steeleville that jewels to the value of 600,000*l.* had been sent from the Tower to Prince Charles and Buckingham in Spain. The Prince's travelling expenses on this expedition amounted to 50,027*l.*

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tion how much more serious the consequences of desertion are to a woman than of jilting to a man. Nature and modern society are rivals in harshness in this matter; the law lumbers up with what clumsy reparation may be wrung from the stronger party for breach of promise, but woe be to the woman who attempts by her own act to repair the injustice and avenge her wrongs. An instance of this kind, which occurred in a town in the south of Scotland during 1893, is too sombre in its misery, too pathetic in the helpless circumstances of the injured girl, too awful in the act she was driven to commit, to be allowed to slumber in the records of the local courts; but it must be told under feigned names.

A time-expired soldier who, for the purpose of this narrative, may pass under the much-borrowed name of Smith—Archibald Smith—returned from India in the spring of 1893 and obtained employment in his native town. A smart, handsome fellow, all the smarter and handsomer for his military training, and still young, was not likely to want either the disposition or the opportunity for love-making; nor did he lose much time in looking about him. The vernal equinox had not arrived before he was keeping company with a pretty girl—a mill-hand in the town. One may easily imagine what went on; how proud Jessie was of her good-looking lover, how lordly he looked compared with the toil-stained artisans or the clumsy-footed ploughmen who mustered from the country at the fairs. His talk was worth listening to, for he told her of foreign countries and great cities, and she loved to hear of something outside the narrow round of her daily toil. Jessie was an orphan, just turned seventeen, with no household duties to detain her after her day's work was done. How light that work seemed now, with the evening before her to be spent with her lover in the darkling meadow beside the river! Life was very bright to Jessie just then. They had the whole long summer before them, and in the autumn, at the great Rood Fair, Archie was to make her his wife.

Poor Jessie! that promise threw her off her guard, never a very vigilant one, perhaps, for she had no mother to warn and watch her, no very pure moral atmosphere to breathe, and the zones of some Scottish maidens are but loosely bound. But she felt safe with Archie—sure no truer heart than his had ever beat, no kinder eyes had ever looked into hers, and he had that way with him—that lordly air of mastery which men acquire under command—to which women find it so sweet to submit. Besides, whatever might take place now, there was the sure prospect of a neat little home of her own before winter; her own good man to care for her and be cared for; no more trudging in the bitter cold of morning to the clattering mill; relief from the endless chatter of rough and reckless fellow-workers. Well, the weary old tragedy was played once more; the swain was fain and the nymph was frail. Jessie began anxiously to count the months before the Rood Fair.

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The light had not broadened far over April skies before there came a change. Not in Jessie, poor girl; she was as fond as ever, but Archie seemed no longer the same. Jessie could no longer reckon on finding him at the evening tryst; often she had to return alone to her lodgings, drearier than ever now. It required all the brightness of the coming Rood Fair to prevent her falling into despondency. At last the crisis came. Complaint had its rejoinder in impatient speech; reproaches were met with cruel recrimination; the girl who had given all she had was bidden to expect nothing in return. The last caress had been exchanged, the last tender word spoken between Archie and Jessie, and they parted. But not for ever! One more terrible meeting was to take place, but the time was not yet.

All through that glorious summer of 1893—such a summer of joyous skies and generous sun as once in a generation comes to reveal to these saturated isles what a brave thing summer may be—Jessie bore her shame alone. With ever lessening comfort she went to her daily work—her only means of support—not laughing and chattering as of yore, but with drooping gait and listless mien. Many a time she lingered on the bridge, fixing her heavy eyes on the dark stream, which there runs smooth and deep before the foaming plunge over the mill-weir. Human courage has often failed under a lighter sorrow than hers. Strong men have often flung away their lives in the bitterness of disappointed love. But Jessie had lost far more than the precious flattery of preference and the priceless repose of confidence. At the very outset of womanhood she beheld her life ruined, her means of subsistence interrupted if not lost, bodily anguish at hand, and beyond—the years stretching out in solitary, stormy gloom. Yet day after day she endured, till one morning there smote upon her ears a hideous piece of news. Hitherto, though parted from Archie, he had been her Archie still; she had mourned for him as one mourns the absence of a loved one; she thought him cruel; but hope dies hard, and still she instinctively looked forward to the Rood Fair, when her wrong would surely be righted. There could be no such injustice under heaven as that she should be left to bear alone the burden of their common sin. But now they told her Archie was betrothed to another; that the very next Sunday their banns were to be proclaimed in the parish church, and that the wedding was fixed to take place in the week of the Rood Fair—the very week that had been fixed for her own marriage.

Heaven knows the anguish of that poor soul. It turned all the springs of that yielding, frail nature to bitterness. Such discipline as comes from a harsh, lonely life, and hard work, the orphan had received in full measure, but not the training that teaches forgiveness of injury. Blind with woe, racked with bodily pain, who shall adjust the measure of her guilt in what followed? Who shall judge what

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place there was in that distracted mind, save for the one thought—'He shall not marry that other'?

She found plenty of her own sex to sympathise with her. There are in every town plenty of victims of man's perfidy, ready to suggest means of vengeance against the common enemy. She had read somewhere, or somebody had told her, of the frightful potency of vitriol. One day a neighbour said that Archie Smith was in the next street, going from house to house, inviting people to his wedding. The fiend was too strong for her. Snatching up an empty bottle, she hurried to a store not far off and asked for some sulphuric acid. They told her it could not be poured into a bottle without a funnel, which was not forthcoming. Returning with a teacup, she obtained some of the deadly fluid, and with trembling steps went to the street named, and waited. Not for long; she saw the figure she had learnt to know so well in the warm gloamings—the figure of him on whom she had not set eyes for months. Ah! what a meeting after so long a parting. No need to dwell on it; the poor demented sufferer finished her purpose, and her betrayer will bear to the grave the marks of his terrible punishment.

The trial followed with righteous certainty. The prisoner pled guilty. The judge, in passing a sentence tempered with mercy, said he saw how great had been the provocation, but that the courts existed for the very purpose of checking people taking the law into their own hands or attempting to avenge their own wrongs.[2] Jessie's child was born in prison. In France she would doubtless have been acquitted, and left the court amid the acclamation of thousands. In this country, luckily, we order our sympathy more decorously.

What a fuss, it may be thought, to make over the disreputable amour of a mill-girl! What an absurd parallel to draw between this gutter profligacy and the romantic devotion of Buckingham to the Queen of France! The parallel, sir, is perfect, save that in the seventeenth-century instance the aristocratic lover slaked his vengeance with the blood of thousands shed in unavailing war between two great countries, and in that of yesterday a ruined and deserted girl destroyed only the features of her false lover. The incentive to both crimes was disappointed love—proof, if proof were needed, that peer and peasant are equally at the mercy of *le petit dieu, dont les yeux sont cachés et les fesses sont à découvert*; that it is literally true that love, like death, enters with impartial foot the beggar's cabin and the king's tower.

Still, notwithstanding the sorrow, the suffering, the crimes which have their source in love, life would be a dingy scene without it; faultlessness, could it be attained, might prove insipid after the bitter-sweet of human frailty; there is a rhythmic charm in imperfection which clockwork regularity would destroy; just as in chess perfect

[2] *Dumfries Herald*, October 4, 1893.

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play would put an end to the interest, for Stanton declares that, if neither player made a mistake, every game must end in a draw. Human nature, for which the angels have to weep so much, most often approaches perfection in the self-forgetfulness and absolute trust of love between man and woman. Everyone agrees that this love brings as much pain to mortals as pleasure, yet there are few unready to encounter the hazard of it, and that it is of all things most prized is proved by its presence in every work of fiction as the mainspring of an ideal world. The amazing hold maintained by novels over the popular fancy, almost to the exclusion of all other literature except newspapers, suggests the belief that the frank paganism of 'Ionica' finds harbour behind many a demure countenance:

> You promise heavens free from strife,
> Pure truth and perfect change of will;
> But sweet, sweet is this human life,
> So sweet, I fain would breathe it still;
> Your chilly stars I can forego,
> This warm kind world is all I know.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

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THE PROPOSED NILE RESERVOIR

I

THE DEVASTATION OF NUBIA

In an article which appeared in the last (May) number of this Review, Sir Benjamin Baker, a distinguished engineer, has done his best to vindicate the proposed scheme of turning Lower Nubia into a reservoir for the benefit of Middle and Lower Egypt. He discreetly confines his estimate of the damage which the execution of this plan will cause to the loss of the temples and inscriptions at Philæ, and most of his adversaries have been content to confine their opposition to the same ground.

But, as Sir Benjamin Baker and his friends say, they court 'the fullest and most unbiassed discussion,' it is well to insist that the loss to archæology and the violation to sentiment caused by the submerging of Philæ are not the only elements in the question, as was stated last month in the adjoining article—the whole of Lower Nubia will be put under water. The flourishing little town of Shelal, containing perhaps 1,000 people, with their houses, stores, farms, palm trees, &c., must be sacrificed; so must all the dwellings and little farms on both sides of the Nile for fifty miles at least, and perhaps as far as the turn of the river at Korosko.

There is not one word in Sir Benjamin Baker's article about the ruthless expatriation of the inhabitants of all this district. And for what purpose? For the enriching of the population of another province! What is to be done with all these poor Nubians? They cannot be driven up into the desert, nor is it shown where any new land can be found for them; if they are to be quartered on the inhabitants of Middle or Lower Egypt, the discontent of both exiles and hosts will go far to counterbalance the advantages of a larger water supply. Moreover, with submerging of houses and farms will follow the ruin of many other temples, upon which the article in question is silent. What about Debot, Dakkeh, Kalabsheh, Gartass, Tehfa, Dendur, at all of which are picturesque historic ruins, not thoroughly explored, and inscriptions not yet adequately copied? In the same country there are, doubtless, many inscribed stones, and in the tombs of Coptic

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Christians many papyrus rolls of the greatest value, yet to be discovered. All this area, so precious to archæology, is to be sunk under the water. The material mischief, however, both actual and prospective, will be enormous quite apart from questions of sentiment. A considerable number of harmless people are to be turned out of their homes, without any provision being proposed for their support, not to say any consideration taken of their feelings.

And for what? Our author tells us (p. 866) that

> As to the *absolute necessity* for the construction of a reservoir with the least possible delay no shadow of doubt was expressed by any member of the Commission.

Fortunately, he goes on to explain this absolute necessity. Will the reader believe that it amounts simply to this: an *estimated* gain to the State of 750,000*l.* yearly, and of ten times that amount to the cultivators of Lower Egypt? It is not pretended that this population is in want: it is not true that there is any want in Egypt; the people never were so prosperous since Ptolemaic times: the *absolute necessity* of the engineers is simply the stand-point of greed on the part of the State, perhaps of certain bondholders, doubtless of the farmers in Lower Egypt, of whom Sir Benjamin Baker naïvely tells us (p. 866), that after the perfecting of the Barrage near Cairo, and the consequent enormous increase of water supply during the last few years—'Notwithstanding this, the demand for water by the cultivators is as great as ever, and no means exist for *satisfying their wants*' by storing up more water, &c. If the State did not sell water, and so increase its revenues, such a statement might pass for mere philanthropy; as it does, we may here again translate Sir Benjamin Baker's curious English into its proper equivalent: 'No convenient means exist for making more legitimate taxes out of the people,' or of satisfying their unlimited demands.

If he complains that we will not take his words in their natural acceptation, we reply that in the present case we deny that any want exists in Egypt, and in any case we are only applying the lesson he himself teaches us concerning his use of the English language. Commenting upon the statement (p. 869) that the majority of the Commissioners are absolutely convinced that it is practically impossible to place the dam elsewhere than at Philæ, and upon the very just criticism of the French Commissioner, that the word *impossible* was absurd, he says:

> that the British Commissioner [*i.e.* he himself] thought it was often *a very useful word* in relation to practical problems, and he had indeed used it with good effect when reporting some years ago to a group of financiers on the Panama Ship Canal.

One hardly knows whether to thank him for the honesty of this statement, or for the reverse; at all events, we now know that whenever he uses the word impossible, it may be merely because it is

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useful, especially in making a report to people whom he cannot easily persuade by argument.

In the present case, Sir Benjamin Baker's impossibility corresponds very well to his necessity. The scheme he advocates is necessary because he is convinced of its soundness; the scheme he opposes is impossible because he is opposed to it. But, however useful he may have found this use of terms when dealing with a group of financiers, he will find it the reverse when dealing with people who understand ordinary logic and ordinary English. It makes us slow to accept his facts, and very suspicious of his arguments. It leads us never to take on trust his necessities and impossibilities, but to sift every one of his statements. Perhaps even more significant than these are his silences. He never tells us that one of the schemes is to make a reservoir a little above Philæ, thus saving at least that precious island. He will not contemplate the feasibility of making several small reservoirs, thus obviating the risk of one great dam, where an accident might entail a devastation of all the country. He will not tell us definitely the objections to the Wady Rayan scheme, but puts us off with vague generalities.

Why, then, is he so positive that one scheme, and one only, is practically possible? Simply because he is convinced that it will cost less, and so much less that any other plan must be considered extravagant, and a mere expensive luxury to be paid for by any sentimental objectors on the ground of archæology. Now, in the first place, we cannot be sure that he has correctly estimated the cost of the dam at Philæ. He has said nothing about the indemnity required for the homeless Nubians; he has said nothing about the yearly loss to Upper Egypt and Nubia from the disappearance of tourists. Mr. Cook could doubtless tell us how many thousands sterling are involved in this latter item. Probably the loss would not be less than one million when capitalised. Although, therefore, Mr. Willcocks's scheme is called the cheapest, it may possibly be the dearest, even in actual outlay of cash. But even on Sir Benjamin Baker's statement, even if the dam below Philæ be the cheapest plan, let us count the cost of its cheapness. If the gain to Lower Egypt is indeed, according to his figures, to be nearly 10,000,000*l.* per annum, would it not be quite reasonable for the country to pay a single half-year of this profit to save its temples, and to avoid disturbing the Nubian population? If these poor people are as fond of their homes as other nations, the hardship of having these homes put under water to make people 500 miles off richer is surely a grave objection. If 5,000,000*l.* would avoid this cruelty and save the sentimental primacy of Egypt, is it reasonable to say that Egypt must not pay it, and we must subscribe to support our fads? To say that the natives do not care about such things and therefore would not pay for them, is only to put them on a level with the engineers who can see no

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value in antiquities except as vast masses of stone to be hoisted into the air as a display of modern science (p. 871). Among intelligent and civilised people, the answer could hardly be doubtful. As Sir Benjamin Baker uses an illustration from imaginary English circumstances, so shall I. Supposing the water supply of London, though sufficient, was such that people were ready to pay for twice as much water, and so the engineers declared (in the interests of their profession or of a company) that a great new reservoir was 'absolutely necessary,' and one plan was to dam up the Thames, so as to submerge all its valley as far up as Oxford, including Magdalen College, which lies close to the river—supposing an alternative were proposed, which could be carried out at the increased cost of six months income of the expected profit, and which would save all the valley with its villages, its churches, and Magdalen College, would anyone in the nation, except an engineer who loved a dam more than a mediæval college, hesitate? We argue, then, that the Kalabsheh dam, or the Wady Rayan scheme, even if costing five millions more than the other alternative, would be for the best, and in the highest sense the cheapest, for the country. But Sir Benjamin Baker leads us to believe, by his use of the word *impossible*, that the difference in cost is out of all proportion. Now, will the reader consider the following figures, copied for me by a friend from Mr. Willcocks's report. They are the estimated cost of all the alternatives.

If the dam were constructed at Silsileh . .	1,650,000*l.*
Below Philæ	1,400,000*l.*
Just above Philæ	1,750,000*l.*
Kalabsheh (50 miles above Philæ) . . .	1,600,000*l.*

The difference of cost is therefore not worth mentioning. What, then, can have possessed Sir Benjamin Baker to call all the schemes but his own impossible?

For instance, the Kalabsheh scheme, which Mr. Willcocks reports as estimated at 1,600,000*l.*, is declared (p. 867) 'absolutely impossible on financial grounds alone' as against the scheme which the same authority estimates at 1,400,000*l.* Surely here his fancies have completely overriden his facts. Doubtless, an engineer has sentiment, though of a very peculiar sort. There must be engineering beauties or difficulties in one scheme, as compared with another of nearly the same cost, which make him declare the one perfect and the other abominable. Sir Benjamin Baker and his Commission must have fancies like these, which they cannot justify by their own figures. *Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.* But is the technical sentimentality of the engineer to override the archæological and artistic sentiments of the mass of cultivated men?

Still worse is the greed of the financier, or his longing to show an increased surplus in the Egyptian revenue, which overrides all other views of the well-being and civilisation of the country. Is it

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certain that the people would be happy if the shadoof and sakya were abolished, and water sold to them at their doors by a native official? Is it certain that the water of the Nile, cleared of its deposit by standing in huge reservoirs, will not lose a large part of its fertilising qualities? Are not great experts, like Colonel Ross, opposed to the scheme?

If a clear and unbiassed discussion were indeed desired, such points should be fully and carefully argued. But our author, whose abilities certainly do not appear in the field of controversy, 'lets the cat out of the bag' for us on this point also.

> Lord Cromer (he tells us, p. 870), Sir Edwin Palmer, and others, &c., *can and will do the work, in spite of all opposition*, but will look for, and doubtless obtain, the encouragement and support of the Home Government and of every well-wisher of Egypt in this country.

This can only be described as the language of a set of bullies who have determined upon an act of tyranny, yet are afraid of public criticism. They know perfectly well that almost every well-wisher of Egypt in this country is against them. The Home Government will probably regard the question simply from its political side, and will be otherwise indifferent. Only the sordid interests of speculators, of greedy financiers, the hopes of contractors, and the curiosity of constructors may be with them; they will never gain over enlightened public opinion. They may dam up the Nile, but they will not dam up public indignation; they may submerge the most beautiful and historic island in the world, but they will not choke the love of the beautiful in the hearts of civilised men—a treasure which no dams can satisfy. They may pretend that they will hoist into the air acres of temples, a scheme perhaps as visionary as many other more reasonable engineering schemes; they will succeed in hoisting themselves into a pillory of public and lasting obloquy.

The claims of the valley of the Nile upon the sympathies of the civilised world, and its importance as compared with the valley of the Indus, or any other river, are of historic importance. The love of history, the care of historical monuments, is one of the main evidences of civilisation as contrasted with barbarism, which only comprehends the present and its material interests. It is in the nature of money speculations to lead back even intelligent and well-bred men from the spiritual civilisation which their fathers have acquired into the spiritual barbarism from which their ancestors have escaped. The vice of exclusive devotion to finance has infected the whole administration of Egypt, since the departure of the one financier who adds to his special genius for dealing with money an enlightened interest in higher things. Therefore, when Sir Benjamin Baker tells us in conclusion 'that the whole question may safely be left in the hands of our able and tried representatives in Egypt,' he asks us to do what the recent

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history of Egypt commands us to refuse. Lord Cromer and his colleagues have proved over and over again that, in questions concerning the antiquities of Egypt, they are the very last people to be trusted. They have either openly expressed their contempt for this department of Egyptian wealth, or they have used it as a sop to humour the sensibilities of the French, whom they desired to oust from other departments. They have surrendered the whole charge of the antiquities to the French exclusively, so much so that an Englishman, desiring to excavate at his own cost, has to seek permission from a Frenchman in Egypt. They have long neglected to extend police control to the care of tombs and temples, which are being ravaged by natives and dealers without let or hindrance. They have hitherto omitted to find a safe housing for the vast treasures now in danger of destruction at Gizeh. On every question concerning antiquities they have shown themselves either utterly careless or utterly weak. And yet these are the men in whose hands we may safely leave the present problem!

Sir B. Baker, at all events, has not supplied us with a single shred of good argument in favour of the proposed scheme. Perhaps there are other and better reasons for the proposal. If so, let them be produced and subjected to an unbiassed discussion before the commission of what now appears to be a great crime.

J. P. Mahaffy.

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THE PROPOSED NILE RESERVOIR

II

THE SUBMERGENCE OF PHILÆ

SOME years ago an opportunity was afforded me, in the pages of this Review, of calling attention to the destruction that menaced the Arab monuments of Egypt. It would be out of place at the present moment to reopen that discussion except in so far as it bears upon the question of the preservation of the monuments of Ancient Egypt.

Less fragile than the graceful structures that adorn the modern cities of the East, these monuments afford, with their inscriptions, a lasting record of a bygone civilisation such as no other country in the world has yielded. At the period referred to it was generally believed that the temples of Ancient Egypt were safe in the custody of the eminent men entrusted with their safety and preservation. It is only lately that the decay inseparable from the work of human hands has attracted the attention of the guardians appointed to protect these precious relics. A society has been formed, at the suggestion of Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A., now Director of the National Gallery, for the special purpose indicated by its name—The Society for the Protection of the Monuments of Ancient Egypt. In his capacity of honorary secretary, Mr. Poynter has worked with unremitting zeal in conjunction with his colleagues, among whom may be reckoned several eminent engineers, with the view of securing the objects of the society. Their exertions have, in several instances, been crowned with success. The steps that are being taken for the preservation of the great temple at Karnac will, it is hoped, arrest the disintegration that threatens the columns of the Great Hall, and at Abou-Simbel the Egyptian Government has, at the instigation of the society, adopted measures which will protect the temple from a serious danger to which it was exposed. It will readily be believed that the society received with consternation the news that the beautiful island of Philæ, with its group of temples—that gem of the Nile which, for a century at least, has won the admiration of every traveller—is menaced with destruction.

The Technical Commission on the question of reservoirs have

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expressed their unanimous opinion that a reservoir should be constructed in the Nile Valley, rejecting the Wady Rayan project as being too costly; but, after examining the various projects, they disagree as to the one most suitable for adoption. Sir Benjamin Baker and Signor Torricelli are decidedly in favour of the dam at Assouan. M. Boulé, the third member of the commission, rejects the Assouan scheme, on account of its interference with Philæ and its temples.

It would be impossible within reasonable limits to enter at length into a discussion upon the different phases of a difficult and intricate question, but Sir Benjamin Baker, whose opinion on the engineering features of the case I should be the last to challenge, leaves the opponents of the scheme no alternative but to reply. It is hardly necessary to say that any question involving the welfare of the Egyptian people is deserving of our most anxious consideration. The point where we are at issue is the manner in which that desirable end is to be attained.

Sir Benjamin Baker rests his arguments a good deal upon the belief that the people of Egypt are profoundly indifferent to the preservation of monuments belonging to an age too remote to appeal directly to their understanding; but surely this is an argument that cuts both ways. It is usually regarded as a function of a protecting Government to foster every civilising agent that would promote the welfare of the people. It is true that he offers as a solatium the prospect of more abundant crops, but under a wise and honest system of government, the reverse of that under which the native inhabitants have so long groaned, they would still have enough to render them the envy of many nations less favoured by nature so far as the resources of their country are concerned.

The surpassing beauty of the spot and its surroundings have perhaps thrown into the shade other aspects of the question of even greater importance than the threatened submersion of Philæ. A letter addressed to the Society of Antiquaries by Mr. Somers Clarke calls attention to the disastrous consequences that would ensue if ever this gigantic scheme were carried into effect. The summary inserted in the *Times* of the 13th of April would be too long for insertion here, but a brief extract may help to prove that it is not only from a sentimental point of view that the question should be regarded. Mr. Somers Clarke writes:

> The irrigation engineers have recommended a vast reservoir, the base of which would be formed by a dam placed at a short distance below the island of Philæ. The dam will create a reservoir of enormous extent, not only drowning the island of Philæ but extending southwards into Nubia for nearly a hundred miles. When full the waters of the reservoir will rise several feet above the highest level of the pylon of the Temple of Isis at Philæ. The rocks surrounding the island are full of hieroglyphic inscriptions; these will spend many months under water, and there is yet much to be discovered in the immediate neighbourhood. . . .

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It may be mentioned in passing that the Temple of Isis is adorned with painted columns, the preservation of which is a marvel, considering the age of their construction. Rich harmonies in green and blue, relieved in places by bands of red—colours which the lapse of ages has left almost untouched—will be left to moulder in the waste of waters by which they will be submerged.

Mr. Somers Clarke mentions other structures which would be destroyed, including a Ptolemaic temple at Debôt, retaining its original girdle wall, and Gertasseh, a small hypæthral temple of great beauty and in fair preservation, and the most magnificent temple to be found in Lower Nubia, at Kalabsheh—all to be submerged, and the inhabitants transported he knows not whither.

The concluding passage refers to a matter that seems hitherto not to have been fully considered. How are the unfortunate inhabitants to be compensated for the discomfort and privations which no pecuniary reward can adequately allay?

The promoters of 'the biggest thing in the world' and their underlings will doubtless reap a rich harvest. Undisturbed by the adverse criticism of 'mere sentimentalists,' which they can afford to despise, they will embark with a light heart in a scheme that will earn for us the just reprobation of the whole civilised world.

As an instance of the *petitio principii* which it would be hard to match, Sir Benjamin Baker dogmatically asserts that, no other site being available, the thing must be done. When railways were first introduced into Russia it was represented to the Tzar Nicholas that a certain projected line should be made to deviate from its intended course in order to avoid injury to some valuable property, upon which H. I. M. called for a rule and drew a straight line from, point to point, saying, 'That is the direction the line must take. This is the autocratic tone adopted by the English Commissioner with regard to the island of Philæ. Frenchmen may exclaim, *rien n'est sacré pour le sapeur*.

Mr. Heathcote Statham, the editor of the *Builder*, alluding to the proposal to meet the case by removing these temples to a neighbouring island, writes:

> The mere fact that such a proposal should have been made only shows how totally impossible it is for engineers to understand the architectural aspect of the subject.

In the same connection Mr. Cecil Torr says:

> The temples at Philæ were designed for the island. They follow the curves of the shore and the undulations of the ground in consummate harmony with every feature of the landscape. Put them on another site and all this beauty is destroyed.

It has been the custom with a certain class of archæologists to underrate the Ptolemaic temples of Egypt on the ground that, being

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comparatively modern, they must necessarily represent a debased period of art, an opinion that I must distinctly traverse. Greek influence has imposed a certain grace of line into their contour that more than compensates for the absence of the massiveness which characterises the earlier periods of Egyptian architecture. The fact, moreover, that they form a link in the chain that marks their evolution and transition confers upon them a peculiar interest and renders it all the more imperative that their preservation should be demanded and insisted upon. Eager to seize upon any plea that might seem to favour their designs, these iconoclasts seek to minimise the gain to humanity and true civilisation offered to the world by these splendid monuments, and measure their enterprise by its *bigness* rather than by any inherent merit it may possess.

It is difficult to believe that Sir Benjamin Baker can be in earnest when he suggests that the temples at Philæ might be raised above the water level, a feat which he says could be accomplished without injury to a single stone. Yet he insists upon this monstrous proposal in terms that are calculated to appeal to the uncultivated taste of such of his countrymen as would regard this *tour de force* in the same light as an exhibition of strength by an acrobat at the Aquarium. Granting that this treatment of the ruins were capable of achievement, what are the conditions under which they would be seen? Perhaps the best way of answering this question will be to quote Sir Benjamin Baker's own words:

> When raised (he says), the ruins surely must be of greater interest to any intellectual tourist than before. Half of the wonder and admiration excited by the monumental works of Ancient Egypt arises from the magnitude of the masses handled and transported by the old Egyptians rather than from their artistic merit. It would be in accord, therefore, with the spirit of the surroundings *if English engineers raised tens of thousands of tons where the Egyptians raised hundreds.*[1]

It would be difficult to find words to characterise the absurdity of this statement. Has Sir Benjamin Baker ever condescended to read any of the books descriptive of the temples of Egypt: the great work published under the auspices of Napoleon; in Germany, Lepsius and Ebers; in our own country, Sir Gardner Wilkinson and Flinders Petrie, and many others? Did these men find nothing to admire in the Great Hall at Karnac, the temple of Luxor, or the wonderful and awe-inspiring Abou-Simbel beyond their measurement and weight? Even a visit to our British Museum would suffice to dispel the illusion that size is the chief element in the grandeur of the Egyptian monuments. Then we are told that from the artistic point of view the appearance of Philæ would be enhanced because the temples would rise out of a wide placid lake instead of appearing in a hollow!

If, with the permission of Sir Edward Watkin, Sir Benjamin Baker were to conceive the plan of transporting Stonehenge to the

[1] The italics are my own.

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summit of Snowdon in order to make room for some projected railway, it would scarcely surpass in extravagance the project of hoisting up the temples. The Cook's tourist credited with the exclamation 'How wonderful!' would, it is likely enough, return to his steamer dazzled by the magnitude of this engineering feat, but possibly it might fail to excite the enthusiasm of a class of travellers who would regard these precious relics from a different standpoint.

Passing to the practical consideration of the comparative sites that have been suggested for the reservoirs, Sir Benjamin informs us that:

> The Government engineers submitted four projects to the Commission; but, reading between the lines, it was clear enough that they had little confidence themselves in the practicability of three out of the four plans, and they expressly threw the final responsibility of the rejection upon the Commission.

Now it is not for me to dispute the faculty claimed by Sir Benjamin Baker of reading between the lines, but it is unfortunate that we are not in possession of the causes of this want of confidence. This important factor in the consideration of the question is passed over lightly, as if it were self-evident. We are not, for instance, clearly informed of the reasons for rejecting Mr. Cape Whitehouse's 'brilliant and original suggestion' in favour of the Wadi Rayan reservoir, except on the ground of expense and *certain elements of doubt* as regards the supply of water and the effects of percolation. The second Government project was that of a dam at Gebel Silsila, where the rock was found to be of inferior sandstone with bands of clay. This scheme appears to have been rejected on more substantial grounds, but neither of the above schemes would interfere with the monuments. The next project was for a dam at Kalabsheh, which it was admitted had many advantages, but was rejected on financial grounds in favour of the only other alternative, the selection, namely, of the Philæ dam. Here M. Boulé, the French Commissioner, diverged from the opinion of his colleagues on the ground that it would involve the injury or destruction of the temples at Philæ. This demurrer, redounding as it does to his honour, is a fair index of the reception that will assuredly be accorded to the scheme in France and on the Continent generally.

Now the objections raised to the first three projects on the ground of expense would equally, or perhaps in a greater measure, apply to the Philæ scheme when, coupled with the compensation to the inhabitants of the flooded districts we add the cost of raising or removing the temples—an item the expense of which is only approximately stated. With regard to the suggestion that the temples might be raised so as to dominate the great mass of water intended to be accumulated above the dam, the question arises, What would be the aspect of these buildings at certain seasons, with the river at its normal level? How would the intervening spaces be filled up? At present, resting on their natural level, the fallen stones and *débris*

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constitute a natural framework to these beautiful ruins. The palm trees—some of the finest of which have, I regret to say, already been ruthlessly destroyed—would, of course, perish. The acacia bushes which fringe the shore would suffer the same fate, and the temples would rise in their naked baldness and present a spectacle so ridiculous that their greatest admirers would rather see them totally submerged. No assurance on the part of the British Commissioner that the Temple of Isis, with its frescoed columns, could be raised without injury, will suffice to allay our anxiety on this score. The stones might be raised with safety, but the plaster upon which the colours are laid would infallibly crack and perish.

Sir Benjamin Baker may rest assured that a large number of our countrymen who hitherto have viewed the occupation of Egypt with satisfaction would regard it in a very different light if it involved the destruction of any important monument; and while the question is still trembling in the balance, it behoves all who desire to maintain our position in that country to raise their voices in condemnation of such a scheme. Mr. Gastin, the Under Secretary of State, is, we are assured, strongly in favour of saving Philæ, if this can be done consistently with the plan of constructing a dam 'on a spot best calculated to serve the interests of the country,' and we might find comfort in this assurance were it not vitiated by the fact that he favoured the scheme of removing the temples to a neighbouring island—meaning probably Biggeh. But this project seems now to have been abandoned in favour of the equally fantastic plan of raising the temples to a higher level—a choice of evils with which we need not trouble ourselves, seeing that either plan would be preposterous.

Nothing could be more infelicitous than the holding up of the present condition of Rome as an example and a justification of the proceedings that threaten to injure or destroy some of the monuments of Ancient Egypt. 'Two blacks do not make a white,' and if the Italians of the present day think proper to deface their capital by 'improvements' tending to reduce it to a commonplace modern city, it is an example to be avoided rather than copied. It should, however, be noted to the credit of the Italian Government that the antiquities have as far as possible been spared, so that, although the picturesque element is missing, the archæologist has little to complain of.

That art and engineering have not always been divorced is evidenced in the structures of ancient Rome, and, later, the period of the Renaissance affords examples, especially in Italy, of what their combined forces have been able to achieve. The dark cloud that now obscures the beauty and interest of modern Rome, the utter tastelessness that pervades most of the so-called improvements that render a visit to the sacred city a source of regret to the traveller who knew her before this relapse into barbarism—all this is held up to us as an

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excuse for the drowning of a vast tract of country in Nubia, culminating in the submersion and, *ipso facto*, the destruction of the island of Philæ.

Sir Benjamin Baker takes exception to the term Vandalism in connection with the proposed destruction of Philæ. It must be admitted that the comparison is hard upon the Vandals, who, after all, were simply barbarians let loose upon the world in search of loot; while the modern engineers, with all the advantages of education and culture, seem to think that the world was created solely as a field for their enterprise and for opportunities of gain. This is apparent in the suggestions they offer us in compensation for the injury they would inflict upon places hallowed by association, and monuments which reflect the mind that conceived them. Absolutely without the *religio loci*, so important an element in the appreciation of architecture, the promoters of this scheme seek to satisfy us by promises the performance of which would either prove abortive or result in a great sham that would render us the laughing-stock of civilised Europe. Fortunately, the Commissioners are not the final arbiters on this question. The ultimate decision rests with higher powers, who, it is to be hoped, will not hesitate to condemn a project that would be a stigma upon the British occupation of Egypt.

FRANK DILLON.

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THE EVICTED TENANTS BILL

An article on this subject has recently appeared in this Review from the pen of Mr. Michael Davitt. Other Reviews have also dealt with the subject before the Government Bill was published, but so far as I am aware there has been little or no public comment since the Bill has been printed and circulated.

Moreover, the articles I have seen have approached the matter rather from the points of view of the political partisans on either side. My attitude is somewhat different. I approach the subject from an Irish point of view, disregarding party considerations. I shall try, moreover, to treat it without any landlord bias, and especially at the outset I wish to disclaim any sympathy with the vindictive feelings imputed (though I am sure in the great majority of cases unfairly) to the landlords affected. I heartily endorse every word quoted by Mr. Morley from Mr. Balfour's speech in 1891, on the 13th clause of the Act of that year :—

> And for my own part, if I were an Irish landlord, even if it were not wholly to my own personal and pecuniary interest, I should desire to restore peace to that part of the country in which my property was situated, and to see that on fair, equitable, and even generous terms the tenants were restored to their ancient homes.

Such vindictive feelings, operating as a bar to reinstatement of solvent tenants, I believe to be quite exceptional, though landlords who have been attacked by 'the Plan' would be more than human if they felt very charitably disposed even towards the tools of that conspiracy. But it would be wiser, in my opinion, to afford a *locus pœnitentiæ* even to the ringleaders, if solvent, or capable by any means of retrieving their character and position.

Another argument I wish to repudiate is that of draining the Land League funds, which is not only, in my opinion, an unworthy, but a most misleading one; for had it not been for the split among the Nationalists, I am satisfied that an appeal for the evicted tenants would have brought more money from America and Australia than would have sufficed to carry on the war on the campaign estates. And though the continuance of the split gives the argument a certain tactical importance for the time which politicians cannot ignore, it is not one which a statesman desiring the pacification of the country can avow or on which he can greatly rely.

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I start from two assumptions: (1) that, subject to the claims of justice, the main object should be not merely—indeed, not so much—to simplify the work of Government, but rather to put an end to uncertainty, and to let all parties know once for all where they are in this matter; and (2) that the means adopted should in themselves as far as possible reduce the friction now existing between classes, and at any rate should do nothing to increase that evil. I fear the Bill fails to satisfy either of these conditions.

As a corollary to my first assumption, I may add that promptitude seems to be almost as important as certainty, and that where both parties in the State agree that circumstances so dangerous and so exceptional exist as to require exceptional legislation, no pleas for mere delay will avail, no destructive criticism will suffice. Whatever is to be done should be done quickly. In this respect the question is obviously quite different from such measures as Welsh Disestablishment or Scotch Local Government.

(1) Uncertainty is mischievous everywhere and always. It is largely responsible for the grievous injustice, the hardship and worse than hardship, brought upon individuals on both sides in this struggle. This is well known; but besides these special evils, one general result has come about, which in England is hardly realised, but which has settled like a blight on rural society in Ireland. A few words will explain the case. The right of free sale of his interest, conferred on the tenant by the Land Act of 1881, provided a safety-valve which, if it had been allowed to act freely, would have prevented most of the evictions that have since taken place. For in ordinary times there are always, broadly speaking, more men willing to buy the tenant right of farms, than there are tenants who cannot pay their rent. But though successive Governments and Parliaments have not always known their own mind, there was no uncertainty about the intention, or, at any rate, the action, of the Land League. They promptly shut down the safety-valve, and compelled landlords either to evict bankrupt tenants or to keep them on the land. In calling attention to this state of affairs I am bringing no charge against the Land League. As an act of war it was quite intelligible. I merely state the facts. The wavering from time to time of the executive has made landlords reluctant to evict, while the action of the League and the closing of the safety-valve afforded by free sale have encouraged the false hopes of thousands of unfortunate tenants whose only hope of ultimately avoiding not only eviction but ruin, lay in realising the asset conferred on them by the Act of 1881. Many of these luckless men have of course been evicted, including the vast majority of those 2,755 isolated cases, as they may be called, which the Mathew Commission left uninvestigated because they were not on campaign estates. But thousands of others remain who, though they have so far escaped eviction, have not escaped ruin, whose lands are but little

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more productive than if they were derelict, whose example must demoralise their neighbours, and who the longer they are encouraged to hold on will have less and less chance of saving anything from the wreck. And all the time the deposits in the banks have been swelling with money which knows in Ireland no other investment but land, and can only seek it in the form of the tenant right which is not allowed to be sold. The number of bankrupt tenants thus encouraged to hold on had been, I believe, steadily increasing until lately; and though the power of the League to keep the safety-valve closed has begun to relax, the blight is still on the land. It is more mischievous because more widespread and more subtle than the evils due to the 'Plan of Campaign'—evils so patent and so acute that they have to some extent worked their own cure.

It should be the first care of a statesman, in devising a legislative remedy, to remove this uncertainty and to kill this blight. And yet can anyone doubt for a moment that the Government Bill would increase the uncertainty and renew the false hopes, not only of every evicted tenant, but of every tenant who cannot pay his rent?

Perhaps it may be answered that the arbitrators will themselves reject many, if not most, of the applications for reinstatement on the threshold, by finding that there is no *prima facie* case. I quite believe they will; but that is exactly my complaint. It is just the delusiveness of the hopes raised which would intensify the existing uncertainty. Mr. Morley himself is obviously thinking almost exclusively of the 976 'campaign' cases. So did the Mathew Commission. It is highly probable the arbitrators would do the same, and rule out the 2,755 'isolated' cases; but the latter are encouraged to hope and apply for re-instatement all the same. If the Government know their own mind and have discovered any principle defining the cases to which the Bill is to apply, they should face this issue which they so studiously evade, and lay down the principle in their Bill. If not, they have no business to bring in a Bill on such lines at all. It is unfair, as Mr. Balfour pointed out, to throw such a responsibility on the arbitrators. I will say nothing of the effect on the landlords, which is evident enough; but such proposals are but cruel kindness to the 2,755, and demoralising to the rural community generally.

It is, of course, not surprising that the Government should shrink from such a definition, for it is hard to say which is the more absurd, to force a landlord to reinstate a tenant who can't pay, or one who could pay but conspired not to do so. Seek by every possible means within the limits of conciliation to induce landlords to reinstate all of either class who can be rehabilitated financially, and there is no need for strict definition; but when compulsion is introduced, it is surely unconstitutional to give the arbitrators such a roving commission. It may be retorted, 'It is absurd to ask us to decide between two

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absurdities;' but that is really what the Government ask the arbitrators to do. It would, no doubt, be invidious for Mr. Morley to exclude those he has himself evicted; it would be difficult for him to defend the principle that conspiracy should be the sole passport to reinstatement. The arbitrators, however, will be irresponsible; they must, consciously or unconsciously, lay down principles for their own guidance, but they need not divulge them or give their reasons, and no one can ask them awkward questions.

Compulsory arbitration, except as regards the planters, being the basis on which the whole Bill is framed, the plan of the Government will, to say the least, not diminish the friction between classes. Mr. Morley says that the principle of arbitration in regard to agrarian disputes was sanctioned by the Act of 1881; but, to begin with, even supposing the two measures were on all fours, can anyone say that the Land Act of 1881 has diminished this deplorable friction? As a supporter of that Act before it was introduced, I grieve to confess it has lamentably disappointed expectations in that respect. The two measures, however, are not on all fours; far from it. Parliament itself, by the Act of 1881 conferred the right to 'fair' or arbitration rents, and defined the principles on which the boon was granted; the Land Commission, as arbitrators, had merely to carry out these principles in detail and fix the terms as to rent. Under Mr. Morley's Bill the arbitrators, without any principles or definitions being laid down by Parliament to guide them, have themselves to decide, not merely the terms in detail on which a tenant, already recognised by law and clothed by Parliament with certain rights, is to exercise those rights, but the main question, which the Bill evades, whether certain persons not recognised by law are to have the rights in dispute conferred on them. For a case parallel to the Act of 1881 we should have to suppose that Parliament were to enact that all tenants evicted under such and such circumstances should be reinstated, and to refer the terms to arbitration. It was bad enough that the Act of 1881 did not define a 'fair rent.' This, however, was an inevitable defect; and I should no more complain in this case than in that because the terms could not be defined. But that Act has taught us that, even in regard to the more limited question left to arbitration therein, the absence of principles has necessitated a lawsuit in thousands of cases where no question of law was involved, and has resulted in chaos from which no intelligible principles have ever yet been evolved. Evictions are now preceded by one or two lawsuits. If a third is to be imposed after eviction to try the whole case over again, the State ought at least to pay the costs of both sides.

Again, this kind of procedure with the prospect of a lawsuit in the background is the surest way of keeping the parties in dispute as far as possible asunder, the tendency being for each to put forward the most extreme claims. Mr. Morley, in his closing words, earnestly,

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and I am sure sincerely, protested his desire not 'to give either party a triumph over the other' by his Bill. But, practically, it is only by a decision which would give such a triumph that the disputes are likely to be—I will not say settled, but—ended under the Bill.

In fact, the only method by which enduring and peaceable settlements can be arrived at is conciliation as distinguished from the arbitration imposed by the Bill; and Mr. Morley's strongest arguments apply with much greater force to the former than the latter. Only by conciliation can you avoid 'giving a triumph to one side or the other,' for in this way only are they brought together as consenting parties to an agreement. Again, Mr. Morley's plea for the intervention of a third party breathes the essential spirit of conciliation; but such action, to be effective, must be that of a mediator, not of a judge.

Then, too, in analysing the cases to be dealt with, Mr. Morley divides them into two classes: (*a*) derelict farms and (*b*) farms 'planted,' that is, let to new tenants commonly called 'planters.' This classification is entirely inadequate and misleading, for it ignores those farms *bona fide* occupied and farmed by the landlord, on which the latter has often spent large sums in improvements. Mr. Morley seemed almost to resent interpellations with regard to these, yet they obviously form quite a distinct class or, at any rate, present peculiar difficulties; and though they are treated by the Bill just as if derelict, they are really much more like the 'planted' cases, from which, indeed, it seems to me impossible logically to distinguish them. But taking Mr. Morley's classification, imperfect as it is, his Bill, as regards the 'planters,' is already in theory a conciliation, not an arbitration, scheme, for the 'planter' has an absolute veto. This veto will be tempered, it is true, in practice by potential boycotting, but the written law of the arbitrators at all events is to have here no compulsory sanction behind it. On the other hand, the 'derelict' cases are just those which can be most easily settled by conciliation —always supposing, what Mr. Morley will be driven to admit as an essential factor in his calculation, viz. that the reinstated tenants are set on their legs financially.

Mr. Balfour reminded the House on the first reading that the 13th Clause of his Act would probably have settled the whole question if the tenants' advisers had adopted a more conciliatory attitude. Moderate men very generally agreed that the Mathew Commission might have gone far to settle it, if worked as a Board of Conciliation negotiating quietly with the individuals on either side, instead of as a public inquiry where the opposing organisations had every inducement to abuse each other. Surely Parliament has no right to come down with compulsory powers until all other means have been tried and failed.

But perhaps it will be answered, 'Oh, that is just what the

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arbitrators will not do. They will try conciliation first, and keep their compulsory powers in reserve to be used only in the last resort.' I reply: How can anyone tell? Conciliation is difficult and laborious; it is not a matter of surprise that the Mathew Commission shrank from it; the temptation to cut the knot will be very strong. Mr. Morley wishes his Bill to be 'healing'; do not let him arm his ministers of mercy with these instruments of surgery or run the risk of inflicting more wounds than he heals. It is often urged, as against 'Coercion'—and the argument taken by itself is perfectly valid—that coercion leads the executive to neglect the resources of the ordinary law. The answer, of course, in that case, has always been that the ordinary law has been tried and found wanting. But in this case conciliation has not been tried; yet who can deny that to such a tribunal the swift sharp methods of compulsory arbitration will be attractive, compared with the slow toilsome process of conciliation? No, the only way in which these powers can be surely kept in reserve is by Parliament itself withholding them.

Again, it may be urged by the supporters of the Bill that very few cases will have to be dealt with compulsorily. 'It will be the interest of the landlord,' they may say, 'to accept the compensation offered; power, however, must be taken to deal with the unreasonable persons who form the minority.' But hard cases make bad law, and exceptional cases make bad legislation; moreover, there is no evidence how many such exceptions there are likely to be, while, on the other hand, the Bill makes no attempt to remove the most common and conclusive 'reason' against reinstatement—the want of capital to farm the lands. No doubt the 100,000*l.*, even if sufficient for the purposes contemplated by the Bill, would be ridiculously inadequate to meet this additional demand. If, however, the latter is adequately met, the area of successful conciliation would be vastly increased: if, on the other hand, this demand is disregarded, the 'settlements' arrived at by compulsion will prove but a hollow truce, instead of an enduring pacification.

Will conciliation remove all uncertainty? Alas! we cannot be sure that it will. No measure on the subject that Parliament passes can altogether accomplish that most desirable end, but the evil will evidently be much less than with compulsory arbitration, as the hopes raised amongst the evicted will be less extravagant. The immediate political capital realised by the Government may not be so great, but the permanent social benefit to the country will, I am convinced, be far greater. The uncertainty, too, will be much diminished, if a time limit be inserted, which, indeed, should be done in any case. I would suggest the 31st of December 1892, when the Mathew Commission had practically concluded its labours. If evictions of 1893 and 1894 are included, why not those of 1895? Why should the process ever stop? But in Ireland the means is of more importance than the end

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manner than matter; and if methods of conciliation were fairly started to bring this most bitter episode in the land war to an end, even the uncertainty would become more tolerable. Immediate and complete cessation of uncertainty can only be obtained by giving a triumph to one side or the other, which Mr. Morley so rightly deprecates and which would perpetuate and intensify the bitterness and strife.

1. Let the Board be one of conciliation, not of arbitration; its task to bring the disputants to an agreement, not to impose a decision on them from above; its means persuasion, not compulsion.

2. Let this Board be composed of the most reasonable men to be found on either side in equal numbers; and let there be no chairman, or one without a vote. (Directly any such arbiter or umpire as a chairman—no matter how independent and impartial—is introduced, the representatives on the Board of the parties in dispute will cease to be conciliators and become advocates.)

3. Let the conciliators act either singly or in pairs, and remember that *5l.* expended in travelling will generally be for their purpose a better investment of public money than *5d.* in stationery.

4. Let them be provided with ample funds, not only for compensating landlords or 'planters,' but also for giving the reinstated a fresh start.

5. Let the 13th clause of Mr. Balfour's Act be revived, which has the great advantage of affording a fresh basis for negotiation.

6. And lastly, let a limit of time, say the 31st of December 1892, be set to the evictions thus to be dealt with.

If such changes could be grafted on the Bill, I should be willing to accept it as a basis for discussion in committee. But I cannot doubt that Mr. Morley himself would be the first to recognise that such proposals are totally incompatible with the principles of the Bill, and I should therefore feel driven, if I were in the House of Commons, reluctantly to vote against the second reading.

MONTEAGLE.

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THE CRYING NEED FOR REFORMS IN OUR COMPANY LAW

THE Companies Act of 1862 has now been in force over thirty years, and although the mode of promoting and forming companies, and the machinery and devices of promoters by which they are launched upon the public have entirely altered in order to evade the real objects of the present Acts, no step whatever has been taken by the Legislature to meet the present exigencies arising from such altered circumstances. This is an extraordinary fact, looking at the enormous interests involved. It is not possible in an article of this kind to deal with the whole subject; but there are matters of extreme importance to the public to which I propose to draw attention in language which will be clear to the lay mind.

The mere fact that the carrying out of objects which would be more or less fraudulent, and would be impossible, in the case of a private individual or a partnership is rendered easy by means of the Companies Acts, and by modern casuistry, is indeed sufficient reason that not only the mercantile world but the general public should appreciate the true position of our present law.

There is no doubt, having regard to the immense number of reported decisions, and the various Acts of Parliament which have been passed in connection with companies, that it would be advisable that the whole law on the subject, with such amendments as are necessary, should be consolidated into one code. But the matters to which I am about to refer are of such urgent importance that, whether codification takes place or not, the Legislature should at once deal with them. What is wanted is legislation which will deal boldly with the actual defects of our present company law, without regard to influences which conflict with the public interest.

If the past records of the various periods of company inflation can be relied upon, it may fairly be expected that we are shortly to enter upon a new era of company promotion. This also renders it imperative that some protection should be given to the public against the devices of the modern company promoter, and some remedy be found for the numerous defects in connection with the law of joint

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stock companies, filling, as they do, one of the most important positions of our modern commercial world.

The recent public inquiries into the affairs of companies in liquidation have proved beyond all possible doubt that the present Acts afford no proper protection whatever to the public. What must be the result when the new crop of companies is planted on the public? One of the principal things which have resulted from these inquiries is to show more clearly how totally inadequate the law, both civil and criminal, is to deal with the present evils. There is, in fact, no remedy in most cases. The practical result will be to increase the number of promoters and dishonest directors, and to demonstrate to them how easily they can carry on their present practices without fear of the law.

That there are numerous influences which may be brought to bear against a reform of some of these defects there is no doubt, but it is to be hoped that when the public clearly understand how their interests are affected, the force of such influences may be very much weakened, if not rendered entirely nugatory.

Amongst the matters to which I have just referred, some of the most striking and flagrant are those relating to the inception of companies, the legal position of promoters and directors, prospectuses, the issue of debentures, the audit of companies' accounts, &c., and several matters to which I will draw attention in respect to the winding-up of companies, and the mode of realisation of debentures.

It is true that the Companies Acts are full of penalties against irregularities, but it has been made clear that in practice these penalties are no protection whatever. Penalties are merely a form of punishment seldom put in force, but it is the evil itself which must be eradicated as far as possible.

Although promoters and directors may be guilty of acts which create surprise in the minds of the public, as the laws of their country make no provisions in respect of many of these acts, civil proceedings can rarely be taken with effect, and a prosecution under the Larceny Act, or the penal provisions of the Companies Acts, would after recent decisions rarely be undertaken by anyone. The modern company promoter shudders at the suggestion of fraud in respect to his doings, and clearly so long as our law remains in the present condition *prosperum et felix scelus virtus vocatur.*

For the fact that many companies in the present day are properly managed the public owe no thanks to the Legislature.

The present mode in which it is enacted that companies shall be registered, under the Act of 1862, affords no protection whatever to shareholders, and it is difficult to conceive what good results to anyone by prescribing that seven persons shall be subscribers to the Memorandum of Association. Such persons are invariably clerks or individuals who have no interest whatever in the corporation

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about to be formed, save the nominal share necessary, which may be one shilling. No doubt the original intention was that the subscribers to the Memorandum of Association should be persons having an actual interest in the undertaking, but this is rarely, if ever, the case. It is an empty and useless formality, but one which unfortunately has been the means of numberless fraudulent transactions. Many public investigations under the Companies Act of 1890 prove this, although the fact is well-known to those in practice.

Now let us see what the present law permits with every facility. Any seven crossing-sweepers may sign the Memorandum of Association, and if no other directors are appointed, provision is made that they shall act as the first directors. The effect of this extraordinary and legalised system is to enable promoters to go to allotment on insufficient capital, and to adopt on behalf of the company, through their dummy subscribers, any agreements of the most onerous description.

The *modus operandi* is simple. Years ago it was made clear that a registered company cannot be made liable on a contract which purports to have been entered into on its behalf before the company is registered, and that the company cannot ratify such contract. To an ordinary apprehension such a decision might have been considered a sufficient protection. This, however, is indeed not the case, because it was then found that although a company cannot ratify, it can 'adopt' such contracts. This may be understood by the legal mind, but the matter of fact public find it difficult to grasp this finely drawn distinction. The consequence is that the persons nominated by the promoters to be the subscribers to the Memorandum of Association, or in other words the promoters themselves, make any agreement which they think proper, with enormously increased prices or with onerous liabilities, and these agreements are, without any protection whatever to the shareholders, solemnly adopted by such dummies acting as directors for such purpose by a simple resolution. The company finds itself bound by all kinds of contracts without having had any opportunity whatever of considering the propriety of them. It is all very well if the prospectus mentions the contracts to say that shareholders can look at contracts under the Act, but in practice this is found to be of no use, many shareholders for instance living at a great distance. It certainly also is no uncommon thing that where inquiries have been made for the contract, the persons for the time being representing the promoters have simply declined to show it, the instances in which an application is made for inspection being so extremely few compared with the large number of shareholders.

The same result often follows where the directors are the nominees or really the factotums of the promoters—that is to say, nominated in the Articles of Association.

To put the law in a nutshell, it solemnly says the company shall

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not ratify, but it may, through persons who in no way whatever really represent the company, adopt; the consequences to future shareholders being precisely the same.

It is no good, I am aware, pointing out defects without suggesting a remedy. The practical remedy is simple. I do not propose a system of provisional registration with an investigation by some public officer. To that there are several objections, more particularly the idea which might possibly be given of Government control. The signatures of the seven subscribers to the Memorandum of Association should be rendered unnecessary, as it is so in fact; and provision should be made that all contracts before the registration of the company must be ratified or adopted by a resolution in general meeting of the shareholders, excluding the holders of vendors' shares; such meeting to be summoned by the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, and held immediately after registration or allotment, votes by proxy being allowed. At the same meeting the *bona fide* shareholders would in the first place arrive at a resolution whether the capital subscribed was sufficient to justify the company proceeding. Should a negative resolution be passed, the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies ought to be empowered to refuse complete registration.

For years it has become apparent that the term 'promoter' is not sufficiently comprehensive. Here, again, the law could, and should, be more in accord with facts. The real promoters escape on the strength of distinctions drawn without regard to common sense.

If a company is in the end registered, why should a promoter in fact be allowed to secure improper profits because he says, 'I did not enter into the transaction at the time for the purpose of bringing out the company,' however strong the inference may be from the circumstances, in the minds of ordinary individuals, that he can only have entered into the transaction for that purpose? Any person who, as a principal, in contemplation of launching a company which, as a matter of fact, is subsequently registered, enters into the various transactions connected with that purpose, should be defined to be, what he is in fact and by the light of common sense, a promoter. In numberless cases promoters, notwithstanding the fact that they may have purchased property, or purported to purchase it, with the ultimate intention, though not the avowed object, of passing it on to a company, and although they may receive the consideration in shares of that company, have been able to retain the profits made by excessively increased prices on such sale, merely on the ground that at the time when they acquired the property, which as a matter of fact was afterwards resold to the company of their own promotion, they were not actually promoters.

The latest fashion in recent years of promoting companies has been by creating what are termed founders' shares. These founders agree generally to underwrite a certain number of the

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ordinary shares, and to be answerable in certain proportions for the expenses of promoting the company. In return for this they get a considerable share of all profits made by the company, but quite out of all proportion to what they do. A large number of influential persons, including some of the highest and what should be the most respected names in this country, have been obtained for this purpose, and they have allowed their names to be advertised broadcast as founders. But for the use of their names the companies could not have been formed, and with the use of their names they must know that subscribers for the ordinary shares are obtained from the public. It is, in fact, a means of giving a bonus or bribe to influential persons for the loan of their names to influence the public. They know when they permit the advertisement that it is for this sole object. They are promoters in every sense of the word, and should, so long as this system is countenanced, be fixed by law with the responsibilities which should properly be attached to a promoter.

The space at my disposal will not, however, permit me at present to enter further into other important matters relating to the class of promoters who make a business of living upon the public by practising the modern systems of 'fraudulent' promotion.

Turning now to the prospectuses issued by promoters of companies, it appears to be recognised on all sides that the provisions contained in section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, are totally inadequate and insufficient for the purpose. At present it is somewhat humorously prescribed that the 'dates and the names of the parties' to certain contracts shall be set out: but the most material part is omitted, as the section does not define the contracts referred to. The decisions on the subject give no assistance; in fact, they only restrict the general terms of the section. What possible information can be obtained from the 'dates of contracts' and 'names of parties' it is difficult to conceive; and the decisions which have been given have, in practice, rendered these provisions almost a dead letter. No doubt the prospectus may also be fraudulent within the common law; but astute promoters, after years of experience, know too well how to draw the line between 'colouring' and statements untrue in fact, which may bring them within the common law; and many cases have shown how well-nigh impossible it is to prove, as is necessary, that the parties who issued the prospectus under such circumstances did so with the intention of cheating. Hence cheating, particularly in connection with companies, is made extremely easy if you only disguise your intention. That during the past few years grossly misleading prospectuses have been issued without number, must be admitted by all who have knowledge of the recent cases. But in how many instances has an action or a prosecution been successful?

When two individuals are about to enter into a contract, they are each able to make due inquiries, but as between shareholders and

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a company and its promoters, the position of the parties is very different. The law of companies is a modern law, and should be framed to meet modern requirements.

Without entering into details, the remedy is again simple, and is again in accordance merely with common sense, and with the duty imposed on parties to other contracts, such as insurance. All the material facts which have any bearing upon the true position of the business, or of the liabilities to be undertaken, or upon payments for promotion and the devolution of the purchase money, and all other matters relating to capital, directors, &c., which are or ought to be within the knowledge of the promoters or those engaged in forming the company, should be communicated to persons invited to subscribe for shares in a manner sufficient to give them the same means of forming an opinion as the promoters and their friends. It is idle to raise general and vague objections to any alteration in the law in this respect, by stating that you cannot legislate for fools. If that held good, there would be no legislation at all, as there is much truth in the words of Boileau:

> Ce monde est plein de fous, et qui n'en veut pas voir,
> Doit se renfermer seul, et casser son miroir.

Some restriction should also be placed on what are now well known as 'waiver clauses': that is to say, clauses waiving compliance with the provisions of the above-mentioned section as to setting out contracts, and waiving any rights under the Directors' Liability Act. This last-mentioned Act, however, has proved of little practical benefit.

It is only possible here to make a passing reference to another subject of great importance—the real legal position and duties of directors under the Act of 1862 in respect to the funds of the company. In the interest of honest directors, as much as for the protection of the public against dishonest directors, the law should clearly state what is their legal position. Up to the present day, the Courts have, in many instances, applied the principles of equity as to trustees for the purpose of ascertaining what are directors' liabilities. This is an inconvenient and unsatisfactory course, but no doubt it is all the Courts can do in the absence of proper legislation defining their legal position and duties. If the Legislature permits the creation of companies, it is indeed time that modern machinery should be provided, and the Courts should not be left to apply the principles of law which were laid down years ago for other purposes to an office of modern growth. The law in respect to misfeasance and gross mismanagement and negligence of directors and officers, and as to the various modes by which directors assist promoters, should be so altered and extended as to make them liable individually for acts done or omitted in a body which no prudent or honest man would be guilty of.

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I now turn to another matter of vital importance to the public, if importance is to be gauged by the loss involved by the grave abuse of debentures during the past ten years. For many years companies managed to get along very well without debentures. In recent years, these documents have formed a favourite mode with promoters in carrying out their fraudulent transactions—fraudulent unfortunately in fact but not in law.

The modern mode of carrying out the formation of companies in many instances, and the raising of capital, are really effected by the issue of debentures, and not by the issue of shares—a state of circumstances which was certainly not in the minds of the legislators when the Act of 1862 was passed. There are consequently no provisions in this Act to meet these entirely altered circumstances and promoters' present devices. Debentures with a floating charge form part of the recent science of promotion. This is a most convenient and legalised way by which an insolvent debtor may secure possession of his property and pass his liabilities on to other people. 'Floating' debentures are permitted, which cover the whole of the assets of a company, present or future of every kind, whenever they come into existence. They are not touched by the Bills of Sale Act, 1882, and the fact that they are not registered does not affect their validity. They are also a convenient means of obtaining money when a company is insolvent, as this, strange to say, does not affect them. Goods can easily be obtained from persons who are ignorant of the existence of debentures, although the holders are aware of their ignorance; and the goods go to swell their security without any remedy by the innocent creditors. They may be given in respect of past liabilities, and the mere postponement of the claim of any alleged creditor is a sufficient present consideration. They are again extremely convenient forms of raising money, because they can be issued at a discount, whereas a share cannot.

To take a common and typical case which is constantly arising in practice. The owner of a manufactory or business finds himself in an insolvent condition, and rather than face bankruptcy with its attendant loss of his property, he prefers the more convenient mode offered to him by the law of forming a limited liability company. The mode of doing this is very simple. The company is incorporated, and raises money by the issue of debentures, in respect of which of course no liability attaches to the former owner of the business, and the money so obtained is applied either (*a*) in paying the owner for his 'valuable business,' or (*b*) in payment of the debts for which he was originally liable. After, as a rule, a short interval of time, such resources as this wretched company had become exhausted, and it is wound up. The owner is again favourably assisted by the law; he may not have to submit to the same proceedings as an ordinary creditor who has given credit without knowledge of the debentures,

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and he has a most convenient mode offered to him of realising his debentures without any interference. In some cases he is careful enough to provide for a power of sale and for the appointment of his own receiver quite irrespective of the Courts. He then proceeds to realise, or takes over his property again, having cleared himself of his debts without having to submit to any proceedings whatever; or he institutes an action in a manner which I shall have occasion to refer to later on. By this means he again gets the opportunity of resuming possession of his property, *plus*, however, the benefit of any moneys representing the difference between the price paid to him by the company on its formation and the price at which he again obtains the property, and also such improvements as may have been made by the company, and any goods supplied on the fresh credit. He may do this in his own name, or with the assistance of other persons with a similar result, as directors are frequently appointed to carry out his own interests, and paid by him directly or indirectly by gifts of shares or money, acting in every respect under his influence or control.

So-called financial corporations issue debentures covering all such assets as they possess in favour of the promoter and his friends, and then the corporation proceeds to enter upon all kinds of transactions involving liability, with impunity, and without a stick to meet such liabilities in case of non-success.

It is possible to multiply illustrations, founded upon actual experience, of frauds perpetrated upon the public by means of the issue of debentures in a similar manner, but space will not permit.

It is suggested by some that there are difficult obstacles in the way of dealing with the subject of debentures or mortgage debentures, but I cannot accede to this as being correct. In any case, where debentures are allowed to be issued by a limited company, an improved mode of giving notice to the ordinary creditors of a company is imperative. Where a limited company has issued debentures, it should be necessary to use some word to indicate this after the name, and in addition to the word 'limited,' at any rate where the issue exceeds a prescribed sum.

Under the present law a firm of partners or an individual cannot borrow money upon the security of personal chattels, except by means of a registered bill of sale under the Bills of Sale Act. But, as just pointed out, that Act does not apply to debentures. At present, a company can issue debentures subject only to the restrictions of section 43 of the Companies Act, 1862, which provides that a register of mortgages and charges specifically affecting the property of the company must be kept, and a penalty, being a fine on the directors, is provided. Few persons would even attempt to enforce this penalty; and the enforcement of a penalty really does not strike at the actual evil. Moreover, this register is only open to a person who is already a member or creditor of the company, and is not open to the inspec-

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tion of any other person. The inspection of the register of course becomes useless when a person has given credit or become a member of the company.

Section 43 should be considerably extended: it should be made applicable to debentures to bearer. The entry in the register should, amongst other things, specify the date of the charge; whether it was issued at a premium or at par, or at what discount, if any, or whether issued to a promoter or vendor; the particulars of all the property subject to a debenture, the amount of the charge, the consideration, the names of the persons to whom it was first issued. A copy of the entry should be sent to the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, and be open to the inspection of any person under the provisions of section 174 of the Companies Act, 1862, and if possible these provisions should be retrospective.

Looking at the matter from a practical point of view, I do not think that provision could be further made by which failure to register would render the security invalid, as there are so many matters to be considered in connection with debentures which do not bear in the same way upon a bill of sale.

There are several difficulties in the way of making special provisions applicable to debentures issued to vendors of property to a company as distinguished from ordinary debentures. An attempt in this manner to deal with part of the difficulty would hardly be practicable. But it may well be considered whether debentures should only be a charge on the assets at the time of the creation of such debentures, and should not be a 'floating charge' upon all future assets, unless some direct notice is also given to a creditor before he gives credit to the company. Debentures usually cover future calls, thus taking from unsecured creditors the last possible chance of obtaining payment out of the assets of the company in case of difficulties. Under any circumstances, this power to create debentures charged upon uncalled capital should be either restricted or entirely abolished.

The Courts have attempted to give a reasonable definition of a debenture, but an ordinary business man would have some difficulty in understanding what a debenture really is. For some years it has been known, though not generally to the public, that documents have been issued purporting to be debentures, but amounting to nothing more than a mere acknowledgment of indebtedness without any charge or security whatever. In many large commercial companies documents have been issued in large numbers to the public, who have accepted them under a popular misapprehension that they were obtaining what is generally understood to be a debenture—that is to say, a charge or mortgage; particularly as such documents have been headed in large type 'debenture.' Now I do not like to harshly criticise the issue of such documents, but it must

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be known, and generally known, that the popular idea of a debenture is a document giving a charge, and it does seem a very considerable stretch of the modern commercial conscience to issue such a document headed in a way which it must be known would tend to mislead the public or a large portion of it. A simple provision providing that the term 'debenture' should not be used except in connection with documents giving an actual charge on the property of the company would be sufficient to meet this serious matter.

One word more as to debentures, although the subject is one upon which much more might be usefully written. In companies incorporated by special Acts, it is usual to place restrictions upon the powers of borrowing of a company. In a company registered under the Act of 1862, promoters are enabled to provide for unlimited powers of borrowing, and in many companies these powers of borrowing can be exercised by the directors without the assent of the shareholders. This unlimited power of borrowing has during the last few years been grossly abused, to the detriment of both shareholders and creditors. An intending creditor has no practical means whatever, as just pointed out, of ascertaining the amount borrowed by a company upon debentures or otherwise. It generally happens that credit is given to registered companies by a creditor who does not know, and has no means of finding out, that the whole of its property then *in esse* or thereafter to be brought into existence is covered by debentures or mortgages, and that the goods and other things which he is supplying go to increase the security of the debenture-holders, and form no part of the free assets of the company. In this respect also some restriction should clearly be placed by the Legislature upon the powers of borrowing by debentures, such as a provision that where an amount equal to, say, three-fourths of the paid-up capital has been issued in the form of debentures or otherwise, the issue of further debentures should be restricted either altogether, or should only be allowed after some express notice has been given to the person from whom credit is to be obtained.

Another question of vital importance to the public is that of audit. If it be said of recent public investigations that no practical results have followed owing to the present defects in our law, at any rate they have been the means of disclosing a state of affairs amongst our commercial community which is almost incredible. I have pointed out the necessity of the law being more in conformity with modern commercial dealings, and of a proper definition of the legal position of directors and promoters. The same suggestion logically follows as to auditors. What is wanted is *οὐ γνῶσις ἀλλὰ πρᾶξις*. Let their duties be clearly defined by law. No director or officer should be permitted to hold the office. At present a position of affairs nothing less than ludicrous, but unfortunately disastrous to the public, has been

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shown in numerous cases. How many such cases are there not brought to light? The directors, either honestly but ignorantly, or dishonestly and collusively, rely upon the auditors, and the auditors on the other hand, either honestly or dishonestly, rely upon the directors. The result unfortunately is the same to the shareholders, and there is no real audit showing the true position of the company. It is quite open to the promoters of the company to insert any provisions in the Articles of Association as to audit, and in many cases the auditor is a mere nominee of the promoters. Of course many remedies are suggested, amongst others that auditors should be appointed by the Board of Trade or some Government department to audit the accounts of companies, but this mode would not be practicable, as it would give the shareholders an idea that there was some Government control over the affairs of their company. The only mode of dealing with the matter would be this: the Legislature should, as before mentioned, clearly define the duties of the auditors of a company, and it should be prescribed that these duties could not be altered by any Articles of Association or resolution of the company. It might also be provided that at the first meeting of shareholders (which I have suggested in an earlier part of this article as taking place immediately after the incorporation of the company) they should appoint the auditors, and provision should be made for this. But the most important matter is the clear definition of the duties of auditors and directors respectively. At present the system of an audit which in many cases means nothing must only tend to make the position of the public more dangerous, from the fact that it leads them to believe that they are secured in a manner which does not in very many cases exist. Better have no audit at all than something which only misleads the public.

If space permitted, I should desire to refer to the defects in our criminal law so far as it relates to registered companies; to the unnecessary delays in putting the criminal law in motion; to the necessity of preventing companies trading under titles leading the public to believe they are building societies without registering under the Building Societies Acts; to the defects in the law as to such societies; to the necessity of placing some restriction on the titles under which companies trade, and the absolutely endless powers which they, or rather their promoters, take under the Memorandum of Association, frequently with the sole purpose of concealing the real business or object of the company; and other pressing matters clearly showing that the law should not permit and provide the means for the incorporation of companies without making proper safeguards. But I must confine my further remarks for the present to the defects existing in respect to the liquidation of companies. The importance of the public understanding the various modes of

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liquidation will become evident from the short description with which I find it is necessary to trouble the reader.

I propose, therefore, very shortly to explain the three modes of liquidation, merely so far as may be necessary to make clear how important are the suggested alterations.

(1) The system known as voluntary liquidation is carried out by a resolution of a prescribed majority of the shareholders, but there is no control on the part of the Court or the Board of Trade. It is merely 'voluntary' so far as this resolution is concerned. I ought to observe that under section 138 of the Companies Act, 1862, the liquidator or a contributory has the statutory right to apply to the Court in respect, speaking generally, of all matters in which the Court may deem it 'just and beneficial' to exercise its power. This system is not touched by the new practice under the Act of 1890, except as regards statements of receipts and payments when the liquidation is not concluded within a year, and payment into the Companies Liquidation Account of moneys which remain unclaimed or undistributed for six months after their receipt.

(2) The second mode of winding-up is a voluntary winding-up under the supervision of the Court. No more unfortunate words could have been used by the Legislature than 'supervision of the Court.' They are, in fact, misleading to the public, and have proved so in practice on many occasions, for the simple reason that there is no real or practical supervision whatever of the Court. The powers of the liquidator and the various proceedings in this winding-up are really identical with and the same as those in a voluntary liquidation, which I have just described, with very few and insignificant exceptions, including a right of a creditor to apply to the Court, a right which has proved of no practical use. It is true that, under the provisions of the Act, the Court may in certain cases make a special order, but under the Act of 1862 no attempt was as a rule made by the Chancery Division to do this. Since the Act of 1890, however, restrictive provisions have been insisted upon so far as it is possible to do so; but no provision can, in my opinion, be inserted which will render this mode of winding-up what it really purports by its description to be—that is to say, 'under the supervision of the Court.' No order I think has been, or can conveniently be, made under such a winding-up providing for the entire custody of the funds. There is no practical supervision whatever by the Court over the administration of the assets. With a few exceptions, the liquidator is not required by the Act to seek the sanction of the Court. It is true that the supervision order operates as a stay of actions and executions against a company, but this is also, of course, the case under a compulsory order, to which I shall next refer. Subject to the above remarks, no alteration has been made by the Act of 1890 in this mode of winding-up.

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(3) The last mode is what is known as a compulsory liquidation—that is to say, 'by order of the Court.' I will not weary the reader by explaining what were the proceedings under this system prior to the Act of 1890. To anyone who has had practical experience of the old system of compulsory liquidation, and of the present under this Act, and whose opinion is unbiassed, the advantages to be derived, at any rate to the public, under the new system are beyond argument, if the duties to be exercised by the Board of Trade and its official receivers and officials are carried out efficiently, clearly distinguishing those duties which they owe to the Board of Trade, and those which, as officers of the Court after they become liquidators of a company, they owe to the Court. The same remarks apply where the liquidator is a person other than an officer of the Board of Trade.

I have just mentioned that the term 'supervision' is an unfortunate one. The term 'compulsory' is equally unfortunate, and for this reason. It is only 'compulsory' so far as the winding-up order is concerned. There might have been some grounds for so terming such a liquidation under the old practice, but under the Act of 1890 nearly the whole system of control which was formerly exercised by the Court has been taken away. A committee of inspection, which consists of creditors and shareholders appointed at the first meetings, now exercises functions formerly under the control of the Court, and the liquidator is in certain respects given much larger power. The appointment of the liquidator is now in fact made by the creditors and contributories, unless there are some special circumstances under which the Court deems it expedient to decline to act upon their nomination; but such circumstances would rarely occur. The liquidator is thus enabled to exercise large administrative powers, with the consent of the committee of inspection, in respect to matters on which under the old practice it was necessary to apply for the sanction of the Court. In certain cases where there is no committee, or where they decline to act, the liquidator can apply to the Court. Very important provisions are also contained in the present Act, which afford an easy mode to creditors and shareholders of obtaining any information which they may require as to the affairs of the company being wound up, and the proceedings which have taken place in the course of such liquidation.

I have made these remarks as short as possible, but they have been necessary for the purpose of showing that under this new procedure a liquidation under the Act of 1890 is really, so far as the public are concerned, more of a voluntary character than the so-called voluntary liquidation. Under a voluntary liquidation, the only voluntary part is that the shareholders pass a resolution to wind-up, but after that is done no provision whatever is made by the Act, and no machinery provided, by which they have a voice in the winding-up; nor is there any machinery by which they can ascertain the posi-

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tion of the companies being wound up, and the proceedings in such 'voluntary' liquidations. They can only apply to the Court under the expensive provisions of section 138.

I am not referring to the question of expense, although that is one open to considerable argument, because, if any alteration of the law is to be made, that is a detail to be settled, and one which would not interfere with the main and important object. It is a serious detail, however, to the legal profession, bearing in mind the great falling off in legal work in the Common Law and Chancery Divisions, which is no doubt due in many respects to the costs being out of all proportion to the sums in dispute.

But perhaps the greatest benefit conferred upon the public by the Act of 1890 is in regard to the independent public examination of directors and officers and promoters of the company. That such public examinations and investigations do not result in successful proceedings against directors and promoters to the extent which might have been wished is due, as already pointed out, to the present unfortunate state of the law, both civil and criminal. But I think that it will be generally admitted that such investigations will have an indirect benefit of far-reaching and great public importance, if they have a deterring effect upon some promoters and directors, and operate *in terrorem*. Some practical result should, however, undoubtedly follow the public examination: either a certificate that the person is 'whitewashed,' or that he is unfit to be a director of other companies. Something is wanted analogous to the suspension of a bankrupt's discharge.

The public may possibly ask, 'Why, then, are orders "under supervision" frequently asked for?' There is no doubt that in many instances this is done to avoid the investigation and public examination under the Act of 1890; and in some instances it is the last struggle in the attempt to preserve the old and pernicious system of winding-up before the Act of 1890. Why again, it will be asked, were these orders excluded from the Act of 1890? It was not, it is clear, in the interests of the public; but the real object of this exception was, it is evident, to secure a possible loop-hole to evade the salutary provisions of the new Act, and to preserve to some extent the old practice. On the other hand, if orders 'under supervision' are abolished, it is probable that some modification should be made in the section of the Act of 1890 which provides that the official receiver shall become the provisional liquidator upon the making of the winding-up order *virtute officii*.

I should have drawn attention to an unfortunate provision under section 145 of the Act of 1862, which, although worded in a negative form, has been construed to make a voluntary liquidation a bar to a winding-up order under the Act of 1890, except in cases where it can be proved that the rights of any creditor will be prejudiced by

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such voluntary winding-up. The provisions of the section in its present form in many instances assist fraudulent promoters to bury for ever their past acts, and prevent the Court, where investigation is expedient, from exercising its jurisdiction. Under the present practice, having regard to the altered circumstances in connection with the Companies Acts, that section should be repealed, and a voluntary winding-up should not be a bar to or prevent an order under the Act of 1890 being made, if the Court thinks the making of such an order expedient.

The short remarks I have just made will enable the reader to follow me in the important matter to which I wish now particularly to draw public attention—the present mode by which debenture-holders are permitted to realise their securities. That mode is by what is termed a 'debenture-holder's action,' another relic of the old Chancery procedure—an attempt to make the old machinery of a mortgagees' action applicable to the modern requirements of a totally different instrument. The right of any secured creditor to realise his security is plain, but the altered circumstances under which such securities are created is ignored. There are no means, as in bankruptcy, of applying in a winding-up for the realisation of debentures, but it is necessary that a separate and distinct proceeding should be instituted by an action. This action is in fact a separate winding-up proceeding by the debenture-holders, but with this difference, that ordinary creditors and shareholders have no status in such proceeding.

The action is commenced by a plaintiff who purports to act 'on behalf of himself and all other debenture-holders.' Here again we have a totally illusory state of circumstances, and a relic of the old Chancery procedure, which unfortunately tends to confuse all persons who have not a legal mind. As a matter of fact, it is an action commenced by any one debenture-holder—he may be the smallest holder —without in any way consulting with the other debenture-holders. He again purports to be acting on behalf of himself and all other debenture-holders when he applies for a receiver of all the assets of the company; but he really does this without any of the other debenture-holders having the opportunity of expressing an opinion, or even knowing anything about the matter. The nominee of the plaintiff, or in practice really of his solicitor, is thus appointed. There is consequently a struggle to be first in commencing proceedings and obtaining the appointment of the receiver, and in this manner the conduct of the whole realisation, or in many cases the liquidation of the whole of the company's affairs and assets.

Instead of consulting the debenture-holders, even at this stage of the proceedings, as to what they would wish done with the property, the next step is an application to the Court for various accounts and inquiries. These accounts and inquiries in the Chancery Judges'

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chambers occupy a considerable time, and in many cases are very expensive. Until these accounts and inquiries are taken and made, the debenture-holders are not what is known as 'before the Court.' The consequence of this is that, if it is desired to effect a sale of the property, it is necessary to apply to the judge to undertake the responsibility of sanctioning such a sale. These remarks, of course, apply with even greater force where the debentures are payable to bearer. At present, the property may be sold in an action to which unsecured creditors and shareholders can be no parties, and of which even, in many instances, they have no knowledge; and in some cases, moreover, without the knowledge of all the debenture-holders.

One of the results of the present practice is that, when there are debenture-holders, there are really two liquidations for the realisation of the assets proceeding at the same time—that is to say, one in the winding-up and the other in the debenture action—with this extraordinary result, that where an order is made for continuing the voluntary liquidation under the supervision of the Court, the debenture action does not go over to the companies (winding-up) department, but remains in the chambers of the Chancery Judges. The consequence to the public is this, that double applications for the same purpose are frequently necessary, with a consequent double expenditure.

Why a debenture action should be transferred to the companies (winding-up) department where there is a winding-up under the Act of 1890, and the same result should not follow where there is a winding-up 'under supervision,' is a question which must be left to lawyers to explain. The public will certainly not appreciate the distinction.

The present procedure tends to assist the improper sales by vendors to which I have referred. In such cases, where it is desired to obtain repossession of the property, it is frequently the case that a collusive debenture action is commenced at the same time, or just before, a voluntary winding-up, or a winding-up under supervision. In cases of this description, where a majority of the shares are in the hands of the vendor or his nominees, it is an easy matter to pass resolutions to wind-up voluntarily, or to obtain an order for the continuance of the winding-up under the supervision of the Court, against the protest of the minority of the *bona fide* shareholders. With either of such last mentioned windings-up and the collusive debenture action, the vendor and his nominees can effectually obtain the whole power over the administration of the affairs of the company. If a creditor or shareholder under such circumstances should attempt to obtain a liquidation under the Act of 1890, he is met with the defence, either that the whole of the assets are comprised within the debentures, in respect of which there is a pending debenture action, in which action, as before mentioned, neither shareholder nor

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creditor has any voice or status; or that there is a voluntary winding-up pending, which, as I have explained, is a bar to a winding-up under the Act of 1890 under certain circumstances. Time after time is justice defeated in this manner.

There is also another and more modern mode of evading proceedings by the Court, where the debenture provides specially, as before mentioned, for the appointment of a receiver without the intervention of the Court; the result being that a winding-up of any description becomes a winding-up in name only, the whole of the assets being subject to the debentures, and beyond the control of the Court. If provision were made in this particular case, that on the appointment of a receiver in this manner the company should be deemed unable to pay its debts within section 79 of the Act of 1862, and that all such proceedings, where an order for winding-up has been made, should be subject to the control of the Court which has jurisdiction in the winding-up, much injustice would be avoided.

But the remedy for the chief mischief is evident. In a winding-up under the new practice, the object is to bring the affairs of the company before all the creditors and shareholders at the earliest moment, and there is no practical reason why a similar practice to that applied to ordinary creditors should not be also applied to secured creditors, and particularly having regard to what was understood by the term secured creditors when the Act of 1862 was passed, and what is now understood by the same term. In most cases it is advisable that the meeting should take place at once, or that the wishes of the debenture-holders should be known and ascertained; and the delay caused by obtaining the judgment just mentioned, necessitating inquiries, under the present system is clearly wrong. There should be but one winding-up in one department, whether for secured or unsecured creditors.

Where there is a winding-up pending, the realisation of the debentures should be by an application in that winding-up, and not by a separate action. The rights of *bona fide* debenture-holders would in no case be altered, as of course such rights must be respected. It is, no doubt, a mere question of procedure, but one which in its operation seriously affects the interests of the public in an extremely important matter. By the means suggested, debenture-holders would obtain a more effective and personal control over the property the subject of their security. So also, one of the important results of an application being made in the winding-up to realise the debentures, and not in a separate proceeding, would be that the shareholders and creditors would at least have a *locus standi* in these proceedings, and be kept acquainted with what was going on in the liquidation.

Where there is no winding-up, the realisation should be by what is known as an originating summons, which should be continued, in

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the event of a winding-up subsequently taking place, in that winding-up.

For matters of procedure the public can have, I feel, very little regard; but the important questions involved, both to the general public and the commercial community, in the matters to which I have just shortly drawn attention, will show how great their interests are, and will guide them to see the influences which are working against them.

As a last suggestion which the present space permits me to make, experience shows that disaster might sometimes have been avoided if the Companies Acts contained provisions for the determination of certain questions between shareholders or creditors and the company by the Court during the time that a company is a going concern. To obtain the decision of the Court in any matter under these circumstances it is necessary to commence a friendly action, that is to say, it is necessary to get some shareholder or creditor to initiate such action. This was recently illustrated in an important case which was commenced with the object of obtaining the decision of the Court in respect to the distribution of dividends where there had been a depreciation of the assets. A useful power might be given to any shareholder or creditor of a company, or to the company, to apply, in a summary way, to the Court for the determination of certain questions. The effect of such a power, beneficial in itself, might have even more far-reaching consequences, because the decision of the Court on many points brought to its notice might be the means of preventing a company subsequently drifting into liquidation.

The Act of 1890 has been a well-directed step towards bringing the law as to winding up companies into a condition more in accord with modern requirements. The same must be done in respect to companies which are going concerns. I hope that the few remarks on matters which I have been able to give here, some of the most urgent only among many others, will help to make clear how extremely important it is at this moment that our legislature should to some extent attempt to keep pace with a modern creation of our law which is without proper safeguards to the public. If our company law is not modernised, we are indeed near the time when it may be said—

> Auro pulsa fides, auro venalia jura,
> Aurum lex sequitur, mox sine lege pudor.

ALFRED EMDEN.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

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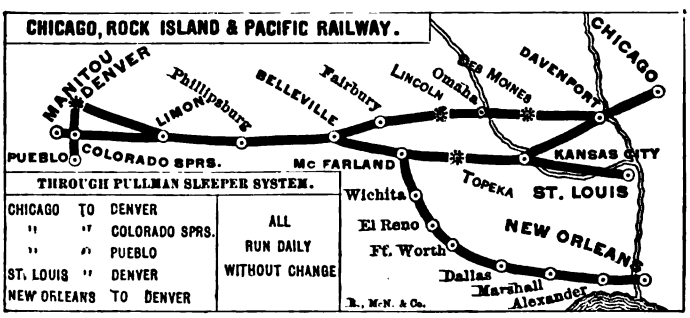

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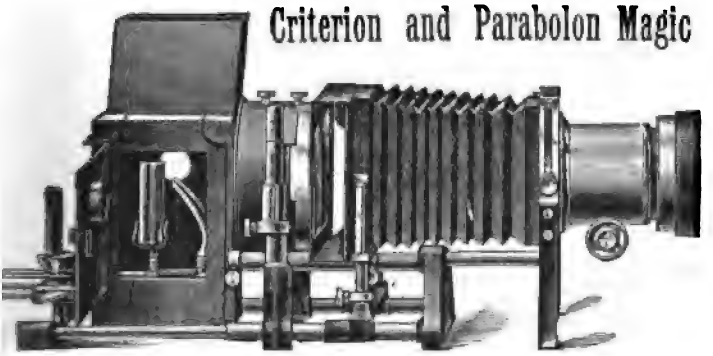

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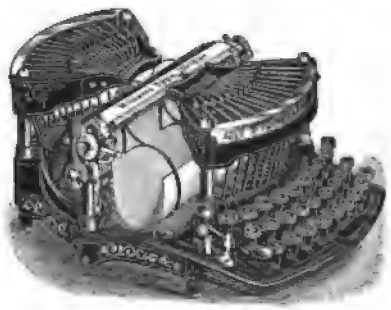

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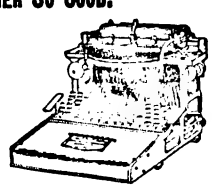

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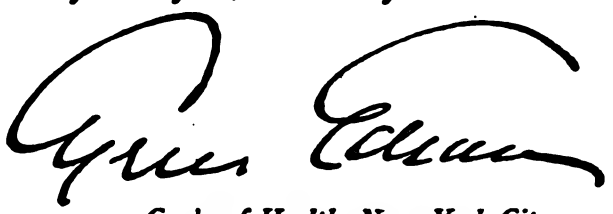

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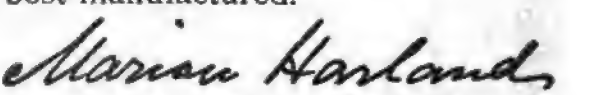

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